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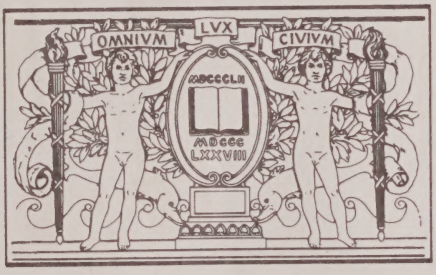

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A MAGAZINE OF

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VOLUME CXIV

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1914

A MESSAGE TO THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY SEYMOUR DEMING

THE housemaid of a college president had been offered a situation in the family of a New York millionaire. As the wage promised her would have denuded the academic cupboard, she was asked — a shade respectfully — by the president, whether she intended to accept. 'No,' replied the girl primly, 'I think I prefer to remain in a middle-class family.'

Let the reader hesitate, therefore, before deciding hastily that he is too wise or too foolish, too rich or too poor, to be within bowshot of the housemaid's innocently poisoned arrow. For to be described as belonging to the American middle class to-day is something between a compliment and an insult. To disentangle the one from the other, let me invite you first to give ear to a parable which has the added virtue of having been snapshotted as it was happening.

THE PARABLE[1]

Twelfth week of the strike in Elmport. It began in April. Until June, the strikers had managed to avoid that response to the incitements of a mill-subservient constabulary which a nation, suckled in the creed that the natural rights of man are the common-law rights of eighteenth-century Englishmen, reproachfully terms 'disorder.' Then befell the riot. A woman was killed outright by a revolver-shot fired, some say, by the police, some say by the strikers. Ten people, mostly mill-operatives, were carried to the hospital with cracked sconces or bullet wounds. Nineteen strikers were thrown into jail on charges of riot or murder. Parades were forbidden. The Poles were denied the use of their own society hall for strike meetings; and the town invoked an ordinance aimed at freedom of speech and public assemblage. A sympathetic clergyman offered his churchyard as a meeting-place. The town government retaliated with another ordinance, to prohibit any meeting on property abutting on a public highway, — this, somewhat on the principle of the French Assembly which decreed that no deputy should be a crown minister. 'Say, rather, gentlemen,' replied that statesman sarcastically, 'no deputy named Mirabeau!' From the flat-topped tombstone of

[1] The facts of the strike upon which this 'parable' is based are complicated. Many of them are in dispute. The author of this article simply describes the events as he saw them. Controversy concerning his appeal to the Middle Class is perhaps more profitable than dispute concerning the experiences which led him to make it. — THE EDITORS.

Books lost or damaged must be paid for by the person to whom they stand charged.

a soldier of the American Revolution, a strike-leader, haranguing his fellows, was dragged to arrest. The town later voted twelve thousand dollars for special police. These reserves, by an amazing blunder in tact, were recruited in part from the police of Lawrence, — the worst-hated by mill-workers of any constabulary in New England.

The theatre of this bitter warfare with its threatenings and slaughter is a sweet, gracious port-town, once a fishing village, quaintly nestled among great, dome-like glacial hills and majestic sweeps of salt marsh washed by a sounding surf among sand-dunes.

There are three towns in Elmport. One is a winding of elm-arched streets among the ample, gambrel-roofed homesteads of two centuries ago. Wide chimneys and peaked dormers shoulder among the boughs of sleek maples, shapely elms, and ancient oaks. Burnished colonial brasses gleam in the sunshine on front doors. Gardens, behind white fences and hedges of box, are gay with old-fashioned flowers. In the cool, dim parlors of these stately houses, amid ancestral mahoganies, dwell the children of the old settlers who keep the stores of the town (which are maintained by the wages of the operatives), or go to their daily tasks in the city, or live on the incomes of their investments (including stock in these strike-fettered mills).

Across a stone bridge of pre-revolutionary date, under the gaunt walls of the mill buildings, lies the second Elmport, — the new. Its streets shimmer in the blistering glare of sun on shadeless asphalt and brick walls; its dooryards are grassless; its wooden tenements stand bleak in winter, sweltering in summer. Here are no crimson rambler roses to sound their note of color against greenery; here is only hard-eyed poverty intensified by the grim battle of strike-time, when wages have stopped and expenses are going on. Against the old Elmport of farmers and sea-captains is set the new, — a mill population of alien birth. These two are working out their destinies.

But aloof, on the eminences commanding views of the open downs and the illimitable sea-horizon, are the villas of the rich, — the third Elmport. So the three great classes are represented here: the rich, indifferent; the middle class, bewildered; the poor, in revolt.

When the trouble at Lawrence, the year previous, was ended, it was evident that something must be done to revindicate before the country the repute of that city. Not that Lawrence was worse governed than many another American city, but that the strike, applying the acid test to the efficacy of our institutions, revealed their defects in the worst possible light. Was there, then, a conscientious effort to remedy the conditions which had produced the strike? There was not. But a wealthy citizen, dying, left five thousand dollars to build a memorial flag-pole. Instead of removing the causes which created the protest of the foreign laborers in the mills, your sole idea was to rebuke the protest. This was the reply of the middle class. You substituted the symbol for the thing.

In Elmport it was the same. 'As a rebuke to the methods of the I.W.W.' and 'to vindicate the loyalty of the town to our national institutions,' Elmport resolved — to arbitrate the strike? No. The attempt at this was a failure because the mill management denied that there was 'anything to arbitrate.' To mitigate the discontent by scouring up the reeking tenements? No. A militant young clergyman had proposed this, to be promptly checked in his generous enthusiasm by the revelation that the rents from these tene-

ments were sustaining his own parishioners, certain of whom, when he tried to put through a housing ordinance in spite of them, fought him tooth and nail and defeated the ordinance. No. To vindicate its reputation and prove its loyalty, Elmport resolved — to have a Fourth-of-July parade.

This was the answer of our old American middle class — the people who won our independence and freed the chattel slaves — to the wage-slave rebellion. They would bandage a poisoned wound with the national colors.

So Elmport was gay with flags. The July sun drenched yellow gold on the stately elms, the smooth lawns, the venerable houses. Bands crashed. The parade flowed past. Ten burly policemen in single rank; tall-hatted town dignitaries on horseback; Grand Army veterans in blue, and their wives in white; Boy Scouts in their pretty uniform of brown khaki; business men carrying an enormous flag, blanket-fashion (a hint to cartoonists), as if to toss the I. W. W. leaders as raw recruits are tossed in the army; a boy and two men impersonating son, sire, and grandsire, after Willard's painting of the 'Spirit of '76' that hangs under the town-hall tower which, a few miles down the coast, sits, like a horseman, bestriding the promontory of the ancient town of Marblehead; and brass bands variously discoursing 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Everybody's Doing It,' college football songs and other national anthems, at march time — this was the rebuke administered by the middle class to syndicalism.

Syndicalism, meanwhile, was sweating in the little back room of a Polish coffee-house, busily folding circulars to be mailed to the radical press of the country.

In the white-paneled parlor of one of those colonial houses which the architect Inigo Jones need not have been ashamed to acknowledge, among the marble-topped tables and Sheraton chairs of the old order, a Protestant minister is trying to formulate an answer to the question: 'What shall Elmport do about it?' a question equivalent to 'What shall the Anglo-Saxon American middle class do about it?' And this is his answer: —

'If the Constitution of the United States did not forbid us to imprison men for their political beliefs, we ought to clap these I.W.W. leaders into jail and keep them there.'

'But,' interposes the questioner mildly, with a motion toward the parade which is passing the windows of the parsonage, 'is n't your celebration today in honor of a struggle to put an end to that kind of procedure?'

'Perhaps,' says the minister, 'but all the same, we shall have to come back to it.'

What he could not see was that in his resentment and impatience he was repudiating the principles for which his townsmen were theoretically honoring the 'patriot' dead, celebrated on the granite monument in the middle of the town-green in front of his house. He and they were honoring the symbol and ignoring the thing. 'Mouth honor, breath.' Let the old issue appear in a new guise, and that new guise was, to them, a disguise.

A fortnight earlier, the town of Lexington, now a comfortable, middle-class suburb where there are no very rich and no very poor, was celebrating its two hundredth anniversary. The press of the following day duly recorded that the speakers 'excoriated' the I.W.W. Now, while it is possible to look on the I.W.W. without unqualified approval, it is also possible to understand its syndicalism as the symptom of a disease. Lexington was denouncing the symptom under the impression that this was to eradicate

the disease. That the Spirit of '76, which it had commemorated with a gallant bronze statue by Mr. Kitson on the town common, is in our midst again in the form of a labor revolt had not even remotely occurred to these ancestor-worshipers. They were Elmporting.

Certain enterprising students of history (who have suspected that there are some aspects which fail to get themselves written in books which publishers can afford to print) have made the enlightening discovery that the abolitionists in the '50's were saying things about the flag much more revolting, to people whose loyalty was more implicit than discriminating, than anything yet uttered by our Ettors and our Haywoods. They, too, were hated, feared, and 'excoriated.' They, too, were upbraided for assailing our 'national institutions' (among which was the institution of chattel slavery), by people whose intentions were of the best, whose business transactions were at least commercially honest, whose private lives were above reproach, and whose only error was the somewhat serious one of having got their patriotism wrong-side-up-with-care. A ship in distress sets its colors fluttering in the rigging in the reverse position. Let a middle class reflect that it is quite humanly possible to steer a ship of state into distress by too persistently honoring the flag — union down.

At Gettysburg, on the same day that Elmport was parading, the great American middle class held an anniversary observance which was full of heartache. Did it occur to any of them that, had the nation listened to the voice of its conscience, in the abolitionists of the thirties and forties, there might have been a way to avoid the tempest of death that swept that field of horror? Did it occur to them that for the want of that ear to hear they paid, as poor, heartsick Garrison said they would pay, in their blood, in their tears, and in the precious lives of their loved young men? Does it occur to their children, the American middle class of to-day, that we stand once more in the '50's, with the voices of the slavery abolitionists crying in the wilderness?

THE MESSAGE

I

Dear friends, let me beg you to hear me patiently. Let me beg you, most of all, to believe that I am not saying what I shall say for the fun of the thing. I would rather some one else said these things and said them better than I can; but I have waited for that some one to speak until I can wait no longer, for the time is growing short. You must let me do it as best I can, and make allowances for my bluntness, not for my sake but for your own; for there is no longer time to beat around the bush. And remember this: everything I shall say hurts my pride as much as it hurts yours, — or would, if I had not begun to see that in an hour like this, pride is a sorry guest. I, too, supposed that we were already doing all that could be expected of us, and found that we had shamefully betrayed our trust. And it stabbed me as shrewdly as it will stab you, if your consciences are what I think they are. For I am one of you. Your children have been my playmates, and your young men have been my loyal friends. I have buried my beloved dead with you, and with you I ask no greater honor than to be thought worthy to lie down to sleep when my work is done. I speak as a friend to friends, so let it be with the frankness which is the privilege of friendship.

II

Is it possible that you do not realize the jeopardy of your position? If your diplomats, under the flimsy pretext of national honor, are beguiled by wily financiers into a war for the pawing of investment chestnuts out of a foreign fire, you are the ones who must do their fighting,—and pay the taxes afterwards. If there is a panic, you pay the bills. Let an internal revolution come, and you are the ones who, unless you have the wit to see that your cause is one with the revolutionists', will be called out to 'put it down.' You are, and you always have been —all honor to you for it— the burden-bearers. And in your ignorance you are needlessly making them heavier.

Heavier they will be, too, before they are lighter. The store that once kept your family in comfort is being elbowed by price-manipulation, restricted credit, and favoritism to the chains of big establishments. Your snug practice, legal or medical, is challenged by the hordes of fledgling professionals crowded out of the academic nest each June by the popular delusion that a laity can support a swarm of practitioners on its bodies and estates by whom it is well-nigh outnumbered.

The frontier has vanished. To 'go west' to-day is to exchange a battlefield where you can fight among friends for a battlefield exactly like it except that you must fight among strangers. The schooling which once equipped your children for their grapple with life now delivers them over to the mercy of any employer whom the fierce necessities of competition force to coin their youth and their ambition into his narrow margins of profit. Your reddest blood is steadily draining into the cities. There, if it escapes defilement, it is thinned by artificial standards of living which are fast reducing wives and children to the position of luxuries for the few. Your city children marry late, if at all; and the children they think they can afford are half the number they would normally desire.

Meanwhile, the manufacturers are bracing open the gates to Southern European immigration, partly because it is cheaper to produce wares with low-priced human machines than with higher-priced patented machines, — in many cases invented but uninstalled until an alarmed middle class, scenting the danger, shuts off the supply, — and partly in terror of the truth, that once this influx ceases, the now fluid racial and class alignments will solidify and gripe our national vitals with a class-struggle, within a generation. Rather than face the gale and live it out, they are willing to run before it at the cost of shattering the vessel on a lee shore.

The competitive tide of this lower standard of living is pitilessly creeping up your own shins. You feel the chill, mock yourselves with the vain assurance that it will crawl no higher, and protest desperately against a thing known to you as the high cost of living. And you lend a credulous ear to any politician with contempt enough for your intelligence to assure you that it can be mended by tariff-revision, currency reform, restriction of immigration, control of trusts, or any or all of these, including an underdone hash of economic compromises styled Progressivism.

Now it happens that the procession is already moving at a rate which leaves none too much time for a middle class to put itself at the head of it. Those who were complaining six years ago that it was moving at glacier speed are now complaining that it is moving like an avalanche. For every great revolution is preceded by a period of unrest which generates its own momen-

tum. The symptoms of these birth-throes are always the same: challenge of betrayed stewardships and a pitching of traditions into the dust-bin. Cromwell was a child of revolution, not a father. The skeptic philosophers had leveled the Bastille years before 'wine-merchant Cholat turned impromptu cannoneer'; an academic discussion of the rights of man primed those muskets at Lexington; yet in this hour which makes the most supreme demand on your patriotism since those decades of anti-slavery agitation which kindled the fires of the sixties, you are braying yourselves hoarse over professional baseball.

It is cold comfort to be told by historians that 'the middle class defied the Pope in the fifteenth century and won the greatest revolution in history; it cut off the head of Charles I in 1649 and of Louis XVI in 1793; it won the American War of Independence; finally, only a generation ago, it fought the Civil War'; for this may mean merely that disputes which might have been settled by your brains had to be settled by your blood; that an alert social conscience might have avoided that ghastly river of slaughter through which we have always been wading to justice and 'peace.' But even if no watching and working and praying in 1850 could have averted that crushing sacrifice of strong and beautiful young men, is it so certain that the wage-slavery of 1914 is a responsibility less freighted with tragic possibilities? It is fifty years since Lord Macaulay wrote: —

'Your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.'

Nor should this be construed to impugn the character and good intentions of our recent immigrants. For whatsoever vandalism they engender, we shall have the neglect and oppression of them, permitted by you under our own government in our own mill cities, to thank. It is twenty years since William Clarke concurred: —

'Had you predicted to a Roman senator that the splendid Græco-Roman cities would be given to the flames and that the Roman senate and legions would be trampled down by hordes of ignorant barbarians, he would have smiled, offered you another cup of Falernian wine, and changed the subject . . . But are there no barbarians? . . . They are in our midst.'

Who that has seen the streets of a city in strike-time patrolled like an armed camp, can rid his brain of that pestering image of society as the fool dancing on the crust? Also, it is one of history's axioms that the social order which conceives change as least likely is the most liable to change.

The poor know what they want. The rich know what they do not want. *You* — hardly know that a dispute is going on. For while the poor, in the stress of a desperate strike, can rise to an incredible pitch of heroism for what they regard as a principle, and while the rich, stung by conscience, will do what they can under the circumstances of their false position, you have never even dreamed of the abysmal unimportance of practically everything that is thought about and talked about in the middle-class society to which you belong.

I know: it is not so long since you pulled your own feet out of that deadly mire of poverty. There it lurks, still, too close for comfort. The day's routine fags you, soul and body. You

come home, as I do or as anybody does, with a furrow between your eyebrows, asking nothing but to be allowed to forget for a few hours. But, — by the Eternal, brother! — I say to you that the way to escape your troubles is not to forget but to consider the troubles of the other fellow.

You who live in the small towns and in the country, — yes, even you of the city suburbs, reply: 'How can we be expected to understand these things? We cannot understand what we do not see.'

From the windows of a train rolling through the steel-mill district of a Great Lakes port, you look on gaunt chimneys belching flame, a smoke-stained heaven and befouled tenements where the workers snatch their brief rest before hurrying back to the inferno which burns their lives away. The man in the seat ahead pulled down his window-shade. On an impulse, he was asked, 'Why did you pull down your shade?' 'To shut out that dreadful sight,' said he, quite simply, 'it is too horrible to think of.' 'Too horrible for you to think of; yet not too horrible for some one else to live in?' 'But what can a man like me do?'

You can stop pulling down the shade.

III

But do not suppose that in your present uninstructed state you are any more fit to grapple with these duties than a flat-chested stripling is fit for a college football game. Mere good intentions will not suffice. The brabbles of these last six years have at least proved that society is in a predicament where the private conscience of the individual, which served well enough for half a generation ago, cannot undertake duties which must be discharged by a public conscience of the community which is yet to be created. In Elmport, where there was religious conscience enough to float off a revival in sinners' tears, there was not enough social conscience to wet an eyelash. This elder conscience imagines that to avert revolution the one thing needful is to sit on the safety-valve. To ease an acute crisis it will cheerfully abrogate every civil right for which Anglo-Saxons have struggled since Magna Charta was wrested from slippery King John, all on the serene supposition that it is 'master of the situation.' Ministers, in moments of candor, have confessed their distress at having to recognize that parishioners who conform to every traditional test of righteousness, 'people you can't help loving,' nevertheless stand in some public relation to the community in which they are not only obstructionists but actively mischievous. No amount of willingness to do the right thing will get the right thing done, so long as the huge mass of these well-intentioned people is conscientiously bent on the *wrong* thing. You must first chew up the facts very fine — a tough mouthful; and you must next digest them well; it will need a strong stomach.

You protest that the gentlemen, who, to preserve incomes of five figures, persist in steering us into these deadly perils, are good husbands and kind fathers. I am forced to remind you that the political refugees in the Plymouth Colony, to whom you owe whatsoever free institutions have been spared to you by nineteenth-century industrialism, warmly applauded their English brethren for beheading a monarch on whose behalf a large slice of horrified middle class — your own prototypes — urged that identical plea. If a Stuart king's was an acute case requiring a desperate remedy, what assurance have we that a powerful monarch, who had achieved the wedlock of the domestic virtues and the

public vices, was any more menacing to the common weal in the seventeenth century than a powerful owning (and therefore governing) class, which has achieved the union of personal irreproachability and industrial tyranny, is in the twentieth? So shrewdly has this dual standard been thrust home to us that we are daily outfaced by the spectacle of men whose 'fine personal characters' we would all but gladly barter for a man who, though he might be a knave in his private life, would yet shape his public life to some sense of social decency — and those who ask why corrupt politicians are continually elected and make, on the whole, fairly acceptable administrators, are directed to re-peruse the first half of this sentence.

To particularize: a venerable physician, chairman of the board of health, had been, in the days when registration of contagious disease was a new idea, a valuable officer. In an age of preventive medicine he is an anachronism. But his salary is his sole income. As a good husband and kind father, his duty to his family forbids him to resign. His tenure of office postpones sanitary and housing reforms for the want of which scores of babies are, as a matter of record, annually dying. This innocent slaughterer of innocents would be outraged at a charge of murder. Yet, as between this good husband and kind father of unimpeachably 'fine personal character,' and an officer of possibly loose morals who would scientifically attack infant mortality, could any sane public policy pause a minute to choose?

I do not say that the domestic virtues on which a middle class in every age has justly prided itself are the less important (though I can see on every hand situations in which they are wholly irrelevant, not to say inadequate); what I do say is that they are not enough. And my protest rebounds from a besotted self-esteem (not incompatible with countenancing wages insufficient for decent living while practicing the domestic virtue of monogamy itself) which keeps shrieking that they *are* enough. Which has led an eminent sociologist to declare that we are in a situation where 'the judgment of the conventionally "good" citizen may be unwittingly as evil as that of the worst criminal.' What is more, the head-in-sand policy now in force is the very worst preparation for, as well as the surest guarantee of, a day of wrath to come. Your militia would not save you, not even if they mowed down strikers with Gatling guns, as they have done. Nor need you look to be rescued by your rich relations. And since you are the ones who must settle this muddle, if you are to save your institutions and your ideals, to say nothing of yourselves, why not be about it? Grow a new species of social responsibility on the healthy old stalk of your personal characters. For if we cannot shoulder new duties, life has a way of jostling us aside to make room for those who can.

But if your ignorance is more perilous to society than the righteous discontent of an idealistic working class, you have at least the excuse that the machinery which, if it is to go on, must keep you in the dark, has well-nigh perfected a process whereby you are automatically misinformed, or not informed at all. I use these impersonal terms to describe it because it is not, as syndicalists and other radicals believe, the conscious invention of knaves. That were too sweet a flattery. It grew. It was the line of least resistance. It was nourished by a cowards' truce which offered every reward for compromise and every penalty for telling the truth. Thus it is that you are the victims of a vast social conspiracy

of silence, quite as universal and far more effective than the conspiracy of silence which you delude yourselves into believing has concealed the facts of sex from your children. This conspiracy is involuntary. The minister who declares that he has always felt free to utter anything from his pulpit which he felt impelled to say has simply never been impelled to say anything which he did not feel free to utter.

IV

You would not expect the ticket-seller at a baseball field to volunteer the private information to the crowd at his window that a thunderstorm was coming, even if he knew and had it on the authority of the weather bureau. In the first place, as the manager would point out as he kicked him off the field, the weather bureau might be wrong — as well it might. Besides, both ticket-seller and manager might, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, be able to persuade themselves that the storm would blow over. Do not suppose, therefore, that it will be easy to obtain the kind of information you need from the three great organs of public instruction — the colleges, the churches, and the newspapers. They are only vaguely aware that anything is afoot, and what they do know they call by false names, in the desperate superstition that the sun of that red dawn can be cheated out of rising by a common agreement to call it the moon. Do not be deceived by their vehement denials into believing that these charges are untrue in the main because they can, here and there, by the case-system of 'I-know-of-an-instance' disprove them in a few particulars. They are the ticket-sellers, and their every mental process is so colored by subserviency to a class view of affairs that they are honestly not aware of any constraint on their tongues, — which is quite the most hopeless part of it. A convenient formula for this fact is that *people are not cussed: they are only blind.*

When I speak of the churches, I speak not of the clergymen but of their congregations, — of you, to be explicit. In a time when prophets and righteous men have discovered that, rich and poor, scholar and deck-hand, we are all lost or all saved together, and that the surest path to salvation is to forget that you have a soul in making the lot of your fellow man such that he can seek salvation, — by the same path, — your doctrine is still insisting that the all-important is to save your own souls. That we must all succeed or all fail together; that the boulevard is never safe until the slum is safe; that 'an injury to one is an injury to all,' is a new kind of gospel which you have hitherto supposed applied only to the party necessarily in the wrong of industrial squabbles, never guessing that it may be a perfectly obvious first axiom of our social order in which we are all so indissolubly knit together that a wound in any part bleeds the whole.

The ministers, poor fellows, are bursting with this message — if you would only untie the gag. To their everlasting honor be it acknowledged that they are, as it is, blowing up in their pulpits and resigning at the rate of about one a week. They see that the church has, in the moral life of the community, only a veto power. It can no longer enact, or enforce. As with the doctor, we have made the minister a tradesman. We hire the doctor to save our bodies by a particular method of homœopathy, allopathy, osteopathy. We hire the minister to save our souls on the same principle. The doctors have discovered that the way to eradicate disease is not to cure but to prevent it. The ministers have begun to

take the hint from medicine. They have begun to suspect that the way to eradicate sin and suffering is not to wash souls for the next world but to provide tubs for the taking of a daily bath in this. Yet when our tradesman minister tries to substitute sin-prevention for the sin-cure which was generally fashionable at the end of the nineteenth century, we quite naturally complain that this is not the article we bargained for, and buy our wares of another tradesman who keeps the kind we use. The formula for this transaction is: 'Stick to the gospel and let business alone.' The pinch is that the extra bathtubs for souls in this world would have to be paid for out of the dividend checks of the congregation. In Elmport, you recall, it was the church people who defeated the housing ordinance. Besides, a congregation, well knowing that a business run on strictly Christian principles would, as things are, last about fifteen minutes, so resents the exposure of this connived-at imposture that a minister courageous enough to proclaim practical Christianity does so fully realizing that the consequence may be dismissal. The one thing middle-class Christians most resent is Christianity.

Nor need you expect to be told of the thunderstorm by your colleges. To expect them to assume a moral leadership which would instantly pitch them into conflict with the rich testator whose favor they are obliged to woo is to expect fire to be wet. For them to plan on building them more stately mansions — dormitories, chapels, lecture halls — by attacking the methods whereby their donors accumulated the funds would be to suppose a testatorial magnanimity which the history of will-making does not bear out. It is shrewd comment that the radical clubs in the colleges were started, not by the faculty, but by the students; which is to say, not by the employees of these knowledge factories, but by their customers, who created a demand for goods which had not been on sale. Within the year, the professors of political economy have taken steps to protect their freedom of speech — the first academic trade-union. Waste no reproaches on the presidents and faculties for having betrayed a stewardship. No more than you or I can they afford to quarrel with their bread-and-butter.

The greatest engine of all is the sorriest out of gear. It is not so much that the newspapers are edited from their business offices: it is not so much that they are directly edited by their advertisers. They are edited out of the timidities and prejudices of you, their middle-class readers. If your paper ventured to tell you the obvious truths, that for any able-bodied man or woman to live without working is a crime against society more grave than most of the offences which your judges punish with outrageously disproportionate sentences; that every penny of wealth is created by the community and rightly belongs to it; and that to take interest for money is probably wrong, you would stop a paper which printed such seditious blasphemies and buy one which told you what you wished to hear. A newspaper-owner is an ordinary man, counseled by the peculiarly public nature of his business to be extraordinarily cautious. It is easy for him to keep friendly with his advertisers since both realize in a tacit cordiality that their bread is buttered on the same side. The reporters are overworked, underpaid, and too blasé with the eternal excitements of their trade to consider what it all means, even if they had the wit to guess. The prophet Isaiah might speak to them with the tongues of men and of angels, and the morning papers would record that 'the prophet Isaiah also spoke.'

Those editors who do guess what it all means are so embittered by the quantities of political and commercial scandal which they know ought to be printed and will not be, that disillusionment and cynicism have put them into moral bankruptcy, — I speak of those who have the intelligence to realize their humiliating position. The others are not even aware of the fundamental fallacy, — that whereas we assume the newspaper — this tremendous organ of public thought — to be a public institution operated in the public interest, it is privately owned and operated for private profit. When the interests of the public clash with the interests of the owners, as they do hundreds of times a day, to suppose that the proprietors will espouse the public cause to the detriment of their own is to suppose that they will behave differently from all the other tradesmen into whose class we have thrust them.

The only two parties who know that the newspapers are not to be trusted are the radicals who maintain a none-too-trustworthy press of their own, and a small group of financiers who pay a statistician a high price for a weekly news-service on the understanding that they alone are to have the advantage of acting on the information it contains. Naturally, both these news-services, the radical press and the confidential letters, contain the same material — what is left out of the daily papers. You have yourselves to thank. Your editors, as tradesmen, do not keep goods for which they see no demand. They see no demand for news of the rumblings of industrial revolution; therefore it is not for sale. Yet it is not quite so innocent as that. The remark of the journalist in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm* pretty well formulates the science of American journalism: 'I shall omit nothing that the public need know.'

It is not that the press is a liar. The editor does not print it because you readers do not want it: you readers do not want it because the editor does not print it. The colleges do not teach it because educated people do not demand it: educated people do not demand it because the colleges have never taught them its importance. The clergymen do not preach it because their polite congregations dislike having their sensibilities harrowed — the wheel comes full circle. And so the vicious spiral winds snake-like, poisoning our free institutions with this vast unofficial censorship, infinitely more effective than any official censorship — the universal and truth-killing gospel of Hush!

From all of which this much is certain: *you are not getting the news.*

And justice requires that your excuse be added: you are not getting the news because you are not sufficiently aroused to demand it; and you are not sufficiently aroused to demand it because you are not getting the news.

V

Even if your schools and colleges, however, could afford to be honest tradesmen, the wares they are selling are rapidly becoming not worth your purchase. They belong to a time when education was for the few. When educated men were scarce they could sell their disciplined brains in a virgin market. Then the news went out that higher education meant good pay, and the past three decades have so glutted the market for these disciplined brains that we are now confronted with the incongruity of the trade-union-protected plumber in greasy overalls commanding better pay than the 'professional' in a white collar whose training involved an outlay of five thousand dollars. The spread of higher education has spoiled the market; and your

mere college graduate, untrained to any special profession, is even more at the mercy of the employer, and lucky if the white collar which is his badge of respectability is not also the badge of his life-servitude. You have not heard the news, which is that the money is no longer in the white-collar job; it is in the greasy-overalls job. So, while the skilled artisan has a commodity always in demand and for which his union will enable him to exact a pretty good price, you are still pathetically forcing your sons' necks into this yoke of respectability.

And what is this respectability for which you have always been such sticklers?

A hasty review of his personal acquaintance will satisfy any candid person that it is quite possible for a man to lie, cheat, steal, slander, and commit wholesale industrial murder, provided he does so respectably. This does not mean that he must not get caught. It means merely that he must not compromise himself legally. Respectability is the act of keeping friendly with the police. It might be forgiven the offense of putting crime on a genteel footing had it not also put all the mighty passions of generous enthusiasm under the social taboo of 'bad taste.' Mrs. Pankhurst, of whom a modern poet has written,

> And Jesus Christ has come again with whips, —

you respectables consider a wicked notoriety-seeker whose financial transactions, you would like to suspect, would not bear scrutiny. Tolstoï, if you knew more of him than that you have been told that he wrote indecent stories, you would consider a crank who made himself and everybody around him uncomfortable over the wrongs of the poor when he had enough himself. In short, a reformer (which is to say, a Christian) is, with you, a dangerous person who upsets families, — the tranquillity of your own being the supremest social millenium your imagination can envisage.

But is that domestic security of yours so certain? I speak now not of possible revolution, but of probable extinction. Brusquely as you are being elbowed out of business, you are being elbowed more brusquely still out of your very existence. The most deadly process of extermination known to history is at work decimating your numbers, — the voluntary restriction of birthrate under economic pressure. It is no mere coincidence that the only two classes which maintain their normal birthrate are those too ignorant to know the means and the economic advantages of reducing the fruitfulness of marriage, and those directly under the intimidation of the Roman priesthood, which combats this practice with the powerful instrument of the confessional. It is enough merely to name this grinning spectre which makes an unbidden third at the bridal breakfast, which stalks through silent rooms where troops of children should be romping at their play, which stands at the bedside even in the holy hour of childbirth. The suffering this has cost you would make my dwelling on it a needless cruelty except to ask whether you can now see whither this iniquitous social and economic system is forcing you — this system whereby the many work and the few batten on the profits. You probably know that your Anglo-Saxon blood has already ceased to predominate in this country. It is not alone that the oligarchy of money is fast reducing you industrially; but that this property-worship and dividendolatry are sucking the very blood from the veins of the nation, penalizing marriage, killing your children unborn, killing your very race.

Do not suppose that these words

spring from hatred of the rich. And do not make the blunder of hating the rich. Lift not your hands to them for help, nor in hatred, for they as impotently move as you or I. Hate the order which made them rich to their poverty, and help them to make an end of it.

You have one refuge: to cast in your lot with the under-dog. Unless you accept the leadership, it will pass from you, as it has done before, to another class who are the idealists. Their need has made them so. They stretch hands to you for help.

Make no mistake about this. You will have to think hard and think twice. All your traditions, all your teaching, all your ambitions have bidden you aspire to the estate just above you. The only refuge from capitalism which the capitalist has offered you is to become a capitalist. The prize which has been dangled just beyond your fist is the contemptible existence of living without working. You have always been taught that once you had scrambled through the doorway to the employing and owning class you would be safe. You have seen that doorway contract. You have seen it grow harder and harder for your sons to fight their way in; you have seen the sons of those already in thrust out. You have seen the struggle turn murderous.

They are still telling you that your only refuge from the mire of poverty lies in getting in. Does it ever occur to you that your only hope lies in exactly the opposite direction — in keeping out, in persuading others to keep out, and in joining forces with the plundered and the outcast? Does it ever occur to you that if your pity drew you to take sides with the oppressed, your unlooked-for reward would be a sudden and overwhelming power to end oppression? Does it ever occur to you that, once you joined forces with the poor (who, you have been told, cannot help you), together you would be suddenly invincible and need no longer dread each other, — nor the rich, nor poverty?

VI

Golden pour of summer sunshine over Elmport: churchbells booming their solemn noonday jubilation; sunlight and shadows of foliage flickering on the white walls of the ancient houses; blue-coated veterans marching with faces stern and set; 'Lawrence Police' on the badges of the constabulary; and, over the empty, silent mill, flowing gallantly to the noon breeze, in bitter mockery, — the national colors.

I had journeyed to Elmport to see an old New England town celebrate its great national holiday of political liberty during a struggle for industrial liberty. I had seen the foreign immigrants eager, interested, and respectful, — if a bit puzzled, — watching the American middle-class protest against syndicalism.

That protest was a bit absurd. But there was in it a deeper pang, an ache of pathos which struck to the heart. It was so well meant. It was so utterly beside the point. A town piteously bewildered. It knew that a justice of the superior court and a saintly bishop were stockholders in the Elmport mill, and that therefore the strikers must be in the wrong. The townspeople were saying to the I.W.W. (*which had accepted the leadership which they themselves had rejected*): 'You challenge our institutions. We answer your challenge by pointing to our flag, — the flag for which, in tears and agony, we gave our young sons to death in battle half a century ago. Our eyes are full of angry tears, and our hearts are full of bitterness at your insult. For the future, affront this flag at your peril!'

Such was the reply at Elmport. Such

is the reply of that old New England of which this little town of Elmport is but the magnifying lens. Such is the reply of the American middle class from ocean to ocean. It does not understand. It will not sympathize. It can only intensely resent.

And now let me tell you the answer of radicalism to the middle class.

It is the basement of the Belgian hall in Lawrence. Overhead, a strike meeting is in progress. Except for its occasional thunders, down here all is order and quiet. At a long table, thirty children are eating their evening meal. They are saying nothing because most of them are too little to talk, and if they could, there are hardly any two who could understand each other's tongues. Every morsel they are tucking into their tiny mouths is the gift of a family in some other New England mill city which has gone without in order to be able to send it.

A strike-leader, who had been haranguing the meeting, came downstairs from the hall above, flushed with denunciation. Something in the communal aspect of the table, some strange hush of sacramental quietude as these children sat in the deepening dusk eating the bread of sacrifice, brought a quick gush of tears to his eyelids. He turned away murmuring, 'Is this as near to the brotherhood of man as we can come?'

Dear friends, would it not be better to stop calling this radicalism? Would it not be better to call it the good news of that kind elder brother of us all, the carpenter of Nazareth?

A REPLY

I

My Friend, —

Your words sink deep. They voice a human passion enduring through the generations, never absent but seldom articulate. They conjure up the ancient vision of comfort shared equally among all men, — an infinite inheritance, infinitely divided, a world where there shall be no more elder brothers sitting in the sun. You who write them reason from your longing and argue from your desire, and you ask an answer not from the head but from the heart. Argument will not give you peace, nor will logic curb your aspiration. You touch the hidden springs of feeling and loose emotions too dumbly held in check. Your letter, read and pondered, should make us better men and women, not from fear but from understanding and from love. And yet it is of fear that you bid us take counsel. Revolution, you say, presses at our heels; we cannot save ourselves. Then let us turn, as you have turned, and fling ourselves upon the mercy of those who pursue.

Who are these pursuers, these close-locked ranks of toilers who, you would have us believe, form the army of human brotherhood? As I look back and watch them, I see, not one crusading army of the masses advancing shoulder to shoulder, step for step, but host after host of classes sundered by gulfs deep as those which divide the

middle class from the plutocracy. I see the trade-unions in their rigid ranks and the marauding bands of syndicalists hating them with a bitter hate. I see the socialists plotting a new world-despotism, the anarchists a new world-chaos, and behind them a multitude greater far than all of these, a mass of stragglers, the inefficient, the unfortunate, those who can be helped and those who must go down, each bound to his neighbor by no belief, no thought in common except the single hope of crawling up into the air and light; no outer union among them except the common support of the overwhelming burden of life. Is this the army you ask me to join? Will it profit these men if I eat their bread? Those who have will not welcome me. Those who have not will tear from me what little I still have. No; I reject your eloquent appeal. I will not trust my fears. Whether safety exists, I do not know. One thing I know: it cannot lie behind.

Watch more closely still and see the discord among those who follow. See how the rank and file of socialists mistrust and hate and use the 'intellectuals' who sit at ease and spin their theoretic webs. Look at your practical leaders, your Haywoods, your Ettors, your Tannenbaums, and at those nearer friends of yours who affrighted the good citizens of Elmport. It is not new order they desire, but present disorder; not evolution, but flux. That was an instructive congress the other day in New York. The socialists were in conclave debating the 'reorganization' of society with completest forms of parliamentary procedure, when in trooped two-score sturdy representatives of Direct Action. In a trice the debate became a dispute, the dispute a struggle, the struggle a riot. Chairs were splintered, heads broken, before the police pacified as spirited a fracas as capital and labor can boast of on the most apposite occasion. The incident is typical. Discipline and order are not easily born among men.

II

Discipline and order! Think what they mean. This human race which you and your easy thinkers expect to remould in a generation has been to school for a thousand thousand years learning their rudiments. Think of the æons which elapsed from the time man first stood upright in the twilight of the woods to the age when he first struck fire and came dully to see in that kindled blaze the fixed centre of a little world made by the woman and their children. And then think of the ages which followed as the tiny groups began to cling to one another for protection and to buy order at the cost of restraint and self-denial. And so to the dawn of history, on and on, through the centuries when order is called by its historic name — civilization — and the wise learn to know that, in spite of all the sin and crimes it has answered for, order alone can give them the peace, the security, the happiness they crave.

You sappers and miners of the order we have built cry out against marriage and the hostages it gives to fortune. Without those hostages life itself is of little worth; yet who would wish for children left behind to chance it in a rocking world? Yours is a gambler's stake, and, like the gambler, you would spin the earth round and round till it stops at your own number. We toil and skimp and save, buying with our own lives some leisure for our children, drawing hope from the past, living for the future. To you, those Elmporters who raised the flag in sign of discipline, of order, and of country were contemptible fools. Fools they may have been, but not contemptible.

Startled from the sleep of security, frightened, bursting with passionate thoughts they could not utter, they turned to the flag which to them meant all the glorious words they longed to say and all the splendid deeds they longed to do. Poor, incompetent people, brought face to face with a fearful crisis, holding up their starry symbol like priests holding a cross to shield them from a conflagration. Preposterous it was and futile and touching as human nature is apt to be, but it had in it something at least of that symbolic consecration in which men kneel before the wafer and the wine.

Of the predicament of the middle class you speak full truth. We are brayed as in a mortar. Wages are submerging salaries. The clergyman must employ a plumber at twice his own salary. The clerk is helpless in the clutches of the carpenter. Our present is dark and our future dim enough, but we must remember that hitherto we have struggled unorganized against an organized world. The huge lever of collective bargaining has never even been set up for middle-class use, and it is quite possible that once in working order, this machine may be used as a powerful auxiliary in battling against extortion from below as well as against exaction from above. But — and this is a lesson neither you nor yours have ever learned — social machinery, though it may make the world a fairer place to live in, will never create new wealth. The prime reason that the cost of living mounts so inexorably is written in our statute books. Every law to help the poor, most laws to curb the rich, cost money. Better housing conditions, grade-crossings, municipal improvements, cost money. Sounder health, easier communication, happier environment, bring dividends in the end, but improvement spells expense, and I, for one, thank God that this is so. Things are precious as they are costly. When we make gifts we must pay for them and feel the pinching of our wallets. Straitened as it is, the middle class, by virtue of that very book-education which you deplore, holds the balance of power. It still makes public opinion, and at its command are inscribed upon the statute books laws which make the world a more equitable but a more expensive place. Let us recognize the full extent of this truth. These gifts freely given are costly to the givers. Sacrifice made them possible, and it is sacrifice which gives them worth.

History is already recording that this is the age of uniformity. There is but one general standard of a life well lived, and that is success. The standard is base enough, but it is not so base as the interpretation which, in this country at least, gives its significance a money value. We capitalize talent and ambition much as we capitalize pig-iron. No real aristocracy exists which recognizes either responsibility or attainment as essential to its character. The riband and the laurel are prizes for boys but not for men. The rich and the well-to-do have set out for a single goal and the poor have locked step behind them, marching all of us to the devil's tattoo of the dollars' chink. Those who have money and those who have more seem to block the whole wide road, and every man behind in the race strains forward in anger and in desperation to clutch the single prize.

Give us neither poverty nor riches. Few there are who have uttered that wise petition, but those to whom it has been granted belong to the middle class. They it is whose lives have chiefly branched into many-sided usefulness and who have enriched the common store of beauty, of wisdom, and of knowledge. They it is who, like successful adventurers in the animal

kingdom, differentiate the species and lead the march of life up the long spiral of evolution. And this variety, which is indeed the life-principle of progress, you ask us to relinquish. Your leaders hate it. Your masses fear it. They would destroy it root and branch, and at the price of its destruction you offer us safety.

III

You who ask us to give up our birthright, what do you know of our history? It was we, the middle class, who made Rome, pumping our redder blood into the slackened arteries of the aristocracy and refilling our emptying veins from the best that ran below. It was we who brought light to the Dark Ages; we who curbed first the nobles and then the kings of Europe. Spain despised us and lost the primacy of nations. Russia shut us out, and her penalty has been two hundred years of bitterness and blood. You cannot take our heroes from us. Cromwell, you say, was the child of Revolution, and academic discussion primed the muskets at Lexington. Yes; but it is Oliver's glory that he turned rebellion into the law of democracy, and the Lexington minute-men rammed into their middle-class muskets the theories that middle-class genius gave them. We too, it is, who have brought education and industry into the modern world; and, please God, we shall bring peace.

And what have they brought, these friends of yours to whom you bid us turn? Theirs are the gifts which the hordes of Alaric brought to Rome, the Anabaptists to Germany, the Jacobins to France. Whatever their idealism, whatever their aspirations, they have never won a victory unmarked by stupidity and cruelty. The men whom they have chosen as leaders have ever guided them deeper into the morass. Cleon and Jack Cade and Marat have led them as Debs and Jim Larkin and Moyer are leading them now. Once, and once only, in modern times, have they been triumphant: the hideous excess, the ruinous reaction of the French Revolution are their enduring monument.

I have said that theirs have been the gifts of death, but they have brought us one gift of strength and life — their need. Their necessities have been our salvation. Their suffering has saved us from ourselves. Heaven knows we have not been unselfish. We have been hard enough and grinding enough and buried deep enough in plans for money and for comfort, but the sense that the poor are with us has never quite gone from our minds. We have trimmed the lamp of charity and kept it burning. Little by little, the flame has grown brighter and clearer until, in this century we have passed, we have begun to see how it may light the world. Here in America we have made education free to all. We have given homes to thirty million people. In countless ways we have alleviated suffering and extended opportunity. There's a century's work for you! And now we are creating parks and playgrounds, revolutionizing the living conditions of the poor in cities, banishing disease, organizing from the moneys of the rich, huge unselfish companies to aid in the emancipation of the poor, and gradually introducing into business life the honest principle of dividing profits with the workers. To the trite platitude that the world was never advancing so fast in material prosperity as it does to-day, it may truthfully be added that the vast increment in life's satisfactions goes, in the main, not to the rich, or the middle class, but to the poor.

IV

You who labor with your hands, these things are yours — yours in in-

creasing measure, largely through our efforts. Let us press the work on through another century and we will multiply them fourfold. Stand aside and let us keep our shoulders to the wheel. We do not ask your gratitude. We do not want it. But the justice which is ever on your lips and on your banners, that we ask in our turn. You do part of the work; you claim all the profit. You wish to direct our business; you decline to be responsible for our losses. You hate us because we are wiser and more prudent than you. We recognize merit and promote it from your ranks. The more successful of you slam the door of opportunity in the faces of those who follow. In spite of our own greed, we still think of others. You think only of yourselves. We are all of us the materialized children of a century of industrialism, but in you that materialism grows most rank. When you have bread, you cry for meat; when you have water, you cry for wine. Shorter hours, more money, better food, less work — these are ever your demands; never more learning, more beauty, more service.

It is hard, I know, to thirst for lovely things when the body's needs press relentlessly upon you — yet the saints have bloomed from poverty as blossoms from the dirt. And if, as perhaps you believe, high desires are the fruits of leisure, I ask you to look at those front ranks of labor which, as your spokesman truly says, are passing us in comfort. Can you see spirituality in their sleek content? Is there idealism there? Is there aspiration unmeasured by the yard-stick and the dollar? I tell you that the very priest in his pulpit, who prays for things eternal, is distrusted by laboring men because his sermon is not for their physical comfort, nor his prayer for their advancement in the world.

And now we come to the pith and marrow of the matter. The age of faith is past. The manna which has fed the human spirit so long has been abandoned for grosser food. No longer do men seek re-creation and refreshment at those exhaustless springs whose waters heal with the gifts of patience, of confidence, and of love. Have you not seen how the socialists regard that starveling band of 'sentimentalists' who call themselves *Christian* Socialists? Verily, the Science of Marx has lost its science, but has not found its God. Have you not heard Giovannitti plead for the 'law' of beasts, as though heart and mind and spirit could batten at a trough? There is little enough religion in the world to-day, but among the forces which organize social discontent its absence is most utter. The heavy-laden turn from Him who alone has peace to offer, and seek to find it in sharing the loot of the world.

By bread alone we cannot live. In the dim haze of the future this truth stands boldly out. Either human society will fly apart in a myriad atoms, each impotently seeking its own safety and going singly to destruction as sparks go out in the dark; or else the cleavage between class and class, the gaps between man and man, will dwindle to insignificance in the faith that life is patterned on one limitless design whose tiniest figure soars beyond our knowledge and in whose ancient web our lives are stitches, false or true, marring or making the universal work. Only thus can man never be alien from man. Only thus can we enter upon that infinite inheritance of joy craved by every one alike. For as the saint saith, Never will you enjoy the world 'till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God as misers do in gold and kings in sceptres.'

E. S.

UNION PORTRAITS

I. JOSEPH HOOKER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

To say that the outer man was the best part of Hooker would be manifestly unjust. But all agree that the outer man was magnificent. He was tall, thoroughly martial in bearing, with blonde hair, finely cut features, an expressive mouth, and large gray eyes full of fire and sympathy. The rich glow of his complexion characterized him from boyhood, so that an enthusiastic female admirer declared when he left West Point, that with his ruddy cheeks, blue coat, and white trousers, he was a perfect epitome of the American flag. Villard thought only one other man in the whole army, Hancock, approached Hooker in the splendor of his exterior. But General Walker observes shrewdly, 'He was handsome and picturesque in the extreme, but with a fatally weak chin.' Turn to almost any of the portraits and you will see what General Walker means. Bear it in mind in our further study.

Hooker was a Massachusetts man, born in Hadley in 1814. His father seems to have had no great force of character, but his mother was high-principled, energetic, and had much influence over her children. It is said that she intended her son for the church. Failing this, she doubtless supplemented the education given him at the local academy, and sent him to West Point with the average mental equipment of a cadet of that day.

At West Point he did not stand very high. But there is a notable legend that he would have stood much higher than twenty-eighth in his class, if his decided combative tendencies had not injured him with the faculty. Whether this be true or not, straight-out fighting was his line in life. Where he could fight, he succeeded. Where he could not, his success was much less marked. And he sometimes fought those who should not have been his enemies.

In the Mexican War he won distinction and deserved it. He showed personal bravery and the rarer gift of inspiring bravery in others. Thrice he was brevetted, a distinction which fell to few others, if to any. He served on the staff of General Pillow, and his enthusiastic biographer asserts that he furnished 'all the brains and most of the energy and industry to be found at the headquarters of that division.' Perhaps this is slightly exaggerated.

Everybody knows that Hooker was called 'Fighting Joe.' Not everybody knows that the name was not given by the troops but in pure accident by a newspaper compositor, who, having to interpret the telegraphic abbreviation 'fighting — Joe Hooker,' dropped the dash and created a world-known sobriquet. Hooker did not like the name, or said he did not; thought that it made him seem like a highwayman or bandit.

And perhaps it has hurt him as much as it has helped him.

When the Civil War began, Hooker was entirely suited. He did not receive a commission till after Bull Run, but in the Peninsula battles nobody did better fighting than he. At Williamsburg his division distinguished itself highly. 'In every engagement,' says General Rusling, 'he always seemed to know what to do and when to do it.' McClellan, indeed, depreciated his subordinate and there was not much kindliness between them. But in this instance history justifies Hooker. And his own reported comment on his commander's coldness is a pleasant example of the frank humor which must have been an element of his social charm. 'I say, Mott, it seems to me you and I, and your Jersey Blues, and the Excelsior Brigade, were not at Williamsburg at all. Hancock did the business.'

This social charm was felt by all who came closely into contact with the general, and for this and other things he was unquestionably much beloved by his troops. He talked with them as man to man, took a personal interest in their doings, did not let great affairs thrust out little kindnesses. General Rusling once went to his division commander to get leave for an invalid, and was refused even attention. Then he made his way to Hooker, at that time commander-in-chief. 'Let me have the paper,' Hooker said. 'I'll show General —— a "leave" can be granted without his approval in a case like this.' When Berry was killed, Hooker 'with tears in his eyes kissed his forehead and said, "My God, Berry, why was the man on whom I relied so much to be taken away in this manner?"' These things touch the soldier's heart, touch any man's. Hooker was just, too, and fair in dealing with his subordinates. General Reynolds writes me: 'I was with him every day for eight months, and I say without hesitancy, I never knew a man who tried to be fairer and treat every one more justly than he did. He would treat the lowest in rank with the same courtesy as the highest, and no commander was more beloved by his troops than was he by the 20th Corps.'

The fighting reputation that Hooker had won on the Peninsula continued and increased through the second Bull Run campaign and at Antietam, where he was wounded after doing great damage to the Confederate left. His energy and vigor showed, not only in bare fighting, but in strenuous effort to keep his troops responsive and his officers efficient. With what force does he express himself against an attempt to deprive him of one of the best of them. 'I have just been shown an order relieving Brigadier-General Reynolds from the command of a division in my corps. I request that the major-general commanding will not heed this order; a scared governor ought not to be permitted to destroy the usefulness of an entire division of the army on the eve of important operations.'

But his most attractive mood is undoubtedly that in which he feels the thrill and enthusiasm of actual battle. 'The whole morning had been one of unusual animation to me and fraught with the grandest events. The conduct of the troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain with me.'

This was at Antietam, where there was triumph. Even finer, from a moral point of view, was the general's attitude at Fredericksburg, where there was defeat. Though he would expose his men regardlessly in battle, he was always thoughtful of their welfare, so far as was compatible with duty. When some neglect was shown in the handling of ambulances, his rebuke was severe. 'I regret more than all to

find two officers of my command, holding high and responsible positions, showing so little concern for the welfare and efficiency of the command to which they are assigned as to seek by artifice and unfairness to destroy one and disregard the other.' Hence it was that this fighter, this man who would face anything and was lifted almost to the skies by the exhilaration of combat, would not fling his soldiers against the impossible without a protest. When Burnside ordered the charge, 'I sent my aide to General Burnside to say that I advised him not to attack at that place. He returned saying that the attack must be made. I had the matter so much at heart that I put spurs to my horse and rode over here myself and tried to persuade General Burnside to desist from the attack. He insisted on its being made.' It was made, magnificently, and failed magnificently. Said Hooker of it later, with caustic frankness: 'Finding that I had lost as many men as my orders required me to lose, I suspended the attack.'

Thus the country generally saw Hooker, on the eve of the battle of Chancellorsville, in April, 1863, a splendid, vigorous, successful soldier and corps-commander, full of fight, yet not without prudence, widely popular and fairly trusted. The germs of his defects had been manifest long before, however, and we must look into them closely in preparation for our study of the great climax of his life.

All generalizations are dangerous, and all the adjectives we apply to character are generalizations. The Southern officer, Magruder, an honest and straightforward soldier, who had served in the same regiment with Hooker in former days, told Fremantle that Hooker was 'essentially a mean man and a liar.' Hooker did mean things and made false statements. So have you. So have I. But it is not just, I hope, to call you a liar, or me, or Hooker. Again, Palfrey, who knew him well, says that he was 'Brave, handsome, vain, insubordinate, plausible, untrustworthy.' These are strong words. Some of them may be justified, not all.

But let us leave the generalizations. Concretely, it has always been said that Hooker drank too much. The testimony as to this is conflicting. When he left West Point, he was a total abstainer, yet the florid complexion, which later was attributed to alcohol, was just as marked in the cadet as in the major-general. Wearied with the piping times of peace, Hooker went to California, in the wild gold days. There he farmed with small success, and no doubt he lived as many about him were living, — unprofitably, to say the least. There is a story that he borrowed money from Halleck and Sherman, that he came to San Francisco on Saturday to make payment, after closing hours, and that by Monday morning the money was gone. This, with similar incidents, is said to have been the origin of Halleck's and Sherman's prejudice against him. The anecdote does not, however, seem quite compatible with a sentence in a confidential letter from Halleck to Sherman, September 16, 1864. 'He [Hooker] is aware that I know something about his character and conduct in California, and fearing that I may use it against him, he seeks to ward off its effects by making it appear that I am his personal enemy.'

Another curious (if true) detail about this California life is furnished by Stoneman. Hooker, he says, 'could play the best game of poker I ever saw until it came to the point when he should go a thousand better, and then he would flunk.' This may have been colored by recollections of Chancellorsville. Still, when I read it, I am reminded of that weak chin.

Whatever the dissipations of the

California life, they cannot have been damning, since he afterwards came to fill positions of honor and trust in the great western state, and his friends there subscribed to pay his expenses on to Washington when the war began.

As with Halleck and Sherman thus early, however, he had the serious defect of offending wantonly those whom he should not have offended. In Mexico, for instance, he had been attached to the staff of Pillow. When Pillow was arraigned and his conduct investigated on the charges of Scott, Hooker spoke his mind with entire freedom in defense of his chief and gained the hostility of the senior general. As a consequence of this, the California recruit waited for some time vainly before he could enter the Army of the Potomac.

In this case it was Hooker's tongue that damaged him, and it cannot be denied that all his life that insignificant member caused him a great deal of trouble. It was a splendidly vivid and energetic tongue, could stir an army to a charge, could cheer and stimulate a friend and smite an enemy. With what a keen flash does it lighten the metallic brevity of a dispatch. 'The enemy may number 4000, or 5000, those half starved and badly wounded. The number of major-generals and brigadier-generals they have along is of no consequence; they are flesh and blood.'

But this same tongue could work astonishing havoc with reputations, most of all its owner's. It could brand individuals with a hot iron. 'If General Sumner had advanced the rebellion would have been buried there. He did not advance at all.' Do you think General Sumner loved that tongue? It could blight, if unintentionally, a whole arm of the service. 'Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?' At the very outset of the war it achieved one of its most remarkable feats, unsurpassed, if equaled, later. Tired of seeking employment from direct military authority and ready to return to California, Hooker called on the President to explain his position. After explaining it, he concluded with the casual comment, 'I was at Bull Run the other day, Mr. President, and it is no vanity in me to say I am a damned sight better general than you had on that field.' Must it not have been, indeed, a man of power who could utter such words as that and actually make Lincoln believe them?

Well, the tongue went on its way, along with the hand and sword, through the Peninsula, through Antietam and Fredericksburg. McClellan! Hooker had no use for McClellan and said so. McClellan was a baby. McClellan dared not fight. If McClellan had done as Hooker urged and wished, Richmond would have been ours in the spring of 1862. The subordinate testified formally before the Committee on the Conduct of the War that the failure of the Peninsula campaign was 'to be attributed to the want of generalship on the part of the commander.'

When Burnside succeeded McClellan, it was the same with Burnside. Villard, as a newspaper man, met Hooker for the first time and had scarcely introduced himself when the general burst into unsparing criticism of the government, of Halleck, of McClellan, and especially of his immediate superior. To his fellow soldiers he naturally did not hesitate to express the same opinion; and when he was himself in supreme command, he wrote about his predecessor words of almost incredible violence. Hooker 'cannot bear to go into battle with the slanders of this wretch uncontradicted and the author of them unchastised. He must swallow his words as soon as I am in a condition to address him, or I will hunt him to the ends of the earth.' By the way, I am not aware that the wretch

ever did swallow his words, or ever was hunted.

A dangerous tongue, indeed, you see, and perhaps there was a little trouble back of the tongue, perhaps the thinking brain was not quite so perfect an instrument as the acting hand. When that bluff Confederate, Whiting, writes to Beauregard, 'Hooker is a fool, and always was, and that's a comfort,' the exaggerated estimate deserves notice chiefly because it is certain to have been common Confederate property and so to have made its way to Lee and to have been his best excuse for Jackson's apparently most hazardous movement at Chancellorsville. But when Chase, Hooker's warm supporter, after a confidential talk with the general, remarks that he 'impressed me favorably as a frank, manly, brave, and energetic soldier, of somewhat less breadth of intellect than I had expected,' the thoughtful observer is prepared for a career which shall blend its triumph with failure, if not disaster.

II

To this man, then, such as we have seen him, Lincoln, in January, 1863, confided the splendid Army of the Potomac and the salvation of the Union. The President had his serious misgivings and expressed them in a well-known letter, surely one of the most singular ever received by a great general on undertaking an important command. Lincoln warns his subordinate against ambition, warns him against over-confidence, warns him not to talk about a dictatorship until he has done things worthy of it, warns him to fear the spirit of insubordination in the army which Hooker himself has been the most forward to cultivate. One can easily imagine the impatient contempt with which McClellan would have received such a letter. Well, all that is really fine and winning and lovable in Hooker shines out in his simple comment to his officers on receiving it. 'He talks to me like a father. I shall not answer this letter until I have won him a great victory.'

But, alas, the general entered upon his important duties without the real confidence of the higher officers under him. 'He had wounded some by openly criticizing them,' says De Trobriand, 'he had alienated others by putting himself forward at their expense.' And again that fatal tongue intervened, with trouble at its tip. Grand reviews, riding in gold and glitter, on equal footing with presidents and ministers, that splendid army in the spring sunshine set over against those starved and ragged rebels, engendered a confidence which would burst from lips not tutored to keep still. 'The finest army on the planet.' 'The operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or give us battle on our own ground where certain destruction awaits him.' 'My plans are perfect, and when I start to carry them out, may God have mercy on General Lee, for I will have none.' 'The enemy is in my power, and God Almighty cannot deprive me of them.' Such words as these suggest the Nemesis of Greek tragedy and give an enthralling interest to the dramatic story of the man who uttered them.

At first all went well. Through the spring months the general reorganized the demoralized army, and did it admirably. Here is another of the delightful psychological contradictions in this extraordinary man. You think he was an impetuous firebrand. Yet he distinguished himself most of all in the slow, fretful labor of systematizing and perfecting the instrument he was to use.

Then, with the warm April days, came the preparations for action. The

plan finally adopted is said to have originated, to some extent, with Warren. With whomsoever it originated, all admit that it was an able strategic design. From the point of view of Hooker's character, we note again, in this regard, a singular contradiction. Here was a man who always talked too freely, who was notorious for saying things he should not have said; yet, the minute the full burden rested on his shoulders, he kept still. Even to his nearest subordinates he whispered no word of his intention, except so far as necessary orders required.

The general plan of campaign was simple. Hooker's army was massed on the north side of the Rappahannock, Lee's on the south, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. Hooker proposed first crossing his cavalry well up the river, to threaten or break the communications of Lee. Then the bulk of the army was to cross above the enemy, sweep round with a great turning movement and drive him toward the east, while another force, under Sedgwick, crossing at Fredericksburg, was to bar retreat in that direction and crush the small army of the Confederates between the two.

From the beginning, the weak point of the scheme was the combined action with Sedgwick. Still, the first steps went admirably. The great crossing, by the upper fords, was made before the enemy divined it, with entire success. Corps after corps swept forward triumphantly into the Wilderness and it seemed as if Lee would really be crushed, as his enemy had intended. But Lee did not propose to be crushed. He met the advancing battalions in a much more aggressive fashion than Hooker expected. And suddenly this check in his plans seemed to chill the buoyant spirit of the Union commander. Instead of urging his generals, on! on! he sent word to them, Withdraw, the woods are too thick, the enemy too strong, let us establish ourselves safely at Chancellorsville and wait. It was like a burst balloon, like a great ship set aback all at once and left shivering in a change of wind. 'To hear from his own lips that the advantages gained by the successful marches of his lieutenants were to culminate in fighting a defensive battle in that nest of thickets was too much, and I retired from his presence with the belief that my commanding general was a whipped man,' says Couch.

So thought Lee and Jackson also. The next day, May 2, Jackson, with a large part of Lee's army, made his way through the woods across Hooker's front and past his right. Then, toward evening, the Confederates fell, like a whirlwind, upon the Union right flank, Howard and his Eleventh Corps, who had hardly dreamed of such an onset and had done little or nothing to prevent it. It is not necessary to apportion the blame strictly in this matter. There is enough for every one, — Hooker, Howard, the division commanders, and the troops,— enough and some left over. The disaster was as appalling as it was unexpected, and it might have been much worse, if night, the fatigue of the Confederates, and the wounding of Jackson, had not intervened.

Where was Hooker? Doing what a brave and energetic soldier could do to repair immediate damage, but hardly grasping the general situation as an able commander should have grasped it. The next morning gave him his opportunity, but instead of profiting, he fought a slow defensive battle, in which the energetic masses of Lee and Stuart had all the advantage.

Then the general was severely injured by the falling of a wooden pillar, and some think the accident robbed him of great glory, and some that for him it was a piece of rare good fortune.

Even before, his subordinates felt that he had lost his hold. It has been said, without sufficient foundation, that he was drinking. It has been said that he was wholly abstemious and missed his drink. This would certainly be the first case in history of a great battle lost because the general-in-chief was not intoxicated.

Be that as it may, after he was injured, he ceased to be of any great value on the field of Chancellorsville. His admirers maintain that the injury is amply sufficient to account for this. They say that his second in command, Couch, should have assumed the direction of affairs and pushed the fighting. Couch himself, however, absolutely refused to assume responsibility when he might be interfered with at any moment. And he and many others hold that Hooker's control was no less efficient after the wound than it was before. 'There is, in fact, no reason to suppose that his orders would have been wise, even if he had not been struck,' says the latest authority on the battle, Colonel W. R. Livermore. Still, still I remember that weak chin.

The small Confederate army could not, however, make any ruinous impression on the Union masses. What, then, was to be done? Behold, the general who had clutched his foe so tightly that Almighty God could not extricate him, was now for recrossing the river and beginning all over again. It seems supplies had run short. 'I think,' says one authority, 'if we can imagine Grant allowing his army to be placed where Hooker's was at noon on that day, that he would have made his soldiers fry their boots, if there was nothing else to eat, before he would have recrossed the river.' But Hooker was not disposed to fry boots. He called his corps commanders into council. A majority of them voted to remain where they were, Meade, to be sure, alleging that recrossing might be difficult with the enemy at their heels, to which Hooker answered that Lee would be delighted to have them on the other side of the Rappahannock. Is there not a maxim of Napoleon's about never doing what your enemy wishes you to do? If so, Hooker had forgotten it. He overruled his subordinates, ordered the puzzled Sedgwick to withdraw also, and with the best speed he could took back that great, unconquered army to the place it had left a week before with banners waving and all the royal assurance of undoubted triumph.

The army was unconquered, but the general was beaten badly, and what was much worse, the cause had received another crushing blow. It was not merely that so many men had been killed and wounded. It was not merely that Lee, with inferior numbers, had managed to sustain himself instead of giving an inch of ground. It was that all the strength and all the valor of the North had been exerted once more and had utterly failed. It was that a fifth commander had been allowed to work his pleasure with that long-suffering army and still the rebellion was as haughty, as energetic, as aggressive as ever. So that Lincoln fell on his knees and told his God that the country could not endure another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville.

But Hooker? Did he look at the thing in this way? Not the least bit in the world. In the midst of the battle his confidence seems to have been for a little time shaken. But he quickly recovered himself. The tremendous moral effect of the whole adventure, after all his vaunts, seems to have escaped him completely. On the very day of the recrossing he issued general orders, the tone of which is almost incredible. 'In fighting at a disadvantage, we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, to our cause,

and our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle when its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own fame.' Alas, no! Big words will guard no one's fame, when they are not accompanied by big deeds. Even then, the deeds do better alone. And when later, sober thought had had all its opportunity, the general could still write in a confidential letter to a friend, 'We lost no honors at Chancellorsville.'

This desperate determination to admit no failure of course developed a disposition to put what blame there was on others. The tendency did not appear immediately after the battle, and Hooker's omission to make any official report and to turn in many of his records has been taken by some to mean a desire to avoid condemning his subordinates, especially Howard. If so, his charity lessened with time. When he was anxious to appear before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, in April, 1864, he wrote, 'As it seems determined that I shall hold no important command hereafter, it becomes necessary for me to have less care for the future than for the past, so far as my professional character is concerned. In my judgment the records connected with my command of the Army of the Potomac had better be made up, no matter who may suffer from it.'

He helped make them up with a vengeance, declaring, in sober, sworn testimony, that 'There are in all armies officers [Howard and Meade are hinted at] more valiant after the fight than while it is pending, and when a truthful history of the rebellion shall be written, it will be found that the Army of the Potomac is not an exception'; and again, 'Some of our corps commanders, and also officers of other rank, appear to be unwilling to go into a fight; in my judgment, there are not many who really like a fight.' This of Sedgwick! While as to his own, Hooker's, part in the affair there is not a word of apology or of admission of error or weakness.

But all this was later development. For two months after Chancellorsville, Hooker continued in command of the army. It might be supposed experience would have taught him moderation, if not humility. Apparently it did not. In predicting to Butterfield a decisive battle, he declared that he would 'have every available man in the field, and if Lee escapes with his army the country is entitled to and should have my head for a football.' Evidently this is still the same tongue that wagged so joyously in the April days on the Rappahannock.

But if Hooker trusted himself, others did not trust him. Halleck's deep-rooted prejudice grew daily stronger, and spread to the members of the Cabinet, in some measure even to Lincoln. As a result, the general was hampered and thwarted in a way which would have made success impossible to a much greater man. It is but justice to Hooker to say that in this difficult situation he bore himself with great dignity, and his serious protests to the President are as modest as they are reasonable. There should be one commander with full power, he says, and adds, 'I trust I may not be considered in the way to this arrangement, as it is a position I do not desire, and only suggest it, as I feel the necessity for concerted as well as vigorous action.' In the same spirit he finally asked to be relieved, feeling that the good of the country demanded that some one else, more trusted, should be in his place.

When his suggestion was accepted, and Meade was substituted for him, the finer side of Hooker's nature again showed itself in the cordial courtesy

with which he greeted his successor. It showed itself still more in the request that he might be put back in command of his old division and so continue service with the army. And when this request is disregarded, perhaps wisely for all concerned, nay, even when he is subjected to arrest for the trivial offense of visiting Washington without a pass, he simply writes to the President, with all dignity, requesting an interview in which he may justify himself and set matters once more on the right footing between them.

III

In following Hooker's later career, in which there is undoubtedly much to criticize, we must always bear in mind what he went through during those first six months of 1863. For a man of his high and imperious spirit to have enjoyed so long the supreme command of 'the finest army on this planet,' to fail in that command, and then to be reduced to abject submission to men whom he knew to be his juniors and felt to be his inferiors, was a bitter experience. Many who believe in their own genius never get even one try at greatness; but perhaps to get one try and fail and feel that all hope has utterly slipped away is even harder still. So it was with Hooker, and who shall blame him if at times he grew restive?

Nevertheless, I believe that he obeyed his orders to go west, with a loyal and entire determination to do his duty. According to his view he did it; but it is extraordinarily interesting to study his relations to the various men with whom he came into contact.

His old habit of criticizing and faultfinding seems to have increased rather than lessened. Thus, he condemned freely the proceedings of Rosecrans, which was not unnatural. But he showed equal freedom in discussing the projects of Grant. 'No doubt the chaos of Rosecrans's administration is as bad as he describes,' writes Dana; 'but he is quite as truculent toward the plan he is now to execute as toward the confusion of the old régime.' The truculence well appears in the general's comment on orders received from Grant in the Chattanooga campaign. 'I am not permitted to advance unless I do so without fighting a battle. This puts me in the condition of the boy who was permitted to learn to swim provided he would not go near the water.'

On the other hand, Grant, imbibing a prejudice, whether from Halleck or otherwise, did not like Hooker. 'Grant also wishes to have both Hooker and Slocum removed from his command,' writes Dana again . . . 'Hooker has behaved very badly ever since his arrival.' Perhaps there was some misunderstanding as to the bad behavior. In this connection there is a curious instance of different points of view. Immediately on Grant's reaching Chattanooga, Hooker, with all the warm courtesy of his disposition, sent to invite his superior to share his headquarters. Wilson, in his life of Dana, assumes that this was an impertinence and justifies the sharp snub with which Grant replied to it. Howard, better understanding Hooker, expresses surprise and regret at Grant's vehemence of expression, — 'If General Hooker wishes to see *me*, he will find me on this train.'

There are plenty of other examples of Grant's lack of consideration for his distinguished subordinate. In one indorsement he sneers at Hooker's report of the number of prisoners captured, as being more than that captured by the whole army. Elsewhere he suggests that it would be well if Hooker could be got rid of altogether. But perhaps his harshest criticism is his remark to Young concerning the battle of Look-

out Mountain. 'The battle of Lookout Mountain is one of the romances of the war,' he said. 'There was no such battle, and no action even worthy to be called a battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry.'

Now Lookout Mountain, 'the battle above the clouds,' is almost universally regarded as one of Hooker's most substantial claims to glory. The little preceding engagement of Wauhatchie is indeed chiefly noticeable because the general came near repeating there his experience with Howard at Chancellorsville. A piece of careless neglect was prevented only by supreme energy from producing disaster. But the taking of the mountain itself was not only notable as skillful and brilliant fighting under great difficulties, but played a conspicuous part in the success of the battle of Chattanooga, though, to be sure, a part not contemplated in Grant's plans and therefore, perhaps, treated by him with scant commendation.

It was the same with the Atlanta campaign under Sherman as at Chattanooga. Where there was fighting, Hooker was always at his best. He got his men into battle and kept them there, either to win, or, when winning was a sheer impossibility, to draw off slowly, sullenly, and with terrible loss.

But his defects, like evil angels, walked by him everywhere. Anyone who wishes to understand Hooker thoroughly, all his strength and all his weakness, but the strength and the charm predominating, should not fail to read his immensely long confidential letter to Chase, December 28, 1863, printed in the Official Records, volume 55, page 339. And a similar letter to Stanton of February 25, 1864 (volume 58, page 467) is equally illuminating. All the loyalty is there, all the sterling patriotism, all the instinct of generosity and self-sacrifice. But there also, is the ever-ready disposition to judge others caustically and bitterly, and the fatal habit of expressing that judgment in hot and ill-considered words. And there, further, is the most natural but unfortunate sensitiveness springing from the inevitable comparison of the present and the past. 'Many of my juniors are in the exercise of independent commands, while I am here with more rank piled on top of me than a man can well stand up under, with a corporal's guard, comparatively, for a command.'

In this state of mind it was hardly to be expected that Hooker should work in entire harmony with those about him. He had, indeed, his own loyal followers, like Butterfield, who were always ready to support him with hand and pen. His relation with his immediate chief, Thomas, seems also to have been cordial, and Thomas speaks of the Lookout battle in very different language from that of Grant. Of Howard, who so long served under him, Hooker writes with kindness, even with enthusiasm, and praises 'his zealous and devoted service, not only on the battlefield, but everywhere and at all times.'

The record is less agreeable in other cases, however. It is hard to say whether Slocum's abuse of Hooker or Hooker's of Slocum is more violent. Schurz, whose later testimony, as to Chancellorsville, is so helpful to his chief, attacks him bitterly, and with much apparent justice, in regard to Wauhatchie. Schofield, who is always diplomatic, implies that Hooker's manœuvres in Georgia were not conducted with very much reference to those with whom he should have coöperated.

But the chief figure in this last act of Hooker's tragedy is Sherman. Most of us will recognize that, with all Sherman's charm and all his vivacity, it must have been a bitter hard fate to serve under him, when you did not like

him and he did not like you. Now Hooker and Sherman resembled each other in too many points to get along happily together, at any rate in an official relation. From the first there was a jealousy between them which showed in curious little ways, as in the story of their both coming under a hot fire and refusing to budge, — though all their staff, and even the stolid Thomas, had retreated, — simply because neither was willing to stir a foot before the other.

That Hooker was partially to blame for these relations cannot be doubted. But how much? Let us consider first the enthusiastic evidence of Colonel Stone. 'Hooker's faults were sufficiently apparent; but from the day this campaign opened I had daily intercourse with him, and no more subordinate or obedient officer served in this army. No matter how unwelcome an order he received, or the time he received it, he was the only one who invariably obeyed it promptly, cheerfully, ungrudgingly. And I saw him at all hours, — day, dawn, and midnight — morning and evening, — and never when he was not ready and anxious to do his whole duty.'

This is delightful testimony as to deeds, the hand; but words, the tongue, — you remember what it had been a year before. In the essential letter to Chase, above referred to, written before the Atlanta campaign began, Hooker said, 'Sherman is an active, energetic officer, but in judgment is as infirm as Burnside. He will never be successful. Please remember what I tell you.' That he expressed these opinions, in season and out of season, where they were sure to do more injury to him than to his commander, is absolutely proved by the extraordinary letter of warning written by Hooker's nearest friend and supporter, Butterfield. No more admirable and more really friendly words were ever addressed by inferior to superior. 'You should not speak in the presence of others as you did in my presence and that of Colonel Wood to-day, regarding General Sherman and his operations . . . I am talking as a friend to you. What I have stated above is substantially charged against you with regard to both McClellan and Burnside. Don't give these accusations further weight by remarks concerning Sherman . . . I know how hard it is for you to conceal your honest opinions . . . These opinions travel as "Hooker's opinions." Your own staff are impregnated with them, and you will be accused in future by any officer serving under you who may fall under your censure, with verbal insubordination . . . You never were, nor never will be a politic man, but you must be guarded. It will be charged by evil-disposed persons that you are ambitious to fill Sherman's place — not in your hearing or mine — but it is the way of the world and will be said.'

Who of us would not esteem himself fortunate to have a friend who would speak like that?

But it did no good. Perhaps it never does. Sherman disliked the words so much that he became very mistrustful of the deeds. He had a tongue of his own and he lashed Hooker with it, as if he were a schoolboy, and then naïvely explained that he had said less than the occasion demanded. He had his bitter, unworthy sarcasms, also, as when Hooker dilated on the men he had lost and Sherman sneered, 'Oh, they'll turn up in a day or two.' Finally, when McPherson was killed, Sherman put Howard over Hooker's head into the vacant place.

It was too much and Hooker asked to be relieved. Who can blame him? It was a mistake, of course. He was thinking about his dignity. A man

always makes a mistake when he thinks about his dignity. He should think about his work, and let others — or, by thinking about his work, make others — think about his dignity. But Hooker was no more perfect than the rest of us. And so the great fighter spent the last year of the war in the safe west, where there was no fighting, only petty intrigue, and newspaper riots, and police duty generally. But he was the same old Hooker still. Read the huge letter in which he foams and rages to Stanton over a rumored change of his headquarters, and Stanton's quiet snub in three lines: 'No order has been made or contemplated transferring headquarters of Northern Department to Columbus. Newspapers are not very good authority for the action of this Department.'

So he was a thoroughly human figure, delightful to study and to live with because of the intense humanity in his very mistakes and failures. He was not much besides a soldier; and even as a soldier he was not quite so brilliant as he thought he was. Yet he played a not undistinguished part in the greatest drama of American history, and with all his faults there was something about him of the true heroic stamp, something of the boyish, prating, blustering, panic-harboring, death-defying heroes of the Iliad. When I gaze at Massachusetts's splendid tribute to him,[1] I think not of the weaknesses, but of the great fighting at Williamsburg, and Antietam, and Lookout, and in Georgia, and even more of the noble prayer to be given his old division back again, of the fine words about Howard, — 'his offense to me was forgotten when he acknowledged it,' — best of all, of the frank admission to Doubleday as to Chancellorsville, more heroic than any fighting, 'Doubleday, I was not hurt by a shell, and I was not drunk. For once I lost confidence in Hooker, and that is all there was to it.'

[1] The statue by French and Potter near the State House in Boston. — THE EDITORS.

WANDER

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

WE were beyond the region of the mansions of wealth and lawns of perfection; beyond sign-posts that point to all sorts of dangers which lie in the motorist's path; we were out on the winding road beyond Filston Township where high-speed conveyances dare not follow. The curving, sandy strip in front of us, narrowed by invading shrubbery and wild flowers, turns sharply two miles from Filston Court House and rises to a steep knoll. The horses came to a walk as they pulled the wheels over the sand and halted, panting, at its top for a minute's rest.

The knoll had hidden the peaceful vale which now opened before us, an ever-new bit of an old world. Immediately below us were its houses in all stages of dignified old age; each with its poorer but ever loyal brother — the ample, rambling, ageing barn, patched

and propped up for a little comfort in its last days. And in and out among them ran that tiny stream which each year seemed to grow slower in motion and quieter in song. Perhaps its waters now go to make some great river greater in the spirit of this age of mighty combinations; who knows!

As we looked down on the little valley, the sense of late autumn was all about us; nature had lost the vibrancy of early October, the high-strung chord was relaxed and hummed only deep notes. A sense of foreknowledge of change and shadows was in every ripened, withering thing, in every flower with its faded tints of purple and yellow and seared red, in every bird that at this time gathers with its flock, stripped of gay colors and all notes hushed, ready for the southward journey.

In this bit of a corner of the great world lived men and women who only on special occasions could either hire a horse or get a 'lift' from a kindly neighbor to go to the nearest village. Yet by breaking the speed regulations of sundry towns, one could easily motor out from the great metropolis to this very knoll in less than two hours. Here dwelt some of our brothers, not necessarily better than their kin in the cities, but certainly less covetous of earthly goods and fame; not necessarily finer-grained, but dwellers in old houses of noble lines, with the freedom of great spruces and maples above them and mysterious silences about them.

We had come to see Wander — Josef Wander — of whom I had heard conflicting reports, depending, no doubt, on the point of view from which local observers studied this alien in their midst. No one, however, could explain why a Bohemian should have chosen this particular and rather aloof spot to live in, especially a Bohemian who, it was reported, could make many of those very things which captains of industry wax rich in producing by the million for the millions. Not even the village doctor could tell, though probably he knew more about silent Wander than any other man in the county.

It was admitted that he raised the best strawberries within five miles, although he grew them in what had been, for his Anglo-Saxon predecessor-in-ownership, a pasture lot; it was also universally conceded that he had rehabilitated an apple orchard which any Yankee farmer would have declared beyond redemption. But the strange thing about him, besides and above the fact that he was an alien, was that, being a farmer in summer, he turned into a skilled artisan in winter. His neighbors did not call him that; if they had been compelled to describe his winter labors by a single word they would probably have called him an artist, for he drew designs on rather strange paper marked with little squares, and colored his 'pictures' with various hues. Still, the neighbors had two distinct reasons for not classifying him strictly as an artist: the first being that he was such a good farmer, and the second, that in his art he did not stop at drawing and painting but went beyond these, transferring his 'pictures' to rugs and carpets. This, in the opinion of his neighbors, reduced him to the rank of a practical factory-hand. But even there, according to the general opinion, he did not fit very well, for you could not consider a man practical who spent two months making a bit of carpet which lacked the spirited action of the 'stag hunt' on the rugs at the general store. Really, you could not commiserate a man because he could not sell goods which he offered at one hundred times the market price of similar things. True, once in a while a stranger from the city had bought one of them, and the doctor had reported that he had seen a framed

photograph of a forty-by-fifty rug which Wander had made for the house of a celebrated financier of the West.

The little community, in short, while it did not dislike him, could not possibly make him a fellow member. But they respected him, which perhaps was a good deal from these natives toward an outsider who to them was strange rather than superior. Their respect, however, was not due to his urbanity and courtesy of manner, — a characteristic which stamped him, according to their standards, most distinctly as a foreigner, — or to his love of beautiful things entirely beyond their vision, but to the way in which two years before he had faced an obviously great trial.

There had been a boy, a young man rather, who, if you had seen him hoeing in the garden at springtime, would have struck you as no different from other farm-hands except that he worked harder. He was handy with tools, and many a neighbor's gate had been embellished by a bit of carving which he seemed to like to make and give away. Often he was absent, sometimes for long stretches, and then the neighbors in the warm evenings would sit hopefully on their porches awaiting the return of the young man with the fiddle. For when at home he played often, indeed every day. The music was considered to be very unorthodox, except some occasional slow movements which probably, so they reasoned, were the foreign and rather degenerate forms of our devotional hymns; a good deal was faster than any church organ could possibly keep up with, and some of it was out-and-out devilish the way it seemed to jump and rave and cry. There was no other way to describe it; but somehow it was pleasant; it sort of shook you, and then — what did Jim Black say of it? — it 'laid you down to sleep.'

It was only on the occasion when the village doctor had to be called in, — and in the anxious hours of waiting and hoping, — that Wander told of his son's training: where and for whom he played, and how Kubelik himself had honored his boy with his friendship and counsel. No one in the neighborhood would ever have known that a virtuoso was among them if the reticent Wander had not talked in an hour of great emotion to the man who he hoped would save the precious life now stricken.

But the little valley was never again to hear the young musician's glorious tones, for on a terrible winter day the anxious faces pressed against the cold window-panes, watching for news, saw the doctor driving away without the usual greeting at the door — and they knew.

Days after, the only one who appeared not to know of a great change and of a greater silence, had been Wander. No one spoke to him; no one could. He went on with his usual work in the usual way; only on close watching would you have noticed how tense was the laborer at his loom.

Here we were at his house, speckless and snug and serviceable despite its years; for it was old, as you could see by the slope of the roof and that appearance of having settled down cosily into the land, which is characteristic of old, well-built houses. But there was a touch of the new, here and there, like the concrete path from the gate to the house; and the curtains at the windows were such as were never dreamed of by Colonial dames.

Wander himself opened the door and ushered us in with a simple greeting and a formal bow. He was a fine-looking man past the forties, erect and thin, but not gaunt as are some of our farmers. A good carriage and a fine head gave him a distinction which his American overalls and collarless shirt could

not disguise. Conversation was not very easy, as he spoke little English, although the words he used were correct. But the card of the village doctor helped to relieve his embarrassment and to set free his little store of our language. He soon understood that he was not being interviewed, and that idle curiosity was not the moving force behind our visit; the way my wife spoke of weaving, the interest in her eyes and in her hands as she took up this sample and that, stirred the friendly chord of his artisanship. I perceived now that Wander was not reticent by nature; he had become so by the lack, not of language but of fellow feeling. Soon it was all being painted before us, or, rather, before her, sketchily, choppily even, but vividly enough, — the battle of his life; not as a story for our admiration, not even as the recital of a struggle, but the plain tale of one whose hands were finely trained, told to one who he felt knew what wonders manual artisanship could achieve.

He had come to America twenty years ago, with a little money, a young wife, and a capital of three trades — or rather four — accumulated both traditionally and by a decade of hard training. He called them trades, but some at least deserved a better name. He was born on a farm and had lived a farmer boy's life; he had learned the practice of dyeing, from an interest in the things of nature, and had improved his natural lore by a study of chemical dyeing. He knew music in its theory and technique, knew its masters and its powers. And he could make carpets and rugs. All he knew and all he could do, except for some little modernizing in chemical lore, his father had known and done before him; and his grandfather. Beyond that he could not remember; but he was clear that whatever they had done had been done better than by himself whom they had taught.

He first invested his material and manual capital in the West. Farming, he reasoned, was the new country's life blood. The new environment was lonesome, but his wife was a brave woman and capable; 'she could do all the things possible,' as he put it; and a fine light blazed from his eyes at this mention of his dead wife. But the hands that had the traditional cunning of the Continental peasant found themselves at a distinct disadvantage in the management of farm-machinery. And oh, how much it cost and how easily it broke! It was judgment not loss of nerve, as I gauged it, that made him sell his farm for a disadvantageous price.

Then a great city of the West tried to utilize his knowledge in a huge establishment. The same principle is at work in dyeing a bit of wool in a kettle over a stone fireplace, as in coloring miles of cloth in the fathomless vats of some great dye-works; the same colors are produced from roots and leaves gathered in bosky shades that are precipitated from chemical compounds in industrial laboratories, though some very discriminating persons make a vast distinction between the two. Wander could put his hand to either method, was as expert in the one as in the other. But the old way was an occupation as well as a trade, the new way a poisoning as well as a means of earning a living. You must consider, however, that a little baby was growing into boyhood, and fathers cannot always choose. His good sense and his good wife made him quit eventually, after an object-lesson of a month in bed. He moved East and looked for a farm, a different one from that of his earlier struggles.

As he stopped a moment to collect his thoughts, I interrupted him to ask why he had not put his musical training to use. A smile just flickered and passed into the darkness of hidden thoughts as he said, 'I did — I taught

my boy to play.' But of course music, like other arts in the blood of some peoples, — that native power to create loveliness, disciplined if not taught to them by those who are not teachers but fellow craftsmen and fellow lovers, — is pleasure, is joy, is refuge, and nothing else. Men like Wander would seldom think of such a gift as a means of making money, first because so many of his kith and kin possess it and it comes so easily as to seem to have no market value; and then because such craftsmen have the clear sight which makes them perceive the dividing line between themselves and the great masters. Able as they are, they know that their fingering can be done infinitely better; they feel themselves homely fiddlers unworthy of a wage, even though they know that wondrous bows draw melodies for which thousands of dollars are paid.

Now he was spreading out before us the latest labor of his loom — a great, heavy, almost massive rug, of close, even, solid workmanship, but discouraging to the eye that sought beauty. I could see him search in my wife's face for some praise — that in truth could not honestly be forthcoming. The workmanship was excellent, the taste was poor, both in color and in design. I wondered how much of this bad taste, so strangely in contrast with his fine appreciations along other lines, was native and how much acquired. There was undoubtedly the 'parlor-car' decorative influence apparent in his design; but the color-scheme was utterly alien even to the most advanced exponent of the 'Pullman' school, not merely in its strong colors but in a fundamental lack of any idea of blending and tones. It seemed a striking example of what may happen to skill when unaided and undisciplined by frequent reference to and companionship with finely suggestive artistic precedents and examples. It was almost tragic — certainly very sad — to see so much skill creating such base product. Who knows but that even so little as an occasional friendly call or a little interest from people who knew, might have been just the leaven to raise his native expertness into a noble artistry!

We travel madly over seas and across mountains to see the charming or quaint labor of Continental peasants; we storm little shops in strange, distant towns where deft artisans still dwell as in the days of the ancient and honored guilds; we actually can make ourselves stand still — thousands of miles from home — to listen to a Sicilian peasant playing his pipes. Yet there are artisans and craftsmen, yes, even flute-players and poets, in our very midst or at our very thresholds, full-handed yet hungry, — worse, infinitely worse than that, — *ashamed* of their very skill, hiding their ennobling craftsmanship in a country which, having waxed fabulously rich in utilizing the great forces of machinery, has glorified those forces and in them sought only the world's mastery.

Ah, Wander, has the throb of our great engines snapped the finer chords upon which the viol plays to the soul? Have the factory-whistle and the danger-horn deafened the ear that sought low, sweet melodies? Are we safe and strong and powerful because of our steel battlements, our skyward towers, our coal-mountains and coffers of gold? Tell me, after our machines shall have given every boy in the land a perfectly cast whistle, will there not be boys seeking joy in whittling an indifferent one? After our electric looms shall have patterned a perfect, machined Valenciennes lace for every girl's dress, shall no feminine hand seek its own expression with the needle? Will the sample-book of the factory compensate for the loss of the home samp-

ler; will the telephone-list suffice as a friends' list for the old album wherein a Whittier and a Longfellow did not disdain to pen a thought?

I looked at Wander, — an alien in a strange land, — physically and spiritually battle-scarred, an artisan in his own country, a failure as a jack-of-all-trades in ours. Here he was more isolated than the loss of his wife and son could possibly make him, because all that his being craved and could achieve had been hammered and beaten back into his soul, isolating him in a crowd that cared so little only because it did not understand what it all meant to him. Here he was on a farm which he had redeemed but which the price of unskilled labor rendered useless as a means of material profit. His predecessor, finding it unprofitable, had sold it as best he could, though it had been his home and his father's home. But this unpractical Bohemian held to it even when the growing of luscious berries had to be abandoned because nowadays boys charge too much to pick them. True, it gave him enough to live on in a frugal way, enough to live on — and something more.

Something more! We saw that as we walked to a knoll a little way from the house, which had taken our eye as we had come in and which we now asked permission to see. He led us, a gracious host, to that Something More. The knoll had been made into a little garden, with steps cut into the green sod; it was bright, fragrant, quiet; it told us something even before he spoke. 'My wife is here.' He stood straight, he spoke with dignity — he was presenting one great lady to another.

Wander, all that your hands strove to do — perhaps chiefly what they tried and failed at — has not been useless. Out of each plan and design that you rejoiced over in the making, as out of each broken bit of failed achievement, was built for you the endless peace and enduring hope of that Something More.

And what of your loom and your fiddle — what of your hoe and your dye-pot? yours and those of a hundred other men of your kind — shall they be of no use to us? Shall they be but the theme for an elegy, the *adieu* to a fine thing doomed? Have we worked so hard, so hard — for we have done *that* like men — that now as we sit at noontide for a little rest and a little stillness we can only sleep, not dream? Or is it that our striving so unceasingly to perfect this motor or that drill, to make a wheel do a hundred more things than it ever did, has been in order to secure more time for creative leisure for our hands and our souls? leisure to see and feel and understand, leisure to hold out our hands and snatch from the eternal ether some other forces than those which turn great engines and blast huge mountains?

Can it be that we have already turned our faces to the sun? Does it mean nothing, Wander, when a people, a busy, money-making, comfort-seeking people, enlist to fight for the preservation of great trees? when they halt and turn back the railroads that built up their country, that a landscape may be preserved for their children? when dynamos are slackened rather than the radiance of a tumbling waterfall be lost? And what of men who solemnly decree a bill of rights to birds, that they may live and sing and flash their bright color against the sun?

I looked at Wander as these thoughts surged in my mind and heart. Was he a prophet or a sacrifice? My wife was holding out her hand to him, over which he bowed. 'May I send you some seeds from my garden?' she asked with fine, practical sympathy. 'Yes, lady,' he answered; and with unaffected pleasure he added with a smile, 'Next spring they will bloom into flower!'

THE JELLY-FISH AND EQUAL SUFFRAGE

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It is a long cry from the jelly-fish to equal suffrage. But it is also a long cry from the moon to the tides. And lacking the one, we must forego the other. Presuppose moonlight, and we presuppose crested waves of green and silver, and the wash of the sea along a white beach, at night. Assume the jelly-fish — an infinitesimal gray film on the surface of the ocean — and we assume banners of white and gold, and many groups of serious-minded human beings gathered together, in the cities, in the lesser towns, in banquet halls, in obscure dwelling-places, in order that suffrage and sex-equality may be proclaimed aloud to a harassed and somewhat unobservant world.

Together, these many isolated groups have built up a great structure from their ideals, their propaganda — it is architectural in its proportions, reaching to the stars. But one of its cornerstones is a little gelatinous body, modest and humble, making no pretension whatever to greatness. However, it is not to be dispensed with; for without sex there would be no demand for justice, since with equality all would share equally. To deny the jelly-fish is to deny that great gulf between man and woman. For it is here that we have the alpha and omega of sex; the jelly-fish may mark for us the beginning of that wonderful distinction which through all the dim æons of past time has filled the waters and the land with joys and sorrows; has induced untold myriads of battles and courtships; has brought into existence the most beautiful colors of the animal world, and inspired all songs of love, from the cricket's chirp and the skylark's minstrelsy to the very sonnets of a Browning.

It is not without a somewhat cataclysmic mental readjustment that one is turned round and about and made to consider this picture of the universe balanced on the small, uncertain, spineless back of this infant of the sea. An atom of an Atlas, with a preposterous torso, with the most shy and the most unobtrusive of personalities, who is neither more nor less than the sum total of everything that the word sex implies, which at this particular moment of this particular century is the demand for equal suffrage, for equality, mental, spiritual, and political — chiefly political. For some occult reason this has become the paramount issue, although it may be in the last analysis little more than a symbol — not the final goal, the ultimate ideal, but a gateway which when once unlocked will disclose certain unsuspected vistas of freedom, a new land of sex-democracy. But if a democracy would survive there must be unity and coöperation in all its parts. A false distribution of power produces an imperfect coöperation, — a superiority and a corresponding inferiority which promote a chaotic division of interest and a total and widespread inefficiency. This is the law. And for this, too, we must return thanks to the jelly-fish. For he stands close to the true centre which marks

the divergence of the two paths — one for the male, another for the female.

It is true that in the beginning this sex-differentiation was neither significant nor profound; but in league with time, to which all things are possible, it brought forward that miracle of all miracles, the mind, — introspective, self-analytic, competent to understand the process of its own creation, eager to know and to fulfill the ultimate purpose for which it was destined. The end, the fulfillment, is not to be estimated, for the two halves of the sex-mind are as yet neither unified nor correlated, save in some of the smallest matters of everyday life. And the beginning, itself, with all the intervening steps, is clouded and obscure.

Science, however, has traced the history of this divergence and subsequent development, painstakingly, gleaning it piecemeal, with infinite patience, from the palimpsest of evolution. Aristotle in his Athenian study pondered upon it; the mediæval seeker for truth, burdened by his poor and faulty microscope, groped blindly after facts, finding them only to lose them in the all-pervading fog of superstition. To-day, in our laboratories and on countless expeditions, we are gathering records of a host of strange phenomena, full of romance and beauty: of the march upward from water and slime, to earth and air and mental freedom, of those two miraculous beings, male and female.

But science has written these records in a tongue of her own devising, so that the beauty and romance are in hiding behind certain select and abstruse technicalities. What universal emotion is brought into being if we talk of syngamy of gametes, or the cytogamy of zygotes? And the strange histories of amphiblastulas and parenchymulas which are one and yet different, — are these sufficient in themselves to evoke the tears and laughter of the multitude? It is better to put aside the technicalities, since they do not serve our purpose but are a burden and an offense when removed from their rightful niche in the scientific scheme; it is better to deal simply with the simplicities of life. At the beginnings of sex there was neither complexity nor confusion, but an orderly and fitting distribution of small cells to form the first double link in the long chain which binds together this twentieth century and that dim and quiet age when the world was young.

In reality, we might observe the first hints of sex far lower in the scale of life than the jelly-fish, but to do so we should have to invoke the aid of the microscope and the scientific tongue, and that we have agreed not to do.

Nevertheless, the jelly-fish is well worth the fullest and most concentrated consideration. He, with his kind, lives a life filled to overflowing with all manner of marvels. It is like a fairy tale; but it is a hundred times more delightful because it is a hundred times less logical. As we look down upon a host of jelly-fishes drifting slowly along on their indefinite path through life, we see that some are almost a monochrome gray, a mere ghostly film of life, hardly separable from the surrounding water. In others, four conspicuous rings, pale salmon pink and joined at the centre, show clearly through the translucent body. These mark the females, with their burden of myriads of eggs which are being sown as the mother swims along — living seed, of which only a tithe will survive to face a hazardous existence.

The character of this survival is unique; it is the prologue to the fantasy, the fairy tale. For these children of the sea take it upon themselves to set aside every law of a normal universe. It is easy to believe from observation and comparison with its parent, that the

kitten will eventually become a cat, that the friendly puppy on the sidewalk will assume in due time the parental attributes transmitted to him. But we should never guess who was the immediate ancestor of the little jelly-fish. This atom sinks straightway down, down through the green depths of the sea and takes root in the sand, in the heart of abysmal darkness. There he lives, and at the proper hour is transformed into a slender stalk with a circle of fingers at the top. This, in turn, splits up into many discs which fit one into the other like saucers stacked together; and one by one these become free and swim off, each a perfect jelly-fish. Think of a sedentary and somewhat august barnyard hen laying eggs which hatch into sunflowers only to dissolve into a noisy flock of full-grown chickens, and we can better image the life of the infant jelly-fish, who not at all resembles his mother, but is quite like his grandmother, who is, in all verity, his mother herself.

To continue with this jelly-fish group is to enter into a land where Alice and her consummate credulity would be taxed to the utmost. At the very portals, we meet that small creature of the ponds, the hydra. He is supremely gifted and versatile, and he is not to be exterminated. Cut him lengthwise, crosswise, disarm him utterly, and he is discommoded only temporarily, for in the shortest possible time he grows what is lacking and resumes the business of life. Did one of his tentacles offend him, he would not dare pluck it off, for straightway nearby there would be regenerated an offensive twin. He can but lose himself to find himself, once more. But what is portentous, and germane to the thesis, is the uncertainty of sex in hydra. If a hydra falls upon pleasant days and finds an abundance of food, all his offspring are females. When the food-supply lessens, his progeny are individually half male and half female — an equality of sex with a vengeance. And when the wolf is at the door only male hydras are born. We do not ask for explanation; like the jelly-fish, he has become a law unto himself. He is the anarchist, the revolutionary; and close beside him, in spirit at least, there is one other. He is a little green bug, belonging to the aphids or plant-lice clan. This clan gathers in clusters on the stems of garden flowers and thrives there in affluence and ease. Speaking comparatively, the aphid is highly organized, but his progeny are governed by the same obscure law that controls the progeny of the hydra. Through the summer, when the sap runs free, female aphids are the rule; but at the first frost, when hunger pinches, the male predominates. Alice, alone, is by nature fitted to cope with this problem.

II

It is obvious, therefore, that in this land of uncertainties, sex does not lend itself to an earnest, philosophical consideration. It exists indeed, but when any given individual may be of either sex, or of none whatever, it is difficult to take the question seriously. But in the higher insects, and in the spiders, fishes, frogs, birds, and mammals, we find sex coming to the front as one of the momentous things in life. These creatures are governed by three great desires: the desire to avoid danger, the desire for food, and the desire for the continuance of their race. The first two naturally take precedence, but the moment they are successfully achieved, all else is sacrificed to the accomplishment of the third. In this last field, two objects are paramount: the male must, in some one of many ways, influence the female to accept him; then the mother must be supplied with means to

care for her offspring. It is impossible to consider any creature of forest or field, of the shore or the sea, without perceiving the tremendous importance of these two objects. In this domain, when the need for propagating the species is realized, there is little more to live for. Thousands of creatures die at once; others survive to a useless, hopeless existence for a space. Only the most highly developed, by an instinctive realization of other duties and interests, live on in full enjoyment of life.

At this stage of development, where sex is no longer an uncertainty, the law of propagation and the law of extermination seem to go hand in hand. Considering the species, nature is blinded to the fate of the individual. It is difficult to differentiate the units which compose the whole, the deviations are at once so subtle and so minute. We know that every man in the world, in greater or less degree, differs from every other man. Rameses, the Pharaoh, doubtless wooed his queen in a manner dictated by his own heart and his own desires, and this manner was as individual and as inimitable as his own personality — unlike that of any being who preceded or followed him. But we see twenty robins courting their mates, — twenty robins with fluttering wings and bursting throats, — and to our purblind vision they are one and the same. Nevertheless, to the discriminating eyes of the female robin, each one is known for better or for worse, and so it comes about that her ultimate decision is no such accidental or casual matter as it appears to be.

It is not here, however, that mating and death are inseparable, although it does not follow that this law operates only upon the water and the earth. There are dire hours when it fashions wings for itself and makes its way through the tall flowers and the treetops; and at such times shadow and suffering follow in its path. It searches out the tiny door of the beehive and enters in — the invisible, but pitiless, guest at a *fête extraordinaire*. For it is the day of days when at last the young queen bees — after the long period of special diet and the equally long period of nursing in cells adapted only to the royal grubs — shall leave their home to essay their one great adventure.

During all of this time of preparation, the drones and the young princesses have shared the same hive, even the same gallery of combs, and yet the drones have made no slightest sign to show a recognition of their regal sisters. This is one infinitesimal part of the careful scheme of nature to prevent interbreeding. No princess shall be wedded to one of her own family: this is the law of the bees. So, alone, she creeps out on the ledge in the warm sun, and after a preliminary whirring of her iridescent wings, she gathers her feet together and launches out into the air. The drones from all the hives on earth seem to have been made aware of this critical moment, whether or not by some mysterious, evanescent scent, we do not know. In her wake come legions of them, moved at last to the supreme effort of their lives.

One by one, the weaklings drop back; others stray from the scent trail to become the legitimate prey of any enemy who chances upon them; and at last only a small group of the fit remain, whirring through space faster and faster. The drone — now become a supreme refutation of his name —who by some small measure of strength of wing, or keenness of scent or sight, is the first to reach the object of his desires, fulfills not only his own individual destiny, but the destiny of the race of bees, entire. And in this fulfillment he finds his death. The culmination of his ambitions is neither more nor less than an expression of the racial will to survive;

but this culmination is at the same time the blotting out of his own life. His tiny body falls by the roadside, or is lost in a veritable forest of grass-blades, where it is the rightful quarry of any passing ant. It is, perhaps, ignominious, but any death, eventually, is this.

But this atom, with its crushed and helpless wings and its useless coat of black and gold, is a symbol — a symbol of payment to the utmost. He has paid in full for all the care lavished upon him by the slaves of his hive — those workers who for so long a time tended and served him ceaselessly that he might be fitted to run the race he has run so well. And he has paid, also, for this same faithful and untiring service which was wasted upon thousands of brother drones who shared the good fortune of the hive, but who were not so well fashioned as he to survive in the pursuit for which they were created. Thousands must perish that one may be exalted. When we consider this, and the energy expended in the long preparation, we can discover in it nothing but a great waste. We have not the large vision of nature which sees that it is well and just to sacrifice individuals for the good of the race. Civilization preserves the unfit, victimizing the fit to further this end. This is a strange new fact for human beings to have discovered in life — a very reversal of the basic principles of evolution. And if we persevere and achieve the fullest development, we shall do so in defiance of the laws which have brought us up through all the ages to an undisputed sovereignty of the earth. We shall work not with them, but against them.

However, in relegating to ourselves this quality of mercy, we protect ourselves from the sight of suffering. It is not so with the hive. For since the thousand drones may not live, they must die. One becomes a king, but many are destined to perish in unknown places — let us think that, defeated, they creep into some crevice or shadow hidden from their kind. Some weaklings return to the hive to meet a dishonorable death. Their fate has been brought about by no fault of their own, since from the beginning they were handicapped by some physical imperfection; therefore, they make full atonement for a sin not committed. They hesitate on the landing ledge, afraid to enter where there is no longer a rightful place for them. Some lose heart, and turning, fly out into the open to make their losing fight against an inexorable decree; others, with a cunning and strategy born of desperation, steal past the guardian workers and make their way to the uttermost depths of the combs, where, sooner or later, they are hounded out and stung to death by the workers, who for so long a time tended them with unswerving loyalty and devotion. This is the full expression of that poetic justice which was the keystone of Greek tragedy.

It is but one of many — this small history. For the courtship of all the creatures on this particular rung of the evolutionary ladder comprises many intricacies and follows a devious and eventful path. It is potentially dramatic, rich in situations for comedy, pure farce, and tragedy — and it does not lose in value because we must measure it by a miniature and not a heroic scale. There are the spiders, who live and die in the shadow of a unique law which declares that the female shall be in all things stronger and wiser than the male. It is impossible to find elsewhere in nature such an astounding sex-relation, for it is the chief object of the male spider to escape being devoured by the lady spider to whom he has elected to surrender his heart. His whole structure is designed to aid and abet him in this perilous undertaking.

He is small, — indeed sometimes minute, — strong of limb, agile, wary to an extreme. As a natural result, his personality is not prepossessing. He is no expert spinner. He goes his way through life, now and then weaving an inadequate web — a poor, lop-sided affair — to snare the one or two gnats which are all he needs as sustenance for his diminutive body.

At length, at the proper hour, he discovers the silken castle of a female, and observing it, hesitates, profoundly meditative. In this he is not alone; for others, too, have obeyed her silent summons — have come from far places to group themselves discreetly near her. There is one suitor, perhaps, possessed of great valor — even so, for days his courage fails him; but at last, valiantly, this troubadour advances and twangs one of the strands of her web. By this, he strives to discover her temper, to discern her mood. At last, overcome by his own temerity, he risks all and goes up her silken ladder, stumbling over his own multifarious legs, so great is his haste.

She watches him, immobile, a tiny sphinx made of velvet; then there is a sudden rush, a fatal wrapping of the entangling mesh — and an ogre drops aside the body of a gallant knight, sucked dry. It was not auspicious, this venture; and six more suitors may meet a like fate before one succeeds in soothing her. No, a spider's lot is not a happy one. Imagine, if you please, the courage needed to pay suit to a lady, ferocious, cannibalistic, and of most uncertain temper, with the added advantage of being fully a thousand times as large as one's self as well as thirteen hundred times one's weight.

It is a struggle for the imagination to picture this in humanity: an average man offering his heart and hand to a buxom damsel towering several hundred feet above him, and with a weight of some two hundred thousand pounds! And yet such are some of the courtships taking place among the wild folk, in the fields about us, along the dusty roadside, at our very doors — courtships of such seriousness and moment that life and death are daily weighed one against the other.

Skoal! to the spider who dares wage his small battle in face of such tremendous odds; who holds steadfastly to the ideals of his race, though failure is synonymous with death, and success signifies neither affection nor love, but, at best, a momentary toleration.

III

In the life of the spider, we have, perhaps, the most spectacular juxtaposition of the sexes. But in most of the higher insects, the ants, the wasps, and the bees, the female is the dominant sex in every way. In the solitary species, the male is seldom seen; often he is stingless, worthy the name of drone, and the moment of mating is the only high light on the drab and monotonous canvas of his existence. The female, on the contrary, leads an eventful life in which all her acts are carefully correlated to promote in her the greatest possible efficiency. For, she must eventually build a home, and provide food for her isolated offspring whom she will never see; or she must establish a new colony over which she will reign supreme — a thankless monarchy, however, for as queen, she becomes nothing more than a perpetual egg-laying machine. In achieving aristocracy, she achieves personal annihilation — this is the penalty of royalty.

Nevertheless, there is among the insects a regal paradox — the queen who is free to live and to love in accordance with her own desires. She is the solitary wasp, vigilant, purposeful, trained to conserve and to expend her energy

with the utmost discretion. She dismisses her mate, evincing no concern over the immediate death which may be meted out to him, and turns without a moment's delay to her work. She searches out hollows in fence-rails, in tree-trunks; or, not finding them, digs suitable ones, herself, in the ground, and stores them with insects —thereby providing a larder sufficient unto the tastes of a *gourmet*. These insects are neither living nor dead, but stung so cunningly that, paralyzed, they will remain in this comatose condition for weeks, until the young wasp-grub, awakened to the needs of life, demands sustenance. This is unparallelled evidence of the economics of anæsthesia. It is a sociological phenomenon, one manifestation of instinct, plus, may we say, feminine ingenuity. Indeed, so completely is wasp-life an *affaire des femmes* that diverse rivalries and competitions have sprung up between the females of different species.

A black-and-white wasp overpowers a small spider and carries it to her improvised larder in a fence-post, hiding it there. Since she must secure other provisions against a needy day, she does not linger to keep guard over her possessions, but straightway flies away, pursued by her shadow, which flits over the clover leaves and the petals of the field flowers. This coming and going has not been accomplished in secret: another wasp, clad in solid iridescent armor, has watched every movement, biding her time. When there is no one to see, she flies swiftly to the treasure trove and hovers above it, waiting for a second to be sure that all is well. But this delay is fatal. The black-and-white wasp appears, moving slowly above the long grass, for she is weighed down by her trophy — a young caterpillar, mute evidence of skillful and well-waged warfare. She sees her enemy and darts forward, letting her prey fall by the wayside. The Amazons come together in mid air, clinch, and fall to the ground. The brilliant one is known at once for what she is — an insect vampire, striving to foist her egg upon the home of the worker wasp, that her offspring may feed upon the worker's egg and the hidden store of prey. In common with every such member of society, she is the dependent, the vampire in all things, profiting always by her natural gifts and the weakness of others. She makes no attempt to fight, but relying upon her almost impenetrable armor, curls herself up tightly and allows the worker wasp to roll her about, angrily, searching for an unguarded crevice into which she may stab. Realizing her helplessness, the worker wasp becomes frantic with rage, and seizing the iridescent wings of her enemy she bites and tears them beyond repair. Then, quietly, she goes off again on her eternal quest.

But that one may be victorious, another must be vanquished. The defeated wasp, badly maimed, tries vainly to rise on her tattered pinions — the stumps vibrate pitifully. She is crippled in body as well, but in her desire to fulfill her destiny, she forgets all but the treasure trove high overhead, where her young may find a haven. In the beginning, she was denied the rightful instincts which were meted out to her more favored sisters: she was never taught to track and to overwhelm her lawful prey, to utilize the natural resources of her small sphere. She knows but one thing: that she must lodge her egg in another's nest or her race will come to an end — the greatest possible catastrophe to any civilization, however humble or pretentious. Therefore, she climbs up painfully, inch by inch, to the hole in the post, lays her egg in the nest, and having in this wise, completed the small mosaic of her existence, makes no

further fight against those great forces which have combined to destroy her. So it comes about that eventually, although through no conscious design of her own, she wreaks vengeance upon her enemy. For sooner or later, the worker wasp carries the last spider to the treasure-house, lays her egg, and carefully closes the nest. But the egg of the intruder will hatch first, and after the preliminary cannibal feast, the changeling will thrive and in due time issue forth to search, primarily, for a mate, then for the homes she may despoil and convert to her purposes. In this, she is nothing more than an instrument expressing the will of her race, for she lives by no creed which differentiates good and evil.

In a society where innocence and guilt are one and the same, there can be no sin, either of omission or commission. The worker preys upon the caterpillar, and the iridescent wasp preys upon the worker. So must life be given for life; so is natural cunning pitted against industry; and so, it would seem, is fate set above both, to do with them as she will. But we do not know the underlying truth and fitness of such matters; the justice or injustice of nature is not to be determined by the human standards of right and wrong. At best, we can but observe and tabulate the facts presented to us, endeavoring to reveal the inner law by correlating its many outward manifestations.

IV

We have considered the infancy of sex and the subsequent stages of its early development. The second phase of its evolution does not follow such broad and simple lines, for new instincts arise to make war against those fundamental ones which have sufficed to motivate the countless small dramas of survival and propagation. Foremost, is the maternal instinct — that first, faint foreshadowing of emotion. Of course, when we remember that a codfish mother may lay over nine million eggs, we realize that it is impossible for her to do her full duty to each individual member of her family. Some of the codfish children must endure a bit of neglect, are practically orphaned, in fact. This, fortunately, does not influence them in after life. For, among the fishes, there is little logic of cause and effect; indeed, the maternal instinct usually finds its fullest expression in the father of the household. It is the quaint sea-horse who carries the eggs in his pouch and watches over them, with solicitude, until the young colts are of age; and it is the beautiful male paradise fish who protects his children from their unnatural mother, and who preserves a stainless escutcheon by a vigilant guardianship of his numerous offspring, collecting them, if they stray, and carrying them home from time to time in his mouth.

Among reptiles, the maternal instinct finds a lawful expression through the mother, which is as it should be in any reputable society. It is the female python who wraps her coils about her eggs; it is the female alligator who watches near her nest, ready to fight for it, unless the danger threatens to overpower her — when her mother instinct falters and fails, since it is, at best, but the tiniest spark. Courtship among these lowly, backboned creatures is not beautiful. With the pythons, sinister flowings of the tongue, hissing, and a slow, sinuous approach serve to complete the momentous circle; with the alligators, reverberating roars, tail-lashings, and uncouth intimidations, are sufficient unto the day. They have attained a new instinct, perhaps; but this progression is not equable. It but heralds a certain retrogression, for their courtship denotes neither preparation

nor a harmonious sequence of incident.

It is in the birds that we find a nice balancing of the sex-instincts; it is in their life, too, that we see the predominance of the æsthetic impulse. However, their world is a world of many castes, so that while one courtship may be astonishingly complex and subtle, another is correspondingly crude. At one extreme, the bourgeois house-sparrow does no more than make a pretense of display, which degenerates at once into a rough-and-tumble pursuit, culminating in rapine. But, elsewhere, the wooing is full of beauty, employing secret and marvelous talents for its furtherance. There are the song of the hermit thrush and the graceful dance of the cranes; and there is that mysterious genius in the bower bird which impels him to gather colored blossoms and shells that he may beautify some chosen spot for the allurement of his mate. And everywhere throughout the land, there is that elaborate display of ruffs and crests and brilliant tail-feathers, in order that all the world, observing, may be enabled to make a true estimate of the individual prowess thus made manifest. For the female does not yield at once, but must be besieged, implored, pleaded with, made to know in a thousand ways the desirability of the suitor who would win her. Therefore, to aid him in his wooing, the male bird is almost always larger, stronger, with brighter coloring than his mate, or his song is filled with a poetry and sweetness wanting in her own.

But in every department of life, nature must entertain herself, upon occasion, with contradiction and paradox. So, each year, on the grassy, half-frozen tundras of the far north, on the dry, reedy plains of central India, in the very heart of the Brazilian tropical forest, she sets in motion courtships which are a living refutation of her normal laws. These secret and naïve dramas owe their being to the phalaropes or sandpipers, the bustard-quail, and the tinamou; but the chief and foremost of the three, in quaintness and versatility, is the clan phalarope.

It is in the cool months of early spring that the first of these little swimming sandpipers make their way to the northern tundras, where they scatter over the new arctic moss and wade and swim and search for food in the icy pools. With their warm and brilliant coloring of buff and rufous, they have the appearance of a small regiment come to make war against those insatiable, northland gods of eternal winter. But if they came to battle, they remain to loiter. However, this idleness endures but a few days, for the serious business of life is taken up the very instant that a second battalion of phalaropes appears against the horizon — for these are the males, duller in hue and smaller in size, come to profit by the reconnoitring of the stronger sex.

The landing is a joyful and gala hour, marked by fluttering wings, and the faint, confused sound of hundreds upon hundreds of tiny, webbed feet pattering along the water's edge. And this is but the beginning of a *fête délicieuse*. For each male is assiduously courted by at least two females, who seldom leave him, but scurry about, slaves to his slightest whim; who anticipate the least of his desires, and bring him the choicest morsels from land and sea; who bow and hover around him, watchful, despising no strategy which will win his favor. It is his custom to exact this homage until he is forced to abandon his attitude of indifference and to indicate his choice. This fateful moment is attended by no scene, however; for the sandpipers live according to a philosophy denied the more complicated human machine. Straightway, the defeated rival flies away in search of a male more suscep-

tible to her charms. This economy of effort is neither more nor less than an instinctive realization that the purpose of the individual is not to mourn but to propagate his race. And it is a realization in which complex human emotions have no place; hence the life of the phalarope runs its course smoothly, inevitably, untrammeled and unthwarted.

The courtship over, the bridegroom is plunged at once into a busy season of preparation. He searches here and there, — followed everywhere by his mate, who seems unwilling to trust him out of her sight, — and at last chooses a sheltered spot near a bit of overhanging turf, where with his dainty beak and toes he scratches out a little hollow — the tiniest hollow, in the very midst of the great arctic plain. Lady phalarope then condescends to deposit therein four beautiful eggs of gray, touched with a deep, rich brown, and feels that with this æsthetic contribution to the world, she has done all that any one with such ultra modern ideas could be called upon to do. So she wings her way to some neighboring quagmire and joins an assemblage of her sex, each and every one of whom has eased her conscience of all weight by having left similar quartettes of little eggs here and there in the growing turf.

The male, forsaken, steps forward and surveys his home with due pride; then, conscious that the weight of the universe has been transferred to his small back, he hurries to his nest and there composes himself for many days of patient brooding, stealing only now and then a little time that he may dine in some pool, providently stocked with mosquito larvæ. He even has the appearance of begrudging these briefest of intervals, and always hastens back to assume his duties, until the movement of life beneath him and the first faint pipings of the tiny nestling phalaropes reward his care and are a noisy proclamation that his warm body has fanned into existence four more of his kind, to go forth and be of service to the world.

During the ensuing weeks he thinks neither of himself nor of food, so great is his devotion to those long-legged, downy beings, — in reality more like strange insects than birds, — who follow him as closely as his shadow, and whose sole aim in life is to obey his slightest summons or warning. Now and then a great whistling of wings overhead sends them flat against the ground, crouching among the flowers of the tundra; but it is only their mother passing over, knowing them not for her own, intent only on reaching some pleasant roosting-place or fertile pool, with her gregarious sisters. Later, when the flowers have gone to seed, and the low sun sends less and less heat to the dying life of the tundra, all the phalaropes unite and fly swiftly southward, where — consistent in their inconsistency, defying to the last the laws of most other birds — the parents and young together spend the winter floating on the ocean far from land, challenging storms, sharks, and all the perils of the deep. By some strange chance, in obedience to some hidden whimsicality of nature, the females have become dominant, have taken to themselves strength, beauty, and a certain assertiveness, so that the males, unresisting, have fallen heir to the modest mantle of domesticity.

Four eggs and no more, are all that the little breast of the cock phalarope can successfully warm, so that for him to have another wife would cause an economic waste not countenanced in primitive society. And it appears that the lady phalarope desires to make but one conquest. But many miles to the south, in the tropical American forests, there are the tinamous, of par-

tridge habit and color, whose diversion from type has not been hampered by such well-defined limitations. The female is aggressive, courting and winning her mate more roughly than the little aristocratic phalarope, hustling him and giving him no peace until he capitulates. To be sure, she lays for him the most wonderful eggs in the world, with shells like burnished metal, save that they are colored with the rarest greens and the most evanescent and subtle blues. But once she has thus built the walls of his prison for him, this emancipated tinamou promptly deserts him, and sends through the forests her clear and penetrating call — a trill of poignant sweetness.

At this moment, she may be poised on some fallen tree-trunk, or half hidden in tall ferns close by her first mate, who has quietly and unobtrusively assumed the responsibilities meted out to him. He hears the selfsame call which so short a time ago awakened him, led him to undertake the perilous task of hatching and rearing the brood, and can one be sure that he is not stirred by a passing wave of resentment, conscious of a fleeting desire to be one in freedom with the males of other species, whom he can see playing and singing about him, while their mates, in fitting subservience to law and custom, sit upon the nests? But that vast, incomprehensible machinery of evolution is not to be disarranged by an atom hidden in a forest; he must live as he must live. He has no word of protest; it is kismet.

But if here, among the phalaropes and the tinamous, does not exist that equable division of instinct which finds its purest expression in the birds, such harmony and balance are to be found notwithstanding, in the life of the wild goose; for, in common with many beautiful things, it is hidden where one would search for it last. We know nothing of the courtship of the wild goose, but we feel assured that it must be a seemly and worthy affair. Once mated, there is no further need for vows and protestations, for the birds mate for life. Together, they unite in building the nest, but the goose alone watches over the eggs, while day and night, the gander weaves in all directions on water and on land his trails of watchfulness. Neither man nor beast may approach without being fiercely and successfully assailed, buffeted, and routed by a relentless attack with beak and wings. This guardianship is intensified when the new generation, helpless and dependent, voices its first need for protection from the perils which encompass and beset it. If, perchance, the small family elects to remain on the shore, the parents will circle round and round the group of golden goslings; and if danger threatens from any one direction, the gander, by some miracle of strategy, will succeed in placing himself at the one vulnerable point of his entrenchment. His loyalty, astuteness, and unselfishness are not to be found in those unobservant folk who have presumed to slander him. In swimming, the strictest discipline is maintained. The young form in single file, following the mother, while the gander brings up the rear, with eyes constantly sweeping the whole range of vision. His vigil is ceaseless and untiring. Such is the life of these two birds who are mated in more than sex; and when death comes to one or the other of them, we know that, many times, the one who remains will seek no other mate, but will return each spring to the site of his former nest which he will never renew again.

For these two, nature has shown herself just and generous, so that their life together, in its simplicity and equality, is an answer to many of those questions which men and women, victims of a

perhaps too complex civilization, are considering with such profound and impressive gravity. The wild gander and his goose do not know that at one time sex was a comparatively unknown quantity; they do not know that subsequently male and female were differentiated, and that after many centuries this differentiation caused a widespread divergence of individual duties and interests. But they are aware that specialization, which is neither more nor less than the realization of one's greatest talent and the judicious investment of it, will produce what is best for the individual and the race.

This talent may be a modest one, or it may be so pretentious as to become genius instead; but since genius is a natural endowment it must take care of itself. It is essential, only, that the making of bread, of houses, of streets and sidewalks and plays, shall continue for just so long a time as there is need for them, and that this work shall be done competently and well. This presupposes a division of labor and of inclination, as well as certain potential limitations; but it does not necessarily presuppose that one half of the world shall be set to dusting furniture while the other half goes stolidly marching off to war. It is evident that specialization in itself is not sufficient; but specialization and a thoughtful, respectful coöperation between the sexes — this is the true sex-equality.

The voice of the jelly-fish is heard throughout the land demanding equality in all things. Time, of course, will usurp the privilege of answering this demand; but the human being, for his diversion, may determine the wisdom or unwisdom of such a policy by considering these logical, if seemingly unrelated, descendants of the jelly-fish — the humble wild gander and his capable coöperative mate, the goose.

SOME ENTHUSIASMS I HAVE KNOWN

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

ENTHUSIASM is the thing that makes the world go round. The old Greeks who gave it a name knew that it was the god-energy in the human machine. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. It is man's dearest possession. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby, — all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm. A medicine for the most diverse ills, it alleviates both the pains of poverty and the boredom of riches. Apart from it joy cannot live. Therefore it should be husbanded with zeal and spent with wisdom.

To waste it is folly; to misuse it, disaster. For it is safe to utilize this god-energy only in its own proper sphere. Enthusiasm moves the human vessel. To let it move the rudder too, is criminal negligence. The great composer Brahms once made a remark somewhat to this effect: The reason why there is

so much bad music in the world is that composers are in too much of a hurry. When an inspiration comes to them, what do they do? Instead of taking it out for a long, cool walk, they sit down at once to work it up; but instead they let it work *them* up into an absolutely uncritical enthusiasm in which every splutter of the goose-quill looks to them like part of a swan-song.

Love is blind, they say. This is an exaggeration. But it is based on the fact that enthusiasm, whether it appears as love, or in any other form, always has trouble with its eyes. In its own place it is incomparably efficient; only keep it away from the pilot-house!

Since this god-energy is the most precious and important thing we have, why should our word for its possessor have sunk almost to the level of a contemptuous epithet? Nine times in ten we apply it to the man who allows his enthusiasm to steer his vessel. It would be quite as logical to employ the word 'writer' for one who misuses his literary gift in writing dishonest advertisements. When we speak of an 'enthusiast' to-day, we usually mean a person who has all the ill-judging impulsiveness of a child without its compensating charm, and is therefore not to be taken seriously. This was the attitude of Commodore Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad, when George Westinghouse sent him a proposal to substitute air- for hand-brakes. 'He's only an enthusiast,' remarked the Commodore, and returned the inventor's letter politely indorsed: 'I have no time to waste on fools.' It might do all such superficial scoffers good if they were answered as the Commodore was answered. Some time after, when the air-brake had been put into brilliant operation on the more progressive Pennsylvania Railroad, the president of the New York Central wrote the inventor a benignant letter, appointing an interview. His reply was a single sentence: 'I have no time to waste on fools. — GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.'

But besides its poor sense of direction, men have another complaint against enthusiasm. They think it insincere on account of its capacity for frequent and violent fluctuation in temperature. In his *Creative Evolution*, Bergson shows how 'our most ardent enthusiasm, as soon as it is externalized into action, is so naturally congealed into the cold calculation of interest or vanity, the one so easily takes the shape of the other, that we might confuse them together, doubt our own sincerity, deny goodness and love, if we did not know that the dead retain for a time the features of the living.' The philosopher then goes on to show how, when we fall into this confusion, we are unjust to enthusiasm, which is the materialization of the invisible breath of life itself. It is 'the spirit.' The action it induces is 'the letter.' These give rise to two different and often antagonistic movements. The letter kills the spirit. But when this occurs we are apt to mistake the slayer for the slain and impute to the ardent spirit all the cold vices of its murderer. Hence, the taint of insincerity that seems to hang about enthusiasm is, after all, nothing but illusion. To be just, we should discount this illusion in advance as the wise man discounts discouragement. And the word for the man whose lungs are large with the breath of life should cease to be a term of reproach.

Enthusiasm is the prevailing characteristic of the child and of the man who does memorable things. The two are near akin and bear a family resemblance. Youth trails clouds of glory. The eternal man is usually the eternal boy. And it frequently follows that the more of a boy he is, the more of a

man. The most conventional-seeming great men possess as a rule a secret vein of eternal-boyishness. Our idea of Brahms, for example, is of a person hopelessly mature and respectable. But we open Kalbeck's new biography and discover him climbing a tree to conduct his chorus while swaying on a branch, or, in his fat forties, playing at frog-catching like a five-year-old.

The American celebrity is no less youthful. Not long ago one of our good gray men of letters was among his children, awaiting dinner and his wife. Her footstep sounded on the stairs. 'Quick, children!' he exclaimed. 'Here's mother. Let 's hide under the table, and when she comes in we'll rush out on all-fours and pretend we're bears.' The manœuvre was executed with spirit. At the agreed signal out they all waddled and galumphed with horrid grunts, only to find something unfamiliar about mother's skirt, and, glancing up, to discover that it hung upon a strange and terrified guest.

The biographers have paid too little attention to the god-energy of their heroes. I think that it should be one of the crowning achievements of biography to communicate to the reader certain actual vibrations of the enthusiasm that filled the scientist or philosopher for truth; the patriot for his country; the artist for beauty and self-expression; the altruist for humanity; the discoverer for knowledge; the lover or friend for a kindred soul; the prophet, martyr, or saint for his god.

Every lover, according to Emerson, is a poet. Not only is this true, but every one of us, when in the sway of any enthusiasm, has in him something creative. Therefore a record of the most ordinary person's enthusiasms should prove as well worth reading as the ordinary record of the extraordinary person's life if written with the usual neglect of this important subject.

II

Now I should like to try the experiment of sketching in outline a new kind of biography. It would consist entirely of the record of an ordinary person's enthusiasms. But, as I know no other life-story so well as my own, perhaps the reader will pardon me for abiding in the first person singular. He may the more readily pardon me if he realizes the universality of this offense among writers. For it is a fact that almost all novels, stories, poems, and essays are nothing but more or less cleverly disguised autobiography.

In looking back over my life, a series of enthusiasms would appear to stand out as a sort of spinal system, about which are grouped as tributaries all the dry bones and other minor phenomena of existence. Or, rather, enthusiasm is the deep, clear, sparkling stream which carries along and solves and neutralizes, if not sweetens, in its impetuous flow life's rubbish and superfluities of all kinds, such as school, the Puritan sabbath, boot- and hair-brushing, polite and unpolemic converse with bores, prigs, pedants and shorter catechists — and so on, all the way down the shores of age, to the higher mathematics, bank failures, and the occasional editor whose word is not as good as his bond.

My first enthusiasm was for good things to eat. It was stimulated by that priceless asset, a virginal palate. But here at once the medium of expression fails. For what may words presume to do with the flavor of that first dish of oatmeal; with the first pear, grape, watermelon; with the Bohemian roll called *Hooska*, besprinkled with poppy and mandragora, or the wondrous dishes which our Viennese cook called *Aepfelstrudel* and *Scheiterhaufen?* The best way for me to express my reaction to each of these delicacies

would be to play it on the 'cello. The next best would be to say that they tasted somewhat better than Eve thought the apple was going to taste. But how absurdly inadequate this sounds! I suppose the truth is that such enthusiasms have become too utterly congealed in our blasé minds when at last these minds have grown mature enough to grasp the principles of penmanship. So that whatever has been recorded about the sensations of extreme youth is probably all false. Why, even

'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,'

as Wordsworth revealed in his ode on Immortality. And though Tennyson pointed out that we try to revenge ourselves by lying about heaven in our maturity, this does not serve to correct a single one of crabbed age's misapprehensions about youth.

Games next caught my fancy. From the first I seemed to prefer those demanding dexterity and quickness of eye. More than dominoes or halma, lead soldiers appealed to me, and tops, marbles, and battledore-and-shuttlecock. Perhaps I should not have cared so much for the last-named if I had foreseen myself participating in this sport for some years in grim earnest, I, the literary beginner, being the shuttlecock, and receiving many a shrewd rap as I was bandied from one editorial battledore to another.

Through tag, fire-engine, hide-and-seek, pom-pom-pull-away, and baseball, I came to boxing. Until then I had been much bullied by the older boys of the neighborhood. This was only natural, for my physical make-up was an irresistible invitation to the bully. Its chief item was a huge, bulbous head, under the weight of which a wraith of a body and penholder-like legs seemed to buckle. But my reach was long, my eye fair. After a few scientific hints from a brother, I took to the manly art so naturally as to win both the reluctant respect of my contemporaries, and admission to the cherished society of my elders. With delight I found that I could stand up to the latter on apparently equal terms. But now, looking back, I am almost sure that after having broken my nose, the big fellows must have treated me as indulgently as the Saint Bernard treats the snarling spaniel. However that may be, boxing gave me a first taste of the joys of physical competence.

But when, after a few years, I found tennis, I knew instinctively that here was to be my athletic grand passion. Perhaps I was first attracted by the game's constant humor, which was forever making the ball imitate or caricature humanity, or beguiling the players to act like solemn automata. I came to like the game's variety, its tense excitement, its beauty of posture and curve. From an early date I have been a fascinated student of humanity. And about this time I must have vaguely felt what I later learned consciously: that tennis is a sure revealer of character. Three sets with a man suffice to give one a working knowledge of his moral equipment; six, of his chief mental traits; and a dozen, of that most important and usually veiled part of him, his subconscious personality. Young people of opposite sexes are sometimes counseled to take a long railway journey together before deciding on a matrimonial merger. But I would advise them to play 'singles' with each other before venturing upon a continuous game of 'doubles.'

The collecting mania appeared some time before tennis. I first collected ferns under a crag in a deep glen. Mere amassing soon gave way to discrimination, which led to choosing a favorite fern. This was chosen, I now realize, with a woeful lack of fine feeling. I

called it the Alligator from its fancied resemblance to my brother's alligator-skin traveling bag. But admiration of this fern brought a dawning consciousness that certain natural objects were vastly preferable to others. This led, in years, to an enthusiasm for collecting impressions of the beauty, strength, sympathy, and significance of nature. The Alligator Fern, as I still call it, has become a symbolic thing to me; and the sight of it now stands for my supreme or best-loved impression, not alone in the world of ferns, but also in each department of nature. Among forests it symbolizes the immemorial incense cedars and redwoods of the Yosemite; among shores, those of Capri and Monterey; among mountains, the glowing one called Isis as seen at dawn from the depths of the Grand Canyon; among friendly brooks, a stream that chuckles and foams and swirls seaward under Massachusetts oaks and beeches and past the log cabin where I sit writing these words.

III

Next, I collected postage-stamps. I know that it is customary for writers to-day to sneer at this pursuit. But surely they have forgotten its variety and subtlety; its demand on the imagination; how it makes history and geography live, and initiates one painlessly into the mysteries of the currency of all nations. And what a tonic it is for the memory! Only think of the implications of the annual price-catalogue! Soon after the issue of this work, every collector worthy the name has almost unconsciously filed away in his mind the current market values of thousands of stamps. And he can tell you off-hand, not only their worth in the normal perforated and canceled condition, but also how their values vary if they are uncanceled, embossed, rouletted, unperforated, surcharged with all manner of initials, printed by mistake with the king standing on his head, or water-marked anything from a horn of plenty to the seven lean kine of Egypt. This feat of memory is, moreover, no hardship at all, for the enthusiasm of the normal stamp-collector is so potent that its proprietor has only to stand by and let it do all the work.

We often hear that the wealthy do not enjoy their possessions. This depends entirely upon the wealthy. That some of them enjoy their treasures giddily, madly, my own experience proves. For, as youthful stamp-collectors went in those days, I was a philatelic magnate. By inheritance, by the ceaseless and passionate trading of duplicates, by rummaging in every available attic, by correspondence with a wide circle of foreign missionaries, and by delivering up my whole allowance to the dealers, I had amassed a collection of several thousand varieties. These included such gems as all of the triangular Cape of Good Hopes, almost all of the early Persians, and our own spectacular issue of 1869 unused, including the one on which the silk-stockinged Fathers are signing the Declaration of Independence. Such possessions as these I well-nigh worshiped.

Even to-day, after having collected no stamps for a generation, the chance sight of an 'approval sheet', with its paper-hinged reminders of every land of the nineteenth century, gives me a curious sensation. There visit my spine echoes of the thrills that used to course it on similar occasions in boyhood. Those were the days when my stamps had formed for me mental pictures, more or less accurate, of every country from Angola to Western Australia, its history, climate, scenery, inhabitants, rulers. To possess its rarest stamp was mysteriously connected in

my mind with being given the freedom of the land itself, and introduced with warm recommendations to its *genius loci*.

Even old circulars issued by dealers now long gone to stampless climes, have power still to raise the ghost of the vanished glamour. I prefer those of foreign dealers because their English has the quaint, other-world atmosphere of what they dealt in. How other-world this English was I did not perhaps stop to appreciate in the rush of youth. The other day I found in an old scrap-book a circular from Vienna, which annihilated a score of years with its very first words: —

CLEARING

OF A LARGE PART OF MY RETAIL DEPOSITORY

Being lately so much engaged into my wholesale business . . . I have made up my mind to sell out a large post of my retail-stamps at underprices. They are rests of larger collections containing for the most, only older marks and not thrash possibly put together purposedly as they used to be composed by the other dealers and containing therefore mostly but worthless and useless nouveautés of Central America.

Before continuing this persuasive flow, the dealer inserts a number of testimonials like the following. He calls them: —

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sent package having surpassed my expertations I beg to remit by to days post-office-ordres Mk. 100. Kindly please send me by return of post offered album wanted for retail sale.

G. B– Hannover.

He now comes to his peroration: —

I beg to call the kind of attention of every buyer to the fact of my selling all these packages and albums with my own loss merely for clearings sake of my retail business and in order to get rid of them as much and as soon as possible. With 25–60% abatement I give stamps and whole things to societies against four weeks calculation.

All collectors are bound to oblige themselves by writing contemporaneously with sending in the depository amount to make calculation within a week as latest term.

It is enough! As I read, the old magic enfolds me, and I am seized with longing to turn myself into a society of collectors, and to implore the altruistic dealer 'kindly please' to send me, at a prodigious 'abatement,' 'stamps and whole things against four weeks calculation.'

IV

The youngest children of large families are apt to be lonely folk, somewhat retired and individualistic in their enthusiasms. I was such a child, blessed by circumstances with few playfellows and rather inclined to sedentary joys. Even when I reached the barbaric stage of evolution where youth is gripped by enthusiasm for the main pursuits of his primitive ancestors, I was fain to enjoy these in the more sophisticated forms natural to a lonely young city-dweller.

When stamps had passed their zenith I was filled with a lust for slaughter. Fish were at first the desired victims. Day after day I sat watching a hopelessly buoyant cork refuse to bob into the depths of the muddy and sluggish Cuyahoga. I was like some fond parent, hoping against hope to see his child outlive the flippant period and dive below the surface of things, into touch with the great living realities. And when the cork finally marked a historic period by vanishing, and a small, inert and intensely bored sucker was pulled in hand over hand, I felt thrills of gratified longing and conquest old and strong as the race.

But presently I myself was drawn, like the cork, beneath the superficial surface of the angler's art. For in the public library I chanced on a shelf of books that told about fishing of a nobler, jollier, more seductive sort. At once I was consumed with a passion for five-ounce split-bamboo fly-rods, ethereal leaders, double-tapered casting

lines of braided silk, and artificial flies more fair than birds of Paradise. Armed in spirit with all these, I waded the streams of England with kindly old Isaak Walton, and ranged the Restigouche with the predecessors of Henry Van Dyke.

These dreams brought with them a certain amount of satisfaction — about as much satisfaction as if they had come as guests to a surprise party, each equipped with a small sandwich and a large appetite. The visions were pleasant, of course, but they cried out, and made me cry out, for action. There were no trout, to be sure, within a hundred miles, and there was no way of getting to any trouty realm of delight. But I did what I could to be prepared for the blessed day when we should meet. I secured five new subscriptions or so to *The Boys' Chronicle* (let us call it) and received in return a fly-rod so flimsy that it would have resolved itself into its elements at sight of a half-pound trout. It was destined, though, never to meet with this embarrassment.

My casting line bore a family resemblance to grocery string. My leader was a piece of gut from my brother's 'cello; my fly-book, an old wallet. As for flies, they seemed beyond my means; and it was perplexing to know what to do, until I found a book that said it was best to tie your own flies. With joyful relief I acted on this counsel, and no one can say that I did not throw myself into the project. Plucking the feather-duster, I tied two White Millers with shoe-thread upon cod hooks. One of these I stained and streaked with my heart's blood into the semblance of a Parmacheenee Belle. The canary furnished materials for a Yellow May; a door-yard English sparrow for a Brown Hackle. My masterpiece, the beautiful, particolored fly known as Jock Scott, owed its being to my sister's Easter bonnet.

I covered the points of the hooks with pieces of cork, and fished on the front lawn from morning to night, leaning with difficulty against the thrust of an imaginary torrent. And I never ceased striving to make the three flies straighten out properly as the books directed, and fall like thistledown on the strategic spot where the empty tomato can was anchored, and then jiggle appetizingly down over the four-pounder, where he sulked in the deep hole just beyond the hydrant.

The hunting fever was wakened by the need for the Brown Hackle already mentioned. But as the choice of weapons and of victims culminated in the air-gun and the sparrow, respectively, my earliest hunting was confined even more closely than my fishing to the library and the wild and teeming forests and fields of the imagination. But while somewhat handicapped here by the scarcity of ferocious game, I was more fortunate in another enthusiasm which attacked me almost at the same time. For however unpropitious the hunting is on any given part of the earth's surface, there is everywhere and always an abundance of good hidden-treasure-seeking to be had. The garden, the attic, the tennis lawn, all suffered. And my enterprise was stimulated by the discovery of an incomparable book, all about a dead man's chest, and not only digging for gold in a secret island, but finding it too, by jingo! and fighting off the mutineers.

These aspirations led naturally to games of Pirate, or Outlaw, which were handicapped, however, by the scarcity of playmates and their curious hesitation to serve as victims. As pirates and outlaws are well known to be the most superstitious of creatures, inclining to the primitive in their religious views, we were naturally led into a sort of dread enthusiasm for — or enthusiastic dread of — the whole pantheon of

spooks, sprites, and bugaboos to which savages and children, great and small, bow the knee.

But perhaps it might be more possible to convey the quality of these interlaced enthusiasms by turning aside for a moment from the cooler ways of prose. I suppose that a metrical statement of the ideals of this period might be called

PARADISE REVISED

Playing hymn-tunes day and night
On a harp *may* be all right
For the grown-ups; but for me,
I do wish that heaven could be
Sort o' like a circus, run
So a kid could have some fun!

There I'd not play harps, but horns
When I chased the unicorns —
Magic tubes with pistons greasy,
Slides that pushed and pulled out easy,
Cylinders of snaky brass
Where the fingers like to fuss,
Polished like a looking-glass,
Ending in a blunderbuss.

I would ride a horse of steel
Wound up with a ratchet-wheel.
Every beast I'd put to rout
Like the man I read about.
I would singe the leopard's hair,
Stalk the vampire and the adder,
Drive the werewolf from his lair,
Make the mad gorilla madder.
Needle-guns my work should do.
But, if beasts got closer to,
I would pierce them to the marrow
With a barbed and poisoned arrow,
Or I'd whack 'em on the skull
Till my scimitar was dull.

If these weapons did n't work,
With a kris or bowie-knife,
Poniard, assegai or dirk
I would make them beg for life; —
Spare them, though, if they'd be good
And guard me from what haunts the wood —
From those creepy, shuddery sights
That come round a fellow nights:
Imps that squeak and trolls that prowl,
Ghouls, the slimy devil-fowl,
Headless goblins with lassoes,
Scarlet witches worse than those,
Flying dragon-fish that bellow
So as most to scare a fellow . . .

There, as nearly as I could,
I would live like Robin Hood,
Taking down the mean and haughty,
Getting plunder from the naughty
To reward all honest men
Who should seek my outlaw's den.

When I'd wearied of these pleasures
I'd go hunt for hidden treasures —
In no ordinary way:
Pirates' luggers I'd waylay;
Board them from my sinking dory,
Wade through decks of gore and glory,
Drive the fiends, with blazing matchlock,
Down below, and snap the hatch-lock.

Next, I'd scud beneath the sky-land,
Sight the hills of Treasure Island,
Prowl and peer and prod and prise,
Till there burst upon my eyes
Just the proper pirate's freight:
Gold doubloons and pieces of eight!

Then — the very best of all —
Suddenly a stranger tall
Would appear, and I'd forget
That we had n't ever met.
And with cap upthrown I'd greet him
(Turning from the plunder, yellow)
And I'd hurry fast to meet him,
For he'd be the very fellow
Who, I think, invented fun —
Robert Louis Stevenson.

The enthusiasms of this barbaric period never died. They grew up, instead, and proved serviceable friends. Fishing and hunting are now the highlights of vacation time. The crude call of the inexplicable and the weird has modulated into a siren note from the forgotten psychic continents which we western peoples have only just discovered and begun to explore. As for the buried-treasure craze — why, my beloved life-work practically amounts to a daily search for hidden gold in the attics and cellars, the chimney-pieces and desert islands of the mind, and the secret coining of it into currency.

And so I might go on to tell of my enthusiasms for no end of other things like modeling, reading, philology, cathedrals, writing, pictures, folk-lore, and the theatre. Then, there is the long story of that enthusiasm called Love,

of Friendship its twin, and their elder brother, Religion, and their younger sister, Altruism. And travel and adventure and so on. But no! It is, I believe, a misdemeanor to obtain attention under false pretenses. If I have caught the reader's eye by promising to sketch him the merest outline of a new method of writing autobiography, I must not abuse his confidence by putting that method into practice. So, with a regret almost equal to that of Lewis Carroll's famous Bellman, 'I skip twenty years,' and close with my latest enthusiasm.

V

Confirmed wanderers that we were, my wife and I had rented a house for the winter in a Massachusetts coast village and had fallen somewhat under the spell of the place. Nevertheless we had decided to move on soon, to try, in fact, another trip through Italy. Our friendly neighbors urged us to buy land up the 'back lane' instead, and build and settle down. But we knew nothing of this thoroughfare, and scarcely heard them.

They were so insistent, however, that one day we ventured up the back lane at dusk and began to explore the woods. It grew dark and we thought of turning back. Then it began to grow light again. A full moon was climbing up through the maples, inviting further explorations. We pushed on in the undergrowth, and presently were in a grove of great white pines. There was a faint sound of running water, and suddenly we came upon an astonishing brook, wide, swift, and musical. We had not suspected the existence of such a brook within a dozen leagues. It was overarched by great oaks and elms, beeches, tupelos, and maples. The moonbeams were dancing in the ripples and on the floating castles of foam.

'What a place for a study!'

'Yes, a log cabin with a big stone fire-place.'

The remarks came idly, but our eyes met and held. Moved by one impulse we turned our backs upon the stream and remarked what bosh people will sometimes talk, and discussed the coming Italian trip as we moved cautiously among the briars. But when we came once more to the veteran pines they seemed more glamorous than ever in the moonlight, especially one that stood near a tall holly, apart from the rest, — a lyre-shaped, musical fellow, — and his opposite, a burly, thickset archer, bending his long-bow into a most exquisite curve. The fragrant pine-needles whispered. The brook lent its faint music.

'Quick! We had better get away!'

A forgotten lumber road led us safe from briars up a hill. Out of a dense oak grove we emerged upon its more open crest. Our feet sank deep in moss.

'Look,' I said.

Over the heads of the high forest trees below, shimmered a mile of moonlit marshes, and beyond them a gleam — perhaps from some vessel far at sea, perhaps even from a Provincetown lighthouse.

'Yes; but look!'

At a touch I turned and beheld, crowning the hill, a stately band of red cedars, lithe and comely, dense and mysterious as the cypresses of Tivoli, and gloriously drenched in moonlight.

'But what a place for a house!'

'Let's give up Italy,' was the answer, 'and make this wood our home.'

By instinct and training we were two inveterate wanderers. Never had we possessed so much as a shingle or a spoonful of earth. But the nest-building enthusiasm had us at last. Our hands met in compact. And a ten o'clock dinner was eaten to the tune of deeds in fee simple, pneumatic water-systems, and landscape architecture.

MY LADY

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

A RED-CAP sang in Bishop's wood,
A lark o'er Golder's lane,
As I the April pathway trod,
Bound west for Willesden.

At foot each tiny blade grew big,
And taller stood to hear;
And every leaf on every twig
Was like a little ear.

As I too paused, and both ways tried
To catch the rippling rain, —
So still, a hare kept at my side
His tussock of disdain, —

Behind me close I heard a step,
A soft pit-pat surprise,
And looking round my eyes fell deep
Into sweet other eyes;

The kind like wells, where sun lies too
(So clear and trustful brown),
Without a bubble warning you
That here's a place to drown.

'You have come far?' Her broken shoes
Made it a thing to say.
She answered like a dreaming Muse,
'I come from Holloway.'

'So long a tramp?' Two gentle nods;
Then seemed to lift a wing,
And words fell soft as willow-buds:
'I came to find the Spring.'

A timid voice, yet not afraid
In ways so sweet to roam,
As it with honey bees had played
And could no more go home.

Her home! I saw the human lair,
I heard the hucksters bawl,
I stifled with the thickened air
Of bickering mart and stall.

Without a tuppence for a ride,
Her feet had set her free.
Her rags that decency defied
Seemed new with liberty.

But she was frail. Who would might note
That trail of hungering
That for an hour she had forgot
In wonder of the Spring.

So shriven by her joy she glowed
It seemed a sin to chat.
(A tea-shop snuggled by the road;
Why did I think of that?)

Oh, frail, so frail! I could have wept, —
But she was passing on, —
And I but muddled, 'You'll accept
A penny for a bun?'

Then up her little throat a spray
Of rose climbed, half afraid,
A wilding lost, till safe it lay
Deep in her curls' brown shade.

And I saw modesties at fence
With pride that bore no name;
So old it was she knew not whence
It sudden woke and came.

But that which shone of all most clear
Was startled, sadder thought,
That I should give her back the fear
Of life she had forgot.

And I blushed for the world we'd made,
Putting God's hand aside,
Till for the want of sun and shade
His little children died.

And blushed that I who every year
With Spring went up and down,
Should greet a soul that ached for her
With, 'Penny for a bun!'

Struck as a thief in holy place,
Whose sin upon him cries,
I watched the flowers leave her face,
The song go from her eyes.

Then she, sweet heart, she saw my rout,
And of her charity
A gracious hand put softly out
And took the pence from me.

A red-cap sang in Bishop's wood,
A lark o'er Golder's lane;
But I, alone, still glooming stood,
And April plucked in vain;

Till living words rang in my ears
And sudden music played:
Out of such sacred thirst as hers
The world shall be remade.

Afar she turned her head and smiled
As might have smiled the Spring,
And humble as a wondering child
I watched her vanishing.

Oh, might I go as knights once went
A-through a world of wrong,
At battle, feast, and tournament
I'd make her blush my song.

Oh, were I knight of modern day,
(And some there are, believe!)
I'd wear mid every bout and fray
Her colors on my sleeve!

Till the mailed angels all had won,
And devils slunk away,
My lance should not be broken down,
O lass of Holloway!

THE WICKEDNESS OF FATHER VEIERA

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I

THE day was perfect, the dome of the sky flawless of any streak of cloud, the sand flat and pale yellow, the sea flat and pale blue. There had never been a summer when the Great Neck Islands had been blessed (or cursed) with such a multitude of perfect days. Out on the glassy floor of the harbor the schooners sat like pasteboard ships upon a stage. Even when one came in, opening out past Spankin' Head, it did not seem to move, only waxed larger without apparent progress. The whole visible world lay inert beneath this spell of quietude — quietude insidious, creeping, ponderable. And so it had lain for weeks-on-end of perfect days.

Father Veiera walked to the westward along the narrow, crazy-cornered shore street of Great Neck. Father Veiera was a round and rubicund man with a placid face, — marred at the present moment by a gentle trouble, strange upon his habitually unfurrowed brow, — two soft and puffy hands devoted to the comfort of his flock and the reception of an occasional side of mackerel or bunch of sand-grown turnips, and a soul in perfect and tranquil accord with God the Father.

Father Veiera was troubled because his people were hungry. Perhaps there were more wrinkles in his own bulging waistcoat than there used to be. Here and there through an open door he could see an old woman, or a girl or young man, sultry-skinned and with the garish colors of a southern fancy

about them, sitting with hands open and staring hopelessly at nothing.

At every fresh spectacle of this kind, the simple man's brow crinkled more distressingly. What, he asked himself, could he and his people have done, in this alien land, that God the Father should visit them with this dearth of mackerel? For was it not the mackerel that gave Great Neck reason for being? Was it not because the mackerel came to the Great Neck Islands in plenty that he had led his people across the Western Ocean, ten years ago, from the sweet green shores of Portugal? And now, since the break of spring, never a mackerel had the schooners taken — never a 'there 'e plays' had a masthead man cried down to deck through all the length of that weary summer.

Fish come. Fish go. Beyond that no man has ever read.

Down on the beach, in the shadow of Peter Maya's wharf, the priest saw a group of men. Some of them were raising their hands in wonder. It was a strange enough thing, even, that there should be a crowd of men gathered together in these days — it was long now since they had taken to sitting, each with his own family in his own house, staring at nothing. So Father Veiera hurried ponderously down to the beach.

The men were gathered about an object which the tide had brought in and left stranded among the weeds and broken bottles of the beach-line. They stared at it and pointed, and one of them turned the object over cautiously with his boot. The thing was of the color of flesh, like a tremendous handless arm, tapering at one end, and hacked off raggedly at the other. Along one side of it were thousands of tiny, fleshy cups, set in sinuous rows. It was a thing to make men shudder when they looked at it — merely the look or the feel of it.

'What is it, Father?" they asked of the priest.

He was a superstitious little fat man, and unconsciously his puffy hand gestured twice in front of his chest. Thereupon all the men but one crossed themselves and felt yet more uncomfortable. The one who did not cross himself was Josiah Pinkney, one of the two or three native Yankees who still clung to Great Neck after their fellows had gone 'west.'

This Josiah left the group and went up the beach to the ice-shed where stores were kept, when there were any stores to keep. He came back presently with a squid in his hands. Sometimes Great Neck sold these little cousins of the devil-fish for bait to trawlers who stopped there on their way to the Channel grounds. There had not been many squid this year. What there were, Great Neck had eaten, there being little else to eat. Josiah had one of the last and it stank badly because the ice was all gone.

Now with his knife he cut one of the tentacles from the slimy, torpedo-shaped body and threw it down on the sand beside the strange, portentous thing which the sea had cast up. All the men saw then that the two were the same, line for line, cup for cup, one of them perhaps five inches in length and the other near a dozen feet.

They all crossed themselves again. Father Veiera prayed to Sainte Anne. In the bottom of the sea, far, far away down where the light of heaven never comes, there are creatures which God the Father may or may not have put there, but it is best not to think of them in either case.

Josiah Pinkney was the first to speak.

'My father see one o' them feelers up to the Grand Banks in the sixties,' he said. 'I reckon they 'bide a thousand fathom down,' he added, after a mo-

ment of speculation, 'them giant squid.'

Later in the day a man named Ventura, and his son, clamming on the tide-marshes to the eastward, came upon another of those handless arms, livid and sweltering, washed in among the grass-roots. They came running back across the sand hummocks to Great Neck without their buckets or clam-rakes. They would have cried their tale all through the length of the shore street, which was red and unearthly in the horizontal rays of a half-sun, sinking in Back Water beyond the Spankin' Head ridge. But Father Veiera stopped them before they had come past Perez's shipyard, holding up a chubby forefinger in front of his lips.

Perhaps it was the hunger and the drought of hope. Great Neck was thinking too much upon the monstrous shadows that live in the depths of the sea and the veiled chambers of the night. Portents multiplied. At noon, in a shack at the western end of the village, a woman had given still-birth to a creature with three arms. Strange and uncouth trackings in the sand had been observed by cranberry-pickers beyond the Snail Ponds; and goosefish, horribly mangled as with an edged instrument, had been washed ashore in the Cove.

These things cast their shadow upon the soul of the simple priest. As dusk came on, creeping over the edges of the world, he waddled up to the yellow chapel on the dune and passed a season with the relics brought over from another yellow chapel on the hills of Peniche, to the north of Lisbon.

In the morning he would bless the fleet again. Already, in the summer, he had blessed the fleet five times. Perhaps the sixth blessing would be potent. When he went out and down the whispering sand it seemed that the night was full of shades that made the stars wink.

It was not such a shameful thing for a little, round, devout man to gasp and make a trifling leap to the side when a shade of this sort came up out of the ground at his very feet. No — one could not be too careful — it was an evil night. Father Veiera continued to pout and heave for a moment, and finger the crucifix on his breast desperately, and peer fearfully at the shadow. Then he straightened up, sighed, smoothed his stubbly hair, and said, —

'Peter Maya — it's you, then. What are you doing here, my son?'

'*Asentado.*' (Sitting.)

'What?'

'*Alembrandome.*' (Thinking.)

Peter Maya was a small man, no taller than Father Veiera and not at all fat. He wore thick glasses and pulled the brim of his hat far down, so that he had to hold his chin in the air. He was a fierce little man, — skipper of the *Isabelle*, — tyrant over a score of men, every one of them half his weight again. Father Veiera was a little afraid of him on account of his fierce face, especially on a night like this, and he would have liked to go on his way. But something in the other's tone had hinted that the conversation was not at an end. So the priest asked, very diffidently, —

'What about?'

'Hmmmf.'

It was indeed a bad night when one of his children answered him only with a snort — a dangerous night for a little fat man.

'I shall bestow the blessing in the morning,' he quavered.

'Rrggh — no good.'

But he did not tear Father Veiera limb from limb. Instead, he turned disdainfully away and faded in the gloom, leaving the priest to paddle on in haste to his own dwelling where the light burned.

II

He went out to the schooners the following noon, puffing over the oars of his own green dory. One after another he visited the vessels, sprawling his way across the water-spaces like an overgrown green spider with two legs, and one after another the crews stood up on deck with bared heads while he read the service and lifted his hands over them. After he had finished, each one raised his head and looked around the skyline, for this succession of blank blue days had become a pestilence, a painted smile that killed their turnips and drove all the mackerel into obscure and tempest-ridden ends of the sea.

They were hungry; their hands hung down empty at their sides; it was hard to believe. But surely, that was the shadow of a veil of mist hanging over the Island of the Angels, far out there in the straits. They pointed it out to one another with lean fingers, crossed themselves fervently, and when the little round priest had worked himself, puffing and groaning, over the side and into the green dory, fell to getting up the sails with something more like hope than Great Neck had known for weeks.

Father Veiera stood on the deck of the *Maria Stella*, mopping his white forehead with a handkerchief of blue cotton. He had blessed the *Maria Stella* and all her crew. The vapor over the Island of the Angels had become quite plain.

'I have a little wine in my locker,' said Man'el Deutra, the skipper. 'Would you taste it with me, Father?'

When they had drunk together, following the custom, the skipper said to the priest, —

'You have blessed them all now.'

'No,' Father Veiera answered, 'there is still left Peter Maya's boat, lying out there under the Head.'

He mopped his brow again, for the day had grown uncommonly hot and close. Man'el Deutra grunted and spat over the side.

'Peter Maya has no belief in the sacred blessing. He sits in his house this morning, and curses. As you may see, there is not a soul aboard the schooner.'

Father Veiera looked shoreward and sighed. He was very sorry indeed that Peter Maya had lost his faith, but it would have been a long row out there to the Head under this sun. He used the handkerchief again and reflected that it is best to look upon the pleasanter sides of the dispensations of Heaven.

Then, just as he lowered his bulk into the green dory, the light which occasionally comes to prophets and saints descended upon the spirit of Father Veiera.

'I will go out and bestow the blessing whether there is any one there or not,' he announced with determination.

A half-hour later he clambered over the rail of Peter Maya's schooner and sank down upon the deck-house. The long row over the glaring mirror of the water had been almost too much for the little round churchman. He took off his flat hat and rubbed his head with the blue handkerchief, and rubbed it again, but with all his mopping could not seem to get it dry.

'I'm getting to be an old man,' he said to himself. He may have nodded for a time.

The painter of the dory was still in his hand. After a while he got up, made the line fast, and waddled amidships. There he stood up and blessed the ship of the unbeliever, going through his simple-minded ceremony with all solemnity and without haste.

He was so taken up with the thing he was doing that not until he had lifted

his hands and eyes at the conclusion did he mark the change which had come over the face of the sky. The sun, standing high, appeared like a coin of beaten silver. It waned to a ghost, even as he looked, and diaphanous shreds of vapor fingered at the heads of the masts.

The perfect weather was broken. Father Veiera felt a glow of gentle satisfaction. At least he had had a hand in this.

He would be getting back to shore now. And perhaps it would be best to hurry. The sun was still shining on the shore line, but it had lost all its features, looming like a golden belt athwart the blanket of the mist.

He started off stoutly, with a choppy stroke because his arms were so short and his figure not for bending far. The schooner he had left faded to a gray figure on the tapestry, then to a spirit penciling, then, after a time, it was gone.

'That went too fast,' the good man observed to himself. 'I must hurry.'

But hurry where? He turned to look. He sat in the middle of a little round room and all the walls were alike.

'If I keep straight ahead,' he argued hopefully, 'I'll come ashore somewhere — *some*where.'

A moment after he had spoken there arose upon his right hand a moaning clamor such as a wounded beast might raise before the death-rattle. It might have come from near or from far — such was the quality of the cry.

The good priest left off pulling and sat with his ample mouth ajar. The thing had become serious now, in good truth, with the Spankin' Head fog-whistle blowing to the right instead of to the left. He was heading to sea. The gravity of the situation was not lost upon Father Veiera, whose days had been passed among a fishing people.

'I'll make for Spankin' Head,' said he, 'and I'll get there as quick as I can.'

So he put the dory's head to starboard and set away with all the power in his stubby arms. He had been pulling for ten minutes and puffing and blowing like any goosefish, when the wail of the whistle crept through the fog again — not ahead, but from far astern, farther than before.

Seven times in the course of the next two hours Father Veiera licked his dry lips, mopped his head, and brought his dory about to point for that elusive wail. The seventh time it had grown so faint that his ears only caught it in the quiet between two strokes — and there was a long breath between the fat man's strokes now. After that he bundled his oars into the boat and flopped down in the bottom like a puppy whose legs are not strong enough yet.

He must have lain there for hours. He went with the tide, for not a breath of air waved the misty curtains. Now and then he heard a moaning, far and far away through the smother. It might have been Spankin' Head again, or it might have been some grizzly inhabitant of the depths looking for his mate, or for — and here was a chance to make some one shiver — for a little fat man in a green dory. Then Father Veiera would fall to saying his prayers over again, for he could not keep his mind from the portents of yesterday — the slashed goosefish, the still-born creature, the two vast tentacles that the tide had left upon the beach, and the weird trackings beyond Snail Ponds.

By and by the gray light began to drain out of the vapory hangings. The night was coming down.

'I am surely going to die,' Father Veiera murmured. The idea had the effect of calming him.

'But I am cold: I can hardly move,'

he added. 'I must try and row a little.'

With groaning and pain he got his bulk up-ended on the thwart, the oars between the thole-pins, and pulled stiffly. A sluggish air was beginning to heave, churning the fog in slow, rocking convolutions that stripped off lean fingers to reach out and feel for the green dory. It would have been still light on a fair day, but here under the soft, heavy pall the night came fast — a horrible night, troubled by monstrous and invisible forms that shouldered silently here and there through the steaming blankness.

Father Veiera tugged harder at his oars. Something touched the back of his neck. Terrified, he dropped the sweeps and batted his head with both hands. Then he fell into a gentle perspiration, for he found that it was only his coat collar, turned up. But when he looked for the oars they were out of sight in the mist.

Now he must sit with his hands folded and shudder at the disembodied creatures of the night. To his ears it seemed that the ocean whispered, a thin hissing whisper, as though in that blanketed silence it was tormented by a downpour of rain. Surely it whispered. That discreet complaining of the waters was coming nearer.

Father Veiera got down and kneeled in the bottom of the boat, clutching the gunwales till his knuckles showed white in the gray darkness. The whisper grew and grew until, of a sudden, it rushed past the dory, almost deafening, but yet a whisper. The little priest shivered a fragment of prayer, lifting his eyes to the close sky. The whisper was gone.

But listen again. Out of the shadows came another. It advanced as the first one had, and swept clamorously about the green dory. But this time the man's eyes were on the surface of the water. And there he saw a wonderful thing. It had turned in a wink from leaden gray to white, — so white that it appeared to light up the fog, — white with shots of black across it. One of the shots struck the dory's side with a soft impact. An instant later one had leaped clear over the gunwale and flickered in the bottom of the boat.

When Father Veiera could look at it, he saw that it was a mackerel, sleek, shimmering, eighteen inches from end to end. He stared over the side again. Mackerel and mackerel, — thousands, hundreds of thousands of mackerel, driving through the tortured water.

'They have come back,' he said. He would have given thanks then had he not been suddenly taken up with another wonder. He had seen mackerel 'playing' many and many times, but these mackerel were not 'playing.' They were driven; they were trying to get away; they were stark mad. When he saw that, Father Veiera crossed himself.

It was well that he crossed himself then. A moment later he could not have moved his hand to save his soul, for a moment later he saw it.

It broke water within ten feet of the dory's side. It came like a monstrous torpedo, screaming out of the sea, horrible, hideous, belching forth a column of dingy water that shrieked away into the fog. Then it was gone.

The man in the dory stared with dry, burning eyes.

Again it broke water, from the other direction. In mid-air the snout of the thing appeared to break open in a blossom of ghastly, writhing arms — those cupped arms of the beach, livid. And then it gave voice and was gone.

For a moment there was quiet, as though the immense ocean held its breath. The slow wind came stronger. Here and there it ripped the fog-blanket away, leaving water-spaces

gleaming black and clear. The earth, with its covering of water, seemed to slide noiselessly into the south beneath the tumultuous, draining fog and the tide-driven dory, and then there came a star, a thousand stars; a black horizon rimmed the black sea. The air slackened to a wandering breath, and the stars made little placid streams of fire over the water.

Away to the east there was another whispering. The whisper grew and established itself. An arrow of gray advanced over the water, killing the stars' reflections nearer and nearer at hand.

And the drivers came there — three of them — breaking water, one after another, in dim, blue-gray geysers — aliens out of the depths.

III

The schooner *Isabelle*, captain Peter Maya, lay at anchor outside, two miles south of Spankin' Head and abreast of Back Water Gut, which feeds and empties the broad green tide-flats of Back Water. It was half-past one o'clock in the morning, but no one on board the *Isabelle* slept.

Peter Maya sat on the forward companion trunk, for the sake of the warmth from the galley stove-pipe, and swore beneath his breath about his luck. He had come out in the clear at eleven, with southwesterly airs. And at one, with the wind dying in the east and the mist on the water again, he lay becalmed with his anchor in bad bottom, so close inshore that he could hear the Gut sucking at the twine of Johnnie Silva's weir, dead astern. A treacherous gut. More than one Island vessel, with a heavy tide and a blind fog, had gone to air her ribs on the Back Water flats.

He swore for another reason — because he was frightened — so frightened that the galley stove-pipe could not keep him warm on a September night.

An oil torch burned on the house, aft, the flame standing straight up in the heavy air; its illumination, pale and immobile, coming back from a hundred planes of woodwork and soggy rigging. It picked out the contours of men's faces, distorted with fear. One man had out his beads. Part of the time he fingered them and told his prayers, crouched down by the tack of the main. Part of the time he appeared to forget, and stared away into the yellowed dark, the beads hanging from his quiet hand, each with its small, distinct facet of light.

There came a sound of slippers scraping on ladder-rungs in the forward companion, and a face appeared, craning over the hatch at the skipper. It belonged to 'Rod,' the black cook, and glistened with galley sweat.

'You 'ear 'eem any more, cap'n? Tell me — you 'ear 'eem —'

Peter Maya picked up a wooden bucket and struck the Negro's face full with the bottom of it. The sound of his falling came up muffled from below.

The man beside the main tack left off staring into the darkness and fell to telling his beads in an ecstasy of energy. Away to the east, under the blind sheet, the ocean whispered again. The bucket dropped from the captain's hand and rolled off in an arc, fetching up in the port scuppers. One of the men aft put his knee on the house and crawled to the torch, where he squatted on his heels, not for the warmth of it but for the light. Below, Rod groaned and stirred on the planking. Peter Maya swore, his finger in his shirt collar.

A prolonged whistle, far and far away, threaded the creeping whisper; rose, thin and nerve-twanging; fell,

choked off in a fearful clicking; and was almost immediately taken up from another quarter, nearer at hand.

Peter Maya got to his feet stiffly, picked up a gaff that lay across a coil of line, and stood in an attitude of defense. The iron of the gaff-head protruded into the column of light from the companionway, where it described tiny, jerking circuits, like a planet pursuing an infinitesimal orbit.

Of a sudden, the shadows all about the schooner rustled and twittered. It was as though the ghost of a wind passed through the dank air without stirring the misty particles. But it was not this phantom passage that held the eighteen on the deck of the *Isabelle* frozen in strange postures of terror, some with stiff arms raised over their heads, some at grotesque angles of equilibrium, the yellow trouser-knees of the man by the torch sweating tiny pearls of oil into the flame — it was the long, shrieking whistle with the metallic click at the end of it that came from nowhere, threading the fabric of the night with the speed of uttered lightning. It came and went, sinking to a shrill rumor far off, shooting back into full cry, circling the vessel with a ring of horror. Once a shower of fine drops flicked over the starboard rail, amidships, and a wave of air, heavy with an evil and nauseating stench, broke over the deck.

When it had gone away, Peter Maya sank back on the companion trunk and let the gaff fall on the boards at his feet. A moment so, inert, and then he was groping for the gaff again and staring at the rail to his left, dim and red from the torch-light aft.

Some object, on the other side of the rail, was troubling the water. He could hear a swishing and guttering there in the dark, and then a soft impact, as of flesh, on the two running-boards on the vessel's works which give the clambering doryman his precarious footholds, and then a drip, drip, drip, as though the thing reared higher and higher over the surface of the sea. After what seemed many minutes to the shaking man by the companion, he saw the dim line of the rail disturbed at a point just abaft the foreshrouds, and there arose a formless thing that crawled inboard, gasping and wheezing, with strange shadows of limbs wavering obliquely over the deck-planks. And then Peter May clucked in his throat and whipped out his arm.

As a younger man, Peter Maya had ranked the best hand with an 'iron' that ever rocked a bowsprit pulpit out of Great Neck. And here was a straight cast from a solid deck. There was a snick as the spike of the heavy pole bit into the wood below the rail, and then it hung there, horizontal and thrumming, with the intruder impaled above it.

Now it was no more nor less than a miracle that the driven head did not touch either of Father Veiera's knees, since the space between them was hardly wider than the iron nib. The thought of it made him very dizzy for an instant, and he sat back on the rail with his legs still straddling the haft of the gaff, while he wiped his forehead with a dripping blue handkerchief. His clothes were dripping too: a thread of water ran from either trouser-leg and trickled through the scupper-holes. He heaved a sigh and peered at the gaff-thrower.

'Peter Maya — it's you then.' He had said the same words the night before.

'Come,' he went on, after he had stuffed the blue handkerchief away in his pocket, 'I want your boats — quick. Is the twine in them? Why don't you speak, my son?'

Peter Maya extricated himself from the angle between the trunk and the

stove-pipe and moved by a cautious diagonal toward the other side of the deck and aft, always facing the priest. His hands were up before his face, one forefinger crossing the other at right angles.

Father Veiera followed him, wondering, into the brighter glow.

'What's the matter?' he asked, staring from one to another of the flame-lit faces that stared at him in return, banked in behind the skipper. Peter Maya spoke with a trembling belligerency.

'What do you want?'

'The boats and the twine — to stop up the Gut. Back Water is full of mackerel.'

Peter Maya looked about him, his crossed fingers still presented toward the priest. Man'el Duarte shook his head. Gerald Sousa shook his head likewise, spat into the darkness of the starboard side and then, as if with a sudden thought, crossed his fingers on his chest. Antone Miguel, the oldest man still fishing in Great Neck, muttered between weasened lips, —

'Never a fin of mackerel in Back Water — not as man can remember.'

'There — see?'

Peter Maya threw out his hand in challenge, with more confidence than before. A change was coming over the other's face as well. Had he not been such a placid little man, one would have taken it for impatience — even anger. His puffy right hand fumbled in the breast of his coat and then came forth.

'There — *see!*' he echoed. And all the men on the deck and the house stared open-mouthed at the fish held aloft before them, the opal lights shimmering on its white belly.

'Where did you get it?'

'It came to me. It jumped into the dory.'

And now the mouths hung wider. In the silence that followed, a man far over on the dark starboard side, forward, whispered to his neighbor. The whisper traveled swiftly from mouth to ear through the crowd till Peter Maya bent his ear to take it from Gerald Sousa.

'How did you come here — aboard the vessel?' he demanded, turning to the priest again. But his challenge rang hollow now, and for all he could do his eyes wavered down to the other's dripping garments.

'I came in my dory — drifted.'

'Haah.'

It was not one that breathed it, but all the men there, nodding at their neighbors fearfully, and yet with a certain triumph, as much as to say, 'He would tell us so anyway — having sold his soul to the Devil.' But it was the first whisperer, forward, who now spoke aloud.

'No — there's no dory here.'

Father Veiera threw the fish on the deck with a gesture of impatience.

'I forgot to make it fast.'

And again they nodded. He would say that, too.

'Come. Hurry. In an hour the tide changes — the fish will follow the tide — they will go to sea again — be lost. Make haste.'

He took a step forward, appealing with his hands. Peter Maya retreated the step and his men moved back behind him. Some, less timid than the rest, began to mutter. One picked a cleaning-knife off the house, more gaffs appeared from under the rails.

'Keep back,' old Miguel squeaked, brandishing a bucket.

But Father Veiera did not keep back. Instead, he ran at them, and they melted before him like bait before a vessel's stem, jostling and yelling across the after-deck and pelting forward again through the narrow passage on the other side of the house.

Father Veiera stopped and leaned on the taffrail, wheezing with the exertion and his tumbled emotions. He peered astern where the two long boats rode dim in the drift, rising and falling and tugging gently at their painters. From beyond, a little on the port quarter, came a slight noise of scraping, as of something bobbing against the poles of Johnnie Silva's weir. The priest reached out along one of the boat painters, hauled it inboard, loosed it and watched it pay out again.

'Tide running weaker already,' he muttered.

There was another sound astern now, like the swish of tangled wire dragged swiftly through the water. The whisper passed in a breath, veering away to the south.

'They're breaking now.'

For a moment he stood motionless, the nails of his fingers scarring the palms. Then he did a strange thing. He turned and ran forward along the port rail.

The *Isabelle's* men had been bunched in the waist, watching him and whispering about him. Now, when they saw him coming straight at them, they broke once more and stampeded, yelling, along the other side of the house toward the precarious haven of the after-deck.

But Father Veiera did not molest them. He ran straight on across the mid-decks, stopping only to snatch up a hatchet from the cook's wood-box beside the companion, and disappeared in the gloom forward.

'What's he going to do now?' Miguel whispered, searching the faces near him.

But none of them could tell. Peter Maya, with his hat-brim pulled down farther than ever over his fierce, spectacled eyes, and his long chin shaking, mumbled, 'I'll fix him—I'll fix him.' But he did not move.

There came a sound of hatchet-blows, dealt vigorously on something soft, away up in the peak.

'My God — who's he got there?'

A youngster squealed with horror. Peter Maya whirled and began telling off the men, keeping the count on agitated fingers, while they watched him out of the corners of their eyes like scared school-children, the whites gleaming in the torchlight. He had come to twelve when he suddenly broke off, his eyes staring over their heads.

'That devil!' he gasped. 'Cut! By God, he's parted the cable! Look!'

Even as he spoke the last word, there came a slight jar and a cracking and splintering of wood; a shadowy pole came out of the night astern, ground on the counter and fell away into the night again. Another came up and vanished with a groan. On all sides there was a singing and ripping of taut twine as Johnnie Silva's weir went to pieces under the *Isabelle's* drifting counter.

Another pole came up and bent, but this one did not fall. The others had borne the brunt. Now the vessel's head fell away slowly to the starboard hand and the tide, taking her full, eased her stern out of the wrecked weir. Another moment and the *Isabelle* took the ground, broadside on, fair in the centre of the Gut.

During all this time no one on the after-deck had uttered a word. The thing was beyond words — beyond help. It was even beyond belief.

Gerald Sousa was the first to open his lips.

'Did you see the green dory?'

Peter Maya jerked about and grasped his elbow.

'Where? Tell me.'

'There — at the trap — slid clean up into the twine.'

'*So* — *so* —' Relief and rage show-

ed on the skipper's face. 'Come on,' he bawled. 'We'll get him.'

For the last time that night they rumbled forward, yelling. But there was another note in their yells now. Father Veiera was standing on the port side, the side where Back Water lay, holding the torch down in the shelter of the rail. His head was craned outboard in an attitude of listening.

'Look,' he cried to the advancing crew, flashing the torch over the side.

As though at a signal preconcerted, a thousand streaks shot white across the gray film; the streaks turned black, all together: a thousand little fountains blossomed where the frightened mackerel had somersaulted, and then the whisper of the school rushed away over the tide reaches.

Father Veiera wheeled upon the gaping crowd and bellowed,—

'Get out — fore and aft. Double your twine — and then double it again.'

IV

Father Veiera sat on a small mound of sand — a nubbin of Back Water Ridge — while the sun heaved clear of the skyline and turned the world yellow. He wheezed and puffed with his climb in the heavy sand (he had come from the Gut) and he sat on the nubbin to get his breath back.

He was far from alone, however, in the sun-swept world. A little way to the westward the ridge was alive with a crawling train — men and women and children and creaking wains and horses and wheelbarrows; he could hear the faint shouts as they topped the rise and rolled downward over the first lush grasses of the flats. Already the receding tide had left landlocked pools around the edges. There he could see young men, bare to the thighs, and girls with their skirts tucked high, lunging in the blue shadows with long-handled nets and hallooing across the reaches — a little mad, all of them.

Father Veiera passed a chubby hand over the wrinkles of his waistcoat and smiled benignantly. He had had a glass of Peter Maya's wine and he was warm. His eyes wandered to the chapel on the hill, far off.

'Gabriel,' he murmured, patting the waistcoat. 'Saints have been made for less than —'

He broke off, stricken with horror at his own wickedness.

'*Culpa mea.* I must do a penance,' he said, with a gentle sigh. He hoisted his round person from the sand and trudged off down the slope.

THE GREEK GENIUS[1]

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE teasing perfection of Greek Literature will perhaps excite the world long after modern literature is forgotten. Shakespeare may come to his end and lie down among the Egyptians, but Homer will endure forever. We hate to imagine such an outcome as this, because, while we love Shakespeare, we regard the Greek classics merely with an overwhelmed astonishment. But the fact is that Homer floats in the central stream of History, Shakespeare in an eddy. There is, too, a real difference between ancient and modern art, and the enduring power may be on the side of antiquity.

The classics will always be the playthings of humanity, because they are types of perfection, like crystals. They are pure intellect, like demonstrations in geometry. Within their own limitations they are examples of miracle; and the modern world has nothing to show that resembles them in the least. As no builder has built like the Greeks, so no writer has written like the Greeks. In edge, in delicacy, in proportion, in accuracy of effect, they are as marble to our sandstone. The perfection of the Greek vehicle is what attacks the mind of the modern man and gives him dreams.

What relation these dreams bear to Greek feeling it is impossible to say, — probably a very remote and grotesque relation. The scholars who devote their enormous energies to a life-and-death struggle to understand the Greeks always arrive at states of mind which are peculiarly modern. The same thing may be said of the severest types of Biblical scholar. J. B. Strauss, for instance, gave his life to the study of Christ, and, as a result, has left an admirable picture of the German mind of 1850. Goethe, who was on his guard if ever a man could be, has still been a little deceived in thinking that the classic spirit could be recovered. He has left imitations of Greek literature which are admirable in themselves, and rank among his most characteristic works, yet which bear small resemblance to the originals. The same may be said of Milton and of Racine. The Greeks seem to have used their material, their myths and ideas, with such supernal intellect that they leave this material untouched for the next comer. Their gods persist, their mythology is yours and mine. We accept the toys, — the whole babyhouse which has come down to us: we walk in and build our own dramas with their blocks.

What a man thinks of influences him, though he chance to know little about it; and the power which the ancient world has exerted over the modern has not been shown in proportion to the knowledge or scholarship of the modern thinker, but in proportion to his natural force. The Greek tradition, the Greek idea became an element in all subsequent life; and one can no more dig it out and isolate it than one

[1] Mr. Chapman's essay appears here in a form much shorter than that which it is intended to assume when published in a book. — THE EDITORS.

can dig out or isolate a property of the blood. We do not know exactly how much we owe to the Greeks. Keats was inspired by the very idea of them. They were an obsession to Dante, who knew not the language. Their achievements have been pressing in upon the mind of Europe, and enveloping it with an atmospheric appeal, ever since the Dark Ages.

Of late years we have come to think of all subjects as mere departments of science, and we are almost ready to hand over Greece to the specialist. We assume that scholars will work out the history of art. But it is not the right of the learned and scholarly only, to be influenced by the Greeks, but also of those persons who know no Greek. Greek influence is too universal an inheritance to be entrusted to scholars, and the specialist is the very last man who can understand it. In order to obtain a diagnosis on Greek influence one would have to seek out a sort of specialist on Humanity-at-large.

I

Since we cannot find any inspired teacher to lay before us the secrets of Greek influence, the next best thing would be to go directly to the Greeks themselves, and to study their works freshly, almost innocently. But to do this is not easy. The very Greek texts themselves have been established through modern research, and the footnotes are the essence of modernity.

The rushing modern world passes like an express train; as it goes, it holds up a mirror to the classic world, — a mirror ever changing and ever false. For upon the face of the mirror rests the lens of fleeting fashion. We can no more walk straight to the Greeks than we can walk straight to the moon. In America the natural road to the classics lies through the introductions of German and English scholarship. We are met, as it were, on the threshold of Greece by guides who address us confidently in two very dissimilar modern idioms, and who overwhelm us with complacent and voluble instructions. According to these men we have nothing to do but listen to them, if we would understand Greece.

Before entering upon the subject of Greece, let us cast a preliminary and disillusioning glance upon our two guides, the German and the Briton. Let us look once at each of them with an intelligent curiosity, so that we may understand what manner of men they are, and can make allowances in receiving the valuable and voluble assistance which they keep whispering into our ears throughout the tour. The guides are indispensable; but this need not prevent us from studying their temperaments. If it be true that modern scholarship acts as a lens through which the classics are to be viewed, we can never hope to get rid of all the distortions; but we may make scientific allowances, and may correct results. We may consider certain social laws of refraction, for example, spectacles, beer, sausages. We may regard the variations of the compass due to certain local customs, namely: the Anglican communion, School honor, Pears' soap. In all this we sin not, but pursue intellectual methods.

The case of Germany illustrates the laws of refraction very pleasantly. The extraordinary lenses which were made there in the nineteenth century are famous now, and will remain as curiosities hereafter. During the last century, Learning won the day in Germany to an extent never before known in history. It became an unwritten law of the land that none but learned men should be allowed to play with pebbles. If a man had been through the mill of the Doctorate, however,

he received a certificate as a dreamer. The passion which mankind has for using its imagination could thus be gratified only by men who *had been* brilliant scholars. The result was a race of monsters, of whom Nietzsche is the greatest.

The early social life of these men was contracted. They learned all they knew while sitting on a bench. The classroom was their road to glory. They were aware that they could not be allowed to go out and play in the open until they had learned their lessons thoroughly; they therefore became prize boys. When the great freedom was at last conferred upon them, they roamed through Greek mythology, and all other mythologies, and erected labyrinths in which the passions of childhood may be seen gamboling with the discoveries of adult miseducation. The gravity with which the pundits treated each other extended to the rest of the world, because, in the first place, they were more learned than any one else, and in the second, many of them were men of genius. The 'finds' of modern archæology have passed through the hands of these men, and have received from them the labels of current classification.

After all, these pundits resemble their predecessors in learning. Scholarship is always a specialized matter, and it must be learned as we learn a game. Scholarship always wears the parade of finality, and yet suffers changes like the moon. These particular scholars are merely scholars. Their errors are only the errors of scholarship, due, for the most part, to extravagance and ambition. A new idea about Hellas meant a new reputation. In default of such an idea a man's career is *manquée;* he is not an intellectual. After discounting ambition, we have left still another cause for distrusting the labors of the German professors. This distrust arises from a peep into the social surroundings of the caste. Here is a great authority on the open-air life of the Greeks: he knows all about Hellenic sport. Here is another who understands the brilliant social life of Attica: he has written the best book upon Athenian conversation and the marketplace. Here is still a third: he has reconstructed Greek religion: at last we know! All these miracles of learning have been accomplished in the library, — without athletics, without conversation, without religion.

When I think of Greek civilization, of the swarming, thieving, clever, gleaming-eyed Greeks, of the Bay of Salamis, and of the Hermes of Praxiteles, — and then cast my eyes on the Greatest Authority, my guide, my Teuton master, with his barbarian babble and his ham-bone and his self-importance, I begin to wonder whether I cannot somehow get rid of the man and leave him behind. Alas, we cannot do that; we can only remember his traits.

Our British mentors, who flank the German scholars as we move gently forward toward Greek feeling, form so complete a contrast to the Teutons that we hardly believe that *both* kinds can represent genuine scholarship. The Britons are gentlemen, afternoon callers, who eat small cakes, row on the Thames, and are all for morality. They are men of letters. They write in prose and in verse, and belong to the æsthetic fraternity. They, like the Teutons, are attached to institutions of learning, namely, to Oxford and Cambridge. They resemble the Germans, however, in but a single trait, — the conviction that they understand Greece.

The thesis of the British belle-lettrists, to which they devote their energies, might be stated thus: British culture includes Greek culture. They

are very modern, very English, very sentimental, these British scholars. While the German Doctors use Greek as a stalking-horse for Teutonic psychology, these English gentlemen use it as a dressmaker's model upon which they exhibit home-made English lyrics and British stock morality. The lesson which Browning sees in *Alcestis* is the same that he gave us in *James Lee's Wife*. Browning's appeal is always the appeal to robust feeling as the salvation of the world. Gilbert Murray, on the other hand, sheds a sad, clinging, Tennysonian morality over Dionysus. Jowett is happy to announce that Plato is theologically sound, and gives him a ticket-of-leave to walk anywhere in England. Swinburne clings to that belief in sentiment which marks the Victorian era, but Swinburne finds the key to life in unrestraint instead of in restraint.

There is a whole school of limp Grecism in England, which has grown up out of Keats's Grecian urn, and which is now buttressed with philosophy and adorned with scholarship; and no doubt it does bear some sort of relation to Greece and to Greek life. But this Anglican Grecism has the quality which all modern British art exhibits, — the very quality which the Greeks could not abide, — it is tinged with *excess*. The Briton likes strong flavors. He likes them in his tea, in his port wine, in his concert-hall songs, in his pictures of home and farm life. He likes something unmistakable, something with a smack that lets you know that the thing has arrived. In his literature he is the same. Dickens, Carlyle, Tennyson lay it on thick with sentiment. Keats drips with aromatic poetry, which has a wonder and a beauty of its own — and whose striking quality is *excess*. The scented, wholesale sweetness of the modern æsthetic school in England goes home to its admirers because it is easy art. Once enjoy a bit of it and you never forget it. It is always the same, the 'old reliable,' the Oxford brand, the true, safe, British, patriotic, moral, noble school of verse; which exhibits the manners and feelings of a gentleman, and has success written in every trait of its physiognomy.

How this school of poetry invaded Greece is part of the history of British expansion in the nineteenth century. In the Victorian era the Englishman brought cricket and morning prayers into South Africa. Robert Browning established himself and his carpet-bag in comfortable lodgings on the Acropolis, — which he spells with a *K* to show his intimate acquaintance with recent research. It must be confessed that Robert Browning's view of Greece never pleased, even in England. It was too obviously R. B. over again. It was Pippa and Bishop Blougram with a few pomegranate seeds and unexpected orthographies thrown in. The Encyclopædia Britannica is against it, and suggests, wittily enough, that one can hardly agree with Browning that Heracles got drunk for the purpose of keeping up *other* people's spirits.

So also Edward FitzGerald was never taken seriously by the English; but this was for another reason. His translations are the best transcriptions from the Greek ever done by this British school; but Fitzgerald never took himself seriously. I believe that if he had only been ambitious, and had belonged to the academic classes, — like Jowett for instance, — he could have got Oxford behind him, and we should all have been obliged to regard him as a great apostle of Hellenism. But he was a poor-spirited sort of man, and never worked up his lead.

Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, began the serious profession of being a Grecian. He took it up when there was

nothing in it, and he developed a little sect of his own, out of which later came Swinburne and Gilbert Murray, each of whom is the true British article. While Swinburne is by far the greater poet, Murray is by far the more important of the two from the ethnological point of view. Murray was the first man to talk boldly about God, and to introduce his name into all Greek myths, using it as a fair translation of any Greek adjective. There is a danger in this boldness. The reader's attention becomes hypnotized with wondering in what manner God is to be introduced into the next verse. The reader becomes so concerned about Mr. Murray's religious obsessions that he forgets the Greek altogether and remembers only Shakespeare's hostess in her distress over the dying Falstaff: 'Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God, — I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.'

Murray and Arnold are twins in ethical endeavor. I think that it was Arnold who first told the British that Greece was noted for melancholy and for longings. He told them that chastity, temperance, nudity, and a wealth of moral rhetoric marked the young man of the Periclean period. Even good old Dean Plumptre has put this young man into his prefaces. Swinburne added the hymeneal note, — the poetic nature-view, — of which the following may serve as an example: —

> And the trees in their season brought forth and were kindled anew
> By the warmth of the mixture of marriage, the child-bearing dew.

There is hardly a page in Swinburne's Hellenizing verse that does not blossom with Hymen. The passages would be well suited for use in the public schools of to-day where sex-knowledge in its poetic aspects is beginning to be judiciously introduced.

This contribution of Swinburne's, — the hymeneal touch, — and Murray's discovery that the word God could be introduced with effect anywhere, went like wildfire over England. They are characteristic of the latest phase of Anglo-Grecism.

Gilbert Murray has, in late years, had the field to himself. He stands as the head and front of Greek culture in England. It is he, more than any one else, who is the figure-head of dramatic poetry in England to-day; and, as such, his influence must be met, and, as it were, passed through, by the American student who is studying the Greek classics.

II

The Greek genius is so different from the modern English genius that they cannot understand one another. How shall we come to see this clearly? The matter is difficult in the extreme; because we are all soaked in modern feeling, and in America we are all drenched in British influence. The desire of Britain to annex ancient Greece, the deep-felt need that the English writers and poets of the nineteenth century have shown to edge and nudge nearer to Greek feeling, is familiar to all of us. Swinburne expresses his Hellenic longings by his hymeneal strains, Matthew Arnold by sweetness and light, Gilbert Murray by sweetness and pathos, — and all through the divine right of Victorian expansion. It has been a profoundly unconscious development in all these men. They have instinctively and innocently attached their little oil-can to the coat-tails of Euripides and of the other great Attic writers. They have not been interested in Greek for its own sake. They have been interested in the exploitations of Greece for the purpose of British consumption.

Some people will contend that none of the writers of this school are, properly speaking, professional scholars. Others will contend that professional scholarship is tolerable only because it tends to promote cultivation of a non-professional kind. For instance, Jowett was never regarded as a scholar by the darkest-dyed Oxford experts, and Jebb of Cambridge is undoubtedly regarded as an amateur in Germany, because he descends to making translations. The severest classicist is able to talk only about texts. He is too great to do anything else. And yet, properly speaking, these men are all scholars. Murray represents popular scholarship to a degree which would have shocked Matthew Arnold, just as Arnold himself would have been poison to Nauck, — Nauck the author of the text of Euripides.

But they are all scholars, and Murray who is an Australian, and who rose into University prominence on the wings of University Extension, and through his lyric gift rather than through his learning, belongs to Oxford by race and by nature, as well as by adoption. The outsider ought not to confuse him with the whole of Oxford, and the whole of Oxford ought not to disown him after making him the head and front of its Hellenism so far as the world at large can judge. Murray, as St. Paul would say, is not the inner Oxford; but Murray is the outer Oxford which the inner Oxford cannot too eagerly sniff at or condemn; because he is no accident, but a true-bred Oxonian of the Imperial epoch.

The tendency of universities has ever been to breed cliques and secret societies, to produce embroideries and start hothouses of specialized feeling. They do well in doing this: it is all they can do. We should look upon them as great furnaces of culture, largely social in their influence, which warm and nourish the general temperament of a nation. Would that in America we had a local school of classic cultivation half as interesting as this Oxford Movement, — quaint and non-intellectual as it is! It is alive and it is national. While most absurd from the point of view of universal culture, it is most satisfactory from the domestic point of view, — as indeed everything in England is. If in America we ever develop any true universities, they will have faults of their own. Their defects will be of a new strain, no doubt, and will reflect our national shortcomings. These thoughts but teach us that we cannot use other people's eyes or other people's eye-glasses. We have still to grind the lenses through which we shall, in our turn, observe the classics.

III

Ancient religion is of all subjects in the world the most difficult. Every religion, even at the time it was in progress, was always completely misunderstood, and the misconceptions have increased with the ages. They multiply with every monument that is unearthed. If the Eleusinian mysteries were going at full blast to-day, so that we could attend them, as we do the play at Oberammergau, their interpretation would still present difficulties. Mommsen and Rhode would disagree. But ten thousand years from now, when nothing survives except a line out of St. John's Gospel and a tablet stating that Fischer played the part of Christ for three successive decades, many authoritative books will be written about Oberammergau, and reputations will be made over it. Anything which we approach as religion becomes a nightmare of suggestion, and hales us hither and thither with thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul.

The *Alcestis* and the *Bacchantes* are,

in this paper, approached with the idea that they are *plays*. This seems not to have been done often enough with Greek plays. They are regarded as examples of the sublime, as forms of philosophic thought, as moral essays, as poems, even as illustrations of dramatic law, and they are unquestionably all of these things. But they were primarily plays, — intended to pass the time and exhilarate the emotions. They came into being as plays, and their form and make-up can best be understood by a study of the dramatic business in them. They become poems and philosophy incidentally, and afterwards: they were born as plays. A playwright is always an entertainer, and unless his desire to hold his audience overpoweringly predominates, he will never be a success. It is probable that even with Æschylus, — who stands *hors ligne* as the only playwright in history who was really in earnest about morality, — we should have to confess that his passion as a dramatic artist came *first*. He held his audiences by strokes of tremendous dramatic novelty. Both the stage traditions and the plays themselves bear this out. The fact is that it is not easy to keep people sitting in a theatre; and unless the idea of holding their attention predominates with the author, they will walk out, and he will not be able to deliver the rest of his story.

In the grosser forms of dramatic amusement — for example, where a bicycle acrobat is followed by a comic song, we are not compelled to find any philosophic depth of idea in the sequence. But in dealing with works of great and refined dramatic genius like the *Tempest*, or the *Bacchantes*, where the emotions played upon are subtly interwoven, there will always be found certain minds which remain unsatisfied with the work of art itself, but must have it explained. Even Beethoven's Sonatas have been supplied with philosophic addenda, — statements of their meaning. We know how much Shakespeare's intentions used to puzzle the Germans. Men feel that somewhere at the back of their own consciousness there is a philosophy or a religion with which the arts have some relation. In so far as these affinities are touched upon in a manner that leaves them mysteries, we have good criticism; but when people dogmatize about them, we have bad criticism. In the meantime the great artist goes his way. His own problems are enough for him.

The early critics were puzzled to classify the *Alcestis*, and no wonder, for it contains many varieties of dramatic writing. For this very reason it is a good play to take as a sample of Greek spirit and Greek workmanship. It is a little Greek cosmos, and it happens to depict a side of Greek thought which is sympathetic to modern sentiment, so that we seem to be at home in its atmosphere. The *Alcestis* is thought to be in a class by itself. And yet, indeed, under close examination, every Greek play falls into a class by itself (there are only about forty-five of them in all), and the maker of each was probably more concerned at the time with the dramatic experiment upon which he found himself launched than he was with any formal classification which posterity might assign to his play.

In the *Alcestis* Euripides made one of the best plays in the world, full of true pathos, full of jovial humor, both of which sometimes verge upon the burlesque. The happy ending is understood from the start, and none of the grief is painful. Alcestis herself is the good-wife of Greek household myth, who is ready to die for her husband. To this play the bourgeois takes his

half-grown family. He rejoices when he hears that it is to be given. The absurdities of the fairy-tale are accepted simply. Heracles has his club, Death his sword, Apollo his lyre. The women wail, Admetus whines; there is buffoonery, there are tears, there is wit, there is conventional wrangling, and that word-chopping so dear to the Mediterranean theatre, which exists in all classic drama and survives in the Punch and Judy show of to-day. And there is the charming return of Heracles with the veiled lady whom he presents to Admetus as a slave for safe keeping, whom Admetus refuses to receive for conventional reasons, but whom every child in the audience feels to be the real Alcestis, even before Heracles unveils her and gives her back into her husband's bosom with speeches on both sides that are like the closing music of a dream.

The audience disperses at the close, feeling that it has spent a happy hour. No sonata of Mozart is more completely beautiful than the *Alcestis*. No comedy of Shakespeare approaches it in perfection. The merit of the piece lies not in any special idea it conveys, but entirely in the manner in which everything is carried out.

IV

It is clear at a glance that the *Alcestis* belongs to an epoch of extreme sophistication. Everything has been thought out and polished; every ornament is a poem. If a character has to give five words of explanation or of prayer, it is done in silver. The tone is all the tone of cultivated society, the appeal is an appeal to the refined, casuistical intelligence. The smile of Voltaire is all through Greek literature; and it was not until the age of Louis XIV, or the Regency, that the modern world was again to know a refinement and a sophistication which recall the Greek work. Now, in one word, — this subtlety which pleases us in matters of sentiment is the very thing that separates us from the Greek upon the profoundest questions of philosophy. Where religious or metaphysical truth is touched upon, either Greek sophistication carries us off our feet with a rapture which has no true relation to the subject, or else we are offended by it. We do not understand sophistication. The Greek has pushed æsthetic analysis further than the modern can bear. We follow well enough through the light issues, but when the deeper questions are reached we lose our footing. At this point the modern cries out in applause, 'Religion, philosophy, pure feeling, the soul!' — He cries out, 'Mystic cult, Asiatic influence, Nature worship, — deep things over there!' — Or else he cries, 'What amazing cruelty, what cynicism!' And yet it is none of these things, but only the artistic perfection of the work which is moving us. We are the victims of clever stage-management.

The cruder intelligence is ever compelled to regard the man of complex mind as a priest or as a demon. The child, for instance, asks about the character in a story, 'But is he a good man or a bad man, papa?' The child must have a moral explanation of anything which is beyond his æsthetic comprehension. So also does the modern intelligence question the Greek.

The matter is complicated by yet another element, namely stage convention. Our modern stage is so different from the classic stage that we are bad judges of the Greek playwright's intentions. The quarrels which arise as to allegorical or secondary meanings in a work of art are generally connected with some unfamiliar feature of its setting. A great light is thrown upon any work of art when we show

how its form came into being, and thus explain its primary meaning. Such an exposition of the primary or apparent meaning is often sufficient to put all secondary meanings out of court. For instance: It is, as we know, the Germans who have found in Shakespeare a coherent philosophic intention. They think that he wrote plays for the purpose of stating metaphysical truths. The Englishman does not believe this, because the Englishman is familiar with that old English stage work. He knows its traditions, its preoccupation with story-telling, its mundane character, its obliviousness to the sort of thing that Germany has in mind. The Englishman knows the conventions of his own stage, and this protects him from finding mare's-nests in Shakespeare. Again, — Shakespeare's sonnets used to be a favorite field for mystical exegesis, till Sir Sidney Lee explained their form by reference to the sixteenth-century sonnet literature of the continent. This put to flight many theories.

In other words, the appeal to convention is the first duty of the scholar. But, unfortunately, in regard to the conventions of the Classic Stage, the moderns are all in the dark. Nothing like that stage exists to-day. We are obliged to make guesses as to its intentions, its humor, its relation to philosophy. If the classics had only possessed a cabinet-sized drama, like our own, we might have been at home there. But this giant-talk, this megaphone-and-buskin method, offers us a problem in dynamics which staggers the imagination. All we can do is to tread lightly and guess without dogmatizing. The typical Athenian, Euripides, was so much deeper-dyed in skepticism than any one since that day, that really no one has ever lived who could cross-question him, — let alone expound the meanings of his plays. In reading Euripides, we find ourselves, at moments, ready to classify him as a satirist, and at other moments as a man of feeling. Of course he was both. Sometimes he seems like a religious man, and again, like a charlatan. Of course he was neither. He was a playwright.

V

The *Bacchantes*, like every other Greek play, is the result, first, of the legend, second, of the theatre. There is always some cutting and hacking, due to the difficulty of getting the legend into the building. Legends differ as to their dramatic possibilities, and the incidents which are to be put on the stage must be selected by the poet. The site of the play must be fixed. Above all, a Chorus must be arranged for.

The choosing of a Chorus is indeed one of the main problems of the tragedian. If he can hit on a natural sort of Chorus he is a made man. In the *Alcestis* we saw that the whole background of grief and wailing was one source of the charm of the play. Not only are the tragic parts deepened, but the gayer scenes are set off by this feature. If the fable provides no natural and obvious Chorus, the playwright must bring his Chorus on the stage by stretching the imagination of the audience. He employs a group of servants or of friends of the hero; if the play is a marine piece, he uses sailors. The whole atmosphere of his play depends upon the happiness of his choice.

In the *Agamemnon* 'the old men left-at-home' form the Chorus. There is enough dramatic power in this one idea to carry a play. It is so natural: the old men are on the spot; they are interested; they are the essence of the story, and yet external to it. These old men are, indeed, the archetype of all choruses, — a collection of bystanders, a sort of little dummy audience,

intended to steer the great, real audience into a comprehension of the play.

The Greek dramatist found this very useful machine, the Chorus, at his elbow; but he was, on the other hand, greatly controlled by it. It had ways of its own: it inherited dramatic necessities. The element of convention and of theatrical usage is so very predominant in the handling of Greek choruses by the poets, that we have in chorus-work something that may be regarded almost as a constant quality. By studying choruses one can arrive at an idea of the craft of Greek play-writing, — one can even separate the conventional from the personal to some extent.

The Greek Chorus has no mind of its own; it merely gives echo to the last dramatic thought. It goes forward and back, contradicts itself, sympathizes with all parties or none, and lives in a limbo. Its real function is to represent the slow-minded man in the audience. It does what he does, it interjects questions and doubts, it delays the plot and indulges in the proper emotions during the pauses. These functions are quite limited, and were completely understood in Greek times; so much so, that in the typical stock tragedy of the Æschylean school certain saws, maxims, and reflections appear over and over again. One of them, of course, was, 'See how the will of the gods works out in unexpected ways.' Another, 'Let us be pious, and reverence something that is perhaps behind the gods themselves.' Another, 'This is all very extraordinary: let us hope for the best.' Another, 'Our feelings about right and wrong must somehow be divine; traditional morality, traditional piety, are somehow right.'

Precisely the same reflections are often put in the mouths of the subordinate characters, and for precisely the same purpose. 'O may the quiet life be mine! Give me neither poverty nor riches: for the destinies of the great are ever uncertain.' 'Temptation leads to insolence, and insolence to destruction'; and so forth. Such reflections serve the same purpose, by whomever they are uttered. They underscore the moral of the story and assure the spectator that he has not missed the point.

As religious tragedy broadened into political and romantic tragedy, the Chorus gained a certain freedom in what might be called its interjectional duty, — its duty, that is to say, of helping the plot along by proper questions, and so forth. It gained also a Protean freedom in its emotional interpretations during pauses. The playwrights apparently discovered that by the use of music and dancing, the most subtle and delicate, nay, the most whimsical varieties of lyrical mood could be conveyed to great audiences. In spite of this license, however, the old duties of the Chorus as guardians of conservative morality remained unchanged; and the stock phrases of exhortation and warning remained *de rigueur* in the expectation of the audience. Their meaning had become so well-known that, by the time of Æschylus, they were expressed in algebraic terms.

No man could to-day unravel a Chorus of Æschylus if only one such Chorus existed. The truncated phrases and elliptical thoughts are clear, to us, because we have learned their meaning through reiteration, and because they always mean the same thing. The poet has a license to provide the Chorus with dark sayings, — dark in form, but simple in import. It was, indeed, his duty to give these phrases an oracular character. In the course of time such phrases became the terror of the copyists. Obscure passages became corrupt in process of transcription; and thus we have inherited a whole class

of choral wisdom which we understand *well enough* (just as the top gallery understood it *well enough*) to help us in our enjoyment of the play. The obscurity, and perhaps even some part of what we call 'corruption,' are here a part of the stage convention.

Now with regard to the *Bacchantes:* —the scheme of having Mænads for a Chorus gave splendid promise of scenic effect; and the fact that, as a logical consequence, these ladies would have to give utterance to the usual maxims of piety, mixed in with the rhapsodies of their professional madness, did not daunt Euripides. He simply makes the Chorus do the usual chorus work, without burdening his mind about character-drawing. Thus the Mænads, at moments when they are not pretending to be Mænads, and are not singing, 'Away to the mountains, O the foot of the stag,' and so on, are obliged to turn the other cheek, and pretend to be interested bystanders, — old gaffers, wagging their beards, and quoting the book of Proverbs. The transition from one mood to the other is done in a stroke of lightning, and seems to be independent of the music. That is, it *seems* to make no difference, so long as the musical schemes are filled out, whether the ladies are singing, 'On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!' or, 'True wisdom differs from sophistry, and consists in avoiding subjects that are beyond mortal comprehension.' All such discrepancies would, no doubt, have been explained if we possessed the music; but the music is lost. It seems, at any rate, certain that the grand public was not expected to understand the word-for-word meaning of choruses; hence their license to be obscure. We get the same impression from the jibes of Aristophanes, whose ridicule of the pompous obscurity of Æschylus makes us suspect that the audiences could not follow the grammar in the lofty parts of the tragedy. They accepted the drum-roll of horror, and understood the larger grammar of tragedy, much as we are now forced to do in reading the plays.

It would seem that by following the technique of tragedy, and by giving no thought to small absurdities, Euripides got a double effect out of his Mænads and no one observed that anything was wrong. In one place he resorts to a dramatic device, which was perhaps well-known in his day, — namely, the 'conversion' of a bystander. After the First Messenger has given the great description of Dionysus's doings in the mountains, the Chorus, or one of them, with overpowering yet controlled emotion, steps forward and says, 'I tremble to speak free words in the presence of my King; yet nevertheless be it said: Dionysus is no less a god than the greatest of them!' This reference to the duty of a subject is probably copied from a case where the Chorus was made up of local bystanders. In the mouth of a Mænad the proclamation is logically ridiculous; yet so strange are the laws of what 'goes' on the stage that it may have been effective even here.

Some of the choruses in the *Bacchantes* are miracles of poetic beauty, of savage passion, of liquid power. It is hard to say exactly what they are, but they are wonderful. And behind all, there gleams from the whole play a sophistication as deep as the Ægean.

VI

There is one thing that we should never do in dealing with anything Greek. We should not take a scrap of the Greek mind and keep on examining it until we find a familiar thought in it. No bit of Greek art is to be viewed as a thing in itself. It is always a fragment, and gets its value from the whole.

Every bit of carved stone picked up in Athens is a piece of architecture; so is every speech in a play, every phrase in a dialogue. You must go back and bring in the whole Theatre or the whole Academy, and put back the fragment in its place by means of ladders, before you can guess at its meaning. The inordinate significance that seems to gleam from every broken toy of Greece, results from this very quality, — that the object is a part of something else. Just because the thing has no meaning by itself, it implies so much. Somehow it drags the whole life of the Greek nation before you. The favorite Greek maxim, 'Avoid excess,' does the same. It keeps telling you to remember yesterday and to-morrow; to remember the *palæstra* and the market-place; above all to remember that the very opposite of what you say is also true. Wherever you are, and whatever doing, you must remember the *rest* of the Greek world.

It is no wonder that the Greeks could not adopt the standards and contrivances of other nations, while their own standards and contrivances resulted from such refined and perpetual balancing and shaving of values. This refinement has become part of their daily life; and whether one examines a drinking cup or a dialogue or a lyric, and whether the thing be from the age of Homer or from the age of Alexander, the fragment always gives us a glimpse into the same Greek world. The foundation of this world seems to be the Myth; and as the world grew it developed in terms of Myth. The Greek mind had only one background. Athletics and Statuary, Epic and Drama, Religion and Art, Skepticism and Science expressed themselves through the same myths. In this lies the fascination of Greece for us. What a complete cosmos it is! And how different from any other civilization! Modern life, like modern language, is a monstrous amalgam, a conglomeration and mess of idioms from every age and every clime. The classic Greek hangs together like a wreath. It has been developed rapidly, during a few hundred years, and has an inner harmony like the temple. Language and temple, — each was an apparition; each is, in its own way, perfect.

Consider wherein Rome differed from Greece. The life of the Romans was a patchwork, like our own. Their religion was formal, their art imported, their literature imitative, their aims were practical, their interests unimaginative. All social needs were controlled by political considerations. This sounds almost like a description of modern life; and it explains why the Romans are so close to us. Cicero, Horace, Cæsar, Antony, are moderns. But Alcibiades, Socrates, Pericles, and the rest take their stand in Greek fable. Like Pisistratus, Solon, and Lycurgus, they melt into legend and belong to the realms of the imagination.

No other people ever bore the same relation to their arts that the Greeks bore; and in this lies their charm. When the Alexandrine critics began to classify poetry and to discuss perfection, they never even mentioned the Roman poetry, although all of the greatest of it was in existence. Why is this? It is because no Roman poem is a poem at all from the Greek point of view. It is too individual, too clever, and, generally, too political. Besides, it is not in Greek. The nearest modern equivalent to the development of the whole Greek world of art is to be found in German contrapuntal music. No one except a German has ever written a true sonata or a symphony, in the true polyphonic German style. There are *tours de force* done by other nationalities; but the natural idiom of this music is Teutonic.

I am not condemning the Latins,

or the moderns. Indeed, there is in Horace something nobler and more humane than in all Olympus. The Greeks, moreover, seem in their civic incompetence like children, when contrasted with the Romans or with the moderns. But in power of utterance, within their own crafts, the Greeks are unapproachable. Let us now speak of matters of which we know very little.

The statues on the Parthenon stand in a region where direct criticism cannot reach them, but which trigonometry may, to some extent, determine. Their beauty probably results from an artistic knowledge so refined, a sophistication so exact, that, as we gaze, we lose the process and see only results. A Greek architect could have told you just what lines of analysis must be followed in order to get these effects in grouping and in relief. It is all, no doubt, built up out of *tonic* and *dominant*, — but the manual of counterpoint has been lost. As the tragic poet fills the stage with the legend, so the sculptor fills the metope with the legend. Both are closely following artistic usage: each is merely telling the old story with new refinement. And whether we gaze at the actors on the stage or at the figures in the metope, whether we study a lyric or listen to a dialogue, we are in communion with the same genius, the same legend. The thing which moves and delights us is a unity.

This Genius is not hard to understand. Any one can understand it. That is the proof of its greatness. As Boccaccio said of Dante, not learning but good wits are needed to appreciate him. One cannot safely look toward the mind of the modern scholar for an understanding of the Greek mind, because the modern scholar is a specialist, — a thing the Greek abhors. If a scholar to-day knows the acoustics of the Greek stage, that is thought to be a large enough province for him. He is not allowed to be an authority on the scenery. In the modern scholar's mind everything is in cubby-holes; and everybody to-day wants to become an authority. Every one, moreover, is very serious to-day; and it does not do to be too serious about Greek things, because the very genius of Greece has in it a touch of irony, which combines with our seriousness to make a heavy, indigestible paste. The Greek will always laugh at you if he can, and the only hope is to keep him at arm's length, and deal with him in the spirit of social life, of the world, of the *beau monde*, and of large conversation. His chief merit is to stimulate this spirit. The less we dogmatize about his works and ways, the freer will the world be of secondary, second-rate commentaries. The more we study his works and ways, the fuller will the world become of intellectual force.

The Greek classics are a great help in tearing open those strong envelopes in which the cultivation of the world is constantly getting glued up. They helped Europe to cut free from theocratic tyranny in the late Middle Ages. They held the Western world together after the fall of the Papacy. They gave us modern literature: indeed, if one considers all that comes from Greece, one can hardly imagine what the world would have been like without her. The lamps of Greek thought are still burning in marble and in letters. The complete little microcosm of that Greek society hangs forever in the great macrocosm of the moving world, and sheds rays which dissolve prejudice, making men thoughtful, rational, and gay. The greatest intellects are ever the most powerfully affected by it; but no one escapes. Nor can the world ever lose this benign influence, which must, so far as philosophy can imagine, qualify human life forever.

A PLEA FOR ERASMIANS

BY CHARLES H. A. WAGER

I

In 1521, the year of the Diet of Worms, Albrecht Dürer wrote in his diary: —

'O Erasmus of Rotterdam, where art thou delaying? Behold what the unrighteous tyranny of the power of this world, what the might of darkness can do! Hear, thou knight of Christ! Defend the truth! Attain the martyr's crown!'

In the same year, Erasmus, writing to an English friend, explains why he cannot support Luther: —

'Even if everything he wrote had been right, I had no intention of putting my head in danger for the sake of the truth. It is n't every one that has the strength for martyrdom, and I sadly fear that if any tumult should arise, I should follow the example of Peter. I obey the decrees of emperor and pope, when they are right, because that is my duty; when they are wrong I bear it, because that is the safe plan. This I believe to be permitted to good men, if there is no hope of improvement.'

Now, it must be admitted that this is not exactly a knightly utterance. A 'soul-animating' strain it can hardly be called. Indeed, this *Ritter Christi* seems a pitiful figure enough in the pages of certain of his biographers, — a *poseur*, if not an instinctive and elaborate liar; an inveterate trimmer, unluckily born into an age that demanded honest and determined men; a fussy valetudinarian, maundering about his stomach and his need of Burgundy wine, the inconveniences of inns, and the hard lot of a wandering scholar; so skillful a juggler with words that in reading his letters and treatises, one must exercise constant vigilance to disentangle from what he said he was doing and what he thought he was doing, what he was really doing. If this were the whole story, Erasmus, as a 'hero of the Reformation,' would be but a pinchbeck hero after all. There is, however, an obvious interpretation of his character and career which quite justifies the admiration in which he has always been held by a respectable minority of the reading world. While the categories of Lutheran and Erasmian are probably not so inclusive as those of Platonist and Aristotelian, yet they mark a fundamental distinction of temper among thinking men. Erasmus, in fact, is the patron, if not the founder, of an intellectual order; and it is to an apology for that order, which is not always understood or esteemed according to its merit, that these pages are addressed.

When Luther defied Empire and Papacy at Worms, Erasmus was already a famous and influential man. He had made all Europe ring with laughter at the vices and absurdities of the monastic orders. He had squarely taken the position that the Church needed reform, but that reform must come through the men of light and leading within the Church. Ignorance and an uncritical habit were the chief sources of the existing evils, and an enlightened scholarship would cure them.

A fine, critical sense must be developed; the habit must be formed of clearing away mere conventions, however solemn, and of seeing things as they are. It was necessary that existing institutions and doctrines should be tried by the New Testament and the teachings of the Fathers. To this end, Erasmus had prepared his critical edition of the New Testament, which should in the first place open the eyes of clerics and scholars, and in the second place be a basis for vernacular translations which should find their way into the home of every peasant in Europe. 'Teach your boys carefully,' he wrote to an ardent young scholar, 'edit the writings of the Fathers, and irreligious religion and unlearned learning will pass away in due time.'

It is not surprising that Erasmus should have had such faith in the power of learning. He had seen in England a learned and cultivated prince whose purpose it was to foster scholarship for the sake of its effect upon religion. He had seen the wise and generous Warham made Archbishop of Canterbury; Colet, the learned and pious, Dean of St. Paul's; and Thomas More a councilor of the king. Could any state of things be more hopeful for the Church? If this could be in England, why not on the continent? He foresaw, therefore, a peaceful reformation of the Church from within, produced partly by genial satire of existing absurdities, but chiefly by the combination of exalted piety with sound scholarship in men of high place. Gradually health should descend from the head to the extremities of the body ecclesiastical, the monks should be shamed out of their ignorance and idleness, the laity, under better instruction, be restored to primitive piety and devotion to pure religion. The Church should slowly cast off the burden of the merely speculative dogmas that she had imposed upon herself, and should once more know the perfect freedom of her early days. And all this should be done without anger or violence, without laying profane hands upon any sacred thing, without giving an opening to anarchy, without disturbing the basis of faith in any honest man.

An attractive picture, was it not? Surely, far more attractive than what actually happened. It may be true that the time was past for any such Arcadian visions, that the state of religion demanded a violent upheaval, in which the good and the bad should be cleared away to make room for a new heaven and earth. Erasmus's plan of reform was, perhaps, impracticable, but his ideal, at least, was eminently sane and reasonable. In any case, it is unfair to judge him too severely. Doubtless our views of the real issues of his time and their inevitable outcome are enlightened and philosophic, but we do well to remember Burke's remark that 'men are wise with but little reflection, and good with but little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own.'

But, in fact, it is not perfectly clear that Erasmus was wrong. It may be pious, it is certainly practical, to accept any actual state of things as ideal, or, at any rate, to behave as if it were. But the philosophically minded can hardly refrain from asking, 'Might not the same result, or, conceivably, a better result, have been brought about by other and less destructive means?' An unwavering faith in 'manifest destiny' is, no doubt, very comfortable, but it is not possible to all minds.

At all events, Erasmus was doomed to disappointment. He saw the peaceful progress of internal reform interrupted by the violence of an obscure monk. He saw not only the excrescences of Catholicism attacked, but the very foundation of the Church. He

saw the doctrine of authority defied, and the right of private judgment, a right which he had always upheld, imposed upon the foolish and headstrong, as well as upon the prudent. He saw the natural result of this in outbursts of social and political anarchy, and, what was worse, in the instinctive reaction of bigotry and intolerance within the shaken Church. He saw, moreover, himself, Erasmus, held up by churchmen and revolutionists alike as the instigator of the rebellion. 'This,' cried the monks, 'is what comes of teaching the people to laugh at us.' 'Come out like a man,' cried the Lutherans. 'You have always been one of us in spirit. Give us now, give the cause of sound religion the immense weight of your scholarship, your sanity, your piety! This is your opportunity!'

It is easy enough to accuse Erasmus, at this crisis, of cowardice and shuffling, easy enough to inveigh against his fatuous temporizing at a time when only actions counted. But it is to be remembered that on the one hand, he saw methods which he disapproved resulting in measures which he hated; he saw good and bad, essential and non-essential, confounded and swept away together. On the other hand, he saw that Luther's cause was really the one for which he, himself, had fought for many years, — deformed, monstrously perverted, but still his cause. Surely, if ever man's soul was tried, Erasmus was the man. For a time, he tried, with vain but sensible appeals, to moderate the frenzy of both sides. To churchmen he wrote urging toleration and gentle measures with Luther. To Luther he wrote: 'Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant. Quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation. Avoid all appearance of sedition. Keep cool; do not get angry; do not hate anybody. Do not be excited over the noise which you have made.' The attitude which he had maintained from the beginning is, perhaps, best set forth in a letter of 1520. He knows that many things are in need of reform, but he is fearful that more harm may be done by violently taking from the unlearned precious half-truths than by allowing them to work out their own emancipation. 'We must bear almost anything,' the letter runs, 'rather than throw the world into confusion. . . . For myself, I prefer to be silent and introduce no novelties into religion. . . . I recommended Luther to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God.'

But the end was inevitable. More and more shocked by the excesses of the reformers, believing more and more firmly that they were merely setting up a new tyranny in place of the old, the tyranny of the mob, he threw his influence on the papal side, and died distrusted by extreme Catholics and Protestants, alike. He bears the proud title of 'the humanist of the Reformation,' but to the moralizing historian he is a terrible example of one who made 'the great refusal,' who, through cowardice and time-serving, lost the prouder title of one of the great emancipators of the human spirit.

II

Which things are an allegory. Erasmus is an inexhaustibly interesting historical personage, because he is more than that; he is a type as old as civilization. He is not to be confounded with the Hamlets and Amiels, whom he superficially resembles. Their disease is impotence of will; their weakness, the lack of 'the courage of imperfection,' the courage to do their best, however

inadquate the means, however uncertain the issue. The difficulty of Erasmus and the Erasmians is an intellectual one. They are blinded by excess of light. They see too clearly both sides of every question to commit themselves to either. They lack the sublime *abandon* with which simpler and usually less enlightened spirits throw themselves into causes which they only half comprehend. Naturally, the practical world cannot do away with such hair-splitting. The Erasmians are adjured to act, without too much regard for past causes or future results. They are said to lack faith, and, in truth, they are essentially skeptics. To them, only an adumbration of truth is within the reach of finite minds, and they are unable to become violently energetic for an adumbration. They have the penetration of Disraeli, without drawing his practical inference. In one of his novels a son complains to his father that at college they taught him only words, and he wished to know ideas. The father replies, evidently voicing the belief of the great political phrase-maker, 'Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men.'

The Erasmians decline to govern or be governed by words. They prefer to delay and reflect and compare, in the hope that at last one idea may become so clear, so compelling, so comparatively certain that it may result in an act. The process is long and very trying to active spirits; but the Erasmians have infinite patience. It is a glorious thing to wear the martyr's crown. But is there no difference between martyrdom in a good cause and martyrdom in a doubtful one? The Erasmians think there is. 'The greatest obstacle to being heroic,' writes Hawthorne, 'is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed.'

Well, the Erasmians would agree to that. 'A certain partiality, a headiness and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay. Act, if you like, — but you do it at your peril.' Such is Emerson's warning. The Erasmians prefer to reduce the peril to the lowest possible terms. To them, a certain headiness and loss of balance are, at all costs, to be avoided.

Now, the result of such views, inactivity, is precisely the result of reactionary conservatism. Whether a man declines to act because he is weighing ideas, or because he is a slave to tradition and the established order, makes very little difference to the world; but there is a difference, for all that. The Erasmians, like most sensible men, agree that there is a presumption in favor of antiquity. It seems to them little like economy, considering the number of things of which the world is full, to begin all discussions of all subjects *ab ovo*. They do not wake every morning with the idea that everything is an open question, for they see clearly enough whither this leads. They have no mind to enroll themselves in the inglorious register of the revivers of venerable political blunders and the preachers of forgotten and exploded heresies. Yet, they distinctly do not propose to be deluded by mere words, however sacrosanct. To them, as to their great exemplar, every ancient absurdity that claims the reverence due to age is fair game.

They make a clear distinction between essentials and non-essentials, between ideas which have received the stamp of time and those which have merely received the stamp of convention. And the latter it is their way to cover with inextinguishable laughter. Like the third Lord Shaftesbury, they

believe 'in the freedom of wit and humor.' They think that ridicule is a criterion of true and false enthusiasm, and that 'opinions which claim to be exempted from raillery and discussion afford presumptive evidence of their falsity.' While the method is open to obvious dangers, and is certain to be condemned by persons who take themselves with undue seriousness, yet it is precisely the method by which Addison and Steele reformed, in a measure, the society of their time. It is a method of warfare that demands no violence, that attacks measures, not men, and that often, by its intrinsic charm, half heals the wounds it makes. At any rate, it is the only method possible to the Erasmian. He hates and fears violence almost as much as he hates and fears evil. He knows that violent remedial measures frequently destroy an institution that needs only reformation. 'What does war breed, but war?' cries Erasmus, 'while gentleness calls forth gentleness, and equity invites equity.' The Erasmian consistently maintains that there are few evils so bad as war, so harmful in themselves, so destructive in all their relations — an inglorious doctrine in these militant days, a doctrine that will always be an abomination to the children of this world, but a doctrine ever to be expected on the lips of the children of light.

The Erasmian is not wholly faithless. He has faith in the power of thought. He may believe that the hope of attaining absolute and ultimate truth on any subject, most of all the highest, is an idle dream; therefore he dislikes dogmatism. But, on the other hand, 'discourse of reason,' the power to 'look before and after,' he knows to be, however inadequate, man's only instrument for acquiring truth and for making it prevail. In other words, he has faith in the supremacy of ideas. He believes that in the long run they will prevail, and he sees the danger of attempting to supersede them by any other agent. He knows that this can be done, that something quite the reverse of ideas may for a time be made to prevail, and that men will accept the inferior thing in utter ignorance that it is not the highest. Hence, the compelling impulse that drives the Erasmian to criticism. He may not, himself, be constructive; it may not be the moment for construction; but at any rate, he is determined that no false and shoddy edifice shall cumber the ground and prevent the fair, ideal structure which he foresees.

He is not apologetic under the sneers or arguments of believers in a second-best. He will not be diverted from his critical office by appeals to his pride or to his patriotism. It may be admitted, perhaps, that patriotism, in its narrow sense, is not one of his governing motives. He is inclined to be that superior and disagreeable thing, a cosmopolitan. Like Erasmus himself, his home is the place where he has most freedom of thought. Even though, like that great scholar, he may not spend his life in wandering from city to city and forget the very place of his birth, yet he maintains a detached, critical attitude toward his native land that greatly irritates his neighbors.

He cannot see that a thing is right because it is 'our national way.' He tells us, his compatriots, the plainest of truths, classifies us under various opprobrious categories, and compares us with neighboring rivals to our great disadvantage. But we must do him the justice to confess that no land seems to suit him altogether, and that he tells our rivals the same disagreeable truths he has told us. The fact is, he is testing all civilizations by his standards of ideas, and if we blame him for lacking the patriotic weakness, we must praise

him for bringing to all his national studies the same high seriousness, the same exacting criterion.

It is a compliment to be criticized by such a man. Surely, in our right minds, we find it a welcome relief from the monotony of contemplating our virtues. Such criticism is usually entertaining to a candid mind, and always wholesome. The Erasmian, under these circumstances, is really an inspiring sight. He speaks as the citizen of a commonwealth of which all human societies are more or less successful imitations, — the commonwealth of ideas, where philosophers are kings.

His independence of national ties naturally extends to parties. He has no shibboleths. He alternately ridicules and reviles 'the machine.' He finds it difficult to comprehend that men of humor — much more, men of intelligence and piety — should take political organization seriously. With Lord Morley he declares: 'Politics are a field where action is one long second-best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders.' Choices of that sort, as we have seen, he is loath to make. He is accused by practical politicians of being a hopeless visionary, making impossible demands; but all he really asks is the application of ideas and rudimentary morals to political affairs.

He is as slow to commit himself unreservedly to individuals as to parties, for he knows how fatally seductive enthusiasm for a great personality may become. He is frequently found scourging his prophets for their soul's health; and in dealing with false political gods, he not seldom forgets to be urbane. To be rigidly just, I must confess that he sometimes forgets to attend the primaries, and he has been known not to vote at a presidential election. This, however, is not due to carelessness, but to a temporary spasm of despair, to which his kind is subject.

In religion it is as difficult for him to be a partisan as in politics. It should be said at the outset that he is a fundamentally religious man — not devout, precisely, but essentially religious. He holds with Erasmus himself that 'the sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects.' He is, therefore, rather likely to ally himself with no ecclesiastical party or sect, to sit 'as God, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all.' He is, however, equally consistent if he gives a limited allegiance to some great historic faith for the sake of the principle of authority, in which he believes. But, he is no more comfortable neighbor ecclesiastically than he is politically. He is usually regarded by the foes of religion as a hypocrite and a coward, and by its friends as a very doubtful ally; both sides relegate him to Dante's 'sect of those displeasing to God and to his enemies.' He is, unquestionably, open to Mr. Gladstone's criticism of Matthew Arnold as a theologian: 'He combined a sincere devotion to the Christian religion with a faculty for presenting it in such a form as to be recognizable neither by friend nor foe.'

Ethically he is often accused of laxity, and he is certainly not austere. He is genuinely humane, and believes that whatever makes human life happier, gentler, more refined, more tolerant, is a moral agent. He finds that intellectual shuffling and the uncritical acceptance of venerable fictions are quite as immoral as more easily recognized vices. He maintains the unpopular theory that severe intellectual discipline is itself moralizing. Always, to the Erasmian, the emphasis lies on the human and the tentative in religion, never on the superhuman and the dog-

matic. Toward the pathos of human striving he is tender; toward its ill-judged attempts at fixity and exclusiveness he is genially severe.

III

The Erasmian is not useless to society. He performs a function, ungrateful, indeed, but in the highest degree necessary. The history of human institutions entirely confirms Burke's dictum that 'all men possessed of an uncontrolled discretionary power leading to the aggrandizement and profit of their own body have always abused it.' Hence, in parliaments and churches and society in general, the need of an opposition, enlightened, incorruptible, eternally vigilant. This the Erasmian is. He has at least one resemblance to the righteous — he is the salt of human society, and he is not the worse for being Attic salt. Happy the land or the age in which the Erasmians are in numbers respectably proportionate to their self-satisfied neighbors; but they are usually too few to be practically effective — *vox et præterea nihil.*

They are the adherents of unpopular causes and, not seldom, of unsuccessful ones. Like Frederick Denison Maurice, in Arnold's witty characterization, they spend their lives 'beating the bush with deep emotion, but never starting the hare.' But that is distinctly not to say that they are useless. Usually, in the long run, the world comes round to them, but if it does not, they often profoundly modify its course. In vain, like Burke, they may attempt, at a critical epoch, to induce their countrymen to bring ideas to bear upon politics; but, like him, after a hundred years, their opinions may be lauded by practical statesmen as a very *vade mecum* of political theory and practice.

While Burke was, in most respects, very far from illustrating the type of mind that I am describing, yet it was of him, at a certain moment of his career, that Arnold wrote this highly Erasmian sentence: 'When one side of a question has long had your earnest support, when all your feelings are engaged, when you hear all round you no language but one, when your party talks this language like a steam engine and can imagine no other — still to be able to think, still to be irresistibly carried, if so it be, by the current of thought to the opposite side of the question, and, like Balaam, to be unable to speak anything but what the Lord has put in your mouth — that is what I call living by ideas.'

Arnold, himself, is an obvious example of the Erasmian in all his manifold relations to society. In his irony, his disinterestedness, his pursuance of the Aristotelian mean, his faith in culture, and, not least, in his immediate ineffectiveness, he reminds us of the great humanist. 'I do not profess to be a politician,' he writes, 'but simply one of a class of disinterested observers, who, with no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilization.' When we read in Mr. Russell's admirable little book on Arnold that the young Liberals of 1869 declined to learn from him 'to undervalue personal liberty, or to stand aloof from the practical work of citizenship, or to despise Parliamentary effort and its bearing on the better life of England,' we recognize the immediate ineffectiveness of the Erasmian; but when we read, further, that he permanently modified all their thinking on political and social matters, we perceive that 'ineffective' is perhaps not the best term to apply to an influence so profound and so salutary. This is the ordinary attitude of the political

Erasmian, the detached attitude of the spectator and critic.

But English political life a few years ago afforded us the unusual spectacle of an Erasmian in office. Mr. Balfour's speeches, writings, and behavior, alike stamp him as 'sealed of the tribe.' When a newspaper editor cruelly remarks that 'Mr. Balfour's mind is so hospitable that he can harbor contradictory ideas,' what is it but an accusation of extreme Erasmianism?

But we need not confine ourselves to modern times for our examples. There were Erasmians before Erasmus, and he, himself, canonized the patron saint of the order. 'Saint Socrates, pray for us,' he exclaimed on reading the *Phædo*, and in Socrates we find the first and best of all Erasmians. His function was to sting and goad men, if not into virtue, at any rate into an apprehension of their ignorance and vice. To which end, the best means was to force them, by a relentless logic, to bring ideas to bear upon life, and to abandon forthwith all irrational, and hence immoral positions. His fundamental assumption, like that of Erasmus, was that evil conduct is the result of ignorance, and that, therefore, the first remedial measure is to let in the light. Like Erasmus, too, he was loath to dogmatize.

As I have already intimated, it would not be difficult to convict the Erasmian of basal skepticism, and it is one of the ironies of philosophy that skeptics and Platonic transcendentalists alike called Socrates master. His Erasmian character extends even to details of method. The Socratic dialectic, urbane, ironical, sweetly reasonable, is the most formidable weapon in the Erasmian armory. The humane and tolerant sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men is not the least valuable aspect of the Socratic and the Erasmian temper. Like a true Erasmian, Socrates was regarded by the unregenerate and unenlightened of his contemporaries as a wearisome faultfinder, because of the 'damnable iteration' with which he pointed out their follies. And if the cup of hemlock, in one form or another, be the inevitable end of both, there is surely compensation in the approval of the inward 'dæmon' that prevents ill-considered action, and in the veneration of a school of disciples who are fit, though few.

A POET SILENT

BY ALICE BROWN

THE birds are silent, homesick for the south.
And you, my poet, numbed in autumn cold,
Have locked on melody your singing mouth,
And muse upon the spring; yet not that old
Sweet spring, when wing
To wing beat a twinned ecstasy, —
But the rapt secrecies you may not sing,
Of what the year, in-sheathed and folded, yet might be,
If it could break, to your amazèd eyes,
Through airs of Paradise.

So brood in silence, though the expectant ear,
Thrilled once to your clear matins, trembles yet,
And will, with ravishment's remembered pang, to hear
The golden fret
Of words in measures ancient and in beauty new,
Born like the evocation of the leaf, and true
To rhythm as torrential rain,
Or fall of runnels, or the girdling roar
Of the unhindered main.
Still do I see you with the migrant choir
In that dejected pause of intermittent note
And sickened look and dulled desire,
Before they rise, to float
O'er fields inhospitable and branches bare
Where once their elfland arrows pierced the air.

This is the hush preliminary,
This the long rest
Writ down upon your staff of melody.

O you, though dumbly now distrest,
Shall fly, your preluding all done,
Trusting the unviewed track, the charted ease
Of the winged mariner in skyey seas —
Sown with kind stars and little clouds at play —
And make at last that country where alway
They sing who live there, and their harmonies
Join in a blest accord with his pure ardencies
Who is the Lord thereof and sun.

THE DANGER OF TOLERANCE IN RELIGION

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

It is scarcely more than a platitude to say that we are living in an age of transformation of thought. It is not, perhaps, quite so much a platitude to say that we are apt to assume that certain contemporary tendencies in thought are permanent results of that transformation instead of ephemeral phases of it. Every great upheaval of life and thought through which humanity has gone has been accompanied, first, by a popular sense of uncertainty as to truth, and a consequent tolerance of every sort of belief. This tolerance is a mark of the decay of old standards rather than of the formation of new ones. After every period of tolerance there has come a period of intolerance, of intellectual strife, — often accompanied by physical strife. This period of strife is characteristic of the integration of new standards.

The decay of Roman civilization was marked by tolerance of every sort of morals, philosophy, religion. The rise of that civilization which succeeded it was heralded by the intolerant persecution of Christianity, itself an intolerant movement. Eighteenth-century France was marked by a similar universal tolerance, but it was the bitter intolerance of the Revolution which ended this complacency, out of which new standards emerged. Numerous other examples will occur to any one. Tolerance is a destructive force. The succeeding intolerance is constructive. The danger of tolerance is always this, that one may assume it to be a final instead of a preliminary step in thought-development, and in consequence stand half-developed, intellectually immature. The danger of tolerance is that it may destroy the capacity for constructive thought.

Notwithstanding all our pretending that we are of an age which lives and thinks scientifically, we are still, for the most part, not creatures of thought but creatures of sentiment. With most of

us, for instance, the relationship of the sexes is still a matter to be regarded sentimentally. We still ignore as much as possible the physical and social facts back of that relationship. We still, too, for the most part, have sentimental political affiliations with glorious ideals, but little conception of the facts which condition their realization, with much of unreasoning loyalty to parties or persons. We still are apt to have, and desire, a sentimental sort of education for our children, on a cultural basis which ignores at once the necessity of knowledge of the facts of real life and the vulgar necessity of our children's earning a living. We still speak, with a pathetic dignity, in terms of a sentimental economics based on life as a sentimentalist would have it rather than on life as it is. We still enjoy sentimental literature. We still patronize sentimental drama. And because in all these matters most of us are still comparatively unthinking beings, we are apt in all of them to have a genial toleration for our fellows, who, equally unthinking, tolerate us.

In each of these fields, however, there is going on a rapid change. In each there are coming to be small but growing groups which are so very much in earnest that they refuse to be tolerant. As people are facing facts in life rather than mere sentiments about life, the tendency toward intolerance is becoming more and more apparent. Marriage and the problems of sex are discussed more and more with a marked unwillingness to tolerate opinions other than those one has founded upon the basis of facts. Ellen Key, Edward Carpenter, and others like them, write on these subjects powerfully, just because they have passed through the indefiniteness of tolerance to positive and intolerant affirmations.

A few years ago political affiliations were almost wholly superficial. As politics have integrated more and more around the seen facts of our civic and economic inter-relationships we have observed a renewal of intolerant and deep political cleavages. The genial tolerance of every sort of educational theory which characterized our older brothers is being supplanted by utter impatience among the various schools of educational thought; and this has been true just in so far as we have begun constructively to think about pedagogy.

Our literature has become vital and meaningful of late years in a way that it was not a decade ago; and it is hard not to see that this has been accompanied, if not caused, by the espousal of positive convictions and by their quite impatient utterance by our contemporary novelists, essayists, and poets. Whether their plays prove popular or not, the dramatists of to-day are preaching in a way that is anything but conciliatory. In all these respects, we are gradually and hopefully emerging from an age of good-natured tolerance into one of contradictory and frankly clashing ideas and ideals.

In religion, however, we are, apparently, for the most part afraid to permit in ourselves this development from tolerance into bigotry.[1] The very same man who is a healthy bigot on sex-relationship, politics, economics, and what not else, imagines that in religion he is bound, if he would be in accord with the *Zeitgeist*, to be tolerant of all kinds and shades of religious belief or disbelief. Of course, part of this attitude is due to the impression, not now so prevalent as once it was, that certain truth is truth demonstrable physically, and that religion, which is incapable

[1] Bigotry, according to the Standard Dictionary, means merely, 'obstinate or intolerant attachment to a cause or creed.' Ignorance is not necessarily implied by the word. — THE AUTHOR.

of such demonstration, is a thing in which uncertainty is inevitable. (Of course such an assumption is quite unscientific.) The main reason for it, however, is the unthinking or superficially thinking assumption that mankind has developed religiously from intolerance into tolerance, and that tolerance, complete, unquestioned, is the highest point yet reached in the development of religion. Students of the history of religion know that this is not so. They know that there have always been successive waves of tolerance and intolerance in religion, as in every other realm of human thought, and that religion has evolved out of tolerance into intolerance just as often, and as rightly, as the other way about. Most of us, however, know nothing of this. The result of this mistake of ours is that the return or progression toward constructive intolerance manifested in every other line of thought to-day is almost entirely absent from modern religious thinking.

One can see this in the very popular campaigns on foot making for what is called 'Church Unity.' Everywhere in Christendom one hears nowadays such cries as this: 'Let us all get together. Let us forget the things which divide us, and think only of that which unites us.' What it is that unites us, one notices, is never defined. 'Let the Baptists and the Methodists and the Episcopalians and the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics and the Unitarians and all the others simply agree to love one another, and forget their differences.' We see many sorts of ministers, in their desire to promote what they believe to be the unity desired by their Master, Christ, exchanging pulpits with one another and passing genial compliments about one another's superlative worth. There is a tremendous deal of good feeling and every one is very happy; and behold, the millennial unity of all men, for which Christ prayed on the night of his betrayal, is at hand!

Is it? If this was the sort of thing Christ wanted, why did He not practice this modern, tolerant method when He was on earth? Why did He not seek to conciliate, on a basis of mutual toleration, the Sadducees and Pharisees, for instance, instead of denouncing them both for differing from his own conception of religion? Why did He preach things so definite as to alienate most of the people whom He came to earth to save? Why did He die? Apparently it was because He uttered such definite and positive teaching as to force, by his very intolerance, the reflex intolerance of those opposed to that teaching. It is apparent to any one who reads the Gospels, that Christ stood for definiteness in religion, that He himself died rather than tolerate the religious ideas of most of his contemporaries, and that He earnestly urged his followers to imitate the steadfastness of his example. He prayed, it is true, that all the world might become united; but He must have meant united on the positive and definite platform on which He himself stood. Any other interpretation would stultify, not merely his words, but his whole life.

To Christ, apparently, the most important thing about a man was his philosophy of life in all its relations, — in short, his religion. To us, that seems to be the least important thing about a man. Our attitude implies that one way of looking at God, man, and the universe is as good as another, for the simple reason that none of them matters very much anyway.

Our present efforts to be tolerant in religion, then, are based upon the presupposition that there is no such thing as objective religious truth. This is to say, that in the thing which for a human being must correlate all his other thought and activity, — namely

his theory of life, his religion, — there is no objective reality at all, toward which he may approximate. This is to deny that there is anything which may rightly be called fundamental truth. It is to exalt peace at any price into the throne of ultimate reality. It is to destroy the search for that reality. It is to glorify intellectual cowardice and inefficiency. It is not merely to destroy a rational basis for morals; it is, in the end, to destroy a rational basis for thinking as a whole.

One hears constantly that people are not interested to-day in systems of religion which are not all-inclusive, which are in any way divisive. If that be true, it is a sad period for religion or for thought in general, that lies before us. To prohibit men from attempting to lift themselves up toward the realities of eternity, to compel them to abandon the mighty gropings which have ever characterized the seers, — intolerant because they *were* seers and not politicians, — and to substitute for these a unified 'religion' consisting of platitudes about being good to one's grandmother and similar banalities, — to do this would be a dire calamity to the generation and to the race. Ah, no; better the bitter intolerance of those who believe too much and too strongly than the easy complaisance of those who believe too little and hold that little too lightly. Better the Inquisition and the rack than the drugging of those who else might seek for God. Better that we live and die slaves to a half-truth, or a millionth-truth, than that we refuse to look for truth at all. Better even that in religion a man should live and die believing with all his soul in a lie, than that he should merely exist, believing in nothing.

WHAT OF COEDUCATION?

BY ZONA GALE

I

An English critic, unable to bear an English poet's broken metre, with its orchestral suiting of sound to sense, at length cried aloud to the British public, —

'If we are to arrogate to ourselves poetic license such as this, what is to become of the iambic pentameter?'

To which one of his public very reasonably inquired, —

'Whose iambic pentameter?'

And this is the kind of question which some of us would ask of those whose alarm is unbounded at the deleterious effect which, since college doors opened to women, feminine influence is said to be having on education. On whose education? To whom does education belong, anyway? For we seem to be having always laboriously to prove the ancient, evident fact that education is not a thing at all, that it is only a name for the unfolding of human life. The thing with which we are concerned, then, is simply how education affects this unfolding; what, on the

students themselves, are the reactions of coeducation. There is no other issue involved.

We have never said co-playing or co-dancing or co-serving. When we have talked, sung, observed, traveled, rejoiced in the sun, wondered about life, been conscious of the Substance of things, we have done it all without the prefix *co*. We do these things simply, act in them as human beings, know them for our common province. They unfold us from within. They co-unfold us, only we have never troubled to say it that way. But when this unfolding began to be valued, and men pursued it deliberately, and when, much later, it was recognized that the sooner the whole race shared in it the better, and women began to respond to it too; and when human beings, in a common plight, moving to a common destiny, seriously undertook the great business of self-conscious development — then education ceased to be a sufficient term. We divided it. And to one half of it we gave a *co*.

Now in reality we thus made a beautiful word, a word as beautiful in content as coöperation, or coalition, or coincidence; carrying a sense of fellowship; meaning together, jointly; having a human tang that is thrilling, electric, intentional. But at once an amazing thing happened. Prefixed to education, *co* somehow developed in the word a new property, a property which speedily transformed everything else about it: it developed an import of gender. All the merely human significance of the word vanished. As poets, handworkers, scientists, tradesmen, publicists, industrial slaves, prophets, we disappeared from the scene. The word coeducation, the unfolding of all of us, the leading out of our common divinity from our common humanity, fell in bondage, had one of its implications over-specialized, and now connotes merely the process of educating together the two sexes, as such. This psychology is not unfamiliar. It may be that of an elemental people who regard the distinction as one representing differences alone; it may be that of an intellectualized, somewhat intuitionized people who regard the distinction as the symbol of complements. To the former, sex has always been a kind of final word and wall. To the latter it will be a window and a door.

Meanwhile, being neither as elemental as we were nor as wise as we shall be, we may as well face the word in its ordinary application, and to do so is to reduce a statement of the issue involved to this: —

Since in the world there is to be co-existence of the members of the human race, their co-use of products, their co-development of more products, their co-labor for the future of the race, their co-aspiration to a dim co-destiny, what will be the probable effect upon them if we permit them to have co-education too?

II

In the ancient pastime of judging we not infrequently make the ancient mistake of confusing the idea of a thing with the method in which that idea is being expressed. 'We have not achieved social justice: Democracy is a failure' — this kind of argument still deceives. We know well that we are continually obliged to try to express spiritual values by the use of physical terms; yet when we are called upon to judge some created physical envelope, we forget our synthesis and, instead of analysis, put faith in what we see.

If we put faith in what we see of co-education, we are of course obliged to admit that after fifty years and more of experimentation in America the effect of coeducation on the students under-

going it is not wholly desirable. Similarly, after uncounted thousands of years of living, the experience of individuation is not always operative to develop the Substance so expressed. But if we are wise, we shall voluntarily abandon neither coeducation nor living, on account of conclusions important only as they furnish bases for examination and modification. And the reactions from four years of educational life are important in our seekings for democracy — and for other things.

This conclusion regarding the present partial failure of coeducation we may reach while still regarding as negligible in our consideration those institutions where coeducation is as yet markedly undeveloped, or abandoned for a compromise; where, for example, men and women students are assembled for four years of propinquity—not of real association; where the term 'co-ed,' with a feminine connotation, is not only stupid, as it always is, but is anathema as well; where 'co-eds' are in one class, and one's friends and one's sisters and one's sweethearts are in another class; where to no man intent on propriety does it occur to appear at promenade, or formal reception, or even hop, with a woman student of his own college; where, in short, the order of things is as false to the habit of any other social group as to the habit of life. Obviously, such a condition will in some respects result perniciously. But this situation is so baldly a rudimentary development that in considering ultimate values it need not enter. Nor in a discussion of the effect of coeducation on students need those institutions be considered wherein is practised the compromise of segregation. Segregation is to coeducation what class-conscious government is to democracy.

But even in those institutions where men and women meet as normally and casually as they will be meeting in later life, coeducation now has certain deleterious effects. Stated, their causes have a mediæval look; but then we, too, are mediæval, and so, in a consideration of ultimate values, we should know how much to allow to current prejudices at this stage of our evolution. Which is to say, we should exercise a god-like intuition. And so we should.

There are, for example, the effects of sex-repulsion. There comes wide testimony to the effect that in coeducational institutions, classes in political economy, sociology, logic, and law are largely made up of men, while literature and 'æsthetics' generally are elected by women, somewhat to the exclusion in each case of the other sex. Each sex is said to be found refusing to elect branches popular with the other. And some educators have admitted that they see no way out of this, since the more frequently women enter courses, the more definitely do men shun these courses, and *vice versa*, until the progression and retrogression proceed automatically. And this tendency is actually resulting, it is affirmed, in 'natural segregation,' due to sex-repulsion, a phenomenon long incident to social life and as a matter of course reasserting itself as soon as a common intellectual training for the two sexes is institutionalized. Sex-repulsion would thus appear to indicate biological grounds against coeducation which no arbitrary opening of college doors to men and women has overcome, — 'can ever overcome,' some have put it.

But this is not all. There is also sex-attraction. There comes wide testimony that in coeducational institutions there enter a large number of women whose function appears to be chiefly social, in the narrowest sense of

that word. Every year sees an influx of these young women, whose popularity is based on their ability to make themselves centres of masculine admiration. Serious-minded men, who would otherwise be intent on serious study, are immeasurably distracted. At the very time of life when all their energies should be spent in preparation, these men are bent on 'social' offices, are falling in love, becoming engaged, with the incident entailing of economic readjustment in an effort to live up to a hostage so early assumed. Also, although this is far less frequently urged, the young women themselves, who might be leading sober lives at some female college, are diverted and overstimulated. For it is observably not the intellectual leaders among the young women who thus become disturbing influences. It is the 'socially fit.' We might ponder this antithesis, to such random lengths has gone our sense of the phrase 'socially fit.' This wholesale disturbance is due to sex-attraction, long incident to social life, to be sure, but appearing to indicate biological grounds against coeducation which no arbitrary opening of college doors to men and women has overcome.

There is no doubt at all, so wide is the testimony, that these extremes of both conditions do now exist to some extent in coeducational institutions; and that both carry harmful consequences. But granting that they do exist, and that they are harmful, it is well to get on to the heart of the matter; for to be alarmed by these appearances may be much like 'letting straws tell the wind which way to blow.'

Here is the hackneyed historical sequence (and for the present purpose we may neglect its materialistic interpretation, which is that the education of women was begun, and continues, because it pays; because educated women are now of greater economic value to the state, though to the state of the past they were useful exclusively as bearers of children and of domestic burdens): —

First, we have women's ignorance of their need of 'higher' education, while they were busy bearing and rearing children to balance the ravages of war and famine and disease. Then, women's own recognition of their need and its denial by men. Next, women's gradual, grudged admission to institutions of learning through the tedious compromise of 'normal' courses and female colleges, on the same campus with the men and under the same faculty, but rigidly separate. And now, their present state of advance — their admission to some colleges as 'co-ed' and anathema, to others in segregated classes, to some in full citizenship, with still by far the greatest number of women taking college courses in either one of the first two groups or in women's colleges.

Is it great wonder that in these mediæval days of 1914 sex-repulsion should still be manifesting itself somewhat in the coeducational colleges? Not many women, tending to elect the immemorial French and literature courses, and to shun sociology, will realize that their impulse is based on the long need of women to be accomplished within limits rather than to be abreast of life. Not one in a myriad of undergraduate men, feeling a smother of resentment at women's presence in 'his' law class, or permitting himself a shrug at a 'lady class,' or at 'dope for the dames,' will recognize his shrug as a primal stirring which he felt ages ago when women were a part of his impedimenta. Yet this is what his shrug means, modified somewhat by the years, mixed with vanity, with egotism, with provincialism, but, not the less, still strong enough to commend

itself in the breasts of living faculties and regents as a thing to be taken into account in the policy of institutions whose prime use is the development of the divinity in our humanity.

It is not surprising that the recognition should be slow; that women should first be allowed to enter law schools; then should be, with much indignant protest, admitted to state bars, and allowed to interpret the laws which they have studied; and then, much later and much more indignantly, should be given the right of citizenship to help make and administer those laws which they are studying and interpreting. We need not be impatient with the process. But how can we make the mistake of taking any one of these phases as the norm? And this suggests that we might, if we were wise, express a wise wonder as to what the next step in that familiar historic sequence may be. Has it been going toward coeducation and working out the bad results of coeducation's reactions? Or have we, at the line of sex, really now complacently sounded the *dernier cri*, and may we rest? Or is it not just possible that these flights of change may be bearing toward future coeducational students a power which is current with great portents? . . .

As a stumbling-block in the way of the success of coeducation, sex-attraction is obviously not less explicable than sex-repulsion. Here is no historic sequence, but an historic deadlock, down all the weary years when, to men, women have been valuable — and consequently able to get a livelihood for themselves — in proportion as they have been able to make themselves attractive, and able to exert that very power to distract from work-a-day concerns. So we may as well pass over the fact that in these first years of the life of coeducation, certain of those women who seek coeducational institutions do come there crudely exercising all the old charm on which they have learned so well to depend for the very economic needs of life. Not one undergraduate girl in a myriad who in a coeducational institution has had her head turned by the successful exercise of her charm will recognize in that exercise her ancient office. Yet that is all that it is, becoming with the years in a variety of aspects more and more ignoble, less and less of an economic necessity, and nearer to recognition as a biological anomaly — that of 'genus homo, of which alone the female wears the bright plumage and dances before the male.' But the habit is still strong enough to foist itself upon us as a menace instead of as a long abuse of a relation still but dimly understood, an abuse whose remedy is slowly evolving from that coeducational companionship which the traditionists so fear.

The deterrent to the recognition of this companionship as a remedy has been the realization that although the future normal association of men and women in socialized coeducation, in socialized industry, in full citizenship, in all democracy, will clarify the relations of men and women, yet sex-repulsion and attraction will exist as long as does life. Extending from the time when youngish men put feathers in their hair and lurked outside the doors of caves and ran away when those primal beloved appeared, down through the time when a man and a woman try to see each other and then become tongue-tied or exasperated in each other's presence, the law has been operative like that of any other rhythm, and will be so, at least until our area of consciousness is extended considerably beyond its present confines. That which is operative in the failures of coeducation is not the effect of this law, but the effect of certain

abuses resulting from vanishing standards.

The whole area of the social life of coeducational institutions lies just here. And this, and not coeducation as such, is the heart of the problem.

III

Upon the social relations afforded by coeducation, a heterogeneous group of young people emerge abruptly from a variety of thresholds: thresholds radical, conservative, democratic, aristocratic, provincial, cosmopolitan, poor, rich. Most of these young people have this in common, that they stand at many beginnings: the first check-book, the first adventure in certain clothes and personal belongings, the first leisure that need not be accounted for, the first freedoms in countless walks. Also, each has his knapsack of dreams, dreams in which we are just beginning to realize how potently and vitally and wistfully gregariousness figures. This is normal and human; but many of these young folk arrive at college with an entire kit of measuring tools already made for them, and the selective process almost precedes the impulse to gregariousness. In their resultant social life, the standards are standards of social life as it has been obscurely reported to them: not a thing of human companioning, but a thing of display and competitive spending.

So it befalls that a portion of the student body is drawn into a social life which comes to exist almost independently of anybody's wanting it there. Everything is prescribed. Every fraternity and sorority must have one or more 'formals' a year, and every class its party. Here are numerous social affairs already provided for in advance, plus the three-day celebration of the Junior Prom, the social functions of commencement week, and all the festivities of the games and of the rushing season. To these are added dinners and 'informals' and a varying amount of town entertaining, with whatever of the musical or dramatic can find a place. Upon all this the students enter willingly, with far more expense than many of them can afford — and who cannot understand? If the smart thing, the late thing, the spectacular thing is emulated by them, who is at fault but those who are being emulated? And of course the answer is, as it almost always is, that those who are being emulated are victims too. The same thing, eternally economic, is the matter with the society of a coeducational institution — that little world — that is the matter with the world outside.

Realizing, however, that something more immediately assailable is wrong, criticism strikes out and falls on the fallible field of number, and says that there will not be enough Fridays and Saturdays in the semesters to accommodate all these entertainments — that the other evenings will be invaded — students will have their minds 'taken from their work' — in short, that when young men and young women are associated in college, the stimulation of their social life is a grievous ill. And so it is — though this is often overstated, because to predicate all these social affairs of the majority of students is like adding up the thousand or so annual social functions of a little town and concluding that the village is populated by butterflies. Also, the matter has another side, in the lack of social stimulation of the students who are not 'socially fit' and who almost altogether miss a social life. But if one is going to attack the situation — and we ought to be attacking it instead of criticizing it — there is a thing more logically attackable than the mere number of the social affairs in

which these college men and women participate, or which they miss. That is to say, the difficulty is not so much in the incidence of festivity as in the *quality* of a social life which is still tirelessly presenting itself in its elementary conditions.

Development after development takes place in the academic life: new departments are added, investigations are encouraged, appropriations increase, buildings multiply, both student body and faculty enlarge, the hands of state and educational institutions lock the more closely in proportion as waxes the wisdom of both; educationally, and little by little legislatively, the father-motherhood of the institution is felt; and yet that recreational life, hardly even second in importance to the academic, has, almost until this moment, failed to present itself as a problem with as inevitable a solution as, say, poverty; and has therefore been permitted to find itself at random; indeed, to lose itself in the pathetic attempt to take its uninvited place in the house of college life.

Above all other places, it is to coeducational institutions that the new evaluation of recreation should be vital. We developed the new social attitude toward recreation first among little children, and sought to fill the need for it in the kindergarten. To the public schools we are tending to give playgrounds with directed play, gymnasiums with a director, social centres in which pupils shall have a part. The building of the first stadia, the desultory production of outdoor plays, the occasional giving of pageants, certain commencement customs which have haltingly come into the educational colleges, all symbolize this new knowledge. But as yet there is no effort at all commensurate with the sovereign importance of the end, to standardize coeducational recreation, to put social life in its rightful place in coeducational curricula.

They are still frequently saying that it can never be done. They said that for a long time when it was proposed to standardize education itself. We have become so habituated to looking upon bad amusement as the bad private schools were looked upon, as legitimate commercialization, that box-offices, caterers, florists, garages, and expensive clothes are inextricably confused with our social conceptions. The fact that the desire for social life has a sound, democratic, uncommercial basis — that of the wish for human companionship — disappears behind the mock walls which we have built. There is sharp pathos in this, that after all this time, men and women in their official social capacity still confine themselves so largely to the rudiments of social communication, by means of a social life either commercialized or otherwise made prohibitive.

Is it too much to say that when the first folk had triumphantly developed the rudimentary stages of human communication in speech, they had done rather more toward the task of human socialization than ever we have done since?

There is, however, one rather fine contributing circumstance in our having so long continued, with more or less of consciousness, to regard as self-indulgence all recreation not engaged in as physical exercise — for we were a new world, and we were exceedingly busy. Once, in the daytime, as I was lying down, a woman of two generations gone observed to me with the utmost tolerance, —

'I don't blame you a bit.'

The thrill of the recognition of what that meant was like touching hands with generations of pioneers to whom rest, when it came at all, was all but stolen. But though we are now basing

a whole new horizon of human efficiency on right rest, rhythmic rest, and though play in its simpler aspects we have come to value as a formative force, yet the average 'social recreation' we still regard as an indulgence, and either chide or loosely tolerate.

The country newspapers say of it: —

'Revelry was frankly the order of the day.'

'The time was then given over to social intercourse.'

'Dancing was indulged in.'

'The party dispersed, feeling that the evening had by no means been wasted, or, if wasted, then was well lost.'

And with this attitude we show exceeding good sense, withal, for the most of what we have so far developed in social life, as such, independent of its healthy incidental occurrence, is still so embryonic that we must consider our lapsing into it as akin to indulgence.

We must do better. And what finer opportunity could there be afforded for the further development of sane social life than coeducational life, whose social reactions are unquestionably as strong as those which are technically educational? The arraignment of 'too much society,' and this accusingly thrown back on sex-attraction, holds the candle responsible for its blowing flame. The thing is as much greater than sex-attraction as life is greater than any one form of love.

We are beginning to make desultory and partially self-conscious attempts to face a query as to what, constructively, co-recreational life may come to mean, and our imaginations work with really marvelous rapidity. If only so much as we have now come upon were to be applied to coeducational social life, we should be some distance toward its development. Whatever else such development will involve, it will involve nothing paternalistic. As unsuccessful as the growth of undergraduate coeducational society is proving, it is far better than direction handed down from above. For the undergraduate generation is forever recasting the ideals of the faculty generation, and this is true in recreation not one whit less than in ethics; and the tendency is welcome.

Perhaps a shaping at the hands of representatives from the student body and from the faculty is the first possibility, with the coöperation of that community servant soon to be taken for granted not less than vocational teachers — the director of public recreation. In Wisconsin, the state university is recommending the appointment in every town of an assistant to the superintendent of education. The assistant shall be a superintendent of recreation, who shall bear to recreation the same relation that the present superintendent bears to the other aspects of education.

However such programmes may be worked out, already we have intimations of what the new recreation, when it is found, is going to include. For example, the development of an intelligent attitude — one may as well say the new attitude — toward drama, resulting, as the value of the amateur is more and more clearly revealed, in groups of young players presenting the vital classic and modern plays and meeting to read those plays; the whole area of pageantry, with its rich possibilities in a winter's preparation of music, of folk-dancing, of dramatic entertainment; socialization through music; the vista just opened by the connection of the college with the college community through the departments of sociology, revealing activities involving social — not service and not coöperation, with an implication of task and teaching — but co-recreation, in the 'foregathering of folks,' with

implications which are fascinating and absorbing those who are already participating in such foregathering. These intimations, however, hardly more than point toward the way; but the way is thereabout, just as certainly as the way lay fallow for the development of the other phases of education now partly provided for in the college curriculum.

Of all the kinds of places that there are, a coeducational institution is the place where seeds such as these should germinate. Here, as elsewhere, repressive measures are going to avail far less than the gospel of a wise substitution. And what could not have been done a decade ago finds its faint beginnings now at this high moment of what we call social awakening. Why, on its crest, should not coeducational social life begin to be socialized?

IV

Even as we now practice it, my contention is whole-heartedly that the reactions of coeducational life, its insufficient social life included, are eminently more healthful than otherwise. Indeed, to the majority of us here in the Middle West, the contention long ago lost its savor; and when, a few years since, at the installation of a dean of women of one of the eastern colleges, the dean made her address a defense of coeducation, a graduate of a Middle Western university who had listened, said with real wonder, —

'Should n't you think that she would have chosen a modern problem?'

We used to discuss the effect of four years of masculine criticism upon the manners, conversation, and dress of young women. That was natural, for men were in possession and women, as late-comers, were subject to doctrine, reproof, and correction. At first we expected nothing new, but looked merely for the repetition of the ancient, simple process of women's wish to please, somewhat intensified by constant association. But gradually a new thing became evident. Save in the minds of the preëminently 'socially fit' — still in its bad sense — this wish was not the ruling passion of university women. The ruling passion of university women was identical with the ruling passion of the university: development. And masculine criticism took its proper place, as a valued and effective means of influence, but not in any sense as a determinant. It is by no means that these university women are indifferent to the opinion of men. Only, as women's means of livelihood multiply, women are ceasing to sacrifice to this opinion. And who is there to be recorded as deploring that?

So after a time we found ourselves discussing the effect of four years of feminine criticism upon the manners, conversation, and dress of young men. And few of us have ever heard a word implying that the effect of this criticism tends to be pernicious.

Then we said: 'Now we must watch the effect on the young women of the stimulus of intellectual rivalry with the male mind.' We did watch. And at length, of mothers who had had to let their minds lie fallow while they bent backs to the pioneer tasks, there came daughters as salutatorians and valedictorians, as ripe-minded women, as social servants. And we understood that the initial spur of competition with the masculine minds which were the flower of the racial development, had been forgotten in the simple discovery that women have minds too. Discovery of magnitude. We had lately conceded to them souls; now, under normal conditions, here they were, like the camel, occupying the tent. And how simply the university women wore this circumstance. Far from feeling an

ill-bred satisfaction in keeping pace with their male companions, or a becoming shame in graceless new attainments, here they were unconscious of both. It may be confidently ventured that if the majority of women graduates of coeducational institutions were to be asked for the comparative average of scholarship of the men and women who were with them in their own university, they would have to write to their registrars to determine. For, in the language of the undergraduates themselves, — Who cares?

It may be that to a woman, a man is a greater stimulus in the classroom than is another woman. This may have been, in the beginning, a real factor. But there are those of us who would not regard an affirmation of this as one of the arguments in favor of coeducation, and who would consider it as altogether negligible. The type of woman who seeks a university education is not there to win out in competitive standings. In fact, she has begun to see that averages, and degrees themselves, have no great import, even as symbols. Rather, these women are beginning to have a sense of life, as such, and to relate to it their university experiences. Not the 'socially fit,' perhaps, and not always the grinds; merely the majority. Their faces are toward the new civilization whose child's play may be competition and titles, but whose man-talk and woman-talk, and deed, are going to be concerning a simpler thing: growth.

The two ways in which women are chiefly benefiting from college association with men, of both the student and the faculty body, are perhaps: first, in winning to the human outlook, which men's wide experience has given to many men, as distinguished from the restricted outlook to which woman's household experience has largely confined her. Second, in winning to the understanding that athletics is not distinctively a masculine prerogative, but a human prerogative and duty; and that, as a deliberate encouragement to the super-race, Nature actually does not intend the fathers of the race to have strong bodies and the women of the race to remain in 'ladylike' underdevelopment. And for the late discovery and emphasis of this so obvious fact, we of to-day are deeply indebted to coeducational association.

The way in which men are chiefly benefiting by college association with women is perhaps in having their ideal of women recast. In the past there were occasionally men who chafed at the restricted lives of their wives and mothers; who understood that these creatures had somehow not yet come into their own, that they had been caught in a *cul-de-sac* of over-specialization to domestic duties and to sex, till the world should be peopled and science and economic conditions should help to free them; who had visions of the time when these other selves should bloom and glow in more abundant life, and mother the next advance of the evolving thing folk are. And now it is being given to university men to see, faintly and far off, how these potentialities are on the way to fulfillment, and what the great-great-great grandmothers of the super-race will conceivably be like. And if some of them still shrug at a 'lady-class' — well, when the creature first struggled up out of the ooze, the ooze must have rocked with laughter.

These two sets of benefits are not lightly to be foregone. In a word, the best that men and women are develops in their normal companionship, because they are also intellectual and spiritual complements. Does this axiom then become operative with a click at Commencement? Does it in America exist through the high-school age, and lapse abruptly with matriculation,

and revive by dint of a degree? Do not we believe that it becomes operative with life, and that it is our business to make of life, including education, a condition under which this law shall always be operative?

The healthful and diseased reactions of coeducational life are identical with the healthful and diseased reactions of society, and they are not other. The reactions of coeducational life, as of life, are more healthful than diseased. To find what is wrong with coeducational reactions, we must look to society and prevent the evil there. And it is the distinguishing spirit of the age that this prevention is beginning, in the functioning of what seems almost a new form of consciousness. May it not be that pessimism with regard to coeducation is only an anachronism, and that in time we shall lay objection aside, even as the country churches have ceased to have two doors, the one for women, the other for men?

V

Examining certain social symptoms which we are likely to connect with coeducational life rather than with their birthplace in society, we are chiefly struck by these two symptoms: —

First, the abandoning of certain standards of etiquette and of propriety. For we in America, having left behind many forms of pioneering, have now time and inclination to attend to some ideals of a mellower people. Naturally, we have turned to the tried and 'safe' ideals of the present mellow peoples. But during our magnificent pioneering, our social conditions have been so changed that certain proprieties of an older civilization would sit strangely upon us. Many of them, for example, are bound up with traces of the subjection of women. Yet in America, with its seven million women earning their own livelihood, we find ourselves trying to take over customs evolved by quite other conditions. Now, it is a sign of the healthfulness of our growth that the best traditions of the past do linger in our blood, even though they may not be useful to us now; their presence is the deterrent which gives us time to weigh and to judge — but they must not permanently deter us. Indeed, we must prompt them just when to depart, else their presence will breed another of our hypocrisies. The line of least resistance is to adopt the ideals of the mellow peoples, but the task in hand is to adapt and recast their ideals. For 'tried and safe' ideals are all pathos, and idealism cannot be all empirical.

It is because the young folk are themselves stirring toward that recasting of ideals, that we observe the second social symptom; and because it is evident in the universities, we predicate it of coeducation: the dropping of certain reticences. This threshed-out subject of lost reticence results most often in the usual exchange of misunderstandings between conservative and radical. But is there not an inviolate middle ground where may stand all those having any faint claim to prophecy? For the sake of this middle ground, some of us would lay aside our comparison of the number of coeducational students who make shipwreck with the number of shipwrecks cast up from the most carefully chaperoned society, and we would also lay aside our insistence that both varieties of shipwreck are fundamentally due to economic causes; and we would say merely that the loss of certain reticences we may well deplore, that unquestionably their going carries peril, as in any transition. But a factor in any transition, and in most growth, is peril to the least fit — that is to say, to those whom our society has not fitted.

In the loss of some of these reticences some of the least fit will go down. But it is to the loss of other reticences, prejudices, false modesties, that we owe a sane meeting of the facts of life, a sane preparation to cope with them, — that we owe, for example, the coeducational classes in biology, in eugenics, in various phases of social control, seminaries on The Family, on Sin, on the Dynamics of Population, on forms of pathology once folded in the immeasurable peril of silence. From the members of these classes, and from the groups of field workers, men and women, who are dealing with human beings involved in a tangle of the web whose very presence the old 'reticence' would have ignored as the part of good breeding, there comes no echo of sex-repulsion, no record of either men or women dropping from the task because the other sex is engaged on it. There comes no echo of anything save how to help society to 'take the short cuts for the race.' Must not this middle ground of our choosing bear the implication that if the loss of some of the old reticences can do this, then we want them to go? For we are on the way to being completely articulate, and humanized.

The humanizing of social relations, — this is what we are about to-day. We are developing means of bringing it to pass: the quite dazzling understanding that our ills are economic; revised conceptions of industrialism; legislation and administration looking to human rights; suffrage for women, who are in their turn emerging, as group after group of men has emerged, into citizenship; the beginning of uncommercialized recreation; and, at the threshold of them all, coeducation.

Like many of these social forces, coeducation is a thing not of the past, hardly even of the present, but preeminently of the future, of that co-civilization which we descry dimly foreshadowed in the attempt to solve the precise problems which coeducation brings. Democracy, when we achieve it, will fit us better to understand coeducation's import; and coeducation itself is fitting us for democracy. Later, that new individualism on which we shall enter and whose physical envelope we have tried to claim too soon, will perhaps find us equipped to recognize coeducation as a natural step in our long struggle for complete self-consciousness. And as the race slips further into the cosmic consciousness which divines the pilgrim spirit in us and is chiefly concerned with its growth, there may fade away the ancient objections to many a form of growth to which in turn the spirit has been debtor.

When we have ceased to confuse the present tentative working out of coeducation with its sovereign idea, as yet implicit in the future, our question may not be, 'Does it work?' but, 'Will it work?' For the present is only one of the little things with which the spirit is concerned.

THE RAIN OF LAW

BY WILLIAM D. PARKINSON

There the common sense of most shall hold a
fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in
universal law.

THE day of universal law has arrived. It seems to be a lap or two ahead of time. It is not just the kind of law that is written upon the hearts of men or upon the doorposts of their houses, and it is very difficult to teach it to our children, or to meditate upon it day or night. There is n't time. It is printed on a rapid-fire printing-press and bound in unabridged sheep or blue sky boards. The kindly earth does not slumber in its lap; it fairly wallows in the litter of it. The law-abiding and the law-evading citizen lie down together in the confusion of it. He who reads must run if he would escape the deluge of it, and he who runs must read if he would keep up with the changing phases of it.

In Massachusetts, which leads the world in the volume and plasticity of its statutory output, President Eliot's five-foot shelf will not begin to hold the volumes a man must read if he would know what he is bidden and what he is forbidden; and a new volume will be placed in his hands ere he can scan the current one. All the states need to conserve their natural resources to provide the paper and drive the presses of their legislative mills; and lest in their impotence they should fail to do full justice to the situation, Congress comes to their aid with ponderous volumes of its own. By yielding its claim to be a deliberative body, the National House finds time to hear called off the captions of bills as they pass from its committees to enactment through the pneumatic tube of the government printing-office.

No official may venture upon an unusual public service until he has procured a law to authorize him; and if subsequently he desires to perform a similar but not identical service, it becomes him to examine anew his legislative authorization, and to go back to the legislature for an amendment if his new enterprise is not explicitly and precisely within its terms. To be sure, he will have little difficulty in securing the amendment, provided no one is sufficiently interested or sufficiently informed to appear in remonstrance. He may make his own law if he will observe the rules of the game, and the office-holding caste usually does observe them.

But the unofficial, the uninitiated, the plebeian citizen must also beware. It will not do for him to govern himself merely by sound principles of conduct, or even by a fair familiarity with the general law of the land. A neighbor, in securing a legislative proviso expressly to authorize a transaction that some random critic has challenged, may, by his very proviso, have read into the law an implied prohibition of all practices not thus explicitly provided for. One who, in all innocence, pursues the even tenor of his once legalized way, may awake any morning to find himself a law-breaker, not by enactment but by inference from some enactment

which was procured for his neighbor's benefit.

Some day, to be sure, there will be a revision and a codification of the statutes. Obsolete and conflicting and repeated and irrelevant provisions will be eliminated. The sifted contents of twenty or more huge volumes will be brought within the compass of one or two, with perhaps a third to serve as an index, and to make the contents of the other two available to the would-be-law-abiding citizen. Even these volumes will record not so much the will of the people as the impulses of the people; and if history repeats itself, before the index volume can be issued a new volume of unlimited bulk will have revised the revision and will have played havoc with the contents which the index purports to elucidate.

What precipitates such a rain of law, and to what sea of chaos will it find its way?

It has been said that law is discovered, not made, and that is a notable truth when applied to law in the universal sense of the term. Although it is not so aptly applied to printed law, — law while you wait, — yet in seeking the origin of the mass of statute law in the midst of which we are floundering, we shall find that, like real law, it is both discovered and made. But while real law is discovered first and made afterwards, most of our statute law, like Mr. Pickwick's archæological stone, is made first and discovered afterwards. The legislature discovers laws, but they are made by private individuals and only furbished up by legislative committees.

Laws are no longer enacted in general terms to be interpreted by the individual and, in last resort, by the court. Discretion is taken away from the learned court and reposed in the unlearned sub-committee. The committee devotes its hearings primarily to those who have legislation to promote for private reasons. The petitioner must present his bill ready for enactment. The committee will graciously accord him a hearing. It will grant a hearing also to a remonstrant. It will assume that each has some personal end to gain, and will endeavor to discover that end. Usually, if it fails to discover any motive but one of public spirit, it still assumes that there is a cat in the meal, some design too dark to appear on the surface, and is more distrustful of such a petitioner or remonstrant than of one whose personal motive is readily discovered or uncovered.

The great bulk of legislation in the United States is not the product of our legislative bodies, nor is it shaped by the expert advisers of our legislatures. It is drawn up by the officials, or by the private parties whose activities it is designed to regulate, or to justify, or to protect, or to promote. It is then submitted to a legislative committee, and possibly revamped more or less intelligently by that always inexpert and usually inept body; then reported favorably or unfavorably to the enacting body, which plays the part of discoverer. In short, the legislative function which, in the days of absolute monarchy, was the prerogative of the hereditary sovereign, in our day of popular sovereignty becomes the prerogative of the volunteer sovereign. Many a citizen goes through the statute book with pride and points out sections and chapters couched in his own phraseology, modified — or rather amplified — only by the insertion of certain traditional elaborations which seem to be insisted on for the sole purpose of furnishing busy work for the state printer. For law-English bids fair to rival the limpid lucidity and romantic beauty of law-Latin.

Some pessimist has defined democracy as a system of government based

on the economic principle that two thieves will steal less than one. Our democratic legislative system seems to be based on the political theory that everybody knows more about everything than anybody does. We refuse to trust any duly constituted authority to exercise discretion, while we leave the most critical problems of statecraft to the workmanship of any Tom, Dick, or Harry who can 'get by with the job.' The presumption is in favor of the enactment of any bill presented with plausible support, unless it meets with serious remonstrance. Indeed our legislatures have come to be, not law-making bodies, but bazaars for marketing the product of amateur law-makers.

It is a physical impossibility for the legislators, as a body, to scrutinize with any care such a mass of bills as every legislature enacts at every session. Equally is it impracticable for the public-spirited citizen to attend the hearings and protest a fraction of the foolish and dangerous bills that, if enacted, would affect interests with which he is especially conversant. Not only is the responsible citizen thus at the mercy of the irresponsible and self-constituted law-maker, but the tendency even of those public-spirited organizations which, like the prophets of old, are often more representative of the state in its better nature than are its duly constituted official bodies, is to frame legislation in specific instead of general terms, and thus to make the laws both more numerous and more complex. The modern statute begins with a section defining in detail the terms it is to employ, and may give the same term a significance different from that in which it is used in another statute enacted by the same legislature at the same session. Its subsequent sections then attempt, in accordance with this glossary, to point out the acts which it prohibits or authorizes, in terms so precise that the deed and the person it applies to may be sharply discriminated from those to which it does not apply.

The purpose of this precision in detail is to avoid inconsistencies and uncertainties. It may be doubted if this is usually the result. Precise definition is a readier weapon to the evader than to the enforcer of law. The schoolmaster who attempts to elaborate an all-inclusive set of rules is likely to find that his rules tie his own hands more than they do those of his pupils. The government is likely to make a similar discovery. The exigencies which even the most specific law omits specifically to provide for will be found so numerous as to call for continuous and repeated amendment.

The so-called uniform child-labor law, already adopted in some states and designed for adoption in all, is a case in point. In its attempt to specify precisely what a child of a certain age may or may not do, as distinguished from a child of a slightly different age, it has forbidden the child to perform certain functions for one person or at one time, which it neglects to forbid him to perform under even less favorable conditions for another person or at another time. The law will doubtless be amended to correct such inconsistencies as they come to attention; but in the nature of the case they will continue to come to attention, making its amendment a continuous process. Nor can there be doubt that these inconsistencies will arise differently and in different order in different states, and being thus differently amended, will defeat one prime purpose of the sponsors, which was to have the law remain uniform in the several states. The National Women's Trade-Union League of America is just now urging that no child should receive an employment certificate until he knows the laws bear-

ing upon his employment. The fact is that school officials, employers, labor-unionists, and lawyers, are at sea regarding the complex provisions of the law, and if children were refused employment certificates until they were able to comprehend its mysteries, they might all graduate from college first.

The result of this tendency to specific legislation is a curious kind of casuistry, verging upon that of the days of the Rabbinical Law, when human conduct was reduced to a code so petty that one must consider what he might carry in his hand or attach to his garment, and the number of steps he might take, if he would make a Sabbath day's journey. Already our patriotism is being meted out by law. We must not give way to our impulses, but must study the statute book if we would know when and how we must fly our flag. We are also regulated in such detail as to our methods of conducting our business that it is necessary for state and nation to employ hordes of inspectors to keep us advised of what our duties and responsibilities are; and so narrow are the margins between what is permitted and what is prohibited that these inspectors are largely occupied, not with forcing people to obey the law, but with citing to them certain 'rulings' which they find it necessary to make as to whether the law need be obeyed or enforced under certain circumstances or not. The interpretation of law is thus being transferred from the judge on the bench to the inspector behind the door. We are confronted with the curious spectacle of the government and the accused party disputing as to whether the law has been broken or not, and the government offering to waive prosecution if the accused will accede to certain demands as to the future conduct of his business. This, to the lay mind, appears not very different from the compounding of felony, which used to be regarded as a serious offense.

With laws made in such irresponsible fashion, changed in such haste as to make it impossible for the citizen to keep up with them, couched in such terms as to leave the law-evader in quite as dignified a position as the law-abider, and enforced or not enforced according as the accused can or cannot make terms with the prosecuting authorities, reverence for law does not thrive. Somehow the output must be reduced in quantity and improved in quality or it will cease to be regarded as law. It becomes casuistry and leads to more casuistry, and the people will not long stand for progressive casuistry even if they do not balk at the piling up of such costly monuments of unread and unreadable print. Some check must be found, but what check and how to apply it does not yet appear. It is not likely that we shall repeal all statutes and return to common law, much as might seem to be gained by such a revolution. There is little hope that any conflagration, of the many for which we are laying the fuse, will be extensive enough to destroy the Babel of print. It is less combustible than hollow tiles. A hopeful step might be to shut down the legislative mill for a time and wait for the real law to precipitate or crystallize out of the turgid mass of guess-work law.

There is already, in certain fields of public affairs, indication of a reaction against the tendency to substitute legislation for intelligence in administration, and toward lodging in public officials a new kind of discretion, delegating to them power to make necessary regulations within their respective fields, and to enforce these regulations as if they were law. This is illustrated by enactments authorizing boards of health to designate the diseases to which certain provisions of law shall

apply, or to make regulations which shall have the force of law as to the handling of food-products or the observance of quarantine. Labor and factory legislation also to some extent fixes penalties upon certain prohibitions or requirements made in general terms, the particulars of which are to be specified by commissions or inspectors, and may by them be extended or modified or changed from time to time. The National Banking law lodges in the Reserve Board a similar discretion as to the extension, suspension, and limitation of some of its provisions. This method again affords hope of relief. It seems possible that legislatures, which are themselves beginning to realize their helplessness, may reduce the volume of their output by delegating to administrative officials the power to make and to modify, as conditions may require, many of the regulations which in recent years have been made subjects of hasty legislation and amendment, and have thus clogged the wheels of deliberate law-making.

There is also possible relief in the establishment of a permanent office or bureau in connection with the legislatures, to serve as a filter, if not as a dam, to which all proposed legislation shall be submitted. The duty of this bureau should be to point out needless or vicious provisions, to reshape meritorious bills in such way as to reconcile them with existing law, to give them their due effect with least possible addition to the body of law, and to guard them against taking effect in matters to which they are not designed to apply. Such an adjunct to the legislative mill, exercising that part of the function now presumed to be exercised by legislative committees which requires a knowledge and experience not to be expected of such committees, has brought a degree of relief where it has been tried. But to take adequate advantage of it requires a change of attitude on the part of the public, a deeper confidence in the expert as against the inexpert, and a larger patience to await the full effect of one law before superimposing another. A necessary corollary, too, would be a change in the atmosphere of legislative chambers from one of presumption in favor of every unopposed bill to one of presumption against every bill whose sponsors cannot show public necessity therefor.

By whatever method it may come to pass, it must needs be that by some method, and at no distant day, the common sense of most shall reassert itself to hold in awe this fretful and impulsive realm; that the rain of laws shall cease; and that this great people shall establish itself under the reign of law.

FLAG-ROOT

BY LUCY HUSTON STURDEVANT

THE stars were beginning to fade; Orion stood upright in the western sky, Venus was well above the horizon; by the Shepherd's Kalendar it was November, and the sun would soon rise. Three figures came out of a little house on a hill, and hurried down the road. They did not look up at the unknown stars, nor down at the well-known road; they looked straight ahead, and planned their day. As the light strengthened, they defined themselves as a woman of middle age, a tall, slight girl of eighteen, and an awkward boy, who might have been fifteen. He hung back, and grumbled.

'Plenty time,' said he. 'Gee! I wish I was goin'!'

The sun rose upon their haste, and illumined a great valley beneath, half full of cloud; nearer by, peaks and high plateaus appeared; it was a mountain country, far flung, wooded, beautiful; they were not far from its highest point.

'There's the sun,' said the girl in an agony. '*Mother!* We're going to miss the train.'

The two women strained their ears for the whistle of the engine, and hurried more than ever; the boy continued to lag behind and grumble.

'Now, Thomas,' said his mother, 'Dorothy and I can't behave the way men do. We just have to hurry when we go to a train. You got to make allowance, son.'

Thomas quickened his steps and smiled in his mother's face. 'You got lots of time,' he said good-humoredly.

'Better be an hour too early than five minutes too late,' said his mother.

So her father had told her; so Thomas would some day tell his son; it was one of the sayings that Age foists upon Youth, who rejects it, and remembers it, and uses it at last.

They waited a long time at the station before the train came along and swallowed them up.

'We'll be back on Number Twelve,' Mrs. Smart called out to Thomas.

It is the custom in the Pocono to call trains by their numbers, which are, in a sense, their Christian names. The hamlets in those mountains are not unlike a scattered village; the railroad is the village street. Thomas answered, inarticulately, and the human driftwood that gathers at such stations disintegrated, to gather afresh for the next train.

After October, when most of the hotels close, nobody in the Pocono mountains has much to do but watch the trains and wait for April — when the trout fishermen come.

Mrs. Smart had a little house at Tip Top, where she lived with her two children. She was a bookkeeper by trade, but she was a capable woman, and could help out almost anywhere. She was a worker. Dorothy and Thomas, heredity to the contrary, were not as yet inclined that way, but their mother meant they should be when, as she said, they grew up.

She and Dorothy sat side by side in the crowded car. When the conductor came through, he greeted them as old friends.

'Goin' to Philadelphia?' he said, punching their tickets.

Mrs. Smart nodded, smiling. 'Mrs. Schauss wants a new parlor carpet,' she said, 'and she said if I'd go down and get it, she'd give me my ticket. And I need a winter coat, and Dorothy 's going to get a new dress.'

'Be at Tip Top Inn next summer?'

'If Mr. Haydock wants me, Mr. Johns.'

'He'll want you,' said Johns. 'Chester County Quaker, ain't he?'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smart, with a little laugh. 'Most of 'em are in summer. But he's *nice*.'

'They know a good thing when they see it,' said Johns. He smoothed his grizzled moustache. He would have liked a little talk with Mrs. Smart, who was a pretty and friendly woman, much liked along the road, but he was afraid of Dorothy's disdainful young profile, outlined against the window.

'Change at Stroudsberg,' he said mechanically, and went heavily on down the car.

'Why, yes,' said Mrs. Smart. 'To think of his telling *us* that. But he's nice.'

'He's old,' said Dorothy. 'I'm glad he went away. I think a voyle, mother.'

'I think a voyle,' said her mother, with eager interest. 'Let's talk about it.'

They changed at Stroudsberg, and went on through the great Gap that the Delaware River has cut for itself in the Blue Mountains, and so on down to Philadelphia. They went first to the department store that the Pocono folk affect, and bought the carpet.

'Now the dress,' said Mrs. Smart.

Dorothy hesitated; she loved to dally with the thought of the dress; until she should decide, all the dresses in Philadelphia were hers; afterwards, but that one.

'You better get your coat first, mother. You might get it here.'

'I bought my last winter coat here, four years ago. They'd take an interest. And I might get the same lady.'

'Yes,' said Dorothy. In her heart she was appalled by the greatness and unconcern of the city. She, too, hoped they would get the same lady.

They did. At least she said they did; Mrs. Smart doubted it.

'She had n't all that hair four years ago,' she said to herself.

'Never mind, she's nice.'

'Ninety dollars,' said the lady haughtily. 'A French model.'

Mrs. Smart gasped. 'Fourteen is as high as I can go,' said she.

'Why mother,' said Dorothy, disgraced. 'It is n't either.'

The lady looked into Mrs. Smart's honest eyes; she had honest and kindly eyes, herself, under her fuzz of hair. 'Dearie,' she said. 'I've been there myself. Here's a line of last year's coats, marked down. They're lovely. They're long, and they're wearing them short in Paris, but land, what difference does that make to you and me?'

'We like to be in style in the Pocono,' said Dorothy.

'It must be fierce up there in winter,' said the lady. 'Twenty-two fifty.'

Mrs. Smart shook her head. She and Dorothy whispered together.

'What made you say fourteen? She thought it was funny. You've got fifteen fifty.'

'I plan to spend a dollar on ties for Thomas, and we've got to keep some for our lunch. Fourteen 's a plenty to spend on a coat.'

'It's hell to be poor,' said Dorothy, suddenly. Her face worked.

'Oh, my daughter,' said Mrs. Smart in terror; 'don't talk so. Remember our little home, and Thomas, and all. Think of all we've got!'

'Here's a nice lot of last spring coats,' said the lady, patiently. 'Thin, but you could wear something under 'em.' She glanced at Dorothy's back; it heaved convulsively. 'It's fierce when they want things, ain't it?' she said, with comprehension. 'My little girl's only ten, but she's beginning. My, it's fierce to be a mother, ain't it — when they want things, and you have n't got 'em to give?'

Mrs. Smart nodded, speechlessly. 'This is pretty,' said she, after a pause; 'real pretty.'

'Here's two for fourteen,' said the lady, returning to business. 'A blue and a black. The blue's prettiest, but the black 's nearer your size.

'You would n't hold them while we go and look at a dress?' said Mrs. Smart, anxiously. 'I could n't expect it — but 't would be a help.'

'And you could take a look at coats elsewhere,' said the lady, as one who knows the secrets of the human heart. 'Land, I don't blame you, but you won't do any better. Yes, I'll hold 'em, till two-thirty. I've been there myself.'

'If you should ever come to Tip Top,' said Mrs. Smart, 'there's a house you'd be welcome in. Late falls and winters and early in spring, before the trout season opens, I take in a boarder. I 'd be pleased to take you, ma'am, and the little girl. I would n't charge for her. She'd like it, and we'd like her. If I don't see you again, I'm Mrs. Lydia Smart, Tip Top, Monroe County, Pennsylvania. Every one knows me in the Pocono. And thank you! Good-bye! *Good-bye!*'

'Good-bye!'

The two women parted with a handclasp. Dorothy looked on with a kind of disapproving admiration, such as her mother's doings often inspired in her.

'You do make friends!' she said, when they were out of earshot. 'You might have asked her about a voyle. She'll come to Tip Top. You see!'

'Never mind. Society wears 'em at the Inn all summer,' said Mrs. Smart. 'I hope she does come. I wish I did n't have to charge guests, but I do and that's all there is to it. A voyle 's what you want, Dorothy Smart. We'll go right now and get it.'

They bought the *voile*, with varying emotions, but their final mood was one of satisfaction. Then they parted until train time. Mrs. Smart bought Thomas's ties, and did a few errands for Tip Top people; then she wandered down Chestnut Street, looking in the windows; her feet burned with fatigue; her healthy Pocono appetite awoke and cried for food.

'Why!' said a hearty voice, 'I declare, if it is n't Mrs. Smart!'

'Why, Mr. Lincoln,' said Mrs. Smart.

Lincoln's fresh-colored, smooth-shaven face beamed with pleasure. 'How's all the folks in the Pocono? How's Mr. Schauss? Does he have his order ready now, or does he make the traveling men wait all day for it, like he used to me?'

'He's Pennsylvania Dutch; he likes to make folks wait.'

Mrs. Smart laughed, but her laughter had a weary sound and the man peered down at her.

'Had your dinner?'

'I had a cup of chocolate, and a cracker. I thought it would be five cents, but they asked me ten.'

'Suppose we get our dinner together.'

'I guess I won't.'

'Why not?'

'Well, the truth is I've got just five cents left,' said Mrs. Smart. She laughed and her pretty face took a fresher color. 'Thomas's ties cost more than I thought, and I don't want to touch my coat money. I'm all right, Mr. Lincoln. I read in the paper where

it said everybody had too much to eat. If I've had too much to eat, it's time I stopped.'

'Did you think I wanted you to pay for yourself? What's the matter with your taking dinner with me?'

'I did n't want to go to a party when I was n't asked, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You're asked all right. We'll go to the station. You can get a good meal there.'

'I've never taken a meal at the station, but I've often wished to,' said Mrs. Smart. 'You're kind, Mr. Lincoln.'

'Kind yourself,' said Lincoln. 'Come along!'

'I wish Dorothy could have had this instead of me,' said Mrs. Smart, half an hour later. 'She went to see a girl friend. She was going to stay to dinner, if they asked her, and take her lunch money to buy a jabot. We generally carry our lunch, when we come to the city, but Thomas knocked the eggs off the table in the dark, this morning, and Dorothy did n't think it was worth while to take just bread and butter. She's pretty, Mr. Lincoln. Just as pretty, and *nice* — and Thomas! — He's almost sixteen, and a *good* boy. He's in Mr. Schauss's now. He don't like it much, but he stays to please me. Let me see — why you have n't seen Thomas for four years. You would n't know him.'

'I've buried my wife since I saw you last, Mrs. Smart.'

'You have! Why, Mr. Lincoln, I'm so sorry. How I must have worried you, talking so much, and eating so much. Why did n't you tell me?'

'Well, I don't know. I thought it might cast a chill. I often think of you now I'm alone in the world.'

Mrs. Smart stiffened perceptibly. 'She was an invalid, was n't she, Mr. Lincoln?'

'She was mindless,' said Lincoln. It is a Quaker expression; he came of Quaker stock. 'She was in a sanitarium the last ten years.'

'She was?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'She *was!*'

'Yes, ma'am, she was. I kept her as comfortable as anybody there, but there was n't much comfort in it for me.'

'I'm sorry, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You're not going?'

'I must, and thank you for the dinner. I never tasted a better one at the Inn even. Everything a body could wish.'

'Sit down again. I want to speak to you.'

Mrs. Smart sat down on the edge of her chair, ready to take flight at a word, like Mercury.

'I'm in the firm now, Mrs. Smart, and we're doing well. I'd like to call up to Tip Top to see you some day.'

'I'm a busy woman, Mr. Lincoln.'

'So am I a busy man, but I'd find time for that. I've liked you ever since I first saw you, Mrs. Smart — Lydia — but knowing the kind of woman you are, I knew it was no use me saying a word. You'd have shown me the door.'

'I would, Mr. Lincoln.'

'You would, and right, too. But I sometimes thought you — liked me,' said Lincoln, almost shyly. 'I — I used to wonder. Now my wife's dead and gone, and — what do you say? I've had a hard life — no home, no children, and you might say no wife — I'd like a little happiness. I'd take good care of you, Lydia. You work too hard. You would n't have to work if you married me.'

'I like work,' said Mrs. Smart; but she colored deeply, and did not meet Lincoln's look.

'You're thinking of your children. The girl'll marry. They tell me — I

keep track of Tip Top news — they tell me Joe Bogardus is going with her. The boy — he'll leave you. Boys don't stay at home. Well, what do you say?'

'I say no, Mr. Lincoln. I'm sorry about the dinner! If I'd known what was coming, I would n't have accepted your invitation.'

'Damn the dinner! I guess you can take that from me. What have you got against me, Lydia? You think I'm doing it because I want a comfortable home, but it ain't that. I — love you, Lydia!' said Lincoln explosively, and growing very red.

Mrs. Smart looked down.

'I guess the folks at the next table wonder what we're talking about,' she said.

'Damn the folks at the next table,' said Lincoln, but his handsome, ruddy face lost some of its color, as he watched her. 'Is it me? Don't you like me? I've always thought you did. I don't drink. I've made good in my business. I've got a car.'

'I've a great respect for you, Mr. Lincoln, but I'd — rather not, thank you.'

'I won't give you up, Lydia,' said Lincoln, doggedly.

'Well, Mr. Lincoln, you might as well,' said Mrs. Smart, with spirit. 'And I'd thank you not to call me Lydia. I don't care for it.'

Lincoln stared at her in dismay. 'You're not going to — say — no,' he said, blankly. 'It's that boy. I don't believe it's me. I believe you like me. Say, I'll give the boy a job with us — a job that'll give him a chance to rise. I guess that's the trouble, ain't it?'

Mrs. Smart was silent, but it seemed to Lincoln that her downcast face showed signs of relenting; it was the greater credit to him that he spoke as he did. He was an honest and upright business man; the firm and its reputation came first; after that other matters, — happiness, love, and the like. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more,' said Lovelace.

'I don't say he can rise if he don't act right,' said Lincoln. 'He's got to hold the job down. I could n't keep him if he did n't. Not if he was my own son. The firm would n't stand for it — and I'm one of 'em now. Hardware's got a big future — and I'll give Thomas a chance — but he's got to work.' He cleared his throat. 'Well — what do you say?'

'I say no, Mr. Lincoln,' said Mrs. Smart, rising. 'You'll find a nice girl that'll make you a good wife, easy enough. We're most of us good, if you treat us right, and there is n't so much difference between one good woman and another — not that a *man* could see. My goodness, it's half-past two already!'

Mrs. Smart waited at the station for Dorothy for some time; on her knees she nursed a big pasteboard box; her face had a sad look, but it brightened when Dorothy appeared.

'Have a nice time with Marian?'

'Nice enough,' said Dorothy. Her voice had a ring of bitterness. She was young, young, *young*, poor Dorothy, and the inequalities of fortune were too much for her. Her day in the city had shaken her, heart and soul. Mrs. Smart knew it without being told, and her heart ached for her daughter.

'I got the blue coat,' she said.

'You did? It's too big for you, is n't it?'

'It is n't too big for you,' said Mrs. Smart. Her pretty face was radiant with eager love and joy.

'Why, mother!'

'Did you think I was going to let you go without, and you pretty and young and all?'

'I had a coat last fall,' said Dorothy; but her face flushed with pleasure.

'Never mind! It came to me when the lady said coats were going to be short. My coat's short. They were wearing them long the fall I got it. I'll be more in style than you, Dorothy Smart. It came to me, but I did n't realize until after — dinner. Then I put for the store just as tight as I could go — I was afraid the blue one might be gone. Don't say a word! Don't you think we'd better go out and stand by the gate? The train might go earlier, or something.'

The two dozed a bit on the Pennsylvania train, but they were as wide awake as possible when they changed to their own Lackawanna.

'Once I'm through the Gap, I feel I'm at home,' said Mrs. Smart.

The train was a slow one; it crawled up into the mountains; it stopped at many little stations. When the car door opened, woodland scents and sounds came in; the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, the noise of mountain brooks, the odor of burning wood.

'It's nice to get home,' said Mrs. Smart. 'I wonder how Thomas is.'

'I'm awful hungry,' said Dorothy. 'What did you have for lunch, mother?'

'All I wanted — and more. I've got five cents left; I'll buy you some gum. Dear me! I can't find it — it must have slipped out. Dear me!'

'Lost something, Mrs. Smart?' said the brakeman, Rally Willems. He was a Pocono boy; Mrs. Smart had always known him; he was young, slim, alert; he had sandy hair, and a freckled skin, and a little red moustache, — the regular brakeman type.

'Only five cents,' said Mrs. Smart. 'Never mind, Rally. I was going to buy Dorothy some gum. She's hungry.'

Willems went into his blue pocket and produced something in a twist of paper.

'I got some flag-root,' said he. 'Mother brought it down to the train this morning. Wait once, till I cut it.'

He divided it with his pocket knife; he gave the larger piece to Mrs. Smart; when he went out on the platform, she changed with Dorothy. She ate her own piece with a relish.

'It's good,' she said. 'Bitter-sweet things stand by you better than all-sweet things — specially after a hard day. It was nice in Rally to give it to us. He'll be a conductor some day. Feel better, Dorothy?'

'Some. Thomas won't like my getting the coat, mother. He'll be as mad as a hornet.'

Mrs. Smart nodded, with a very serious face; she had been considering for some time what she should say to Thomas.

'You take the lantern and go on ahead, and I'll talk to Thomas.'

Thomas met them at the station, sleepy and cross. A young man was waiting, too, — Joe Bogardus. He and Dorothy walked on up the hill together quickly, with the lantern swinging between them. Mrs. Smart and Thomas followed, slowly, arm in arm.

'Get your coat, mother?'

'Not this time, son. My coat that I've got's in style. They're going to wear short coats in Paris this winter. My coat's short.'

'I wanted you to get a new one,' said Thomas, crossly.

'Now, son,' said Mrs. Smart, tenderly, 'don't you get to thinking you know more about clothes than your mother does. That ain't men's work. Wait once, till you see your new ties: black, with red spots, one; blue, with white lines, one.'

'See any folks you knew?'

'Mr. Lincoln. He's a traveling man, used to come up here drumming for hardware.'

'I remember him all right. Used to

talk to you — thought he was good-lookin' — fresh!' said Thomas, ferociously. 'What did *he* have to say?'

'Oh, he just talked. Did n't you used to like him, son?'

'Naw,' said Thomas, 'I did n't. Why you know I did n't, mother. You used to say he was nice, and I always told you I did n't like him.'

'I remember,' said Mrs. Smart, briefly.

She plodded along the rough road in the darkness; the November wind blew keenly from the mountains; she was tired, and hungry, and cold; her weary body caught her brave soul in its clutches, and shook it, and wrung it, and left it faint and gasping.

'It's a hard world for a woman,' she muttered. 'Maybe I'd better have said yes.'

'Gee, but Schauss's is fierce,' said Thomas. 'Guess I'll quit, and go West.'

'You would n't leave me, son,' said Mrs. Smart, in quick alarm. 'Would you?'

'I'm sick of the store.'

'I'm going to try to get Mr. Haydock to take you at the Inn next summer,' said Mrs. Smart, forgetting herself at once in Thomas's need. 'You could be in the office with me, and see the world and society — and maybe folks would take you out in a car sometimes.'

'Gee, mother, you're a peach. That would be great,' said Thomas, mollified.

It did not take much to please him; he was his mother's own son, after all. He clung to her arm, and lurched to and fro in the road. He was an awkward boy; he seemed to go out of his way to fall over things; he was like an overgrown puppy, with his clumsy ways and his inarticulate, loving heart. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, a light shone out above them.

'There's *home*,' said Mrs. Smart. 'You put the lamp in the window, did n't you, son?'

'Yes, I did. And the kettle's on the stove, boiling by this time. I thought you'd like some *tea*,' said Thomas, with pride. 'So I kept the fire up, and had everything nice.'

Mrs. Smart laughed in the darkness, a little, well-pleased laugh, and stepped out briskly.

'After all, I'm glad,' she said.

'To be back home?' said Thomas.

'To be back home,' said Mrs. Smart. 'There's no place like home.'

EDUCATION IN VERMONT

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

VERMONT has set an example to the other states of the Union in being the first to make a comprehensive effort to study its educational responsibilities. In conformity to an act of the legislature, approved in November, 1912, the governor appointed a commission of nine persons 'to inquire into the entire educational system and condition of this state.' To secure the information essential for an intelligent and adequate report, the commission, which included among its members the President of Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, and the President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Mr. Theodore N. Vail, invited the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching to make 'an expert study of the school system, including the higher institutions of learning.' Acting upon this invitation, the Foundation caused to be made a first-hand study of education in Vermont, embracing the whole system, from elementary school to university.

The detailed examination of the elementary schools was committed to Professor Milo B. Hillegas of Teachers College, Columbia University; of the secondary schools to Dr. William S. Learned of the Harvard School of Education; and of the normal schools and the state system of administration and expenditure to Professor Edward C. Elliott of the University of Wisconsin. Other expert service was employed for special fields, as the agricultural college and its relations to the farming industries, medical and engineering schools, library facilities in relation to the public schools, and the system in use of school accounts and financial statements.

The results of these investigations have been published in a *Bulletin*, the primary purpose of which is to place in the hands of the commission the essential facts which will enable them to form conclusions, to make recommendations, and to propose legislation. Accordingly, it is of great interest to all who have at heart the betterment of our educational system. For the conditions are not peculiar to Vermont; similar conditions prevail throughout the country, and the conclusions reached should be thoughtfully and carefully considered, even though one may not entirely agree with all the statements or recommendations. Many Vermonters think the *Bulletin* does not set forth the facts as accurately as they had hoped it would; while the recommendation of withdrawing the state financial aid from the colleges is decidedly and generally condemned.

A remarkable array of facts of every kind, from the course of study to the condition of the schoolhouses, is to be found in the report of Professor Hillegas on the elementary schools. It is interesting to note that in the proportion of children of school age enrolled, Vermont holds the first place among the states. His criticisms are mainly of the instruction given, the principal aim of which, he says, is preparation for the high school. Considering the fact that practically none of the rural-

school children enter the high school, he maintains that there should be two courses of instruction — one for the rural and one for the graded town school. With the present course, the children of the countryside are taught only to read indifferently, to write clumsily, and to make ordinary calculations with difficulty. The child's interest in the life of his community is weakened, and either he is made an idler, because he has not been taught to do work that is based upon the acquirement of skill, or he is educated away from the life in which he has grown up. His face is turned from the duties and opportunities of his own home to the more tempting but more illusory ventures of a city. Many will agree with the conclusion, that 'something is radically wrong with a school in an agricultural community that develops motormen, stenographers, and typewriters, and fails to develop farmers, dairymen, and gardeners.'

The recommendations of Professor Hillegas include the consolidation of the smaller schools, the transportation of the children by school barges, and new courses of study, which should be planned by experienced teachers and superintendents organized into committees. For the improvement of teachers already in service he suggests that a group of highly trained, capable women supervisors should spend their time in the schools, assisting the teachers and demonstrating proper methods. The absolute need of an increase in the salaries of teachers is emphasized by the fact that, according to a recent comparative study of the public school systems of all the states, Vermont stands in the forty-third place in the average annual salary of the teachers.

There is much valuable information in Dr. Learned's report on the secondary schools. It is the outcome of a personal visit to nearly half of the high schools and academies, and a careful study of all attainable facts in regard to attendance, curriculum, and the training of teachers. A fact which stands out prominently and should be emphasized is that 'almost without exception' the teachers 'gave the impression of being high-minded, naturally capable and painstaking men and women' who are doing 'honest and faithful work.' It is a matter of regret that Dr. Learned has apparently had no experience as a teacher, for his position in regard to the instruction given in the high schools is largely that of a theorist. He reiterates, for instance, that the curriculum should have 'greater freedom and elasticity in order to meet the individual pupil.' It should be based predominantly on the pupil's environment. Now this is admirable in theory, but it would be difficult to put it in practice.

The economic value of the school training seems to Dr. Learned to be of the first importance. 'It is a pressing duty of the high schools in Vermont,' he maintains, for instance, 'to display fairly the power, resources, and significance of the farm.' On the other hand little stress is laid on the old New England idea that the highest aim of the school is the development of the intellectual powers and the building up of character.

All, however, will agree with what he says as to the special needs of training-classes for teachers in elementary schools, particularly in the country. His suggestion that this course should be introduced into more of the high schools will be welcomed, and, we trust, acted upon throughout the country. He maintains that there should be enough high schools with these training classes, to enable all those who are desirous of becoming teachers in the elementary schools to attend the

course without being obliged, as now, in most instances, to leave their homes. Another practical reason for the establishment of these 'regional' high schools, urged in the section devoted to the training of teachers, is that the neighboring village schools would furnish abundant opportunities for practice-classes for those who are in training. The establishment of a new central training school is also advocated, which should serve the needs of the state in providing teachers for its junior high schools.

The problem of trade-education — a pressing economic as well as educational question — is discussed in the report on the vocational school. This school is practically the only agency that society offers for the formal preparation of its youth for those fundamental and necessary vocations upon which stress must always be laid. The aim should be, not the preparation for a profession, but the training of youth for a trade. In this connection, attention is directed to a remarkable agricultural school at Lyndonville, which owes its existence to the generosity of Mr. Vail. It is strictly a farmer's school and it aims to furnish a line of training that will be of immediate use in farming and its allied industries, as carpentry, blacksmithing, and masonry. Consequently, the students are trained to do farm work intelligently and also the repairing of buildings, wagons, and machinery. Thus they are made independent of any outside skilled labor, and are put in a position to assist their neighbors in these directions. For these special purposes the school has blacksmith and carpenter shops, as well as a horse-stable, dairy-barn, poultry-house, and root-cellar, together with over one hundred acres of tillage land divided into upland and lowland.

The report upon the higher institutions of learning gives considerable information about the three colleges at Burlington, Middlebury, and Northfield. There is a brief historical sketch of each, with facts relating to their endowment, equipment, curriculum, teaching-staff, and students. The criticism is confined mainly to the Agricultural College connected with the University of Vermont at Burlington. The impression made by this part of the report is that it was written by one whose whole interest was in the schools of the state. The one thing needed for the improvement of both primary and high schools, he feels, is money to increase the salary of the teachers, especially of the primary schools, in order to secure better teachers, and to improve the schoolhouses and their equipment. Accordingly, with this need predominating in his mind, the one frequently repeated recommendation in regard to the higher institutions of learning is that the state subsidy should be withdrawn from them and given to the schools. And with this conclusion those who compiled the report agreed, for the last of the five recommendations which embody the results of the survey is, 'Subsidies to higher education should cease, the colleges being given a reasonable time in which to rearrange their budgets.'

This does not mean that the colleges are not helpful to the state from an educational point of view. Of Middlebury, for instance, it is said that 'the work of the college is distinctly good,' that the 'fundamental work is now being admirably done.' The one absorbing aim of President Thomas is that Middlebury College shall be a great instrument in the upbuilding of Vermont. 'I propose,' he said on one occasion, 'to train as many students as possible to go back to their homes, filled with inspiration partaking of sublime religious faith in the destiny

of the Green Mountain State, and there live and toil, and exercise an influence which no man may measure in advance.' But what would be the effect upon the college if more than a quarter of its annual income should be withdrawn from it? Would not its usefulness be terribly crippled for years, possibly forever? Would the advantage to the three thousand school-teachers of the addition of a few dollars to their salaries, for that is all the Middlebury subsidy could give them, justify this withdrawal?

All who know the conditions in Vermont recognize 'the urgent needs of the state in elementary education,' but they do not feel that because of these needs, the needs of the institutions of higher education should suffer. Their needs are very great. To quote President Thomas again: 'I see opportunities all over the state to stimulate enterprise and quicken the life of the people, if only we had the means to do the work.' This feature of the report, together with the repeated strange statement that the state should not subsidize a college which 'it does not own and control,' has aroused much feeling throughout Vermont, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the usefulness of the inquiry will not be impaired on this account.

For, regarded as a whole, it has undoubtedly a high educational value. All having at heart the training of our children to make the best of their place in life should welcome the light thrown upon the condition of the elementary schools, especially those in rural districts, and should act upon the suggestions for their improvement. It is to be hoped that the inquiry will give a new and vivid impression of the influence of the teacher. This new and fresh appreciation of the significance of her duty, second only to that of the parent, should lead to an improvement in her preparation for her task, and should increase the reward for her valuable and painstaking labor. Then, the emphasis laid upon the necessity of the development of agricultural instruction is of great importance. In view of the fact that we are seeking all over the world for food for our constantly increasing millions, it is not only an economic, but a national crime to let so much rich, easily cultivable land lie idle, not simply in Vermont but throughout our Atlantic states. And the simplest solution of the great problem is clearly shown in the Carnegie Foundation report. It is to make by stimulating elementary, but thorough, instruction an intelligent and interested farmer out of the bright country boy.

AT SEVENTY-THREE AND BEYOND

BY U. V. WILSON

I

I AM seventy-three to-day. That is well along toward the four-score mark. I remember that the Psalmist refers to the strength which brings us to eighty years as 'labor and sorrow,' and yet, curiously enough, I have no sensation which squares with his dictum. To be sure, I am not robust. I do not see as clearly as of yore, and Tom avers that I am slightly deaf. But I'm as full of the joy of living as ever. There's more beauty in the sunset than there used to be, and the songs of the birds, if heard more faintly, have a sweeter cadence. Spring has never before borne such fragrance in upon me, nor have I ever perceived as great a glory in the autumn or found more comfort in the winter.

If I have retired from active business, it is not because of incapacity. I notice, indeed, that when a particularly perplexing problem faces Tom, who succeeded me at the store, he comes to Father for advice, and to this date he has rarely failed to heed my counsel. But why should I toil on in the market-place? My modest fortune suffices. It gives me books, lectures, art, and the theatre. It affords me the leisure for which I have toiled all my life long, the leisure really to busy myself with the big things which face me as a man. And I submit that there is a joy in it all that is very far removed from 'labor and sorrow.'

Seventy-three. Ah, how the years are flying! It seems hardly a month from birthday to birthday. I remember to have heard my grandfather make this remark. I was a child then and the words seemed unbelievable. Years afterwards, Father, sitting by the fireside, used to express the same sentiment very frequently. I understood it more perfectly by that time, for right in the thick of business strife the days were all too short for me. But now that I've taken my place at the fireside, and the shadows seem to be lengthening, I understand to the full just how swiftly the years are slipping by.

'A thousand years in thy sight,' said one of old, 'are but as yesterday when it is passed and a watch in the night.' That is God's outlook upon time. He has always lived. He will live forever. To Him there is no past, no future, only one eternal NOW. It is because He has always been, that the Eternal Presence looks upon a thousand years as 'a watch in the night.' And the longer we finite beings exist, so I take it, the shorter the years to our view. It is not that our days are drawing to an end that we have this outlook,—it is that they are receding from a beginning, that they are piling, one upon the other, until each seems small in comparison with the mass. At three-score and thirteen, a year is but a seventy-third. Indeed, I am more and more firmly convinced that with advancing years one approaches, as nearly as a finite being can, the point of view from which the Infinite One regards time, and in all reverence I

cannot avoid the conviction that the shortness of the years as one looks at them in old age demonstrates one's kinship to the Almighty, and is an earnest of unending life.

The Reverend Mr. Smithers, who preaches hell-fire and damnation to a little congregation of people who are frightened into denying themselves the brightness of living that they may 'get to heaven' sometime, will hardly see any logic in my thought. Deacon Jones would regard it as akin to blasphemy; but a quiet game of whist is 'gambling' to Deacon Jones. It agonizes his soul to see the young folks dance, and I've more than once heard him say how hard it is for 'the Lord to save an old man.' These good people may be right, although it would grieve me to discover it; and yet, I can't help thinking that time seems shorter to me in old age because the years have brought me into at least a subconscious realization of my immortality.

The reader needs not to be told that I have busied myself with selling hardware most of my life rather than in delving into theology or metaphysics. My reading has been limited and desultory, and I dare not believe that I've thought out any solution for the greatest of the problems that confront me in common with all my kind. My intimates know me as a practical man and are kind enough to credit me with more common sense than, I fear, I really possess. I am fully conscious of my limitations; more so, perhaps, than these pages would indicate. Nevertheless, the very fact that weeks get more and more like days to me as the years multiply, and days seem to shrink into hours, warms my old heart with what I believe to be an assurance of unending existence.

That assurance strengthens, too, when, looking within, I am able to discover no trace whatever of decay. That is to say, I feel as young as I did at forty, at twenty, at ten. In speaking of age, we invariably make the mistake of thinking only of the body. When I wrote just now, 'I am seventy-three to-day,' I meant only, of course, that that is the age of my physical being. There is no assurance that I am not centuries older. I do not dabble in the occult, and cannot express myself with scientific exactness. I feel very timid about venturing an opinion on matters concerning which so many wiser than I are in doubt, but dares any one say that his life began in his mother's womb or that it ends at the grave? If so, how does he know it?

When I say that I do not feel old, I mean I, not my body. My body is not I. If it is, why do I say my body? I speak of my hands, my feet, my eyes, my tongue, my stomach, just as I do of my spectacles, my cane, my clothing, my store. These things belong to me. They are my tools. I use them as I see fit in accomplishing the purposes of everyday life. Into the warp and woof of our very language is thus woven the divine conception of our being. It is an interesting fact that the materialist rarely converses for an hour without unconsciously denying his creed. No matter what one's professed faith, his everyday language is an acknowledgment that, however closely he may be bound to the material and however dependent thereupon, he, himself, is not material.

As the body ages, and it ages rapidly, of course, it is subject to a multitude of infirmities, most of which are rare in its youth. We have grown accustomed to associating these infirmities with old age, therefore, and are quite likely to view their presence as a demonstration of advancing years. Such indeed it is, but only in relation to the body. 'I feel old,' is a very common

expression, but one which is very far from the exact truth. To illustrate: I notice that the rheumatism grips my shoulder quite frequently of late, especially in damp weather, although such an attack was quite unknown in the first sixty years of my life. Old age? Of the body, perhaps, but not of me. Tom had the rheumatism when he was barely fifteen. The sensation was to him precisely what it is to me and the treatment differed very little, if at all. I need spectacles now, but many children need them, too. My step is not as sure as it used to be, but so far as I can observe, the effect is the same as it would have been had some weakness attacked my legs fifty years ago. My hair is thin and white, but I know many bald heads under thirty, and young men have turned gray over night.

And so I might run through the list of the so-called infirmities of age, but it is enough to say that they are purely bodily and by no means confined to those who have passed the meridian of life. They do not affect me, myself, in any way differently from what they would do were I forty, or in the cradle. They occasion inconvenience, pain, chagrin, just as they would have done at any period. Through it all I survive, consciously the same man that I have been all along. And it is this consciousness of an unchanged and unchanging I, which gives me the very strongest assurance of the immortality which all men crave.

I do not deny for a moment that my tastes and habits have been greatly modified during the years. I go to the theatre more rarely now, and do not enjoy the comedies that once captivated me. An occasional evening at whist quite fills the place of the sports to which I was formerly addicted. I find an increasing interest in literature of the solid sort, although my fondness for the humorists does not abate. Serious conversation appeals to me more forcibly than the brightness and repartee I loved in my youth. If my circle of friends is narrower than of yore, those within it are closer to my heart. My love is the stronger because it has been purged of its passion and I find it increasingly difficult to harbor hatred.

But in all these changes and many others to which I might refer there is no sense of age or decay. They have characterized every stage of my life. At twenty I was fond of hunting. Five years later no angler was more enthusiastic than I. Photography captivated me at thirty. I have always ridden hobbies and cannot bring myself to believe that the substitution of one of them for another was at all due to the period of life at which the change was made. There has been no sensation of ageing in it all. To myself I still seem young, and every year strengthens the conviction that this sense of youth is to remain forever.

It happens to some that bodily decay reaches a point which renders participation in the activities of life impossible. The senses no longer guide. The faculties fail. The whole brain deteriorates. The unfortunate victim becomes imbecile to all appearance and must be cared for as if he really were. This catastrophe is usually associated with extreme old age, although it may happen at any time, and is not infrequently used to point the argument of the materialist. At first blush, too, it seems to serve the purpose admirably.

I have not reached that deplorable condition. I pray the good Father that I never may. My dread of it is not because of any fear that in decrepitude I shall begin to feel age. It arises rather from an aversion to the imprisonment of myself in the ruins of a body so old that it is tumbling down and rotten.

The tools we work with are clumsy at best. The windows through which we view the world are very small and clouded. The acutest of our senses is blunt indeed. We are everywhere debarred from light and sweetness and beauty. We are slow and awkward and halting. Our ideals are above and beyond us. We fall short of our ambitions, no matter how we try. All this is inevitable because the body in which we are housed and with which we labor is nothing but matter. If I am so circumscribed when my physical being is in comparative vigor, I often ask myself, what darkness will descend upon me when it crumbles into the ruins of senility? It is not a pleasant question, except that it takes for granted the undying youth of him who asks it.

'Second childhood,' this tumbling down of the body is called, and the term is entirely accurate. In infancy and senility the man prattles and totters and must be cared for by others. The chief difference is that the body of the baby is weak because of its immaturity, while that of the old man fails by reason of age. In one the materials are being assembled, in the other they are falling apart. But it is the same man. This is the thought that I hug to my soul until that soul glows with the hope of eternal life. In infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, man is conscious of all the ills due to his physical environment, but down in the depths of his inner self is the sense of unfading youth.

And this sense is certainly strengthened by the analogies of the case, which seem to show that a second manhood follows the second childhood. That which succeeds the first is shut in by the body, then building, and conditioned by it at every turn. The second escapes from the ruined tenement to exercise its functions immediately. That is to say, it sees without eyes, runs without feet, and knows without a brain. This, I take it, is what the good book means when in discussing the resurrection it says, 'it is raised a spiritual body.'

The more I ponder these matters, — and at seventy-three one is intensely interested in the unknown realities which he is approaching, — the stronger is my conviction that the infirmities of age are but incidents necessary to that largeness of life which lies before me. The man in a dungeon does not complain when the windows dim, the bolts and chains corrode, the walls crumble, and the roof begins to fall. These changes may entail much inconvenience and acute pain, but he welcomes them as the precursors of the liberty which means life to him.

It is even so with me, a youth shut up in an old body. Failing eyes tell me of the day when I shall see what neither telescope nor microscope reveals to me now. This dullness of hearing prophesies the hour when such harmony as the masters never dreamed will break in upon me. As my limbs fail I turn to the time when my movements will not be hampered by legs and feet. Better than all, as I sit here trying to think out these things, just as millions upon millions of old men have tried before me, I joy in the thought that when the brain has perished, I, myself, face to face with naked truth, shall *know*.

To others this may seem only the vagrant fancy of a mind already impaired by the ravages of time. Perhaps there is little countenance for it in the books. I do not doubt that any of the scientists or theologians could easily show that it lacks foundation in logic. It satisfies me, however, and in a matter so vitally personal, that is the chief consideration after all. It enables me to endure advancing infirmities, if not cheerfully, at least with compo-

sure. Are they not the forerunners of immortal health? If I do not wish to die, I have no fear of death, because I look upon it as only the removal of the last barrier between me and the very fullness of life. In a word, my sense of youth at seventy-three not only assures me of youth never ending, but fills me with hope that makes even extreme old age gentle and full of cheer.

IN THOSE DAYS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Riding one day from Baltimore to New York, I became acquainted with a young man who sold gas-meters. He was a traveling-man, representing a firm in Chicago, and had traversed the country from corner to corner a dozen times. Within five minutes after I had accommodated him with a match, I had learned that he sold gas-meters. He was very open about it, and gladly told me how many he had sold in the last month, and how the eighty-cent rate would affect his sales, and how natural gas might be piped to the city from West Virginia. Between Baltimore and Havre de Grace I learned a great deal about meters, and between Havre de Grace and Wilmington a great deal about gas. I began to see how enormously important gas and gas-meters are. I, who had always hated the sight of a gas-tank, began to feel a new respect for one; after having for years muttered maledictions upon the gas-meter, I began to see that in some eyes it might be a thing of beauty.

As we were leaving Wilmington, realizing perhaps that the conversation had thus far been a monologue, the young man turned to me and asked, 'And what is your line?' I had felt that the question was bound to come, and, casting about for the safest answer, had decided to be a drummer for typewriters, my usual hypothetical profession under such circumstances. Some dormant monitor within me, however, suddenly awoke.

'I am a teacher,' I answered, weakly.

He was silent for a moment.

'For a fact,' said he, then, 'I'd never have known it.'

Since this was evidently intended as a compliment, I murmured my thanks.

'And how do you like teaching?' he asked, after a while, forcing an appearance of interest.

'Why,' replied I, 'it might be worse.'

'Not much money in it, is there?'

'No. Not very much.'

There was again a pause.

'Don't you find,' he ventured at last, 'that you, — well, that a teacher is at a — at a disadvantage with other people; that is, that other people are a — are a little, well, a little afraid in the presence of a . . . Oh, I don't know how to put it. You know what I mean. That there is a kind of restraint?'

'I suppose,' said I, 'that that depends partly on the other people.'

'Why, yes,' he replied, as if the idea were new to him, 'I suppose it does.'

He fell into thought. He appeared

to be considering something seriously. There was certainly a constraint between us until he left me at Philadelphia.

This turn of our conversation was no new thing to me. 'Why,' I had read many years before in Charles Lamb, 'why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?' I had read it many a time with a sinking at the heart. 'Because we are conscious,' Lamb answers his own question, 'that he is not quite at his ease in ours. . . . He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations. — He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends.'

I have the passage marked with a black pencil in my copy of the *Essays*. I so marked it many years ago. It used to worry me a good deal. To be delivered from the professorial manner came to be a part of my private liturgy. I shall never forget my discouragement when a red-haired urchin with whom I struck acquaintance on the towpath of the Morris and Essex Canal told me that he knew that I was a teacher, although he could not tell why. That was in my second year of teaching, and I felt like a man threatened with gradual ossification.

In the boarding-school in which I was at the time temporarily imprisoned, we teachers were all haunted by this impalpable terror. One of us sought to escape by wearing brilliant waistcoats and hose; another, by educating his taste in liqueurs and cigars; a third, by studying the stock-market reports and gambling feebly when his salary permitted.

We were very young. On moonlight nights we all went down to the bridge on the edge of the town and smoked our pipes and sang 'Good-night, ladies' and danced clog-dances, merely to prove to ourselves that no insidious pedagogical symptoms were as yet appearing in us. We cultivated a bluff manner among ourselves, and practiced slang. On our tramps we avoided the well-traveled roads, as if a boy were a leper and to meet one a contamination. As for myself, I used to steal out into the back pasture and climb up into an oak tree. Although I never found a boy up there, one had cut his initials intertwined with hearts and other erotic carvings. I used furtively to go to the shore of a little river near the school, and sit down among the snakes and rhododendrons, and fish. I have caught fifty perch and sunnies there in an afternoon, returning them all to their element, none the worse save for a pricked lip. 'I was fain of their fellowship, fain'; yet even here boys went hallooing by on the road behind me in couples and packs, little dreaming that I lay *perdu* so near.

We had a theory, I believe, that constant association with the immature mind would end by stunting ours; yet we never spoke of the fear that was at our hearts. Condemned as we were to associate for some twelve hours a day with the immature mind, and torn by the fear of which I have just spoken, and the other fear of inadvertently acquiring the professorial manner, it is no wonder if we gave ourselves up to strange excesses. We organized a baseball team, known as the Sundowners (because we played only at sunset), and practiced of an evening before the assembled school, which cheered or groaned as we caught or muffed a ball. That there was more groaning than cheering did not deter us; we were at least unbending, combatting the imputations which we feared. We cultivated the manly arts of boxing and wrestling, and submitted to having our

faces disfigured and our bones made sore, rather than be accused of effeminacy or unseemly dignity. We were always at feud with the head-master on the question of smoking, and were not averse to having it whispered that we were rather fast when we were away from school.

In boarding-school you have boys on all sides of you, and above and below; sometimes in your midst. You take them with your meals; you pilot them to church and listen to them sing while their voices are changing; you put them to bed, and attempt to keep them there; in the drear hour of night, when the stars are weeping, you fly to the end of the corridor to convince them that the season is unpropitious for a 'shirt-tail race' up and down the hall.

I used now and then to find 'Fat' Hendricks asleep in my bed. Overcome with fatigue when far from his room, and happening to be before my door, he had quietly turned in. 'Horse' Peddy was fond of my tobacco, and, under pretext of discussing opera and horse-racing with me, dropped in at all hours to smoke it. 'Lighthouse Liz' McCutcheon, always hungry, spent most of his leisure time foraging. He was usually missing from his room, and it was one of my duties to find him. On such occasions, I first examined the pantry window, and next the vegetable garden. When sharp set, he would eat a turnip or a head of lettuce. 'Sporting Life' Wilmer was also peripatetic, but his wanderings had no perceptible object. One could lead him gently back to his room half a dozen times during a study-hour; one could fly into a rage over him, and thunder threats and imprecations; one could argue, flatter, cajole; but he continued placidly to wander, singing softly in a minor key, a mark for flying shoes, rubbers, books, oranges, pillows, out of every door that he passed.

It was a busy life, and we had little time to ponder on the psychology and ethics of teaching. It has been a question with me ever since whether our influence on our pupils was on the whole good or bad; but the question never occurred to us then. I shall never forget how, on the night of my arrival at the school, fresh from college, greenly fresh, as we sat forlorn on the little side porch with our feet on the railing, I expressed my conviction that teaching is the noblest of professions; and how T ——, the assistant head-master, young in years but old in guile, replied, dryly, 'That may be, as an abstract proposition; but, as a concrete case, if you care to stay here long you'd better forget it.'

I soon perceived the force of his remark. The boys, I soon learned, were not inclined to look up to me as a mentor and guide. I was to be tolerated so long as I did not encroach too far upon their liberties. Instruction was to be confined strictly to the classroom. Rules were made to be broken, and an untimely enforcement of one was looked upon as a breach of etiquette.

By the end of the second week, I had learned that discipline was a kind of game in which the teacher always played against a handicap. He must never resort to subterfuge, yet was always the object of subterfuge. The boys might sneak past *his* door and peep through the keyhole, but if he were caught sneaking by *their* doors or peeping through *their* keyholes, it was all over with him.

Few of us stayed long. Three left that first year, suddenly, and were heard of no more. Those who stayed took up the work of the departed and profited by their mistakes. I sometimes think that the best teachers, in the usual acceptation of the term, all left. Those who remained learned

to obtrude their profession as little as might be upon their charges.

This all seems very amusing now, but was a serious matter to us then. How to insinuate knowledge without an appearance of the pedagogue was a question not easily answered; yet we solved the problem as best we could according to our temperaments, or gave it up and left. I think that the teacher who had the hardest time of all was one who had taken courses at college in pedagogical method. His disillusionment was a perfect pilgrim's progress for difficulty. He knew the psychology of the classroom, the theories of attention and interest, and all the best ways of presenting a subject; yet at his first collision with a class he discovered a number of new principles. The boys declined to behave according to the textbooks. One day, twenty brawny youngsters entered his classroom bearing bouquets of daisies and wild parsnip 'for teacher'; another day a boy, who chose to consider himself insulted, offered to fight. The teacher failed to rise to either occasion. He hesitated, and was lost. He lingered on till nearly Easter, and then left without elaborate farewells.

We who remained behind on the line of battle concluded that pedagogy as a science is useless. So heretical a conclusion was excusable. We lived by our wits, learning by bitter experience and sly experiment. No one of us knew when he might have to take the same road that the fugitive had taken. We had no illusions. We were studying the young idea in the rough, and had discovered that the best method is to have none. That moral suasion had succeeded with Jenkins was no proof that it would succeed with Einstein. That 'campusing' had cured Green's mania for wandering out o' nights did not blind us to the fact that it might serve only to aggravate Brown's complaint.

When we had become thoroughly sophisticated, we discovered that boy-psychology is really very simple. 'Stunts' of all sorts, we found, were readily classified under a few genera. Hanging the school dinner-bell in a tree, which had seemed a very original piece of humor on the first occasion, produced in us a sensation of lassitude on the sixth. Chasing an imaginary rat at dead of night, putting a dead snake or a boxful of June-bugs in a bed, stealing the Wednesday or Sunday ice-cream, all soon lost for us the charm of newness, though they never ceased to throw the boys into transports of felicity.

This conservatism in the boys, due, I suppose, to a general dearth of imagination, helped us a good deal. T ——, through wide experience, had developed clairvoyant powers and could tell by the tilt of a boy's chin or the light in a boy's eye just which in the category of stunts that boy was about to attempt. His prescience was uncanny. He knew, almost before the boys themselves, that the entire Top Floor was contemplating a party under the bridge at midnight, or that the Second Floor Wing was playing poker. His methods of dealing with such aberrations were more original than the aberrations themselves. Once he fastened a tub of water to the foot of the fire-escape so that the boys, clandestinely descending, might fall in; once he scared McCutcheon, foraging as usual, almost out of his wits by impersonating a burglar armed with a bowie knife.

What the boys lacked in imagination they made up in humor; and such an appeal to their sense of a good joke was the shortest road to their hearts. However ingratiating a teacher's presence might be, however awe-inspiring his physique, however brilliant his athletic record, all went for little unless he was possessed of a certain humor-

ous shrewdness. We laughed a good deal in those days, and wriggled out of many a tight place by turning a jest. Discipline came to be a contest of wits, an opposition of finesse to finesse; and the loser, cheerfully swallowing his chagrin, learned to engineer more skillfully next time.

We discovered, too, that, contrary to popular impressions, boys are sentimental. We played upon their sentimentality. We cultivated school-spirit; we wrote school songs and yells for them; we talked much of *old* Oak Ridge, using the adjective with an endearing signification; we prated about honor; above all, we encouraged them to sing.

I can hear yet the direful chorus that rose of an evening from the side piazza, where the entire school sat, voicing the aspirations of its soul in 'I've been working on the railroad,' and 'Farewell, farewell, my own true love,' — direful, yet blissful to tired ears as the crooning of babes or the warbling of thrushes in the woods in June; for, as T ——, who was of Irish extraction, put it, 'When they're singing, they're working the devilment out of their systems.' I can hear yet the bleat of Wilder's shrill tenor, and the *boom-boom* of Lafferty's double-bass. Close harmony, the boys called it; and they loved to put their heads together in painful unison with upturned eyes, and give forth such strains as would have made Pluto very glad to quite set free the half-regained Eurydice.

We of the faculty sang too, and with unction. We sat on the floor of the veranda, as the boys did, and let our feet hang off into space, and were as sorry as they when the gong clanged for study-hour. In the pauses of the song sounded the shrill persistent nocturne of the little frogs, or 'peepers,' as we called them, in the stream down by the potato-patch; or the mellow voices of Henry and Irwin, the colored waiters, chanting in the kitchen —

> Ah went an' tole mah lady-love
> The dream of love was o'e';
> She said no mo', — jes' slammed the do' —

I think that this is the hour that rises oftenest to my memory.

Subconsciously we of the faculty were clinging desperately to our boyhood, which was not yet by any means dimmed by distance. We all remembered what had been our opinion of teachers and were seeking to escape having that opinion held of us. We had not yet learned the strength of tradition, or discovered that (if we remained in the profession) we could no more escape the fate we dreaded than we could by taking thought add a cubit to our stature. This awful realization was reserved for our future.

I suppose that most of the boys whom I taught still exist somewhere. Most of them must be still alive, for they seemed in those days to be enjoying excellent health. There must have been some seven hundred of them. In moments of depression I used to exclaim, 'What! will the line stretch till the crack o' doom?' I used to picture myself as a pedagogical water-wheel, turning, turning, in the educational sluice through which, out of the Everywhere into the Here, a stream flowed, agitated me for a while, and disappeared into the Somewhere, leaving nothing behind but a few negligible bubbles. Of all the boys not one has ever been president or governor or senator. If one has written a novel or a play, I have not read it. Some appeared above the surface of society for a brief period as half-backs or third basemen, but only to sink back into the common ruck. This, again, used to worry me. It seemed a reflection upon my teaching. But the years bring the philosophic mind. One can but do what one can.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

BY AN OBSERVER

I

THE question of suppressed or tainted news has in recent years been repeatedly agitated, and reformers of all brands have urged that the majority of the newspapers of the country are business-tied, — that they are ruled according to the sordid ambition of the counting-house rather than by the untrammeled play of the editorial intellect. Capitalism is alleged to be playing ducks and drakes with the Anglo-Saxon tradition of a free Press.

The most important instance of criticism of this kind is afforded by current attacks upon the Associated Press. The Associated Press, as everybody knows, is the greatest news-gathering organization in the world; it supplies with their daily general information more than half the population of the United States. That it should be accused, in these times of class controversy and misunderstanding, of being a 'news trust,' and of coloring its news in the interest of capital and reaction, is therefore an excessively grave matter. Yet in the last six months it has been accused of both those things. So persistent has been the assertion of certain socialists that the Associated Press colors industrial news in the interest of the employer, that its management has sued them for libel. That it is a trust is the contention of one of its rivals, the Sun News Bureau of New York, whose prayer for its dissolution under the Sherman law as a monopoly in restraint of trade is now before the Department of Justice in Washington.

To the writer, the main questions at issue, so far as the public is concerned, seem to be as follows: —

1. Is the business of collecting and distributing news in bulk essentially monopolistic? 2. If it is, and if it can not be satisfactorily performed by an unlimited number of competitive agencies (that is, individual newspapers), is the Associated Press in theory and practice the best type of centralized organization for the purpose?

The first question presents little difficulty to the practical journalist. A successful agency for the gathering of news must be monopolistic. No newspaper is rich enough, the attention of no editor is ubiquitous enough, to be able to collect at first hand a tithe of the multitudinous items which a public of catholic curiosity expects to find neatly arranged on its breakfast table. Take the large journals of New York and Boston, with their columns of news from all parts of the United States and the world. Their bills for telegrams and cablegrams alone would be prohibitive of dividends, to say nothing of their bills for the collection of the news. A public educated by a number of newspapers with their powers of observation and instruction whetted to superlative excellence by keen competition would no doubt be ideal; but a journalistic Utopia of that kind is no more feasible than other Utopias. Unlimited and unassisted competition between, say, six newspapers in the same city or district would be about

as feasible economically as unlimited competition between six railway lines running from Boston to New York. The need for a common service of foreign and national news must therefore be admitted. To supply such a service, even in these days of especially cheap telegraph and cable rates for press matter, requires a great deal of money, and a press agency has a great deal of money to spend only if it has also a large number of customers.

As the number of newspapers is limited, it is clear that the press agency has strong claims to be recognized as a public service, and to be classed with railways, telephones, telegraphs, waterworks, and many other forms of corporate venture which even the wildest radical admits cannot be subjected to the anarchy of unrestricted competition. Thus the simple charge that the Associated Press is a monopoly cannot be held to condemn it. But, to invert Mr. Roosevelt's famous phrase, there are bad trusts as well as good trusts. That the Associated Press is powerful enough to be a bad trust if those who control it so desire must be admitted offhand. It is a tremendously effective organization. Its service is supplied to more than 850 of the leading newspapers, with a total circulation of, probably, about 20,000,000 copies a day.

The Associated Press is the child of the first effort at coöperative news-gathering ever made. Back in the forties of the last century, before the Atlantic cable was laid, newspapers began to spend ruinous sums in getting the earliest news from Europe. Those were the days in which the first ship-news dispatch-boats were launched to meet vessels as they entered New York harbor, and to race back with the news to their respective offices. The competition grew to the extent even of sending fast boats all the way to Europe, and soon became extravagant enough to cause its collapse. Then seven New York newspapers organized a joint service. This service, which was meant primarily to cover European news, grew slowly to cover the United States. Newspapers in other cities were taken into it on a reciprocal basis. The news of the Association was supplied at that time in return for a certain sum, the newspapers undertaking on their part to act as the local correspondents of the Association. A reciprocal arrangement with Reuter's, the great European agency, followed, whereby it supplied the Associated Press with its foreign service, and the Associated Press gave to Reuter's the use of its American service.

Even so, the Associated Press did not carry all before it. In the seventies a number of Western newspapers formed the Western Associated Press. A period of sharp competition followed, but in 1882 the two associations signed a treaty of partnership for ten years. They were not long in supreme control of the field, however. The Associated Press of those days, like its successor to-day, was a close corporation in the sense that its members could and did veto the inclusion of rivals. As the West grew, new newspapers sprang up and were kept in the cold by their established rivals. The result was the United Press, which soon worked up an effective service. The Associated Press tried to cripple it by a rule that no newspaper subscribing to its service should have access to the news of the Associated Press; but in spite of the rule the United Press waxed strong and might have become a really formidable competitor had not the Associated Press been able to buy a controlling share in it. A harmonious business agreement followed; but in accordance with the business methods of those days the public was not apprised of the agreement and when, in 1892, its existence became known there

was a row and a readjustment. The United Press absorbed the old Associated Press of New York, and the Western Associated Press again became independent. Reuter's agency continued to supply both associations with its European service.

But the ensuing period of competition did not last. Three years later, the Western Associated Press achieved a monopolistic agreement with Reuter's, carried the war into the United Press territory, — the South and the country east of the Alleghanies, — got a number of New York newspapers to join it, and effected a national organization.

II

That national organization is, to all intents and purposes, the Associated Press of to-day. The only really important change has been in its transference as a company from the jurisdiction of Illinois to that of New York. This change was accomplished in 1900, owing to an adverse judgment of the Supreme Court of Illinois. To grasp the significance of that judgment, and indeed the current agitation against the Associated Press, it is necessary to sketch briefly its rules and methods.

The Associated Press is not a commercial company in the sense that it is a dividend-hunting concern. Under the terms of its present charter, the corporation 'is not to make a profit or to make or declare dividends and is not to engage in the selling of intelligence nor traffic in the same.' It is simply meant to be the common agent of a number of subscribing newspapers, for the interchange of news which each collects in its own district, and for the collection of news such as subscribers cannot collect singlehanded: that is, foreign news and news concerning certain classes of domestic happenings. Its board of directors consists of journalists and publishers connected with subscribing newspapers, who serve without payment. Its executive work is done by a salaried general manager and his assistants. It is financed on a basis of weekly assessments levied according to their size and custom upon newspapers which are members. The sum thus collected comes to about $3,000,000 a year. It is spent partly for the hire of special wires from the telegraph companies, and partly for the maintenance of special news-collecting staffs. The mileage of leased wires is immense, amounting to about 22,000 miles by day and 28,000 miles by night. Nor does the organization, as some of its critics seem to imagine, get any special privileges from the telegraph companies. Such privileges belonged to its early history, when business standards were lower than they are now.

The Associated Press has at least one member in every city of any size in the country. That in itself insures it a good news-service; but, as indicated above, it has in all important centres a bureau of its own. Important events, whether fixed, like national conventions, or fortuitous, like strikes or floods or shipwrecks, it covers more comprehensively than any single newspaper can do. Its foreign service is ubiquitous. It no longer depends upon its arrangement with Reuter and other foreign news-agencies: early in the present century the intelligence thus collected was found to lack the American point of view, and an extensive foreign service was formed, with local headquarters in London, Paris, and other European capitals, Peking, Tokyo, Mexico, and Havana, and with scores of correspondents all over the world.

Enough has been said to show that its efficiency and the manner of its organization combine to give the Associated Press a distinct savor of monopoly. As the Sun News Bureau and

other rivals have found, it cannot be effectively competed against. Too many of the richest and most powerful newspapers belong to it.

Is it a harmful monopoly? Its critics, as explained above, are busy proving that it is. They urge that, being a close corporation, it stifles trade in the selling of news, and that it is not impartial.

The first argument is based upon the following facts. Membership in the Associated Press is naturally valuable. An Associated Press franchise to a newspaper in New York or Chicago is worth from $50,000 to $200,000. To share such a privilege is not in human or commercial nature. One of the first rules of the organization is, therefore, that no new newspaper can be admitted without the consent of members within competitive radius. Naturally, that assent is seldom given. This 'power of protest' has not been kept without a struggle. The law-suit of 1900 was due to it. The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* was refused admission, and went to law. The case went to the Supreme Court of Illinois, which ruled that a press agency like the Associated Press was in the nature of a public service and as such ought to be open to everybody. To have yielded to the judgment would have smashed the Associated Press, so it reorganized under the laws of New York, with the moral satisfaction of knowing that the courts of Missouri had upheld what the Illinois court had condemned. Its new constitution, which is that of to-day, keeps in effect the right of protest, the only difference being that a disappointed applicant for membership gets the not very useful consolation of being able to appeal to the association in the slender hope that four fifths of the members will vote for his admission.

The practical working of the rule has undoubtedly been monopolistic; not so much because it has rendered the Associated Press a monopoly, but because it has rendered it the mother, potential and sometimes actual, of countless small monopolies. On account of the size of the United States and the diverse interests of the various sections, there is in our country no daily press with a national circulation. Newspapers depend primarily upon their local constituencies. In each journalistic geographic unit, if the expression may be allowed, one or more newspapers possess the Associated Press franchise. Such newspapers have in the excellent and comparatively cheap Associated Press service an instrument for monopoly hardly less valuable than a rebate-giving railway may be to a commercial corporation. It is also alleged by some of its enemies that the Associated Press still at times enjoins its members against taking simultaneously the service of its rival.

It is easy to argue that because the Associated Press is a close corporation it cannot be a monopoly, and that those who are really trying to make a 'news trust' of it are they who insist that it ought to be open to all comers; but in practice the argument is a good deal of a quibble. The facts remain that, as shown above, an effective news-agency has to be tremendously rich; that to be tremendously rich it has to have prosperous constituents; and that the large majority of prosperous newspapers of the country belong to the Associated Press. In the writer's opinion it would be virtually impossible, as things stand, for any of the Associated Press's rivals to become the Associated Press's equal, upon either a commercial or a coöperative basis.

III

The tremendous importance of the question of the fairness of the Associated Press service is now apparent. If it is deliberately tainted, as the socialists

and radicals aver, there is virtually no free press in the country. The question is a very delicate one. Enemies of the Associated Press assert in brief that its stories about industrial troubles are colored in the interest of the employer; that its political news shows a similar bias in favor of the plutocratic party, whatever that may be; that, in fact, it is used as a class organ. In the Presidential campaign of 1912, Mr. Roosevelt's followers insisted that the doings of their candidates were blanketed. In the recent labor troubles in West Virginia, Michigan, and Colorado, the friends of labor have made the same complaint of one-sidedness in the interest of the employer.

Not only do the directors of the Associated Press deny all insinuations of unfairness, but they argue that partisanship, and especially political partisanship, would be impossible in view of the multitudinous shades of political opinion represented by their constituents. They can also adduce with justice the fact that in nearly every campaign more than one political manager has accused them of favoritism, only to retract when the heat of the campaign was over. The charge of industrial and social partisanship they meet with a point-blank denial. It is impossible in the space of this paper to sift the evidence pro and con. Pending action by the courts the only safe thing to do is to look at the question in terms of tendencies rather than of facts.

The Associated Press, it has been shown, tends to be a monopoly. Does it tend to be a one-sided monopoly? The writer believes that it does. He believes that it may fairly be said that the Associated Press as a corporation is inclined to see things through conservative spectacles, and that its correspondents, despite the very high average of their fairness, tend to do the same thing. It could hardly be otherwise, although it is possible that there is nothing deliberate in the tendency. Nearly all of the subscribers to the Associated Press are the most respectable and successful newspaper publishers in their neighborhoods. They belong to that part of the community which has a stake in the settled order of things; their managers are business men among business men; they have relations with the local magnates of finance and commerce: naturally, whatever their political views may be (and the majority of the powerful organs of the country are conservative), their aggregate influence tends to be on the side of conservatism.

The tendency, too, is enhanced by the articles under which the Associated Press is incorporated. There is special provision against fault-finding on the part of members. The corporation is given the right to expel a member 'for any conduct on his part or the part of any one in his employ or connected with his newspaper, which in its absolute discretion it shall deem of such a character as to be prejudicial to the interest and welfare of the corporation and its members, or to justify such expulsion. The action of the members of the corporation in such regard shall be final, and there shall be no right of appeal or review of such action.' The Associated Press rightly prides itself upon the standing of its correspondents. The majority of them are drawn from the ranks of the matter-of-fact respectable. In the nature of their calling they are not likely to be economists or theoretical politicians. In the case of a strike, for instance, their instinct might well be to go to the employer or the employer's lieutenant for news rather than to the strike-leader.

Whether the Associated Press is a monopoly within the meaning of the anti-trust law, whether it actually colors news as the socialists aver, must

be left to the courts to decide.' The point to be noticed here is that it might color news if it wanted to, and that it does exercise certain monopolistic functions. That in itself is a dangerous state of affairs: but it seems to be one that might be rectified. The Illinois Supreme Court has pointed the way. The news-agency is essentially monopolistic. It has much in common with the ordinary public-utility monopoly. It should therefore be treated like a public-utility corporation. It should be subject to government regulation and supervision, and its service should be open to all customers. Were this done the Associated Press would be altered but not destroyed. Its useful features would surely remain and its drawbacks as surely be lessened. The right of protest would be entirely swept away; membership would be unlimited; the threat of expulsion for fault-finding would be automatically removed from above the heads of members; all newspapers of all shades would be free to apply the corrective of criticism; and if its news were none the less unfair, some arrangement could presumably be made for government restraint.

The Press Association of England is an unlimited coöperative concern. Any newspaper can subscribe to it, and new subscribers are welcome. Especially in the provincial field, it is as powerful a factor in British journalism as the Associated Press is in the journalism of the United States, yet its very openness has saved it from the taint of partiality. To organize the Associated Press on the same lines would, of course, entail hardship to its present constituents. They would be exposed to fierce local competition. The value of their franchises would dwindle. Such rival agencies as exist might be ruined, for they could hardly compete with the Associated Press in the open market. But it is difficult to see how American journalism would suffer from a regulated monopoly of that kind; and the public would certainly be benefited, for it would continue to enjoy the excellent service of the Associated Press, with its invaluable foreign telegrams and its comprehensive domestic news; it would be safeguarded to no small extent from the danger of local or national news-monopolies and from insidiously tainted news.

Such a reform, if reform there has to be, would, in a word, be constructive. The alternatives to it, as the writer understands the situation, would be destructive and empirical. The organization of the Associated Press would either be cut to pieces or destroyed. There would thus be a chaos of ineffective competition among either coöperative or commercial press agencies. Equal competition among a number of coöperative associations would, for reasons already explained, mean comparatively ineffective and weak services. Competition among commercial agencies would have even less to recommend it. The latter must by their nature be more susceptible to special influences than the coöperative agency. They are controlled by a few business men, not by their customers. Competing commercial agencies would almost inevitably come to represent competing influences in public life; while, if worse came to worst, a commercialized 'news trust' would clearly be more dangerous than a coöperative news trust. The great reactionary influences of business would have freer play upon its directors than they can have upon the directors of an organization like the Associated Press. If it be decided that even the Associated Press is not immune from such influences, the public should, the writer believes, think twice before demanding its destruction, instead of its alteration to conform with the modern conception of the public-service corporation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'HOWLERS'

WHEN summer really comes and the college instructor reaches the end of his strictly official tasks, he is apt to find, if he be one of those unfortunates who have to do with problems of getting young men into one of those few institutions which still adhere to the fast-fading tradition of entrance examinations, a certain grim amusement in his Sisyphean task. He has just helped to roll one huge unwieldy stone to the top, — and behold another, huger and more unwieldy, waiting at the bottom. And if ever man had cause to be at once elated and depressed, surely he who reads entrance papers may be said fairly, in the words of one of these, to 'scintillate' between hope and despair. Especially is this true of history. Geography weird as a monastic map; battles as mythical as those of Geoffrey of Monmouth; science beyond the dreams of alchemist or astrologist; language which takes one back to the childhood of the world — and sometimes beyond; cities located on maps apparently according to the principles of that amusing game of pinning on the donkey's tail, — these make at once for laughter and for tears.

Consider, in this light, the classical tradition of the modern world. 'Hercules was the modle of Greece, he was very strong, he went into atheletics and was excelent so that he was the greatest profesional athelete and every one looked up to him and he was very famus.' This is no mere series of illiteracies; it is a philosophy of scholastic life, — as witness further. 'The Academy was a place where the Greek youth learned to run races and play games and thus acquired culture.' How modern it sounds, here with all our young barbarians at play. Yet beside the games was music. Consider again the story of Jason. 'The greatest obstacle he had was to get his ship launched. This obstacle was overcome by a great musician who played the sweetest music in the world. When he began to play the ship jumped into the sea.' Here was a worthy rival of 'Nero the Emperor of Rome who while Rome was burning sang an orgy which he had himself composed on the roof of his house.' It is not surprising, in view of these things, to learn that there was in Athens 'a music-hall which was called the Odium,' or that 'Rome had been running down hill for a long time and finally fell.'

Nothing is more illuminating than a comparison of the civilizations of antiquity in this connection. Egypt, whose 'people were a gay people who did not mingle with other people' but confined themselves chiefly to building 'pyramids and sphinks,' had 'priests who were the highest class, they were supposed to be economical and had to wash and shave three times a day, the soldiers on the other hand did not have much of anything to do.' Contrast this with that Sparta which was a 'terrible place to bring up a boy,' or Rome, which 'before the invasion of the barbarians was a great place to have a good time.' Nothing in the ancient world was quite like that curious Greek marriage custom, 'where one man married one woman and that was called monotony'; but there were doubtless, in every land, men who in some re-

spects resembled 'Plato who was the wisest man who ever lived, he never worked'; even though few or none could boast of a Socrates who 'suffered great privations but bored them,' and who, though he was 'the greatest moral teacher the world ever saw,' was 'convicted of corrupting the youth of Athens' and 'died of drinking.'

But let us turn from these darker glimpses of a pagan world to the coming of Christianity. Hear the legend of Helen. 'When the Christian Era became very strong and dangerous to the King and Queen of the Grecian Empire (to Constantine and Helen) the king was not too much desirous to do every where a massacree and tyranical opression; especially the Queen Helen, who was a very Godfeared woman. So, she plunged into-deep discussion of the question of the Christian Era, and, naturally, dreamed that she saw up in the "Heaven" a cross — and after the dream she became a christian (Orthodox Catholic) and declined the all Greeks to the same.' Hence that 'pious and godly stunt,' the Crusades, which 'furnished the food for so many romances and ballads,' to say nothing of examination-paper fiction. Take, for example, this admirable piece of Alice in Wonderland, in reply to a modest inquiry regarding the decline of the crusading zeal: 'The leaders tried to restrict it into more solid (forever) form than the political. The political got up stronger. It was contested by gradually but I forget when it was in Cadiz.' Surely this deserves a place in our literature beside the mouse when it spins.

The middle ages were, indeed, peculiarly prolific in picturesque personalities appealing to the scholastic mind, from Charlemagne, who 'clapped the climax,' to Edward the First, whose 'first trouble was with whales. His polacy was to emphasize his national character. In his continental polacy he was rather reserve. He showed himself a true worrier.' Among these interesting figures not the least fascinating was 'Elenor of Aquitaine, a woman who came from the vicinity of what was then called Aquitania, where, in the ancient days, Cæsar and the inhabitants of Aquitania did much bloody fighting. Elenor was an inhabitant of this place and being of a wild and daring nature she caused quite a disturbance among the English kings. She came over into England and Scotland and raised disturbances, being the main factor herself, although only a woman. She was at last defeated and finally death after many hardships put an end to her adventurous career.' Fortunately or unfortunately for her, the 'Salic law by which no woman or her offspring could have any right to the throne' did not prevail in the British Isles.

Nor were these remarkable institutions established during the dark ages less interesting than its individuals, that curious custom of 'transsubstantiation by which allegiance was transferred from one lord to another,' and that no less extraordinary 'Primogeniture we read about in the eleventh century, which was that all should die at a certain time and that God had some who were his and the rest must perish.' Then, too, originated the cabinet system of government, by means whose memory should not be allowed to die. 'In the dark Ages of English history kings were accustomed to meet with a few of their accomplices in a small room or cabin, that is from French cabinette, whence, naturally came at once the thing and its name.' But we must not linger here, not even to look more closely into 'the man or which was the home of a lord to geth er with his ten aunts'; or to weep over Joan of Arc, that 'poor pheasant' who was 'burned to a steak'; or to wonder over the fact that 'in 1453 on the fall of Constantinople

there appeared in a Paris newspaper the statement that "'There are no longer any Pyrenees.'" In these days when war went on 'sponsmatically,'— among conflicts between the 'two classes of clergy, regular and irregular,' to say nothing of true 'Prodestism' or the 'catastrathrope' which ensued; when Europe was decimated by the ravages of 'Richard I who was called the Black Death,' — there is too much (to speak the language of this strange dialect) that is 'malagious' for us to delay longer.

Let us turn again to a happier theme, and none is happier, surely, than Henry VIII, who 'got a divorce and then married again and again' until he 'had five wives all told and this was the beginning of the Church of England.' Stories naturally differ about him even in this realm of unnatural history; but this one will perhaps serve as well as any. 'After his first wife died he tried to marry his brother's widow, which he could not legally do. The Pope refused his application and Henry took the law in his own hands and married her. After some years he fell in love with another and began to feel his marriage was not right. The Pope refused to divorce him and he tried to have the archbishop of Canterbury get it. But Becket would n't do it. Henry made a rash statement and Becket was killed by the courtiers. The divorce however was never received.'

It is of interest to see how the Becket story is preserved in the most unexpected ways and places, as thus: 'John Pym was a great Puritan leader. When the king nominated him as leader he did away with all his rash doings, put on his religious gown, gave his money to help the poor and did a great work among the people,' — and so on to the end. This, it may be observed, was a very different method from that used by Pym's great contemporary, Cromwell, who 'belabored effectually to keep the peace.' The innate, unconscious truth of that ingenuous remark lies as far beyond the bounds of mere invention, as does the statement that the inventor of the Popish Plot was 'a liar born and bread'; or that the two greatest enemies of France were Gladstone 'who defeated the king at Naseby,' and Nelson 'who defeated Napoleon in the last battle of the Hundred Year's War.'

Yet it is, after all, in the history of their own country that these aspiring youths reach their greatest heights, and reveal most clearly the fact that the provincialism of the nation is so largely confined to certain relatively small districts, however wide its ignorance may be. No one outside of New England surely would enumerate Omaha among the western states; no Southerner surely could locate Gettysburg in Kentucky, as no New Englander could put Louisburg in Texas. This species of error, doubtless, is less due to dull scholars than to defective instruction. To what the statement that 'formerly men were nominated for the presidency by the people but now they are nominated by party conventions' is due, let each man decide for himself. In the recurrent confusion between Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson, it is, perhaps, only natural that careful study of more recent events should now and then betray one into a still more entertaining complication with Jack Johnson.

And this brings to our attention, finally, how short are the memories of men. Let us take three composite lives. Oliver P. Morton who came to this country to escape religious persecution first caused a great deal of trouble for the Massachusetts Puritans; then, having played some part in the Revolutionary War, became ambassador to England, signed the Ostend Manifesto, and later was Vice-president under Cleveland and a member of Harrison's

cabinet. Still more remarkable was the life of Seward. A radical Abolitionist of New York, he served some time in the House and the Senate, besides one term as governor of Ohio, became a strong advocate of slavery, and went to Texas as the leader of the United States troops. He was secretary of war, the treasury and state under Jefferson, Lincoln and Johnson and finally bought Alaska, known since as 'Seward's Folly.'

Longer and even more romantic was the career of a certain John Marshall as here delineated by various hands. Having signed the Declaration of Independence, he served as minister to France and England, as a member of the cabinets of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Hayes, some thirty or thirty-five years as chief justice of the Supreme Court, became the leader of a slave insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and finally was elected Vice-president under McKinley, Taft, and Wilson, which last position he still occupies, — and, with his experience of a century and a half of the Republic, is of more than ordinary value to the administration, without doubt. In view of such a career as this on the part of a political opponent it is no wonder that 'The Scientific Republicans are anctious of a prosperity and mostly of a progress but the business Republicans are endeavoring to establish a more stronger Trust,' or that they, too, may have come to regard a plebiscite as a 'deceitful method of gaining popularity with the people.'

ACADEMIC COURTESIES

Within a comparatively short time I have had two enlightening experiences which may interest your readers.

I shall permit myself to preface these experiences by the statement that I belong to the happy class of professors, that I am middle-aged, and that I have spent all, or *peu s'en faut*, of my professional life in a coeducational university.

I may add incidentally that I am a woman.

The stage-setting for experience number one is a city in provincial and benighted Spain.

It chanced one day that I had to go to the university library to copy a manuscript. I went early in order to be there at the ten o'clock opening of the doors. When I entered the vestibule I found it full of men and boys of every description. There were beardless lads waiting to finish the sensational French story begun yesterday. There were ragged, dirty, unshaven men shivering from the night cold which was still in their bones, pushing their way to a place that meant more warmth than was promised by the gray sunless day. There were a few students and some scholars. All were crowded about the iron grating. I gave a hasty glance around and saw that there were no women, so I stood back, not relishing the prospect of mingling with that unsavory mob.

A blear-eyed attendant came to unlock the grating. At that moment some one spied me and cried out, 'The señora first.' I looked and saw hands gesticulating and beckoning, and a passageway was made. Almost before I knew it I was inside the library, and a gallant, exceedingly shabby gentleman was conducting me to the guardian of manuscripts. When I had finished my copying an attendant asked me if there was anything else he could do for me. I ventured to ask if I might visit some classes. He showed no surprise, but took me immediately to a gentlemanly person who accompanied me to a classroom and introduced me to the professor at the desk. Neither curiosity nor selfconsciousness was shown by the students, although no foreign woman had visited the university within their memory. My presence as a vis-

itor was treated with the simplicity and naturalness of perfect courtesy.

Later I was visiting some of our American universities and colleges of the Atlantic States. Many years had passed since I had last seen them, and the interval had been crowded with impressions of foreign institutions. It was with peculiar and patriotic pleasure that I found myself deeply moved by the dignified beauty and academic charm of our own colleges. 'We have known how to borrow all that is best from the old world,' thought I proudly, 'and have adapted it to our own ideas of progress and liberty. The courts and cloisters, the gothic arch and the colonial column are indicative of our reverence for tradition and culture. The laboratory, the gymnasium, the wide stretch of campus and the spacious athletic field are indicative of our larger conceptions of life, of our breadth of mind, of our freedom from prejudice.'

In some such form I expressed my thoughts to the courteous professor who chanced to be my escort at one of the larger men's colleges. He beamed sympathetically, and later said, 'What else would you like to see?' With a sigh of content and anticipation, I replied, '*Now* I'd like to visit some of the classes.'

He looked startled, then embarrassed, hesitated a moment and said, 'I'm afraid the fellows would n't stand for that.'

I was puzzled.

'The fellows?' I asked.

'Yes, the students. You see they might start to stamping and cat-calling if a lady came into the lecture-room, and that would break up the class.'

It seemed incredible. That I, a middle-aged, sober, respectable professor, could not visit a class studying a subject in which I was particularly interested without creating a riot. And this because— thank God! — I chanced to be a woman. Was I really in America, in the twentieth century?

The broad campus seemed to shrink to provincial proportions, and prejudice narrowed the noble outlines of the buildings. It *was* incredible! This was surely an isolated instance. This college was perhaps peculiarly unsusceptible to broadening influences. I would try somewhere else. I did try, in four segregated male colleges, and everywhere I met with the same answer. Every other hospitality was shown, but that one thing which I most wanted, which had been the real object of my trip, the observation of the teaching of my own subject, this was denied me. After I had fully grasped the situation, the humor of it filled me with deep, silent laughter. How childish we still are, even in our educational institutions! To what queer little quirks and contradictions are we subject! How complacently we deck ourselves in a wornout prejudice only to realize suddenly that it *is* worn out and that we are naked.

But I remember Spanish courtesy with honest gratitude.

THE WIZARD WORD

THE world is in danger of being too acutely discovered. Pretty soon there won't be any Nowhere. There will be a road-map through it for every tooting motor, a cloud-map through it for every wheeling airship. We are impelled to know and know and know, and all the time knowledge is such a stupid quarry to be always hunting down. The only real sport is mystery. Presently neither sea nor sky will be left for the spirit to adventure, yet the imagination must have somewhere to sail.

It is here that the world of words comes in so handily. That is a universe never to be reduced to terms of sense and science; words are too fraught with sense for that. Language is still

a place of sun-gleams and shadows, of lightnings and half-lights, and things forgotten and things to be, of odors and tastes and pictures and hauntings, whole pageants of dead dynasties evoked perhaps by a small adjective. Words are so elusive, so personal, in their suggestion, that science will never bully all fancy out of us so long as we have words to talk in, to dream in.

It is just in proportion as words retain their mystery, that they retain their magic. So soon as they present too definite a picture, odor, taste, they lose their wizardry. We may outgrow our fairy tales, but there are few of us for whom some words do not always retain their witchery of suggestion, words that have never become in our minds too definite, words that still glimpse haze and mystery and the magic of ignorance. I would so much rather look into my heart for the meaning of a word than into the dictionary; it is one of many methods of defending one's imagination from the encroachments of knowledge.

Some words possess a mysterious spaciousness: try 'Homeric,' think it, pronounce it, and you will see in the flash of that adjective men and women growing to god-size, taller, stronger, more beautiful than any but Homer ever thought of, and you will see everything in vast numbers, great herds of cattle for the hecatomb, tens of thousands of men-at-arms surging, limitless spear-points pricking all the plain. No fleet, no army, could be so big and vast as that one word Homeric.

Another word that suggests number beyond any ciphering is the word 'doubloon.' Could any one ever feel so rich in terms of dollars as in terms of doubloons? This is because nobody with any imagination knows how much a doubloon is worth, or wants to, and people without any imagination can never feel rich anyway, no matter how many dollars or doubloons they have.

'Galleon' is a noun that twins with doubloon. A galleon is the staunchest vessel any one can go to sea in, although it is only a word, not a ship any longer. There's a splendor, a pride, about a galleon. It glides, it never sails, and it always has favoring winds, it commands them. Nobody can picture a galleon with sails a-flap in a dead calm, or with sails in ribbons in a gale. A galleon is always mistress of all weathers. On the other hand a galleon is not altogether a craft for highest emprise, it's not what 'merchant-adventurers' would sail in. 'Merchant-adventurers,' —there is a word that fits with a brawling and buffeting sea, or deadly tropic calm and the sighting of low, fronded islands, or the black rim of a pirate boat on the treacherous, unknown water. But what a ring of rollicking jollity and dauntless fellowship there is in that brave old compound noun, merchant-adventurers! It is one of the many words that, fading from our vocabulary, carry with them whole decades of history. It lays open all 'the spacious days of great Elizabeth.' Yet when I apply it to definite names, Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh, instantly some of the magic fades. I want no names for my merchant-adventurers.

There are other words that echo to the vastness of the Elizabethan imagination. 'Empery' responds with the thundering conquests of Tamburlaine, which in turn were but echoes of the insatiable soul-quest of Kit Marlowe. The word to me spells Marlowe, and spells Keats; not all the world could supply the indomitable desire that is dreamed of in empery, not all the kingdoms of earth were enough for the empery of Tamburlaine. Empery is richer, vaster, more insatiably desirable than empire. Empire dwindles to a petty exactness beside it. Empire is not the only word to turn to magic by

the addition of the suggestive suffix, *ry*. *Ry* might be termed the supernatural suffix, for it always has a connotation of spirit-peopled places. The word 'glamour' has in it a certain degree of magic, but change it to 'glamoury,' and see what happens, what glimmering vistas of elfland open forth. And if the *y* following the *r* be changed to *ie*, the result has even more of wizardry, which word is itself an example of my *ry* argument. Notice the difference of degree in glamour, glamoury, glamourie, and in 'fairy,' which is mild in meaning when set beside 'faerie.' And is there any word in our tongue so capable of evoking the sensations of that shivery borderland between the known and the unknowable as the dissyllable 'eerie'?

> A savage place! as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon lover!

The connotation of words in *ry* and *rie* is an example in the superlative degree of the magic of indefiniteness, but there is plenty of conjuring power in terms which have no supernatural suggestion. All the romance of a bygone period may often be better evoked by a word than by treatises of overdone historical research.

Often some word of wearing apparel may summon forth a whole pageant of costume. Try wimple, kirtle, shift. I should have no idea of the size or shape of the desired garment, should be helpless before my needle and scissors; but in spite of this ignorance, and, as I maintain, because of it, the word 'wimple' shall always call up for me peaked crown and flowing veil, and the cantering and the clinking and chattering of all Chaucer's blithe procession; the word 'kirtle' flashes Perdita upon my vision, Perdita, the shepherdess-princess weaving her dance; and 'shift,' is a noun which crowds upon me all the crude, quick life of the ballads; for in this garment, beneath a hovering halo, forsaken ladies drowned were always floating about on midnight waters by way of reproach to their lords.

The innermost luxury of all sense-perception is never experienced from the too clearly analyzed sensation, however acute. 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.' No music has such a spell for our feet as is implied in the words 'piping' and 'fifing,' but few of us have ever danced to piping or to fifing. In the realm of smell is any rose as sweet as the quaint word 'posy'? Yet can you tell its shape, or color or odor? It is a spicy mingling of all the fragrance of all sweet gardens that ever were, — or that never were!

There exists nothing so toothsome as the food and drink we have never tasted and shall never taste. A 'venison pasty' never appeared on any *menu* we ever read, yet we know that we have never eaten anything so savory. Mead, canary, mulled wine, are drinks delectable. The mighty goblets of Valhalla ran with mead, and from them we quaff great hero draughts; canary fires all our veins with the tingling, ringing young exuberance of the Mermaid Tavern; while mulled wine is the most comforting of toddies, soothing to sleep after the cosiness and confidences of midnight slippers and dressing-gown.

There are few people so prosaic as not to possess, hidden away from their own and others' investigation as securely as every man's secret belief in ghosts, a whole conjuror's chest of wizard words. I have merely mentioned some of those nouns which have for me the power to set me free to adventure the unknown. To every man his own words, his own enchantments, so long as they have might to release from the chains of knowledge, and to unshackle the imagination for the spirit's free adventuring.

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IN THE PASHA'S GARDEN

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

As the caïque glided up to the garden gate the three boatmen rose from their sheepskins and caught hold of iron clamps set into the marble of the quay. Shaban, the grizzled gate-keeper, who was standing at the top of the water-steps with his hands folded respectfully in front of him, came salaaming down to help his master out.

'Shall we wait, my pasha?' asked the head *kaïkji*.

The pasha turned to Shaban, as if to put a question. And as if to answer it, Shaban said, —

'The madama is up in the wood, in the kiosque. She sent down word to ask if you would go up too.'

'Then don't wait.' Returning the boatmen's salaam, the pasha stepped into his garden. 'Is there company in the kiosque or is madama alone?' he inquired.

'I think no one is there — except Zümbül Agha,' replied Shaban, following his master up the long central path of black and white pebbles.

'Zümbül Agha!' exclaimed the pasha. But if it had been in his mind to say anything else he stooped instead to sniff at a rosebud. And then he asked, 'Are we dining up there, do you know?'

'I don't know, my pasha, but I will find out.'

'Tell them to send up dinner anyway, Shaban. It is such an evening! And just ask Moustafa to bring me a coffee at the fountain, will you? I will rest a little before climbing that hill.'

'On my head!' said the Albanian, turning off to the house.

The pasha kept on to the end of the walk. Two big horse-chestnut trees, their candles just starting alight in the April air, stood there at the foot of a terrace, guarding a fountain that dripped in the ivied wall. A thread of water started mysteriously out of the top of a tall marble niche into a little marble basin, from which it overflowed by two flat bronze spouts into two smaller basins below. From them the water dripped back into a single basin still lower down, and so tinkled its broken way, past graceful arabesques and reliefs of fruit and flowers, into a crescent-shaped pool at the foot of the niche.

The pasha sank down into one of the wicker chairs scattered hospitably

beneath the horse-chestnut trees, and thought how happy a man he was to have a fountain of the period of Sultan Ahmed III, and a garden so full of April freshness, and a view of the bright Bosphorus and the opposite hills of Europe, and the firing West. How definitely he thought it I cannot say, for the pasha was not greatly given to thought. Why should he be, as he possessed without that trouble a goodly share of what men acquire by taking thought? If he had been lapped in ease and security all his days, they numbered many more, did those days, than the pasha would have chosen. Still, they had touched him but lightly, merely increasing the dignity of his handsome presence and taking away nothing of his power to enjoy his little walled world.

So he sat there, breathing in the air of the place and the hour, while gardeners came and went with their watering-pots, and birds twittered among the branches, and the fountain plashed beside him, until Shaban reappeared carrying a glass of water and a cup of coffee in a swinging tray.

'Eh, Shaban! It is not your business to carry coffee!' protested the pasha, reaching for a stand that stood near him.

'What is your business is my business, pasha 'm. Have I not eaten your bread and your father's for thirty years?'

'No! Is it as long as that? We are getting old, Shaban.'

'We are getting old,' assented the Albanian simply.

The pasha thought, as he took out his silver cigarette-case, of another pasha who had complimented him that afternoon on his youthfulness. And, choosing a cigarette, he handed the case to his gatekeeper. Shaban accepted the cigarette and produced matches from his gay girdle.

'How long is it since you have been to your country, Shaban?'

The pasha, lifting his little cup with its silver *zarf*, realized that he would not have sipped his coffee quite so noisily had his French wife been sitting with him under the horse-chestnut trees. But with his old Shaban he could still be a Turk.

'Eighteen months, my pasha.'

'And when are you going again?'

'In Ramazan, if God wills. Or perhaps next Ramazan. We shall see.'

'Allah, Allah! How many times have I told you to bring your people here, Shaban? We have plenty of room to build you a house somewhere, and you could see your wife and children every day instead of once in two or three years.'

'Wives, wives! A man will not die if he does not see them every day. Besides, it would not be good for the children. In Constantinople they become rascals. There are too many Christians.' And he added hastily, 'It is better for a boy to grow up in the mountains.'

'But we have a mountain here, behind the house,' laughed the pasha.

'Your mountain is not like our mountains,' objected Shaban gravely, hunting in his mind for the difference he felt but could not express.

'And that new wife of yours,' went on the pasha. 'Is it good to leave a young woman like that? Are you not afraid?'

'No, my pasha. I am not afraid. We all live together, you know. My brothers watch, and the other women. She is safer than yours. Besides, in my country it is not as it is here.'

'I don't know why I have never been to see this wonderful country of yours, Shaban. I have so long intended to, and I never have been. But I must climb my mountain or they will think that I have become a rascal too.' And,

rising from his chair, he gave the Albanian a friendly pat.

'Shall I come too, my pasha? Zümbül Agha sent word—'

'Zümbül Agha!' interrupted the pasha irritably. 'No, you need n't come. I will explain to Zümbül Agha.'

With which he left Shaban to pick up the empty coffee cup.

II

From the upper terrace a bridge led across the public road to the wood. If it was not a wood it was at all events a good-sized grove, climbing the steep hillside very much as it chose. Every sort and size of tree was there, but the greater number of them were of a kind to be sparsely trimmed in April with a delicate green, and among them were so many twisted Judas trees as to tinge whole patches of the slope with their deep rose bloom. The road that the pasha slowly climbed, swinging his amber beads behind him as he walked, zigzagged so leisurely back and forth among the trees that a carriage could have driven up it. In that way, indeed, the pasha had more than once mounted to the kiosque, in the days when his mother used to spend a good part of her summer up there, and when he was married to his first wife. The memory of the two, and of their old-fashioned ways, entered not too bitterly into his general feeling of well-being, ministered to by the budding trees and the spring air and the sunset view. Every now and then an enormous plane tree invited him to stop and look at it, or a semi-circle of cypresses.

So at last he came to the top of the hill, where in a grassy clearing a small house looked down on the valley of the Bosphorus through a row of great stone pines. The door of the kiosque was open, but his wife was not visible.

The pasha stopped a moment, as he had done a thousand times before, and looked back. He was not the man to be insensible to what he saw between the columnar trunks of the pines, where European hills traced a dark curve against the fading sky, and where the sinuous waterway far below still reflected a last glamour of the day. The beauty of it, and the sharp sweetness of the April air, and the infinitesimal sounds of the wood, and the half-conscious memories involved with it all, made him sigh. He turned and mounted the steps of the porch.

The kiosque looked very dark and unfamiliar as the pasha entered it. He wondered what had become of Hélène — if by any chance he had passed her on the way. He wanted her. She was the expression of what the evening roused in him. He heard nothing, however, but the splash of water from a half-invisible fountain. It reminded him for an instant, of the other fountain, below, and of Shaban. His steps resounded hollowly on the marble pavement as he walked into the dim old saloon, shaped like a T, with the cross longer than the leg. It was still light enough for him to make out the glimmer of windows on three sides and the square of the fountain in the centre, but the painted domes above were lost in shadow.

The spaces on either side of the bay by which he entered, completing the rectangle of the kiosque, were filled by two little rooms opening into the cross of the T. He went into the left-hand one, where Hélène usually sat—because there were no lattices. The room was empty.

The place seemed so strange and still in the twilight that a sort of apprehension began to grow in him, and he half wished he had brought up Shaban. He turned back to the second, the latticed room — the harem, as they called it. Curiously enough it was

Hélène who would never let him Europeanize it, in spite of the lattices. Every now and then he found out that she liked some Turkish things better than he did. As soon as he opened the door he saw her sitting on the divan opposite. He knew her profile against the checkered pallor of the lattice. But she neither moved nor greeted him. It was Zümbül Agha who did so, startling him by suddenly rising beside the door and saying in his high voice, —

'Pleasant be your coming, my pasha.'

The pasha had forgotten about Zümbül Agha; and it seemed strange to him that Hélène continued to sit silent and motionless on her sofa.

'Good evening,' he said at last. 'You are sitting very quietly here in the dark. Are there no lights in this place?'

It was again Zümbül Agha who spoke, turning one question by another: —

'Did Shaban come with you?'

'No,' replied the pasha shortly. 'He said he had had a message, but I told him not to come.'

'A-ah!' ejaculated the eunuch in his high drawl. 'But it does not matter — with the two of us.'

The pasha grew more and more puzzled, for this was not the scene he had imagined to himself as he came up through the park in response to his wife's message. Nor did he grow less puzzled when the eunuch turned to her and said in another tone, —

'Now will you give me that key?'

The French woman took no more notice of this question than she had of the pasha's entrance.

'What do you mean, Zümbül Agha?' demanded the Pasha sharply. 'That is not the way to speak to your mistress.'

'I mean this, my pasha,' retorted the eunuch, 'that some one is hiding in this chest and that madama keeps the key.'

That was what the pasha heard, and in the absurd treble of the black man, in the darkening room. He looked down and made out, beside the tall figure of the eunuch, the chest on which he had been sitting. Then he looked across at Hélène, who still sat silent in front of the lattice.

'What are you talking about?' he asked at last, more stupefied than anything else. 'Who is it? A thief? Has any one —?' He left the vague question unformulated, even in his mind.

'Ah, that I don't know. You must ask madama. Probably it is one of her Christian friends. But at least if it were a woman she would not be so unwilling to unlock her chest for us!'

The silence that followed, while the pasha looked dumbly at the chest, and at Zümbül Agha, and at his wife, was filled for him with a stranger confusion of feelings than he had ever experienced before. Nevertheless he was surprisingly cool, he found; his pulse quickened very little. He told himself that it was n't true and that he really must get rid of old Zümbül after all, if he went on making such preposterous *gaffes* and setting them all by the ears. How could anything so baroque happen to him, the pasha, who owed what he was to honorable fathers and who had passed his life honorably and peaceably until this moment? Yet he had had an impression, walking into the dark old kiosque and finding nobody until he found these two sitting here in this extraordinary way — as if he had walked out of his familiar garden, that he knew like his hand, into a country he knew nothing about, where anything might be true. And he wished, he almost passionately wished, that Hélène would say something, would cry out against Zümbül Agha, would lie even, rather than sit there so still and removed and different from other women.

Then he began to be aware that if it were true — if! — he ought to do something. He ought to make a noise. He ought to kill somebody. That was what they always did. That was what his father would have done, or certainly his grandfather. But he also told himself that it was no longer possible for him to do what his father and grandfather had done. He had been unlearning their ways too long. Besides, he was too old.

A sudden sting of jealousy pierced him at the thought of how old he was, and how young Hélène. Even if he lived to be seventy or eighty she would still have a life left when he died. Yes, it was as Shaban said. They were getting old. He had never really felt the humiliation of it before. And Shaban had said, strangely, something else — that his own wife was safer than the pasha's. Still he felt an odd compassion for Hélène, too, — because she was young, and it was Judas-tree time, and she was married to gray hairs. And although he was a pasha, descended from great pashas, and she was only a little French girl *quelconque*, he felt more afraid than ever of making a fool of himself before her — when he had promised her that she should be as free as any other European woman, that she should live her life. Besides, what had the black man to do with their private affairs?

'Zümbül Agha,' he suddenly heard himself harshly saying, 'is this your house or mine? I have told you a hundred times that you are not to trouble the madama, or follow her about, or so much as guess where she is and what she is doing. I have kept you in the house because my father brought you into it; but if I ever hear of your speaking to madama again, or spying on her, I will send you into the street. Do you hear? Now get out!'

'*Aman*, my pasha! I beg you!' entreated the eunuch. There was something ludicrous in his voice, coming as it did from his height.

The pasha wondered if he had been too long a person of importance in the family to realize the change in his position, or whether he really —

All of a sudden a checkering of lamplight flickered through the dark window, touched the Negro's black face for a moment, traveled up the wall. Silence fell again in the little room — a silence into which the fountain dropped its silver patter. Then steps mounted the porch and echoed in the other room, which lighted in turn, and a man came in sight, peering this way and that, with a big white accordeon lantern in his hand. Behind the man two other servants appeared, carrying on their heads round wooden trays covered by figured silks, and a boy tugging a huge basket. When they discovered the three in the little room they salaamed respectfully.

'Where shall we set the table?' asked the man with the lantern.

For the pasha the lantern seemed to make the world more like the place he had always known. He turned to his wife apologetically.

'I told them to send dinner up here. It has been such a long time since we came. But I forgot about the table. I don't believe there is one here.'

'No,' uttered Hélène from her sofa, sitting with her head on her hand.

It was the first word she had spoken. But, little as it was, it reassured him, like the lantern.

'There is the chest,' hazarded Zümbül Agha.

The interruption of the servants had for the moment distracted them all. But the pasha now turned on him so vehemently that the eunuch salaamed in haste and went away.

'Why not?' asked Hélène, when he was gone. 'We can sit on cushions.'

'Why not?' echoed the pasha. Grateful as he was for the interruption, he found himself wishing, secretly, that Hélène had discouraged his idea of a picnic dinner. And he could not help feeling a certain constraint as he gave the necessary orders and watched the servants put down their paraphernalia and pull the chest into the middle of the room. There was something unreal and stage-like about the scene, in the uncertain light of the lantern. Obviously the chest was not light. It was an old cypress-wood chest that they had always used in the summer, to keep things in, polished a bright brown, with a little inlaid pattern of dark brown and cream color running around the edge of each surface, and a more complicated design ornamenting the centre of the cover. He vaguely associated his mother with it. He felt a distinct relief when the men spread the cloth. He felt as if they had covered up more things than he could name. And when they produced candlesticks and candles, and set them on the improvised table and in the niches beside the door, he seemed to come back again into the comfortable light of common sense.

'This is the way we used to do when I was a boy,' he said with a smile, when he and Hélène established themselves on sofa cushions on opposite sides of the chest. 'Only then we had little tables six inches high, instead of big ones like this.'

'It is rather a pity that we have spoiled all that,' she said. 'Are we any happier for perching on chairs around great scaffoldings and piling the scaffoldings with so many kinds of porcelain and metal? After all, they knew how to live — the people who were capable of imagining a place like this. And they had the good taste not to fill a room with things. Your grandfather, was it?'

He had had a dread that she would not say anything, that she would remain silent and impenetrable, as she had been before Zümbül Agha, as if the chest between them were a barrier that nothing could surmount. His heart lightened when he heard her speak. Was it not quite her natural voice?

'It was my great-grandfather, the grand vizier. They say he did know how to live — in his way. He built the kiosque for a beautiful slave of his, a Greek, whom he called Pomegranate.'

'Madame Pomegranate! What a charming name! And that is why her cipher is everywhere. See?' She pointed to the series of cupboards and niches on either side of the door, dimly painted with pomegranate blossoms, and to the plaster reliefs around the hooded fireplace, and to the cluster of pomegranates that made a centre to the gilt and painted lattice-work of the ceiling. 'One could be very happy in such a little house. It has an air — of being meant for moments. And you feel as if they had something to do with the wonderful way it has faded.' She looked as if she had meant to say something else, which she did not. But after a moment she added, 'Will you ask them to turn off the water in the fountain? It is a little chilly, now that the sun has gone, and it sounds like rain — or tears.'

The dinner went, on the whole, not so badly. There were dishes to be passed back and forth. There were questions to be asked or comments to be made. There were the servants to be spoken to. Yet, more and more, the pasha could not help wondering. When a silence fell, too, he could not help listening. And least of all could he help looking at Hélène. He looked at her, trying not to look at her, with an intense curiosity, as if he had never seen her before, asking himself if there were anything new in her face, and how she would look if — Would she be like

this? She made no attempt to keep up a flow of words, as if to distract his attention. She was not soft either; she was not trying to seduce him, and she made no show of gratitude toward him for having sent Zümbül Agha away. Neither did she by so much as an inflection try to insinuate or excuse or explain. She was what she always was, perfect — and evidently a little tired. She was indeed more than perfect, she was prodigious, when he asked her once what she was thinking about and she said Pandora, tapping the chest between them. He had never heard the story of that Greek girl and her box, and she told him gravely about all the calamities that came out of it, and the one gift of hope that remained behind.

'But I cannot be a Turkish woman long!' she added inconsequently with a smile. 'My legs are asleep. I really must walk about a little.'

When he had helped her to her feet she led the way into the other room. They had their coffee and cigarettes there. Hélène walked slowly up and down the length of the room, stopping every now and then to look into the square pool of the fountain and to pat her hair.

The pasha sat down on the long low divan that ran under the windows. He could watch her more easily now. And the detachment with which he had begun to look at her grew in spite of him into the feeling that he was looking at a stranger. After all, what did he know about her? Who was she? What had happened to her, during all the years that he had not known her, in that strange free European life which he had tried to imitate, and which at heart he secretly distrusted? What had she ever really told him, and what had he ever really divined of her? For perhaps the first time in his life he realized how little one person may know of another, and particularly a man of a woman. And he remembered Shaban again, and that phrase about his wife being safer than Hélène. Had Shaban really meant anything? Was Hélène 'safe'? He acknowledged to himself at last that the question was there in his mind, waiting to be answered.

Hélène did not help him. She had been standing for some time at an odd angle to the pool, looking into it. He could see her face there, with the eyes turned away from him.

'How mysterious a reflection is!' she said. 'It is so real that you can't believe it disappears for good. How often Madame Pomegranate must have looked into this pool, and yet I can't find her in it. But I feel she is really there, all the same — and who knows who else.'

'They say mirrors do not flatter,' the pasha did not keep himself from rejoining, 'but they are very discreet. They tell no tales!'

Hélène raised her eyes. In the little room the servants had cleared the improvised table and had packed up everything again except the candles.

'I have been up here a long time,' she said, 'and I am rather tired. It is a little cold, too. If you do not mind I think I will go down to the house now, with the servants. You will hardly care to go so soon, for Zümbül Agha has not finished what he has to say to you.'

'Zümbül Agha!' exclaimed the pasha. 'I sent him away.'

'Ah, but you must know him well enough to be sure he would not go. Let us see.' She clapped her hands. The servant of the lantern immediately came out to her. 'Will you ask Zümbül Agha to come here?' she said. 'He is on the porch.'

The man went to the door, looked out, and said a word. Then he stood aside with a respectful salaam, and

the eunuch entered. He negligently returned the salute and walked forward until his air of importance changed to one of humility at sight of the pasha. Salaaming in turn, he stood with his hands folded in front of him.

'I will go down with you,' said the pasha to his wife, rising. 'It is too late for you to go through the woods in the dark.'

'Nonsense!' She gave him a look that had more in it than the tone in which she added, 'Please do not. I shall be perfectly safe with four servants. You can tell them not to let me run away.' Coming nearer, she put her hand into the bosom of her dress, then stretched out the hand toward him. 'Here is the key — the key of which Zümbül Agha spoke — the key of Pandora's box. Will you keep it for me please? *Au revoir.*'

And making a sign to the servants she walked out of the kiosque.

III

The pasha was too surprised, at first, to move — and too conscious of the eyes of servants, too uncertain of what he should do, too fearful of doing the wrong, the un-European, thing. And afterwards it was too late. He stood watching until the flicker of the lantern disappeared among the dark trees. Then his eyes met the eunuch's.

'Why don't you go down too?' suggested Zümbül Agha. The variable climate of a great house had made him too perfect an opportunist not to take the line of being in favor again. 'It might be better. Give me the key and I will do what there is to do. But you might send up Shaban.'

Why not, the pasha secretly asked himself? Might it not be the best way out? At the same time he experienced a certain revulsion of feeling, now that Hélène was gone, in the way she had gone. She really was prodigious! And with the vanishing of the lantern that had brought him a measure of reassurance he felt the weight of an uncleared situation, fantastic but crucial, heavy upon him. And the Negro annoyed him intensely.

'Thank you, Zümbül Agha,' he replied, 'but I am not the nurse of madama, and I will not give you the key.'

If he only might, though, he thought to himself again!

'You believe her, this Frank woman whom you had never seen five years ago, and you do not believe me who have lived in your house longer than you can remember!'

The eunuch said it so bitterly that the pasha was touched in spite of himself. He had never been one to think very much about minor personal relations, but even at such a moment he could see — was it partly because he wanted more time to make up his mind? — that he had never liked Zümbül Agha as he liked Shaban, for instance. Yet more honor had been due, in the old family tradition, to the former. And he had been associated even longer with the history of the house.

'My poor Zümbül,' he uttered musingly, 'you have never forgiven me for marrying her.'

'My pasha, you are not the first to marry an unbeliever, nor the last. But such a marriage should be to the glory of Islam, and not to its discredit. Who can trust her? She is still a Christian. And she is too young. She has turned the world upside down. What would your father have said to a daughter-in-law who goes shamelessly into the street without a veil, alone, and who receives in your house men who are no relation to you or to her? It is not right. Women only understand one thing, to make fools of men. And they are never content to fool one.'

The pasha, still waiting to make up

his mind, let his fancy linger about Zümbül Agha. It was really rather absurd, after all, what a part women played in the world, and how little it all came to in the end! Did the black man, he wondered, walk in a clearer, cooler world, free of the clouds, the iridescences, the languors, the perfumes, the strange obsessions, that made others walk so often like madmen? Or might some tatter of preposterous humanity still work obscurely in him? Or a bitterness of not being like other men? That perhaps was why the pasha felt friendlier toward Shaban. They were more alike.

'You are right, Zümbül Agha,' he said. 'The world is upside down. But neither the madama nor any of us made it so. All we can do is to try and keep our heads as it turns. Now, will you please tell me how you happened to be up here? The madama never told you to come. You know perfectly well that the customs of Europe are different from ours, and that she does not like to have you follow her about.'

'What woman likes to be followed about?' retorted the eunuch with a sly smile. 'I know you have told me to leave her alone. But why was I brought into this house? Am I to stand by and watch dishonor brought upon it simply because you have eaten the poison of a woman?'

'Zümbül Agha,' replied the pasha sharply, 'I am not discussing old and new or this and that, but I am asking you to tell me what all this speech is about.'

'Give me that key and I will show you what it is about,' said the eunuch, stepping forward.

But the pasha found he was not ready to go so directly to the point.

'Can't you answer a simple question?' he demanded irritably, retreating to the farther side of the fountain.

The reflection of the painted ceiling in the pool made him think of Hélène — and Madame Pomegranate. He stared into the still water as if to find Hélène's face there. Was any other face hidden beside it, mocking him?

But Zümbül Agha had begun again, doggedly: —

'I came here because it is my business to be here. I went to town this morning. When I got back they told me that you were away and that the madama was up here, alone. So I came. Is this a place for a woman to be alone in — a young woman, with men working all about and I don't know who, and a thousand ways of getting in and out from the hills, and ten thousand hiding places in the woods?'

The pasha made a gesture of impatience, and turned away. But after all, what could one do with old Zümbül? He had been brought up in his tradition. The pasha lighted another cigarette to help himself think.

'Well, I came up here,' continued the eunuch, 'and as I came I heard madama singing. You know how she sings the songs of the Franks.'

The pasha knew. But he did not say anything. As he walked up and down, smoking and thinking, his eye caught in the pool a reflection from the other side of the room, where the door of the latticed room was and where the cypress-wood chest stood as the servants had left it in the middle of the floor. Was that what Hélène had stood looking at so long, he asked himself? He wondered that he could have sat beside it so quietly. It seemed now like something dark and dangerous crouching there in the shadow of the little room.

'I sat down, under the terrace,' he heard the eunuch go on, 'where no one could see me, and I listened. And after she had stopped I heard —'

'Never mind what you heard,' broke

in the pasha. 'I have heard enough.'

He was ashamed — ashamed and resolved. He felt as if he had been playing the spy with Zümbül Agha. And after all there was a very simple way to answer his question for himself. He threw away his cigarette, went forward into the little room, bent over the chest, and fitted the key into the lock.

Just then a nightingale burst out singing, but so near and so loud that he started and looked over his shoulder. In an instant he collected himself, feeling the black man's eyes upon him. Yet he could not suppress the train of association started by the impassioned trilling of the bird, even as he began to turn the key of the chest where his mother used to keep her quaint old silks and embroideries. The irony of the contrast paralyzed his hand for a strange moment, and of the difference between this spring night and other spring nights when nightingales had sung. And what if, after all, only calamity were to come out of the chest, and he were to lose his last gift of hope! Ah! He knew at last what he would do! He quickly withdrew the key from the lock, stood up straight again, and looked at Zümbül Agha.

'Go down and get Shaban,' he ordered, 'and don't come back.'

The eunuch stared. But if he had anything to say he thought better of uttering it. He saluted silently and went away.

IV

The pasha sat down on the divan and lighted a cigarette. Almost immediately the nightingale stopped singing. For a few moments Zümbül Agha's steps could be heard outside. Then it became very still. The pasha did not like it. Look which way he would he could not help seeing the chest — or listening. He got up and went into the big room, where he turned on the water of the fountain. The falling drops made company for him, and kept him from looking for lost reflections. But they presently made him think of what Hélène had said about them. He went out to the porch and sat down on the steps. In front of him the pines lifted their great dark canopies against the stars. Other stars twinkled between the trunks, far below, where the shore lights of the Bosphorus were. It was so still that water sounds came faintly up to him, and every now and then he could even hear nightingales on the European side. Another nightingale began singing in his own woods — the nightingale that had told him what to do, he said to himself. What other things the nightingales had sung to him, years ago! And how long the pines had listened there, still strong and green and rugged and alive, while he, and how many before him, sat under them for a little while and then went away!

Presently he heard steps on the drive and Shaban came, carrying something dark in his hand.

'What is that?' asked the pasha, as Shaban held it out.

'A revolver, my pasha. Zümbül Agha told me you wanted it.'

The pasha laughed curtly.

'Zümbül made a mistake. What I want is a shovel, or a couple of them. Can you find such a thing without asking any one?'

'Yes, my pasha,' replied the Albanian promptly, laying the revolver on the steps and disappearing again. And it was not long before he was back with the desired implements.

'We must dig a hole, somewhere, Shaban,' said his master in a low voice. 'It must be in a place where people are not likely to go, but not too far from the kiosque.'

Shaban immediately started toward

the trees at the back of the house. The pasha followed him silently into a path that wound through the wood. A nightingale began to sing again, very near them — *the* nightingale, thought the pasha.

'He is telling us where to go,' he said.

Shaban permitted himself a low laugh.

'I think he is telling his mistress where to go. However, we will go too.' And they did, bearing away to one side of the path till they came to the foot of the tall cypress.

'This will do,' said the pasha, 'if the roots are not in the way.'

Without a word Shaban began to dig. The pasha took the other spade. To the simple Albanian it was nothing out of the ordinary. What was extraordinary was that his master was able to keep it up, soft as the loam was under the trees. The most difficult thing about it was that they could not see what they were doing, except by the light of an occasional match. But at last the pasha judged the ragged excavation of sufficient depth. Then he led the way back to the kiosque.

They found Zümbül Agha in the little room, sitting on the sofa with a revolver in either hand.

'I thought I told you not to come back!' exclaimed the pasha sternly.

'Yes,' faltered the old eunuch, 'but I was afraid something might happen to you. So I waited below the pines. And when you went away into the woods with Shaban, I came here to watch.' He lifted a revolver significantly. 'I found the other one on the steps.'

'Very well,' said the pasha at length, more kindly. He even found it in him at that moment to be amused at the picture the black man made, in his sedate frock coat, with his two weapons. And Zümbül Agha found no less to look at, in the appearance of his master's clothes. 'But now there is no need for you to watch any longer,' added the latter. 'If you want to watch, do it at the bottom of the hill. Don't let any one come up here.'

'On my head,' said the eunuch. He saw that Shaban, as usual, was trusted more than he. But it was not for him to protest against the ingratitude of masters. He salaamed and backed out of the room.

When he was gone the pasha turned to Shaban: —

'This box, Shaban — you see this box? It has become a trouble to us, and I am going to take it out there.'

The Albanian nodded gravely. He took hold of one of the handles, to judge the weight of the chest. He lifted his eyebrows.

'Can you help me put it on my back?' he asked.

'Don't try to do that, Shaban. We will carry it together.' The pasha took hold of the other handle. When they got as far as the outer door he let down his end. It was not light. 'Wait a minute, Shaban. Let us shut up the kiosque, so that no one will notice anything.' He went back to blow out the candles. Then he thought of the fountain. He caught a last play of broken images in the pool as he turned off the water. When he had put out the lights and had groped his way to the door he found that Shaban was already gone with the chest. A drop of water made a strange echo behind him in the dark kiosque. He locked the door and hurried after Shaban, who had succeeded in getting the chest on his back. Nor would Shaban let the pasha help him till they came to the edge of the wood. There, carrying the chest between them, they stumbled through the trees to the place that was ready.

'Now we must be careful,' said the pasha. 'It might slip or get stuck.'

'But are you going to bury the box too?' demanded Shaban, for the first time showing surprise.

'Yes,' answered the pasha. And he added, 'It is the box I want to get rid of.'

'It is a pity,' remarked Shaban regretfully. 'It is a very good box. However, you know. Now then!'

There was a scraping and a muffled thud, followed by a fall of earth and small stones on wood. The pasha wondered if he would hear anything else. But first one and then another nightingale began to fill the night with their April madness.

'Ah, there are two of them,' remarked Shaban. 'She will take the one that says the sweetest things to her.'

The pasha's reply was to throw a spadeful of earth on the chest. Shaban joined him with such vigor that the hole was soon very full.

'We are old, my pasha, but we are good for something yet,' said Shaban. 'I will hide the shovels here in the bushes,' he added, 'and early in the morning I will come again, before any of those lazy gardeners are up, and fix it so that no one will ever know.'

There at least was a person of whom one could be sure! The pasha realized that gratefully, as they walked back through the park. He did not feel like talking, but at least he felt the satisfaction of having done what he had decided to do. He remembered Zümbül Agha as they neared the bottom of the hill. The eunuch had not taken his commission more seriously than it had been given, however, or he preferred not to be seen. Perhaps he wanted to reconnoitre again on top of the hill.

'I don't think I will go in just yet,' said the pasha as they crossed the bridge into the lower garden. 'I am rather dirty. And I would like to rest a little under the chestnut trees. Would you get me an overcoat please, Shaban, and a brush of some kind? And you might bring me a coffee, too.'

How tired he was! And what a short time it was, yet what an eternity, since he last dropped into one of the wicker chairs! He felt for his cigarettes. As he did so he discovered something else in his pocket, something small and hard that at first he did not recognize. Then he remembered the key — the key. . . . He suddenly tossed it into the pool beside him. It made a sharp little splash, which was reëchoed by the dripping basins. He got up and felt in the ivy for the handle that shut off the water. At the end of the garden the Bosphorus lapped softly in the dark. Far away in the woods the nightingales were singing.

MOTHERHOOD AND THE STATE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

WHILE I was dining with a friend in a New York restaurant not long ago, a little family of five — father, mother, and three children — came in and took the next table. The parents were very young, hardly out of the twenties apparently, and there could not have been much more than two years between the oldest child and the youngest. The children were clearly quite accustomed to their parents: their manners did not reflect the nursery, and the mother looked after them with the indefinable tact and handiness that mark a person born to his trade. She gave the impression of a great, free natural talent for motherhood, as specific and unmistakable as Turgenieff's talent for writing or Rembrandt's for painting. Altogether, the sight of the little group was as pleasant and reviving an experience as one could have.

After looking at them a long time, my friend remarked, 'I tell you, that woman is earning her living!' There was no doubt about it. One who can ply a trade the year round and put the indisputable stamp of a master on each day's work turned out, may be held entitled to a living at least, and perhaps also some measure of gratitude from a world which is not overblessed with efficiency. The thought occurred to me that if I, for instance, could write and edit as well as this woman was doing the work of motherhood, I should expect to hear from my publishers and the public. And, in fact, I should hear promptly from both. I mention this economic comparison because there is a significance in it which will appear later.

For this little woman who was earning her living, earning it by the inspired work of genius, was not hearing from her employers or from the public in any substantial sense. Her husband gave her a living, no doubt, and yet could one say that her husband employed her to bear and rear children as my publishers employ me to write and edit? Hardly. Collaterally, her work brought him, I hope, such affectional gratification that he felt that he had his money's worth; but the economic profit of her work, the thing that she should be paid for, flowed elsewhere. He got none of it. In fact, one must conceive quite an improbable combination of circumstances to bring him even a return of one twentieth of one per cent on his investment in all three children. To begin with, he was evidently well-to-do, so probably he would never need a return or expect one. Moreover, two of the three children were girls; and while we may hope for a day soon coming in which girls will have an equal opportunity to work and earn money and keep what they earn, girls are comparatively a poor investment at present. Considering the initial cost of a place to live, or commutation of its interest in the form of rent, and counting in upkeep and improvements with the overhead charge for food, clothing, and education, it is plain that the young father had no chance, in the world, of economic profit or even of getting any of his

money back. Nor is this an exceptional case. Children are seldom an economic asset nowadays as they were in times by no means out of memory, when the family was a self-dependent group. Oftener than not, they are a liability.

And yet there is an economic profit flowing from them somewhere, for they have a potential wealth-producing power. The three children we were considering will have some kind of ability or labor to sell, and largely by reason of their mother's genius for motherhood it is likely to be of a rather high order. Who will profit by this? Most certainly the State. Our common remark that a child-bearing woman has 'done something for her country' shows how much truer our instincts are than our practical interpretation of them. This little woman was working for the State, turning her superb genius to the benefit of the State in a unique and indispensable service; and yet she is paid for it only indirectly, or rather, not paid for it at all, since, gloze the fact as you will with whatever sentimental talk about 'sharing' or the 'spending partner,' it remains a fact that what she gets from her husband is not pay but largesse.

This does not seem fair or self-respecting or at all calculated to encourage good work. I take it that when some of our socialist friends proclaim that child-bearing and child-rearing are the State's most intimate concern, they have a proposition which logically is sound to the core. If so, the State should pay for the service, and pay for it in some kind of rough proportion to its value. No one would minimize the affectional delights of parenthood, but yet it seems a niggardly policy for the State to capitalize them in order to get out of paying its debts for services rendered. Why should the State take a mercenary advantage of this little woman's delight in her talent for child-rearing, any more than my employers, for instance, take advantage of my pleasure in writing? Some inkling of this unfairness has been getting into a good many minds lately. Some nations, frightened into recognition of it by a falling birth-rate, have put a bounty on children. Our nation has here and there made a timid beginning, such as it is, with mother's pensions. But these are chiefly for poor widows with dependent children; hence the principle is obscured and nothing has got very far.

Probably one reason is because it is so hard to see how a compensation for motherhood should be paid. If all mothers were like this one, it would be a simple matter. The best way to compensate Turgenieff, Michael-Angelo, Beethoven, Edison, would be to hand over the money and think no more about it. Any attempt to direct their genius would be a hindrance and no help. All they need is to be let alone; and this is quite so too with this little mother. Her genius, interest, and devotion to her trade could be relied on to produce the best results, and give the State its money's worth in full of future citizenship.

II

But all mothers are not like this, any more than all writers are like Turgenieff. In fact, so far as my observation goes, first-class talent for motherhood is quite as rare and precious as first-class talent for writing. I am aware that in making this statement one steps on burning ground, yet I believe that if one counted up the number of people engaged in the trade of motherhood and the number engaged in the trade of writing, the proportion of genius would be found to run about the same in both. Nay more, I believe the proportion of those who are acceptably doing what we may call the journeyman-work of motherhood is no higher than of those who are accept-

ably doing the journeyman-work of literature. These are they who in both trades are working conscientiously, with the affections deeply engaged, but more or less incompetently. Now, if the State contemplated paying writers, it certainly would, and perhaps should, take this fact into account. In the great majority of cases, it would have to administer the compensation in some less direct way in order to avoid doing more harm than good.

Just so with motherhood. The State imperatively needs a birth-rate. It must have citizens. Mothers bear and rear citizens; hence mothers should be paid for the service. So far, so good. But if the State is paying for citizens it should have something more than the mere raw material of citizenship. It may fairly ask for a certain average training and discipline; and this is precisely what the great majority of journeyman-mothers are unqualified to provide. It is only our turbid and mawkish sentiment about motherhood that prevents our seeing how unreasonable it is to expect this of them, — the sentiment that keeps us continually confusing a biological function with a social talent. Suppose all men could write: still we could all see the absurdity of supposing that more than one in a hundred million could write the *Annals of a Sportsman*, or one in ten thousand ever even be taught how to report a fire in a fashion to satisfy the most lenient city editor. But we do not see the equivalent absurdity of assuming that if every woman could be a mother (and probably the number of sterile women in the United States is no greater than that of illiterates), she would be *ipso facto* able to turn out an order or quality of work that presupposes either genius or considerable ability.[1]

[1] The mischief wrought by this confusion, whereby we cast a monstrous and crushing burden on incompetent women, is truly lamentable.

However, women unquestionably have what our friends the economists call a 'natural monopoly' of motherhood, and their work is, with negligible exceptions, about as good as they can make it. The most pathetic sight, I think, in a world which rather industriously specializes in pathetic sights, is the grim acquiescence of so many women in a lifetime of work for which they are not fit, and their heroic effort to make an inflexible conscientiousness do duty for the genius or the ability which they do not possess. There are compensations in this, too, as there always are in processes of discipline and abnegation. The work of these women, unsatisfactory as it may be, is better than we with our blundering social arrangements based on impossible sentimental expectations, ever deserve. But life enforces discipline enough even when we make it as easy for each other as we can; and there is no doubt that the State would secure a far better quality of citizenship if it offered terms that took more account of human happiness and did not virtually prescribe such a dreadful sacrifice of body and soul.

III

But again, how? Direct payment for motherhood, as we saw, is perhaps impracticable except in a few special cases. Well, then, why not attack the problem at the other end, by lightening the mother's labor? If we cannot see our way to give her more pay, we can give her less work. If we cannot furnish straw, we may at least cut down the tale of bricks to a minimum. The best compromise at present appears

Its outcome in New York City can be partly judged by a remarkable pamphlet called *The City where Crime is Play*, the report of a unique survey of juvenile life, made by the People's Institute. I wish all my readers would write to the Institute, 70 Fifth Ave., for a copy, — it is free, — and read it carefully. — The Author.

to be for the State to give opportunity whereby the mother may be relieved of labor and responsibility in child-rearing, as far as possible, and left free with a larger portion of her life to regulate and occupy as she sees fit. This does not settle the State's debt to her, but it goes so far toward it that the State would no doubt find her a complaisant and delighted creditor.

Proposals of this kind have been made by the socialists and are invariably met with a cry of distress over the 'institutional child' whose fate of being state-bred instead of parent-bred makes him as it were a monster unto many. I cannot see the logic of this; not because of any tenderness toward socialism, for I have none, but because of the fact, which those who talk in this way apparently overlook, that our children are state-bred to a great extent already. Probably the truth is that when we speak of the institutional or state-bred child we think at once of reformatories, almshouses, workhouses and the like. We do not think of public schools as State institutions. Yet that is precisely what they are; and every child who attends one is an institutional child. Our public-school system is the first effort by the State to afford the mother a partial measure of the very relief we are talking about. In establishing the public schools, the State had not perhaps full sight of this object; yet their establishment tended directly and powerfully toward it. Now, while the public-school system has come in for a great deal of criticism lately, one observes with interest that the complaint is always that it does not do enough, does not touch the child's life at enough points. We never hear complaint that the schools are usurping the function of the mother or 'undermining the home' — to borrow a phrase much used by our conservative friends. The public-school system has been greatly extended in our day: at one end by the kindergarten and at the other by vocational training, manual training, trade-schools, continuation schools, and so on. Every one thinks that the schools should go yet further. No one, so far as I know, thinks that they should be restricted or abolished, —as it seems one should think if one's concern about the institutional child were logical or even intelligent.

Well, then, why not resolutely extend the public-school system to its logical length? This would not only satisfy every one who complains of the system's present inefficiency, but would also incidentally be the largest practicable step the State can take toward readjusting its iniquitous business relations with the mothers who serve it. The school now represents only a certain limited type of activities, but the limitation is purely arbitrary. There is no natural reason why the school should not be a centre where all sorts of opportunities for intellectual, social, and industrial improvement are offered. On the contrary, it seems most natural and logical that the school should include all possible factors of education such as are now furnished separately by various types of municipal and commercial institutions — libraries, parks, playgrounds, model gardens, gymnasiums, theatres, moving pictures, auditoriums, trade-schools, business-schools, apprenticeships. It is natural, too, that such an opportunity-centre should be available all day and every day in the year. The limitation of a six-hour day and an eight-month year is purely arbitrary.

By this simple and strictly logical enlargement of our conception of the public school, we should get what amounts to a new type of municipal institution. One could say a great deal about the general value of such an institution as compared with our pre-

sent schools, but we are concerned, for the purposes of this paper, only with its reactions upon motherhood. We can trace these best, possibly, by considering such a practical example as the public-school system of Gary, Indiana, the only one, so far as I am aware, in which this radical development has been carried out in practice. The fable conveys a salutary warning to well-meaning outsiders who 'in quarrels interpose'; nevertheless I must suggest to the feminists and socialists that, in consistently overlooking the Gary schools, they are losing some very fine campaign material.

Children are taken in the Gary schools at the age of six weeks, which is almost as soon as the mother can be about. The domestic-science classes need the babies to practice on, — if this phrase does not suggest vivisection or something of the kind. They get the advantage of the best equipment and the best care, and there are never half enough babies to go around. Gary could take care of half the babyhood of Indiana in its several schools. The limit of school age is lifetime. You can go to school as long as you live. That is to say, adults may and do use the schools as freely as children, and there are inducements for them to do so. The schools comprise every possible opportunity for industrial and cultural training, and moreover, they are social centres in a complete sense. Everything that happens in town is scheduled there. The parks, gymnasiums, libraries, public meetings, — everything, so far as I could see, except churches, is there; everything free and wide open from eight in the morning until ten-thirty at night, and all the year round.

It is impossible to go into details of management and administration. The object, in a word, is not to provide mere instruction, be it ever so diversified, but to provide a complete *life*, a superabundance of opportunity for every sort of good employment. The system depends on nothing but gravitation, the purely natural tendency which every one has to cleave to the better thing rather than the worse, when the two are put in free competition, to bring and hold children to these opportunities. And it works perfectly; just as any one with a true insight into human nature might know it would. There is no problem of truancy and no problem of juvenile leisure. Every moment of the day the school is in competition with the street and alley, the vacant lot, freight-yard, pool-room, and saloon; and it wins without effort.

Now, surely we can see at once the inevitable reaction of this upon all classes of mothers. Take first the born genius for motherhood whom we have been considering. Gravitation takes her children to the school a good deal of the time, — but it takes her there too. She enters the life of her children and lives it with them, sweetening and tempering it not only for them but for all other children with whom she is brought in contact; thus extending the scope of her genius beyond the limits of her own family in an effortless and natural way, with the aid of innumerable facilities which she could not otherwise have; and thereby enhancing the value of her service to the State.

Then the journeyman-mother, she of the vast and pitiful majority whose natural affection is sound but whose ability is slight and weak, she too is interested, but only by her affectional side. She may relinquish as much initiative and executive responsibility as she chooses, and be free to devote herself to her children with that portion of her nature only which is profitable for them. Then the unnatural mother (though why, why in the name of reason and justice do we call her *unnatural?* Is it unnatural that women,

poor souls! any more than men, should not all like the same kind of work?), the mother to whom children are an accident, a nuisance, or a calamity, may be relieved from a crushing burden and her offspring kept from the profound misfortune of her rearing. The depraved and vicious mother may have her influence as far as possible counteracted, and her opportunities for harm sharply limited. The poverty-stricken or over-weighted mother may go about her toil with a lighter heart, conscious that her children are having a better chance than she could ever give them. Then, finally, the feminist mother, who wants economic independence and a larger place on the social or political stage, may go about her enterprise cheered by the agreeable thought that the State, which has been so long the unimpressionable and stodgy object of her spirited attentions, at last is measurably 'squaring' her and enabling her children 'to live their own lives' as largely and profitably, perhaps, as she is living hers.

IV

And what, finally, is the reaction on the home? I could answer that question better if I knew what it means in the mind of those who ask it. When people speak of the home as though the term were one of precision and definiteness, like speaking of St. Paul's Cathedral or the House of Representatives, I confess that I cannot follow them. When they declare that this or that 'menaces the home' or 'disrupts the home,' I can only reply, 'Possibly; — but first tell me what you mean by the *home*, and then I will tell you what I think.' If home is a place, it is practically non-existent in a nation of migrants like ourselves. Few Americans have ever had the fortune to

Naître, vivre et mourir dans la même maison,

or are even sensible of the nostalgic charm pervading this profound and admirable verse of Sainte-Beuve. If home means a house, I point to the millions of Eastern desert-wanderers who have never heard of a house. If it means a household, a group of people whom choice in marriage plus the accident of birth has segregated, I call attention to two things. First, that the household was never organized with reference to children and is now less so than ever. It is organized with reference to adults. There is relatively little opportunity, little doing, for children in the household. This is inevitable and cannot be changed. Second, that we should carefully distinguish between the economic and sentimental reasons for the solidarity of the household.

Formerly, when the household was a self-dependent economic unit, these reasons were in a sense interrelated. Well within the memory of men now living, all the washing, cooking, baking, butchering, canning, preserving, gardening, tailoring, haircutting, carpet-weaving, dyeing, candle-making, soap-boiling, and so on through the long subsidiary list of 'chores,' — all were done in the household. There was an immense unifying and cementing power in this. Members of a family got at and knew each other by that noblest side of character that expresses itself in coöperative work. They learned compromise, adjustment, self-surrender; and their love for those from whom and with whom they learned could not help increasing. This school was an unmercifully hard one, but it carried incentives to mutual affection and esteem as great as the Nertchinsk mines or Libby Prison carried for their graduates, or as any hard, unyielding situation carries for those who make common cause against it. And here probably, we have the one drop of truth in all the ocean of ver-

biage which, from Payne's song down to last night's anti-suffrage speech, has weltered round the name of home.

But when the economic character of the household changed, these cementing and unifying influences disappeared. Regret them as we may, they are gone. No power can restore them. No power can reproduce the precise sentiment which grew from them. Two graduates of Libby Prison will always feel a deep and peculiar regard for each other, but they cannot bequeath that regard to their sons and still less to their grandsons. At the present time we have the possibility (and of course in most cases, the fact) of a distinct affectional life obtaining between members of a household. But where affection obtains, it must now obtain *per se*. It is no longer sustained and shaped by the household's economic circumstances, since the household is no longer an economic unit.

If I were asked therefore whether or not the State is likely to 'disrupt the home' by pushing its public-school system to the limit of logical development, I should be very sure, sure as one can be of any matter which one judges before the fact, that it would not. A household pervaded by a disinterested affectional life lived and enjoyed for its own sake, — well, nothing can disrupt that — it is bomb-proof; and any situation short of that will be cleared and improved, it seems to me, by encouraging the children to cultivate outside the home such measure of affectional life as they cannot, for whatever reason, cultivate at home. Loving unlovely people and unlovely things is up-hill work, too much for the initial practice of a child's tender fibre, and he should not have it to do. It is work for the mature and toughened moral sinew. And really, it is not important that a child should love this particular person or that; the important thing is that he should learn to *love*. And he will learn this best where his opportunities are best: best of all from the genius for motherhood, and next best from the journeyman-mother whose responsibility is permitted to end with imparting that lesson, as the only one she is in any degree qualified to teach. From any other order of parenthood it is unlikely that he will learn much about the great power and philosophy of love. Better by far that his affectional life should develop among the contacts and incentives to disinterested sentimental attachments, which he would find abounding in the new type of public school.

Experience shows how wise it is to leave the settlement of all this kind of thing which we adults find so knotty and debatable, to the instinct of the children themselves. *Of such is the kingdom of heaven*, — free to move in the midst of opportunity, they will always go where it is best for them to be. This is their divine, inerrant wisdom, so uncomprehended of our logic-worn souls. The children of the genius or the journeyman-mother will spend much time at home, almost as much perhaps as at the school, — enough, at any rate, to get its unadulterated advantages. Children in the other categories (*pace* the feminist mother for cavalierly lumping her off with the unnatural and vicious,— it is by way of logic not of insult) will perhaps go home no more than to eat and sleep. If so, so best: best for them, and for the household whose organization virtually excludes them.

Every consideration of self-interest seems to point to the complete development of the public-school system; and in its development the State would find itself for the first time approximating fair play with the army of motherhood which is giving it an indispensable and at present wholly unrequited service.

THE PLEASURES OF AN ABSENTEE LANDLORD

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

In the troubled history of Ireland the villain was the Absentee Landlord. Nothing good was ever said of him. He was a parasite for whom no apology could be made. The sum of his iniquities was that he enjoyed property without assuming any of the responsibilities that belonged to it.

In England he might be an excellent member of society, conscious of the duties of a citizen and neighbor. But his occasional visits to his estates across St. George's Channel were not even for the purpose of collecting his rents — that he left to his agents. With some careless companions he would spend a rollicking fortnight or two among his tenantry, receive their 'God bless you's,' for nothing at all, and then return to the serious business of life.

All this was very reprehensible, and justifies the reproaches which have been visited on absentee landlordism. The pleasures of the absentee landlord were wicked pleasures, because they were gained at the expense of others. But this is not to deny that they were real pleasures. Property plus responsibility is a serious matter. Irresponsible ownership is a rose without a thorn. If we can come by it honestly and without any detriment to others, we are to be congratulated.

The most innocent form in which this unmoral pleasure can be enjoyed is in the ownership of an abandoned farm. Of course one must satisfy his social conscience by making sure that the agricultural derelict was abandoned for good cause, and that the former owner bettered his condition by moving away. In the mountain regions of New England it is not difficult to find such places. At the gate of the hill farm the genuine farmer stands aside and says to the summer resident, 'After you.'

To one who possesses a bit of such land, the charm lies in the sense of irresponsibility. One can without compunction do what he will with his own, with the comfortable assurance that no one could do much better. This is particularly consoling when one proposes to do nothing but let it alone.

When as an absentee landlord I run up to my ragged, unkempt acres on a New Hampshire hilltop, I love to read the book of Proverbs with their insistence on sleepless industry.

'I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; and nettles had covered the face thereof and the stone wall thereof was broken down.'

What a perfect description of my estate!

'Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction . . .'

The sluggard saith, 'Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, a little folding of the hands in sleep. So shall poverty come as one that travelleth.'

I say, How true! If I had to make my living by farming, these words would stir me to agricultural effort. But as it is, they have a soothing sound. If my

neighbor does n't like the wild blackberries, that is his misery, not mine. I prefer the picturesque, broken-down wall to his spick-and-span one.

If he asks why, I will not reason with him; for does not the proverb say, 'The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.'

That is the way I feel. I propose for several weeks in the year to be a sluggard with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto.

'The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold, therefore in harvest he shall have nothing.'

My experience confirms this. But then I did not expect to have anything.

'By much slothfulness the building decayeth.'

This also I observe, not without a certain measure of quiet satisfaction. The house is not what it used to be. How much less stiff and formal everything is under the mellowing influence of time. Nature corrects our tendency to deal too exclusively in straight lines. What an improvement has come with that slight sag in the roof. How much more lovable the shingles are than in their self-assertive youth. What an artist the weather is in the matter of staining. It is an Old Master retouching the work of the village painter. Nature is toning down the mistakes of man. A little sleep and a little slumber, and the house will cease to be a blot on the landscape.

I should not like to feel that way all the year, for I am a great believer in the industrial virtues when they keep their place. When I observe people who feel that way all the time, I feel like remonstrating with them. When I observe people who never feel that way, I do not remonstrate with them — it would do no good. But I like now and then to escape from their company.

II

All this leads naturally, I hope, to the consideration of the question which I should like to present to the open-minded reader — namely, the use of history for a person who does not aspire to be a professional historian.

A recent congress of historians was congratulated on the progress that had been made 'since history ceased to be a pleasant branch of literature and had become the work of eager and conscientious specialists.'

Over the painstaking work of these scientific specialists we may rejoice just as we rejoice over the advance in intensive agriculture. And yet I should be sorry to think that history as a pleasant branch of literature is to be altogether prohibited in the interest of intellectual industrialism.

I suppose the eager specialists would not approve of Thomas Fuller's account of the way in which he approached History.

'We read of King Ahasuerus that, having his head troubled with much business and finding himself so indisposed that he could not sleep, he caused the records to be brought in to him, hoping thereby to deceive the tediousness of the time, and that the pleasant passages in the Chronicles would either invite slumber or enable him to endure waking with less molestation. We live in a troublesome and tumultuous age, and he needs to have a soft bed who can sleep soundly nowadays amidst so much loud noise and many impetuous rumors. Wherefore it seemeth to me both a safe and cheap receipt to procure quiet and repose to the mind which complains of want of rest, to prescribe the reading of History. Great is the pleasure and the profit thereof.'

Let not this Ahasuerus theory of History offend the scientific historian.

There is no more real conflict than there is between the scientific farmer and the city worker who finds his recreation in an abandoned farm.

Conduct, said Matthew Arnold more than once, is three fourths of life. Let us be in a generous mood and not haggle over fractions. Let us say that conduct is nine tenths of life; the other tenth consists in having a good time. In like manner, let us admit that nine tenths of history is a serious study; the other tenth is pure recreation. Then let us follow the example of the old-time clergyman and not allow ourselves to be cheated out of our tithe.

Our work-a-day life is lived among our contemporaries. All our actions are consciously related to them, — unless one happens to be a very young author who is writing a masterpiece for the admiration of Posterity. Now, among our contemporaries, matters are so arranged that one thing always leads to another thing. Not only every act but every thought involves responsibility, and our contemporaries are always reminding us of these relations.

If you manifest an interest in a philanthropic movement, the next thing that happens is that some one presents you with a subscription paper. You are expected to 'make good.'

That phrase is disconcerting. It indicates that nothing stands alone. We are involved in an endless chain. A good word is not its own excuse for being. It is a promise to pay, and it is possible that when it comes due we may not be prepared to meet our obligations.

After a while we are in danger of becoming Malthusians. It seems as if the population of duties increased faster than the means of moral subsistence. It is all very well to say, 'Look out and not in.' But when we do so we must expect to hear the next admonition, 'Lend a hand.' When both hands are full, looking out ceases to be a pleasure.

It is in the attempt at self-protection that the danger to our intellectual and emotional spontaneity comes. The man who finds it increasingly difficult to make both ends meet, morally speaking, begins to economize in his thinking and feeling. He does not wish to make the acquaintance of new thoughts that might involve new expenditures. He will not intrude himself on ideals that are above his station in life.

In the hand-to-mouth struggle for existence he cuts off all luxuries and develops a standardized intelligence. This makes him safe but uninteresting. That does not matter to him, so long as he is young, for then he is at least interesting to himself. But after a time even that solace fails him. His state is that indicated in the familiar reports of the stock market, — 'Narrow, Dull and Firm.'

III

When one is in danger of falling into such a habit of mind, it needs no skilled physician to advise a complete change. Geographical change is not sufficient, for the traveler is likely to carry his sense of responsibility with him. What he needs is to get away from his contemporaries, so that he can exercise freely faculties which he has seldom used. In his own generation he cannot avoid responsibility for 'doing something' about everything he sees to be true. Let him then for his soul's health get now and then into a period of time where there is nothing for him to do but to see what is going on. He can thus entertain ideas with a carefree mind.

Several years ago I was pleased to see a proposal of a minister in a Pennsylvania valley for utilizing the rotation of the earth for reducing the cost

of travel. His notion of the law of gravitation seemed more simple than that of most men of science in these days. His idea seemed to be that a few miles above the earth it is a negligible factor, and that rising in a balloon one could be at rest while the globe whirled round beneath him. All the traveler had to do was to adopt a policy of watchful waiting. When Pekin or Samarcand came into view, he would descend and make himself at home.

In travel through space there may be an objection to this plan on the score of practicability. But it expresses precisely the way in which we may make excursions into the past. All we have to do is to detach ourselves from the present, and there we are. We may drop down into any century which attracts our attention. We find interesting people who are doing interesting things. We may listen to their talk and share their enthusiasms.

In order to get the full measure of enjoyment, we should have acquaintances at various places with whom we are on visiting terms, or, better still, have a little place of our own to which we can retire. A person who is living all the time in the twentieth century cannot get on sympathetic terms with bandits and bigots and other interesting characters whom he would like to know. Either he disapproves of them or they disapprove of him. But when we drop into a past generation, such things do not matter.

I remember how in the Excelsior Society we used to debate the question, 'Was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?' Sometimes we thought it was, and sometimes we thought it was n't. We changed sides in the most shameless fashion. We knew that she had been executed long ago, and that no mistakes which we might make would do any harm.

And there was the question, 'Was the career of Napoleon Bonaparte beneficial to Europe?' I reveled in the contradictory facts that we could discover. Nothing Napoleonic was alien to us of the Excelsior Society. It gave us something to talk about. But had I been living in France in the time of Napoleon, I should not have had these fine and stimulating pleasures. There would have been only one side to this interesting question. To argue that the career of Napoleon Bonaparte was not beneficial to Europe would not have been beneficial to me.

The pleasures of the absentee landlord are those to which the ordinary historian is often indifferent. He is like the man with the megaphone in the 'Seeing New York' motor bus. He tells us what we ought to see, and keeps moving. He is interested in the sequence of events. Now, we may find much more pleasure in getting acquainted with people whom we meet in their own homes. In such a case it is better to get off the bus and find our own way about.

Indeed a history may be so written as not to take us away from our own time at all. It may be simply the projection of familiar contemporary ideas upon the past.

I have a book published in the early didactic period of the nineteenth century which illustrates a certain way of imparting historical information. It was written with the laudable intention of making history interesting to people who did n't want to venture into the Unfamiliar. The author thought that if the patriarchs were conceived of as New England selectmen, their lives could be made as interesting as if they were New England selectmen. And I am not sure but that he succeeded. The book is divided into two parts: a conversation with Adam covering the space of 930 years, and an interview with Noah giving an account

of the Deluge and the other events with which he was familiar. They are represented as nice old gentlemen rather formal in their language and strictly orthodox in their opinions. Adam speaks hopefully of Methuselah, who, he says, 'must be now about fifty-seven years old and is a discreet and well-principled youth.' He was very much disturbed over the radical views of the Tubal-Cains. There is nothing in the book that would indicate that either Adam or Noah had been out of Connecticut.

IV

A similar criticism may be made in regard to many historical monographs. Some particular thing with which we are perhaps too well acquainted is treated historically. It is shown to be the same in all ages. This may be perfectly true, but it does not serve to transport us into the realms of gold. That is the way I felt about *The History of Influenza*, which I have not read thoroughly. The author, it is needless to say, was a physician, who, instead of giving an account of the influenzas he had known, treated his subject historically. After one has followed influenza from the Greeks and Romans, through the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, and the Protestant Reformation, human history seems one prolonged sneeze.

The same effect is produced on my mind when a historian, starting with a modern political or economic theory, attempts to explain everything that has happened in past ages by his formula. I may be interested in the facts which he chooses to illustrate his thesis; but I cannot help thinking of the facts which he leaves out because they do not fit into his scheme. They were very much alive once. My heart yearns for these non-elect infants.

When one turns from the inevitable sequences and fore-ordained uniformities of the historian with one idea, to the experience of a single day, there is a sense of intellectual confusion and of emotional exhilaration. All sorts of things are happening at the same time. We are dealing with

> Reckoning time whose million'd accidents
> Creep in 'twixt vows to change decrees of kings,
> Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
> Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring things.

In ordinary life we have to shut our eyes to these millioned accidents lest we be distracted from our proper work. We have to simplify the universe to an absurd degree. We cannot indulge in the Shakespearean hospitality of thought, and we warn off irrelevant ideas with the notice, 'No admission except on business.'

We are like passengers on a street car when the car collides with a butcher's cart. They resent having to put their names in a little book in order to be haled into court as witnesses. It was not their butcher's cart.

But in our excursions into the past there is no necessity for such economy of attention. We are in holiday mood and are resolved to do no manner of work. Having no axe to grind and no appointments to keep, we can indulge our idle curiosity. We mingle freely with the crowd, ready to see whatever is going on. And we are willing to see it as the crowd sees it, and not as the responsible tax-payer allows himself to scrutinize current events, anxious to know who is to pay for the damage. In order to get into sympathetic relations with men of another generation we must share their prejudices and their ignorance of what is to happen next. Only thus do we live their lives.

Suppose you were to meet Columbus on his return from his second voyage, and were to say, 'Admiral, I am proud to meet the discoverer of America.'

This would be a tactless way of beginning the conversation. He would reply stiffly, 'Sir, you have the advantage of me.'

It would be a mean advantage to take of a simple-minded sailor. You know what he has discovered, and he does n't. Your mind is full of the Pilgrim Fathers and George Washington and the Louisiana Purchase and the Monroe Doctrine and all sorts of matters which were alien to his intention. You relate his voyage to posthumous history in which he had no interest, while you refuse to enter into his enthusiasms about the Crusades and the Holy Sepulchre and the marvelous shores of Cipango. Nor would you be able to share his disappointment at not being able to deliver in person his letter of introduction to the Grand Khan.

If you wish to become acquainted with John Calvin it would be a mistake to take for granted that he was a Calvinist, for the chances are that the only Calvinists with whom you are acquainted are of Scotch or Scotch-Irish extraction. Their national traits obscure the figure of the youthful French jurist who, while he was still in his twenties, published a radical book called *The Institutes of the Christian Religion.*

Take up the book as it comes fresh from the press. You learn what you can about him. They say he was a very precocious lad, and in his thirteenth year got an appointment as chaplain to a bishop. But by the time he was twenty he had become skeptical, had entered the profession of law, and had made a reputation among jurists. A little later he distinguished himself by publishing a commentary on Seneca. Now he has turned to religious subjects. It's a way these clever young fellows have. They advance revolutionary opinions of their own at a time when they should be listening to their elders.

If you are an Englishman of the moderate school you will find the young man's way of putting things is quite 'frenchy.' These Frenchmen are brilliant but not safe; they have a way of carrying their arguments to logical conclusions which it may not be expedient for us to reach.

If you can read Calvin's *Institutes* with some thrill of fear lest you be carried away by dangerous novelties, it is a sign that you have dropped into the year 1536.

Our pleasure in observing the changing fashions of our own day is marred by the feeling that we are in some degree responsible for them. If they are absurd we cannot smile genially upon them for fear that this should be interpreted as approval. On the other hand, if we criticize the latest fashion in dress or in thought it only proves that we are not so young as we once were. It is a a great relief to get where we may be spectators of the comedy.

When I go to an exhibition of pictures which purports to be the last word of the new art, I am not free in my judgment. I am told that the artist is not portraying any outward scene, but is only painting the state of his own mind. I hasten away for fear that my mind may get into that state also. It is an ignoble fear of contagion.

Then I take up the *Sentimental Magazine* for 1773–74. The editor feels that pure sentimentality is to be the final thing in literature. It must have an organ of its own. He guarantees that every number of the new magazine will force the tears of sensibility from the reader's eyes.

I have no responsibility for this literary force-pump. I only want to see how it works. If, after sufficient priming, the tears of sensibility come, it will be well. If they do not come, I shall feel

no self-reproach. At least I shall enjoy thinking of the tears which other people have shed over these pages. I do not have to keep up with the fashion in sentimentality.

V

To one who lives among his contemporaries all the time there is something irritating in the perpetual opposition of special interest to moral progress. The monotonous answer to every appeal for relief from an ancient wrong is that the agitation is 'bad for business.' Now, it is evident that no change is ever possible without disturbing somebody's business.

I find satisfaction in dropping into the year 1675 and taking up a little pamphlet, *The Discovery of Witches*, by Mathew Hopkins, witch-finder, for the benefit of the whole kingdom. I can read Mathew Hopkins's plea for the restoration of his business without any irritation. I can really get his point of view. Mathew Hopkins was not a fanatic or a theorist. He was a business-like person who had taken up the trade of witch-finding as another man might be a plumber. He was not an extremist. He utterly denied that the confession of a witch was of any validity, if it was drawn from her by torture or violence. It is the practical side of witchcraft that interests him. When he took up the business of witch-finding it was on a sound basis and offered a living for an industrious and frugal practitioner. But now the business is in a bad way. Whatever people may think, there is no money in it.

How pathetic is the statement of present-day conditions. Mr. Hopkins 'demands but twenty shillings a town, and doth sometimes ride twenty miles for that, and hath no more for his charges thither and back again (and it may be stayes a weeke there) and finds there three or four witches, or it may be but one. Cheap enough! And this is the greate sum he takes to maintain his companie, with three horses!'

That touch of honest sarcasm makes me understand Mathew Hopkins. He is so sure that something is wrong, and so impervious to any considerations not connected with shillings and pence. That the business depression was connected with a great intellectual revolution did not occur to him. How pale all rationalistic arguments must have seemed to a man with three horses eating their heads off in his stables!

That which gives the sense of reality to our daily living is the multitude of little events which make up the day. We are not absorbed in the contemplation of one great public event. There are chance acquaintances, casual happenings, changing points of view. We meet people who know people whom we have known. If the meeting-place be far from home we are agreeably surprised, and greet one another as if we had been long-lost friends. We compare our impressions and indulge in reminiscences. We perhaps indulge in a little myth-making. As we recall half-forgotten incidents they assume an endearing familiarity. Most of our conversation consists of the comparisons of one half view with another half view.

The sense of really living in another age comes in the same homely way. A chance allusion does more than a labored description. We must begin with 'small talk' before we can feel at home. The volumes of the Nicene, Ante-Nicene, and Post-Nicene Fathers are not attractive reading to one who looks at them in the mass. But if you are fortunate enough to stumble upon a letter written by St. Basil the Great to his friend Antipater, the Governor of Cappadocia, you will at once feel that a Church father, even though a

saint, is quite human. Basil is writing, not about heresies but about pickled cabbage, which his friend Antipater had recommended for its health-giving qualities. He has heretofore been prejudiced against it as a vulgar vegetable, but now that it has worked such wonders with his friend he will esteem it equal to the ambrosia of the gods — whatever that may be. This is an excellent introduction to St. Basil. Starting the conversation with pickled cabbage, we can easily lead up to more serious subjects.

If it happens that we can make any little discovery of our own and find it confirmed by somebody in a previous generation, it puts us at our ease and forms a natural means of approach. It is always wise to provide for such introductions to strangers. Thus, though I am not a smoker I like to carry matches in my pocket. One is always liable to be accosted on the street by some one in need of a light. To be able to give a match is a great luxury. It forms the basis for a momentary friendship.

One is often able to have that same feeling toward some one who would otherwise be a mere historical personage. My acquaintance with Lord Chesterfield came about in that way. Several years ago I wrote an essay for the *Atlantic Monthly* on 'The Hundred Worst Books.' For a place in the list I selected a book in my library entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*, published in 1749, by one Jones, a poet whose name was unknown to me till I perused his verse. The pages were so fresh that I cherished the belief that I was the only reader in a century and a half. I had the pride of possession in Jones.

It was some time after that I came across, in Walpole's letters, an allusion to my esteemed poet. It seems that Colley Cibber, when he thought he was dying, wrote to the Prime Minister 'recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel. Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him.'

I was never more astonished in my life than when I visualized the situation, and saw my friend Jones 'the bearer' of a demand for the reversion to the laureateship.

It seemed that Walpole was equally surprised, and when he next met Lord Chesterfield the eager question was, Who is Jones, and why should he be recommended for the position of poet laureate? Lord Chesterfield answered, 'A better poet would not take the post and a worse ought not to have it.' It appears that Jones was an Irish bricklayer and had made it his custom to work a certain number of hours according to an undeviating rule. He would lay a layer of brick and then compose a line of poetry, and so on till his day's task was over. This accounts for the marvelous evenness of his verse.

This was but a small discovery but it gave a real pleasure, for should I meet my Lord Chesterfield he and I would at once have a common interest. We both had discovered Jones, and quite independently.

VI

Let no one think that these little irresponsible excursions into the past are recommended as a substitute for the painstaking and systematic work of the historian. They are not. But they have a value of their own, and may possibly induce a state of mind that is salutary. For there are times when the historian gets beyond his depth and finds it impossible to reduce his material to an orderly and consistent narrative. The best historian is sometimes in the plight of the author of the *Book of Mormon*, when he tried to disentangle the history of his vague tribes. For page after page he pursues his theme,

but it becomes more and more complicated.

'Now there were many records kept of the proceedings of this people, by many of this people which are particular and very large concerning them. But behold a hundredth part of the proceedings of this people, yea the account of the Lamanites and of the Nephites and their wars and contentions and dissensions and their preaching, and their prophecies and their building of ships and building of temples and synagogues, and their sanctuaries and their righteousness and their wickedness and their robbings and plunderings and all manner of abominations, cannot be contained in this work. But behold there are many books, and many records of every kind, *and they have been chiefly kept by the Nephites.*'

There you have the real difficulty in writing a history of the Lamanites. There may be plenty of material, but so long as it was collected by the Nephites it is impossible to get the Lamanitist point of view. For myself I confess that I could spare the generalized accounts of these tribal wars, if I could come in contact with a single Lamanite, even of low degree, and find out what he was thinking about. A personal acquaintance with a particular individual would make 'the proceedings of this people' seem more real.

The civil wars of England seem real to us because we can become acquainted with the people who fought one another. We see the feud between Puritan and Cavalier at its beginnings, and can watch its growth. Even in the time of Queen Bess we see that all is not affection. We enter a church and hear the preacher allude to the Queen as 'that untamed heifer.' As we go out we say, 'That will make trouble.' And so it did. Not very long after, we hear a Presbyterian zealot, when he is asked if certain great persons are not pillars of the church, reply, 'Yes, caterpillars.' That is not the kind of answer that turneth away wrath. It is the multiplication of exasperating speeches and actions which at last brings the parties to blows. There are things which cannot be arbitrated, chiefly because there are so many of them.

When we take up the book of Judges and read of heroes like Samson and Gideon, we seem to be peering into dim far-away times. But there is a short story that welcomes us into the domestic life of the day. It begins at the beginning, or rather in the midst, of a family misunderstanding. 'There was a man of Mount Ephraim, whose name was Micah. And he said unto his mother, The eleven hundred shekels of silver . . . about which thou cursedst and spakest of also in mine ears, behold, the silver is with me, I took it. And his mother said, Blessed be thou of the Lord, my Son.' The mother in her first excitement felt that she had wholly dedicated the eleven hundred shekels unto the Lord for a graven image and a molten image. But no comment is made on the fact that she actually took two hundred shekels of the restored silver and gave them to the founder who made thereof a graven image and a molten image, which were perfectly satisfactory. Somehow that bit of thrift opens the way to a pleasant acquaintance with the good man of Mount Ephraim. We are interested in the family economics. When, a while after, he is able to set up a private chaplain, we rejoice. A young Levite from Beth-lehem-judah passes by and Micah bargains with him.

'And Micah said unto him, whence comest thou? And he said unto him, I am a Levite of Beth-lehem-judah and I go to sojourn where I may find a place. And Micah said unto him, Dwell with me and be unto me a father

and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver by the year and a suit of apparel and thy victuals.'

We feel sure that the ten shekels were a part of the saving of nine hundred shekels, owing to the unexpected reduction in graven images and molten images. We rejoice with Micah when he exclaims, 'Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest.' And we share his indignation when the children of Dan tempt the Levite by a call to a larger sphere of usefulness, and he takes with him the precious images.

'The children of Dan said unto Micah, What aileth thee?

'And he said, Ye have taken away my gods, which I made, and the priest, and ye are gone away: and what have I more. And what is this that ye say unto me, What aileth thee?'

'And the children of Dan said unto him. Let not thy voice be heard among us lest angry fellows run upon thee and thou lose thy life with the lives of thy household. And the children of Dan went their way, and when Micah saw that they were too strong for him he turned and went back unto his own house.'

Micah was not a great person at all. He was only an average man. But he can be vividly realized. In the dim ages before there was a king in Israel there was a great deal of human nature there. It is a pleasure to drop into the house in the hill country of Ephraim and talk about ephods and teraphim, and the price of graven images, and the salary of young Levites, and the iniquities of the children of Dan. When our interest in these topics of conversation is exhausted we can come back at once to the current events of the twentieth century.

After all, the test of a vacation is the renewed zest with which we take up our work on our return. The person who lives among his contemporaries all the time has no idea what interesting people they are. They appear even romantic when one returns to them from a short trip abroad. There is a moment before we begin again to do things, when we have leisure to see things.

Of course we must take up our responsibilities again. Our serious business with our contemporaries is to improve their conditions, their morals, and their manners. We do not have too much time for this work. But before we begin again the attempt to make them what they ought to be, we may enjoy the moment when we have enough freshness of vision to see them as they are.

VICTORIAN HYPOCRISY

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

From 1837 to 1901, as we all know, a woman was the Queen of England. From 1837 to 1901, all good English and American magazines, newspapers, and novels, were edited with the idea of pleasing women, of being suitable to the home, and of meeting the eyes of young persons without doing harm. Conversation, likewise, for all decent people, was guarded, and cultivated adults did not talk even among themselves in a way unsuitable for the ears of young people. Of course men, among themselves, were never so careful; nevertheless the conversation of a group of English or American gentlemen during most of that period was such as Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards dubbed 'hypocritical.'

Suddenly this has changed.

What caused this prevailing tone of protection and solicitude through those sixty years and more? Was it hypocrisy? And what was its consequence? Did it have any effect upon actual behavior? Did it benefit in any way the three generations which submitted to it, and shall we lose anything by this startling change which has rapidly come over magazine, newspaper, novel, and conversation since Queen Victoria died?

Definitely in America, since about 1898, when the Lexow Vice Committee's activities were openly reported in the New York newspapers, youth has been increasingly treated as a negligible portion of the reading public, the home has ceased to be protected by editors, and women are supposed to read whatever men read. That young girl's witticism, 'These are books I would not let my mother read,' had been perpetrated already in the late nineties. Parents must now contrive and enforce a new procedure to protect youth if it is to be kept fresh and sound-hearted. Publishers' etiquette and even drawing-room etiquette have ceased to help, — for woman has suddenly been taken out of the category of the sheltered, and youth, which shared her cloister, is overlooked.

By a curious irony the commanding word 'Victorian' has come to connote flabby and futile, prudish and trite, grandmotherly and sentimental. 'Victorian, in sooth! What stuff is this of which to make victors!' The epoch has been divided into hopelessly uninteresting periods — Early-Victorian, Middle-Victorian, and Later-Victorian: the first, the sentimental period; the second, the trite period; and the third, the futile period. This view of the nineteenth century was pronounced in the late nineties by it-matters-not-whom. It was hailed with delight and gayly reëchoed back and forth among the prevalent writers and talkers of the day. A wasted century, grown old along with the frumpy Queen who dominated it, seemed to them much miscalled by that ludicrously sentimental name, dotingly chosen for her at her coronation.

This is one view. Here is another. This talking of a whole era as if its men

were cast in one mould like dolls from a factory is easy but inaccurate. For of course we all know that, by Galton's law of natural production, there are at each epoch (that is to say, in any given year) five groups among sincere, highly developed persons, in each of which great men may appear.

Group A is very small: it comprises the seers, who see ahead, and around, above, below; always they are two generations ahead of their own time; they arouse the youth who are to be the A's and B's of the next generation. Group B is the numerous advance guard, the van, not actually ahead, but seeming a little in advance; its members spread the ideas of the seers who aroused their own youth, and invent, for the fulfillment of those good tidings, new customs that embody them. Group C is the great mass of earnest pilgrims, — the many who keep fully abreast of the times; their foremost ranks are indistinguishable from the van, but they follow, in general, ideas inspired by the great ones of their fathers' youth and customs crystallized by their own fathers. Somewhat they are all touched and swayed by the van of their own time. Not infrequently they even struggle in a rush of enthusiasm to keep up with it. On the whole, however, they incline to seek to teach to their children by rote whatever they learned, and their hindermost members are indistinguishable from members of the next group, D, the numerous reluctants, who are always a little behind; these are moved mostly by the ideals of their great-grandfathers, and would cling if they could to the customs set by their grandfathers: that is, they have taken implicitly what was taught them by rote in their youth, and have been untouched by the great ones of their own youth. Last comes Group E, the stragglers and adventurers who are frankly without inspiration for a pilgrimage, but are in it for what they can get out of it; they call the enthusiasm of the others 'hypocrisy and cant.'

Besides all these sincere persons, of course, there is another body, not really on pilgrimage at all. These are they (who shall say how many?) who are moved simply by a weak desire to make life easy for themselves. They conform outwardly, so far as need be, for comfort and a quiet life; and the rest of the time they simply follow their primitive selfish impulses. These are the real hypocrites, though they, also, call all enthusiasts hypocrites. They are definitely more often moved by jealousy than by admiration, by suspicion than by faith.

Furthermore, in addition to all these persons who are measurably on a par in development, there are irregular companies innumerable. Even in the most forward communities of the most forward nations you always find individuals and groups who reproduce in actual personal development the men of any previous evolutional era you may be looking for: cave-men, tent-dwellers, Romans, mediæval barbarians, children of the Renaissance, gentlemen of the eighteenth century, all dwelling in New York, all using electric lights, and wearing tan shoes, and speaking some part of the English language. They dwell in one spot in the three dimensions of space, but in the fourth dimension of time, there, where the pilgrims are marching, these groups and individuals are so far apart as to be often out of sight of each other.

Frequently even one and the same man (less frequently a woman) is in different eras in different aspects, and seldom are whole families all in the same evolutional group. Curiously too, among people belonging actually in racial development all to the same evolutional era, you will find one and

another who have stopped in personal development, wholly or in some portion, at five years old — at eleven — at seventeen — or at thirty, and so forth. Few indeed go on developing a year's worth for every year they live; hence, at seventy, few have gained seventy years of experience and growth.

These people often appear to be really in different evolutional eras, because in a sketchy sort of way the development of the individual follows the development of the race. So it happens that frequently when a man does not live up to the mass-standards and calls them hypocritical, he belongs really to an earlier age, or has not yet grown up.

Therefore it is clear that when we talk of the 'present generation' we generally mean a comparatively small fraction of the whole nation. We mean either the van or the main body (or both taken together) of the dominant minds, the sincere, highly developed people who voice their ideas and form public opinions and conduct.

Now, in any given year, the present generation which dominates it has already passed its thirtieth birthday. Thus, though a new generation is born every thirty years, each generation lives sixty years at the very least, and no generation begins to dominate before itself is thirty years old and the next generation has begun to be born.

When Victoria, a girl of eighteen, came to the throne, the 'present generation' was the Early-Victorian, born about 1780. Her own generation, the Mid-Victorian, was born about 1810. The next, the Late-Victorian, began (with her own children) about 1840, and the next, the Post-Victorian, now the present generation, saw the world first about 1870, let us say.

A generation's ideas and customs, its dreams and achievements, thoughts and fulfillments, lie recorded in its best literature, where the few great ones and their lesser voiceful brothers have said their say. These, in the Victorian age, were poets, novelists, and essayists. Taking one of each sort for each generation we may fairly choose for the Early-Victorians, Wordsworth, Scott, and Hazlitt; for the Mid-Victorians, Tennyson, Dickens, and Carlyle; for the Late-Victorians, Browning, George Eliot, and Huxley; and for the Post-Victorians, perhaps Masefield, Wells, and Shaw. (Not the much greater Kipling, because he is a young Late-Victorian, a 'lap-over' — born in 1865 at the very end of his own generation, but really too early to be Post-Victorian.)

In order to understand the epoch from its youth up, we must include one more generation, the Pre-Victorian, which formed the youth of the Early-Victorian. This is perhaps the most influential of all the five. And here we cannot take prose-writers, for the novel and the essay were still toddling, and earnest men still used poetry to speak their burning thoughts. Goethe, Byron, and Shelley, these were the men who gave greatest impetus to the Victorian era.

Byron roused the dormant power of personal passion in men's hearts. Shelley disclosed above their heads the wondrous spheres on spheres of disembodied beauty, pure fire of freedom, and love of spiritual perfections. Goethe drew forth woman, dazzled and breathless with the joy of a new-found soul, and showed her a wide expanse of splendid possibility. Chivalry had nominally queened her, but never had voice of man given her such breadth and richness and spirituality of infinite meaning. Even in her own innermost secret dreams there had not been a faint mirage of such significance for herself. Germany accepted it as a dream and an allegory; but America, being in the habit of practical performance promptly sequent on each

ideal, acted upon her belief, and England strove to do so, too.

On such soaring magniloquent ideas, bred of the French Revolution, were the Early-Victorians formed. By such personalities were they dominated. Under this triple inspiration to personal passion, flame-like spirituality, and the magnification of woman, the Early-Victorians developed; and lo, at the moment when they were most dominant, a lovely, modest young girl ascended an actual throne in the first kingdom of the world and became an arbiter of manners for all English-speaking peoples.

II

What manners had the Early-Victorians beheld in their youth? In 1810, a young lady in New York's best society refused to spend the winter in New York because, being lately betrothed, she must wear a large miniature of the young gentleman round her neck and endure coarse and embarrassing jokes whenever she appeared. General Washington may be seen, in the pencil sketches by John Trumbull, comfortably sitting in church with his arm around a young lady's waist, nor was she kith or kin to him. Read the familiar memoirs of the reign of George IV, infer what the manners and conversation must then have been, and ask yourself seriously how comfortable you would have felt in the midst of them.

The Early-Victorians thought these manners unfit for the presence of a young girl. They adjusted their demeanor to shield her. In consequence, there arose from the court of Victoria an expectation of decorum, serene and assured, for every man or woman of sensitive fibre. A winnowing wind, with quiet, gleaning hand of selection and rejection, passed over all England and America, through every drawing-room and across every printing-press, gently up and down the thoroughfare. No one even smoked on the streets. Without outcry or indignation the change was wrought, and decent folk could go about unabashed. Of course, indecency and cruelty, barbarism and selfishness, did not suddenly die: they lived, and thought the change an awful bore. Delicacy, sympathy, civilization, and generosity were the accepted standard, and those who by nature had them or longed to have them, found encouragement all about. And so the Early-Victorians impressed propriety upon the rising generation of Mid-Victorians.

Then, when the Mid-Victorians came to live their own lives, of course, they put into detailed practice the ideas and lessons they had learned from the Pre-Victorians and the Early-Victorians. Religion, ethics, philosophy, poetry, and philanthropy were their chief interests. They took themselves seriously, — as all of us do. The accomplishment of the Mid-Victorians was substantial, but perhaps the most amazing thing about them was that their van actually impressed its standards on the many in its own generation. This was the fruitage of what Shelley, Byron, and Goethe had planted. By their fruits they may be known. They did their work, — passed the Reform Bill in England, freed the slaves in America, made intemperance a disgrace, established a general expectation toward betterment, and recorded in novel, poem, and essay their innumerable aspirations and discoveries. It was a marvelous harvest-home. Then first, through niceties and restrictions, women and girls could go freely among even strange men, wrapped in their delicate reserve, and gradually because of decorums so quietly conceived and enforced, the free intellectual and business intercourse of men and women became serenely possible.

Thus were created those fine products of the Victorian age which have made the noble liberty of American women possible; they are the unchartered guild of modern gentlemen. Even today, though so much fine work has been marred, no man, looking round a roomful or a carful of people, knows how many such men may be in it. And because he cannot guess how many there are who will resent indecency, no man not in liquor dares openly to insult or annoy a woman. This multiplied perhaps, the band of hypocrites, for 'Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue'; there came to be prevalent a recognition that however inconvenient and unnatural good conduct may be for one's self, it is liked by the race at large — in others, at least.

But the total strength of a potent tendency cannot be measured by counting noses. We must ask, not what per cent were vicious or virtuous, but how strong was the influence of each. The contribution of each age to future progress depends upon the vigor of the van. It is they always who set the standard. If they create hypocrites by setting a standard of achievement so high that others of their time can only talk about it and pretend to it, then their contribution is indeed notable. What they do breaks the record. Then the astonishing happens. Just as in athletics and horse-trotting the record of one generation becomes in a mysterious process of development the commonplace of the next, so the standard of the van in any one age tends presently to become the practice of the many.

The enforcement of those nice maxims of civilized society has actually increased the number of more civilized persons in the rising generation. Granting that about four in each nice family grow up nice, we get the number of nice people doubled in each generation, — that is, eight times as many now as when Victoria came to the throne.

Thus they did their splendid work, did those Mid-Victorians. Devotedly they raised their children in a shielded atmosphere as in an enchanted garden, taught them new inhibitions, and hoped to see in them the return of the Golden Age. Their impressive conviction, their large passionate way of believing, carried assurance to the young minds which they formed, and the main body of Late-Victorians grew up implicitly trusting in what they had been so generously taught. But these Late-Victorians did not understand the primitive simple reasons for their own niceties, and therefore had not a live fire of conviction in their action. Inevitably, their children, the Post-Victorians, looked and doubted. The religious sanction which had been used to enforce action on the unwilling and weak-willed, had concealed the practical reasons. Therefore, when religion slackened as it did, the children said, 'There is no reason.' And because they did not know why their parents were silent on so many subjects, they supposed the subjects must be thought disgraceful; yet that could not be disgraceful which was so natural. They had been taught to reverence nature.

When the Mid-Victorians had seen their ideals of character blossoming in each other, they had been exuberantly appreciative. But their children, bred to think such character simply a duty, were 'disillusioned' when they discovered that every one has faults. Introspection was a new method in 1830. By 1870 it had become worn and unwholesome. At last, beginning to grow up in the '90's, the Post-Victorians announced that, 'The ten commandments are mere conventionalities.' The reason they said this so boldly and unexpectedly is after all not far to seek. One lesson which the Mid-Victorians had taught passionately was the prin-

ciple of individual liberty. This their children, the Late-Victorians, believed implicitly. Seeing no slaves to free, for they mostly were unobservant of the laboring world, they applied the sacred principle of liberty to the nearest persons at hand: they freed their own children.

III

At this inopportune moment, — or shall we call it opportune? — science, urged on by the Darwinian theory, shook a finger of doubt in the face of every creed, and every code. It was then that the Late-Victorians lost confidence because they had not understood what had been taught them. They sighed: 'We do not know what is true; we will teach our children nothing; we will leave each to work out his own personality; we will impress our views, our hopes, our ancient faiths, on no man, — not even on a child. Only, pray God, we may not lose hold upon our own faith before our time has come to die!' So they have struggled on; some have won out; some have fainted by the way; some have taken up with the new ignorance and tried to be happy, self-confident, and materialistic. What the parents did, the schools did also, and throughout all America, at any rate, the greater part of a whole generation abjured responsibility.

Certes, it is the first generation, since time was, that sought not to impart a rule of life to its offspring. All animals so impart. It is a law of nature. Nor could this generation really break the law, earnestly as it tried. By the strength of its determination not to impress itself on others, it did so impress itself. It not only taught that 'it is presumption to tell another what he must do,' but carried conviction of sincerity by practicing it.

This is another view of the nineteenth century. How did a century which can sincerely be so described, get to be called sentimental, trite, and futile, grandmotherly, prudish, and flabby? How can a century which nurtured sweeter manners and finer morals, which elevated woman and cultivated sympathetic imagination, be so derided. Who so described it? The latest Late-Victorians and the earliest Post-Victorians; those children who were set adrift some thirty years or so ago, — 'because no man is wise enough to direct the life of another.'

The children born in the '70's, '80's, and '90's are now Post-Victorian men and women in early middle life, who begin to feel that dominance belongs to them. What will they do with it? By what power, and with what leave, will they dominate? What is their creed and code? The mass of them have been bred to 'develop their own personality,' they have learned to question every creed and code, every custom and convention, from the veriest primeval truism to the latest ingenious error. They have no manual of principles, arranged by genus or species, and divided into essential, non-essential, subordinate, and principal, — healthful, harmless, and noxious, — by which they may identify a new specimen in ideas and even approximate to a guess at its probable value. They have not even an arrangement of pegs and boxes with samples and labels pasted on each, by which they may sort out new notions as a grocer does, and know at least where to find them again. In consequence, they are singularly open to believe the assertions of any one who speaks with assurance and thinks he knows what he is talking about. They have been cast out naked into the wide universe by scrupulous, unnatural parents who imagined they were obedient to the command of the gods and were doing a splendid service to civilization. Perhaps they were.

These Post-Victorians go unimpeded. They have a single creed, the brotherhood of man; and a single code, the duty of service. The creed is identical with that of the French Revolution. The call of the French Revolution was to insistence on individual rights. This insistence worked out completely all the good it could do through two generations, until in the third, among the Late-Victorians, it came to a *reductio ad absurdum*, 'Every man, every woman, even every child, has the personal right to choose his own life and to live after his own convictions according to his own impulses.' Then the mass of serious persons in America were back at an inclination which would have swiftly slid us down again into savagery.

But belief in the brotherhood of man and in the call to personal service doubtless will save us, — as it saved the world before, when primitive christianity rescued what ancient civilization had proved incompetent to save. In fulfilling the one duty of service we shall continue to progress. But how is the present generation to know what is true service?

Most women in polite society just now have no clear principles; 'I wonder,' — 'I guess,' — 'I think,' — 'I wish I knew,' — 'I have a theory,' are their commonest phrases in expressing ideas, and 'I believe' has come to mean 'I think it likely.' Perhaps most men in the same society are equally vague in their minds, though their habit of speech continues more positive. Said an intelligent, sweet-natured, clean-living, loyal Episcopalian youth not long ago, 'The creed? What do I mean when I say "*I believe*"?' — (Thoughtfully and carefully.) — 'I mean, "I believe with all my heart and soul and mind" the first article. And after that — in the others — I mean gradually less and less; it "peters out," till toward the end it just means "May be it's so."'

In general the characteristic mental attitude in educated America to-day ranges from a 'restless neutrality to an anxious credulity,' through a more or less troubled incertitude. The crystal clarity of opinion, the passionate conviction of belief, habitual in the Mid-Victorian, burns now only in single persons. The community mind has it not. Then earnest men knew, they were certain; and what men thought, women thought too. Then 'I believe' was a ringing, convinced *credo;* now it is a tentative *puto*, a sort of pragmatic willingness to believe. The serious minded of the present day have not *lost* faith — they never had it. They were not given a chance to have it.

IV

Do the surviving Late-Victorians, the present still-young generation of grandparents, realize that around them moves and works a whole generation which does not know Emerson, never read Tennyson, has not heard of Mrs. Gaskell, and despises George Eliot? Every book which inspired the Mid-Victorians is 'outworn,' it is 'a back number' to the Post-Victorians. What have they read? They may have read Trollope, George Meredith, and Thomas Hardy, those doubting Late-Victorians. Many of them have read nothing published before 1890, and practically none go back of 1870. This means that they have read chiefly what is expounded by Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, and Masefield, not to mention Robert W. Chambers. Now, such literature, coming into the reader's mind after what preceded it, frequently took its place as refreshing and novel. But suppose you have read nothing else, what has Meredith or Hardy to tell you about the conduct of your own af-

fairs, what precious secrets of civilization do they transmit? How will Wells, Shaw, and Galsworthy do for rulers of life? What laws do they expound? What inspirations do they offer?

This generation has not even been bred to throw over tradition. It has no idea what traditions are. Since about 1880, the general confusion of thought seems to have kept careful thinkers silent. In the '90's the stragglers, adventurers, and irresponsibles of the latest Late-Victorian era were the conspicuous writers of books, and now in the first years of the Post-Victorian era the same condition seems still to prevail.

Oscar Wilde, for instance, began about 1890, in a truly Late-Victorian manner, to invade the helpless fold of the ignorant Late-Victorian generation. A Late-Victorian straggler and adventurer he was; decadent we may rightly call him, for he was of the generation which saw the last rays of the great light still gleaming and he might have followed the gleam. Kipling did. Stevenson did. But they said old things; he said a new thing. The practical outcome of his subversive point of view translated by himself, not into pretty words but into primitive practice, terrified the British public; but it is doubtful whether most people in cultivated England really understood what had happened or saw the direct relation between his iridescent words and his obviously ugly deeds. The fact is that in deeds there are few kinds to choose from, and once one gives up the better, one is promptly landed in the worse.

Oscar Wilde is only an instance. He was the first of the Paradoxians, those purveyors of the preposterous. But quantities of his like, garbed in the vocabulary of innocence and idealism, are still cheapening and befouling life's aspect to-day by the same little trick. Here are hypocrites indeed. But exactly what were the hypocrisies of which the Victorians seemed so guilty in 1890 odd? They were guilty of laying down such maxims as these: —

Not to speak of what is disagreeable, unless one must in order to serve a good purpose.

Not to speak of what is private and sacred, except among one's nearest friends or on special occasions.

Not to choose, among the many forms of expression suited to any thought, that form which will rouse in one's hearers disquieting emotions.

Not to introduce, by one's phrasing, aspects of a subject which cannot properly be considered by all present; that is, in general society, not to call a disagreeable thing by a disagreeable name or describe carefully a disagreeable act, but to mention it, if you must, in such terms as will not rouse unpleasant sensations.

Not to assume positions, make noises and gestures, use perfumes and costumes, which will set people thinking and feeling things irrelevant or unsuitable to the whole company.

Not to make a jest upon things serious or sacred.

All these are axiomatic maxims of civilized society. These and their like were the Victorian hypocrisies. What was their purpose? Their purpose was to embody in actual conduct those dreams of perfection which had so captured their youthful imaginations, —

Do noble things — not dream them all day long.

Byron, Shelley, and Goethe worded the thoughts, felt the emotions, beheld the visions, but they did not live the life. It took — as it always must take — two generations to fit real life to the vision. For life is not thoughts and emotion. Life is what we do: it is our conduct with its consequences upon ourselves to-morrow or next year, and upon others immediately or next year or in the next generation.

V

This conduct is our real life which determines our total happiness and success, because it determines the treatment we get from our fellows and from the insensate world. To each man, by an illusion of interior optics, his own real life appears to be, not what we see him doing, but what he feels himself feeling — his own invisible sensations, emotions, aspirations, and satisfactions. He is to himself the centre of a weblike universe, and every least nerve-message that comes to him is, by a necessity of his soul's unity, equally interesting and exciting to him. But this subjectiveness is not life; it is existence. Life is conduct; it is growth and betterment; it is what follows the emotion and desire; it is effort and achievement or failure. Unless we do the things, we cannot get beyond to seek further things. As far back as man began, he has thought and felt delicately. The Mid-Victorians set out to do delicately. It is this doing the things that makes us grow up.

The youthful human creature cannot disentangle himself from himself, his physical being from his spiritual. 'Most of the things he thinks he knows, he ought to know he only thinks.' When he grows up he will understand this. But the youthful mood is primitive; to it, time is not, cause and consequence are not. This is because naturally or animally we regard everything as durable. 'Now is to be eternity' in my childish, animal, æsthetic mood of mind. A child treats a toy as if it were made of iron and his nurse as if she could not tire, and his own joys and sorrows and fears as if they could never end.

Thus there are two things which can never be understood by the man or woman who has not yet got beyond the æsthetic, sensory, animal stage. One is the deceptiveness of himself to himself, and the other is the illusiveness of language. The complexity of humanity and the insufficience of the symbol are both invisible to him. This made it hard for the Victorians to see their own absurdities and makes it hard for the Post-Victorians to see their forerunners' excellences. When we grow up in our minds, we have had experience. We remember and we compare our various memories. We have tried experiments and we understand the complexities of human affairs. But a youthful incapacity to separate cause from effect, and attendant circumstance from both, together with an unripe dependence upon words and aspects, has made the injudicious read stupidity, coldness, and narrowness into the motive force of Victorian manners, Puritan principles, and Quaker practice. Stupid, cold, and narrow many of those manners and principles, and much of that practice, prove to have been; but it was because of restricted information, not because of deficient intelligence or feeling. The Victorian spirit, like the Puritan spirit and the Quaker spirit, was intrinsically sincere.

It has been set down as Victorian hypocrisy that 'they talked a lot of fustian about wedded bliss, when everyone knows that marriage is a sorry makeshift.' Yet to many married couples, then as well as now, wedded bliss was a sober everyday fact. Except for that 'fustian,' the way to civilized marriage would never have been found out. It took far more universal hold than ever the French Revolutionary principles did, and Dickens was more widely read than Rousseau had ever been. The same process which created the truly happy equal marriage fostered also self-control, self-sacrifice (we call it self-devotion now, or personal service), ennobling friendship, personal reserve, modesty in riches, purity without as-

ceticism, and several other excellent realities. Victorian notions of relative human values and of excellence in conduct were incontrovertibly correct. And any one who thinks them trite would better try how easy it would be to put them in practice. No truth is or ever can be trite to any one who uses it: this is a truism.

Of course the rapid and widespread raising of standards increased abnormally, among the Mid-Victorians, the number of persons who conformed without understanding and who pretended to be appreciative when they really were blankly acceptant. Hence, there was much said and done which was in truth grandmotherly, sentimental, flabby and trite, futile and prudish, as well as very much that was hypocritical. But the spirit of the age was highly sincere.

Still, even the sincere, able thinkers had of course a full share of the characteristically human capacity to fool themselves. Like all mankind before them, they frequently confused the word with the thing, took the symbol for the thing signified, and failed to distinguish between that part of the world which man has created and that part which exists independently of him. Their notion that a thing must be so because it ought to be so, was a mistake, not a sham. All self-absorbed people make this same mistake. Thinking does make some things so, — subjective things, all the things mental and physical which the mind rules, — but the insensate world cannot be ruled that way. As an instance of the results of subjective methods being carried into objective life we have what their children, the Late-Victorians, produced in philosophy and religion, — Pragmatism and Christian Science.

Each of these is a sincere effort to mingle the new scientific truths with the old faiths. They are thought out and expounded in the Mid-Victorian manner — subjectively — through sentiment and discernment, through introspection and from the inner consciousness. Pragmatism, seeing that science prognosticates nothing, assumes that there is nothing to prognosticate, and says, ''t is thinking makes it so.' Christian Science, following the same general line of reasoning, comes to the same conclusion with different results. Both forget that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the universe goes on without regard to man's existence or what he thinks — and that ninety-nine one-hundredths of his own personal life develops without consulting his consciousness.

VI

The worst Victorian hypocrisy, of course, is held to be prudishness: that is, unwillingness to speak or write of physical sex in any aspect. The Mid-Victorians had a repulsion for the subject. Every one over forty years old today knows how strong that repulsion was. How strange it already looks! But they were right, in their time. Sex is the most conspicuous, the most picturesque, the most enduring of all facts, except self. As the '80's discovered, man is endowed for evolution by unescapable, indestructible primitive instincts — self-preservation and race-preservation. He has also, be it noted, an equally indefeasible thirst for perfection, but this escaped the notice of those early observers. Looked at animally, æsthetically, childishly, personally (call it what you will), self-preservation becomes self-protection in all its forms, physical and emotional, verging always upon rank selfishness; while race-preservation, or the instinct to reproduction, becomes self-gratification.

Sex is not only unescapable and omnipresent, but the nerve-sensations which impel to reproduction are the

only ones which can be set in full motion by imaginary stimuli. Therefore the Mid-Victorians were right; the Puritans, the Quakers, were right. In order to make progress, to get beyond the old recurrent eddies of mental association the attention of at least two whole generations must be diverted from this subject which had been so persistently conspicuous since man was a mere mollusk. Gross preoccupation with self-preservation had already been driven from completely blocking the road of attention, by outward physical alterations — chiefly by the growth of trade; moreover, it was being pushed aside by interest and morality. But this other must be put in due subordination from within, because its origin is from within. It must make room for the hunger and thirst and lust after perfection. Men had to be cured of the habitual impression, natural to a self-centred consciousness, that women were always thinking about men, and were aware of the effect on men of their every little action. Women had to be released from the idea that they existed to subserve men. Abstinence must come before temperance. To take men's minds effectually off the subject as an all-absorbing interest, they must be prevented from talking about it or in other ways referring to it. It must become not only subordinate, but subconscious. No danger of killing it. It is primitive and unescapable. So long as no man can be born into the world without its exercise by man and woman, so long must every man and woman born inherit it in all its pure intensity.

All this the Mid-Victorians darkly but convincingly discerned. They knew nothing of conscious or subconscious, of attention, inhibition, association of ideas, tendency of emotion to expression, reflex action, or vasomotor nerves. They only knew that Christ commanded them to crucify the flesh, that salvation came through faith and self-sacrifice, and that self-control was essential to a virtuous life. What they knew, they knew from the personal observation of themselves and their forebears. What they said, and the explanations they gave, were in the vocabulary and atmosphere of religion and emotion. They had learned to feel that all which was disagreeable must be concealed. The idea that it all might be destroyed or turned to good had not occurred to them. They drew the form of their ideas from the Bible, — the early chapters of Genesis and the epistles of St. Paul.

They were steeped in the Bible, but they never questioned or analyzed it. The Old Testament was to them an oracle. The epistles of Paul were a voice from Heaven. In the third chapter of Genesis we of to-day recognize Jehovah, the Lord God, a God conceived by man's fear and weariness, discouragement and bewilderment — who curses two primal instincts, reproduction and self-preservation, and wholly overlooks this third and strongest of all, the love of perfection.

In the first chapter, however, is God, the everlasting Father, the omnipotent, the timeless One. We know that He has appeared in all ages to all sound, sane, large natures, because they were balanced and in tune with the universe, and that He pressed for recognition close on the borders of all men's consciousness. But along with the splendid vigor of Jewish faith and conscience, along with the wonderful tenderness and self-consecration of early Christian vision and rapture, our grandparents absorbed the antique ignorance and superstition of false science. The ancients knew a great deal about the quality of virtue, but very little about the cause of vice. Neither the origin of good and evil, nor their relation to character, did those worthies under-

stand at all. Nor have we more than begun to know much more, though it is now nineteen centuries since Paul thought and wrote, so magnificently, seeing through a glass darkly.

So the Puritans and the Quakers were as right as they could possibly have been. Serious people are often right even when their explanations and excuses are wrong; the Mid-Victorians themselves often said, 'A good man's life is better than his creed!' The *bourgeoise* Queen was right; Victorian 'hypocrisy' was right, at bottom.

VII

Civilization consists in thought and conduct. In thought it is achieved through ever clearer and clearer symbols. In conduct it is achieved through wiser and ever wiser inhibitions. Civilization is man's contribution to progress, and he has accomplished it by persistently using his two original inventions, his only two, — tools and morals.

Morals, as every one knows, consist in preventing yourself from following a natural impulse because you wish to avoid its secondary consequences. That is, the moral code is a call to the exercise of innumerable inhibitions. Without inhibition, no civilization!

Ordinary tools, the outward material tools of manufacture and transportation and consumption, are only a small and insignificant part of the tools which have created civilization. Man's really great tools are his symbols. These are various: there are words, the symbols of ideas, of memories, generalizations, and abstractions; and there are letters, figures, diagrams, and so forth, which are the symbols of words; and there are customs or manners which are the symbols of feelings and purposes. Symbols are the stimuli to thought and memory. Symbols, too, body forth ideas which never yet man saw or can see but with the eye of the mind. Without symbols neither art nor science could exist. Art is not man's original device. The whole creation loves beauty, strives for it, produces it. But representative art — this is man's own contribution. He invented these symbols of drawing and painting and sculpture and music, which bring to our minds what we have seen or felt before, or wish to have seen and felt.

Science, too, is not of man. The whole natural world evolves by using scientific truth. But the words and signs by which man represents his knowledge of truth, by which he conveys it to other men and condenses it and enlarges it — these are his own inventions.

No more is invention peculiar to man. The natural world is constantly inventing. The bird invents his nest — the tiger invented his claws — each new upward form in evolution was once the happy invention of some 'sport,' some genius among its kind. Even his love of perfection, his passionate searching after God, is not man's own, not his alone. He shares that insatiable yearning with every atom of the universe, every cell of his own flesh, every drop in the ocean.

But love, *caritas* (not *eros* or *philos*), that offspring of imagination and memory which created the desire for the good of others and which prompts to virtue and morality, this is man's own, — and by it he is building civilization slowly and blunderingly, for it is his own invention and it runs on quite without aid from the evolutional forces of the universe. He maintains it by the force of his own firm will, it is his own creation. He has chosen it. So soon as his will falters, it slips from him. The cat cannot, when she ceases to care to be a cat, slip back into an invertebrate; but a man, so soon as he

ceases by one tittle to care to be civilized, slips back just so far into a savage. Does the sudden change from Victorian reserve to a heterogeneous vocabulary and behavior mean that we are tired of trying to be civilized? Are we ready to slip back a bit? We easily endorse the abolition of spontaneous murder and wholesale drunkenness, but does not the inhibition of spontaneous talk and of wholesale selfishness seem too much trouble? Are we going back to the hearty vulgarity of the Pre-Victorian English, or are we crossing over to the narrow, monotonous cynicism of the traditional French? Can the Continentals hail us as converts? Or are we perhaps issuing from a good into a better custom, from a pious into a scientific reverence which will continue decency and reserve, not because they veil what is profane, but because they protect what is sacred?

Every one who looks about him without excitement must see the answer. Conversation is still guarded among decent people, but with a larger propriety and a more comprehending reserve. Books, magazines, and newspapers, the best of them, are more reverent and more just than ever before. Conduct? We cannot say so much for conduct just now, but we may reasonably expect it to follow presently.

Science, that other familiar fruit of the nineteenth century, which even the decadent whippersnappers have never dared deride, has laid its calm firm hand upon us. The scientists were the seers of the Mid-Victorian era. Freed by the doctrine of personal liberty to speak as they thought, they spoke impersonal truths learned from watching, not themselves, but nature, and thereby they inspired a new epoch in man's history. Just as the effect of Goethe and Byron and Shelley was not publicly felt till thirty years had passed, so the effect of Darwin, Pasteur, and Mendel was not publicly felt for thirty years. Then its first manifestations were in agnosticism and materialism, and, among the lesser minds, in scoffing and despair. Even now, after sixty years, the scientific method is still young, and is making many ridiculous mistakes, but it is old enough to be the method of the dominating generation, and already it is giving us a new vocabulary. In order to talk about the ills that flesh is heir to, and about the disorders of the social fabric, — in fact, about 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' — we need no longer draw from a vocabulary indicating wholly personal or moral or religious or emotional aspects. The cool phraseology of impersonal fact is at our disposal, unexciting, intellectual, impartial. In this language we can instruct our children, discuss conditions, and contrive remedies, without once brushing upon those sensitive nerve-ends in our brain which carry thrills down our spines, contract our diaphragms, and all over our bodies set vibrating uselessly sensations which, reinvading our minds we know not whence, make us believe that emotions have visited us.

Religion, ethics, philosophy, and philanthropy to-day are ceasing, for the van, and presently will cease for the many, to be emotional and personal, subjective and sensational. They have taken on the universality of science, releasing men into the joy and power of infinite expansion.

Who may be the seers of the present era none can guess — the seers always belong in spirit to the next generation. But the van to-day consists of those persons who by fair fortune have not lost hold on tradition, who were not set adrift by their parents, or who, being set adrift, chanced to have a compass in their boat.

In this Post-Victorian age, the strag-

glers and adventurers have been the first to speak vividly upon its problems. The reluctants have had much to say. Small men, too, have rushed in where the great ones felt themselves unready to speak; and such have chattered much. Some of this much-speaking is truth, much is nonsense, and most of it is sufficiently sparkling and musically well said to capture the untrained ear of the many. The van is beginning to be heard, but has not yet reached full maturity. This strong scientific light makes the world, the old, old world, look so 'new and all.' The wonder and the mystery, the glory and the dream are not less, they are more. But with what words and phrases shall it be worshiped! All the old warm words were made to symbolize that old world in the old personal way; the new words are all impersonal, colorless, precise,—perfect for the purpose of quiet instruction and calm discussion, but not fit for poetry. We must go to Emerson, the great, free, forward seer of Darwin's own generation, if we would find poetry adequate to our new conceptions. As well as could be, in the old way, he has phrased it. Anon will come another, in a new way.

Indeed, regarded cosmically, no harm at all has been done; a natural sequence has been followed, another turn of the spiral has been gone about, and the race, a whole generation in our part of the world, is learning one more lesson —a truth which single wise men have known for ages: no man liveth to himself or dieth to himself. But regarded humanly, individually, domestically,—as the pathetic biography of our own children and grandchildren, or of ourselves and our friends,—much harm and suffering, confusion, and failure have been wrought; many things still remain to be adjusted. 'L'homme arrive novice à chaque age.'

Of course with every generation the gaps in actual custom between the evolutional groups of men tend to grow wider. The problem is, not how to insure advance, but how to help bring up the many of Group C more rapidly and surely without so much individual loss, and how to get at the unsorted groups of people who are far behind the times. The first is the problem of the educated parent. The second is the problem of the social worker, and is quite another story.

VIII

Parents must again become responsible. Serious parents must now contrive and enforce a new procedure to protect youth from its natural errors, and to guard it from the misapprehensions of the uncivilized in our midst. To keep ourselves and our children fresh and sound-hearted we must exercise vigorous open-eyed choice, and accustom them cheerfully and eagerly to do the same.

The impatient uncomprehending Post-Victorian thinks reserve is used for things we are ashamed to speak of. 'What is there to be ashamed of in sex?' he demands. Nothing to be ashamed of (except its perversion), but much which is too sacred, personal, delicate, potent, and marvelous to be mentioned at random. 'What is the use,' says the critic, 'of getting up a lot of sentimental talk about virtue when we all know perfectly well that human nature is but so-so?' Nevertheless, unselfishness, loyalty, delicacy of feeling, generosity, reverence, truthfulness, and self-command are, as a matter of fact, more admirable, and more acceptable to the world, than greed, jealousy, scoffing, roughness, meanness, deceit, and irritability, common as these latter undeniably are. Moreover, those modern oracles, the neuropathists and psychiatrists, unanimously assert that

these virtues are the qualities which men need to protect them from the nervous disorders which beset our generation.

A child's mind is, as it were, a precious vessel formed of the most delicate material. Outside, it is finite and has been carefully protected by evolution in the bony encasement of the skull. Inside, it is infinite, and has by nature no protection at all. Experience is to be used by it for nourishment and growth. In the natural world, experience comes higgledy-piggledy, without regard to its effect upon this tender human thing. Nature goes by law. But man is a creature of choice — and the young of man cannot safely receive into its mind the raw, hard, heterogeneous material of natural experience. First must the mind be carefully and firmly lined all round, close and soft up against the sensitive nerves, with an elastic transparent protection of noblest truth blended from the experience of all the long ages through which man has been watching and choosing; then, when the precious vessel has been as carefully protected by human choice on its spiritual side as by natural evolution on its physical side, then may and must the child come wholly to make his own choice, to store up his own experience for further nourishment and growth, and to devote himself to the duty of personal service.

This is the century of choice, the wonder-point of man's individual achievement. This is the country of freedom, the wonder-spot of man's individual liberty. Every one of us who is Americanized is free for the pursuit of perfection. We have life and liberty; self-preservation no longer need absorb us. We are freed, if we choose, from the pressing consciousness of physical sex. We are free to discover and follow the things which are more excellent, to pursue happiness with the only snares that ever capture it.

For our children, too, we must choose, and we must help them choose, until they have captured for themselves the secret qualities of essential and non-essential, subordinate and principal, healthful, harmless, and noxious, so that they are qualified as independent experts and may set forth to make further discoveries and gain their own experience. We owe it to them to give them as perfectly as we can all of good that the past has had, and all of wisdom that it has learned. We must not expect our children to believe that a thing is true, or to follow a rule as good, simply because we tell them it is, or give it to them. They are born as ignorant as the first cave-dwellers, though they are as capable as civilized men. With this fine capability they have to go through in twenty years all the experience that man has acquired in twenty thousand years. Of this experience they have time to learn the merely primitive part by actual encounter, but most of it is compacted into symbols, — based on these simple physical experiences. We *must* give them the chance to learn what is true and what is good by the shortest proofs, and to become so reasonable that they can accept a course of reasoning as an experience without having to waste the time to prove it physically; that is, they must learn to experience vicariously through symbols, else they are not civilized. Seeing the symbol, they must apprehend the aspect symbolized, never taking the symbol for the thing and never shirking the inhibitions which are necessary to gain the good they see. Thus only can they learn what is true service.

Then we need not worry, though all the reluctants tremble at our temerity, and the stragglers, adventurers, and camp-followers call us 'hypocrites'!

AS I DRANK TEA TO-DAY

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS GIFFORD

As I drank tea to-day
With a dozen women, chattering, gay,
In delicate drooping gowns, in jewels like dew,
Laughing, light-voiced, — I thought of a certain hunger I knew
Hid in the heart of one, the merriest laugher there.
I saw three little dull threads in the lazy dusk of her hair;
Three little keen wrinkles about her beautiful shining eyes.
And I wished I were not so wise.

I wished that I did not know
Those symbols of pain: — that low
Under her pride and sweet warm-worded address
She was shaken with loneliness;
That the one great dream she had dared to dream was a lie,
And half of her life went wearying, 'Let me die.'

I wished that I could not hear
That murmur of mortal fear
Through the clink of silver and subtle whisper of lace.
I dared not look in her face. —

Then I thought (while I laughed aloud
With my cup at poise), 'Ah, the proud
Masques that we wear! We too,
All of us, dancing through
Some queer little pantomime each day, —
Jeweled and gloved, deft-spoken and gay, —
Ah, but God only hears
All of the follies and fears,

Meanness and courage, breathed out and in
Over these tea-cups' delicate din.'

Then I looked in that woman's face,
Over its pearls and roses and lace,
And I knew that I need not fear to see
Those little dull threads, those wrinkles three,
Or hear the cry of her life. I knew
We were all of us crying too:
Crying with wonder or weariness,
Too much love or too little. Yes,
It was Life, just Life, that we hid away
Under our gossip and glad array.
And that woman's laughter and pride,
Shielding her heart, half-crucified,
Seemed bravely done, — although
I thought, 'Must Life hurt, hurt so?'

Till as I took her hand,
Saying good-bye, the smooth words planned
Choked in my throat. She stood there dumb,
Folded my fingers and pressed them numb,
Knowing I knew.
Ah, yes! I knew!
All of us seeking, hungering, hiding too,
In delicate drooping gowns, and jewels like stars and dew!

So we all went away:
A dozen women, chattering, gay.

OUR NEAREST, AND OUR FARTHEST, NEIGHBORS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

Our nearest neighbors stand a bit aloof, and do not visit us except for the briefest stay. Newcomers, we are somewhat hurt; peering out of the corners of our windows we watch and wait, as silent, as motionless as they when they watch us, and still they pass us by. It is true that we have forced our way into an old community, and have broken soil among the undisturbed trees on a green hillside still clothed in the primeval grass of the wilderness. Those earlier settlers, the meadow-larks, have perhaps a right to complain of our intrusion. Complain they do, their notes of gentle protest coming early in the spring, and sounding on through warm summer days to late autumn. What has gone wrong with their housekeeping, I wonder, that they so persistently lament? Certainly we have not disturbed the homes of their building, and are ready to go more than half way in making friends.

As I see, though pretending not to look, the bright, untrusting eyes that watch us from adjacent trees, as I hear swift wings beating retreat, I marvel that they do such scanty justice to our good intent. Is it because of our coming that the mourning dove so mourns? Do they not like our way of housekeeping? It is as careful, as methodical, as industrious as their own. It is, moreover, as old-fashioned, for we like ancestral ways, and are averse to the new-fangled devices of the ladies' journals, — oh, horror of pink teas and lavender luncheons! And we share their woodland tastes: one doorway opens on a hill-side with a wood beyond, the other upon what the English would call a copse.

It cannot be our clothes that they object to, for our modest greens and browns are as unobtrusive as the wear of any bird or squirrel of them all. Indeed, I should not think of going abroad in the colors that certain of them wear, — scarlet, or vivid blue, or brilliant orange, — for even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like some of these. Perhaps they do not like the company we keep, yet our one meek gray cat who strolls with us in the evening coolness on hillside or by garden path would not hurt them; only, at sight of them, an impotent lashing of the tail and a faint, queer snarl recall his far-off savage ancestry. It seems perfectly automatic and unconscious, and is certainly incongruous in the presence of the Christian virtues which that cat has acquired from us. *He* is not proud and unfriendly, but is willing to go as far as his four paws can carry him across that space which separates even the friendliest beasts from their distant human kin.

We have courted our new neighbors with crumbs in winter-time; we have courted them in April with string laid out enticingly on the grass, as the starting-point of home; we have tied suet to the trees in snowy weather, and have maintained luncheon counters of nuts and of wheat; we have, quite in the prevailing fashion in social service, estab-

lished a public bath. All these favors they have accepted, with mental reservations, on tip-toe for flight, a-wing at first sight of us. We have even established model tenements; well-lighted, well-ventilated residences are offered rent free. Some of them were fashioned of cigar-boxes, some of grape-baskets; all were covered with birch-bark to match the trees on which they hang. Yet the blue-birds pass by the homes intended especially for them, and the wren-house, made with the exact size of doorway that the bird book prescribed for the least of the sweet-singing Christendom, has never lured the longed-for tenant to our eaves.

To that cold table, winter-set, come jays and juncos and chickadees. I find on the porch-roof in the new-fallen snow innumerable little footprints of the latter, or see in the morning sunshine a whole white and gray flock feeding like one, flying away like one, if I go too near. I am always expecting the nuthatch, who feasts royally for one of his size, with a kind of Christmas gusto; but he has never accepted his invitation. When the sky is heavy with snow about to fall, I think often that perhaps he will come to-morrow, for, with the inhabitants of air as with the inhabitants of earth, necessity increases friendliness.

Regarding these, and our few other winter birds, meadow-larks, kinglets, brown creepers, I often wonder in what corners they cuddle, and whether snow, rightly used, makes a warm blanket. A yearning sense of hospitality in the stinging cold weather, a desire to share the warmth of the hearth with wee things shut outside, human or other, pauses here at the bounds that nature has set. That which one has to offer is not that which is needed; this puzzled wish to help is touched by the chill of philanthropy, and baffled by the lack of understanding that must exist between those who share no common threshold.

As for our most constant winter guest, the jay, I cannot accept the common scorn of him, often shown by critics in reality no more generous than he. Wherein eating other birds' eggs differs from the methods commonly employed by the fittest in surviving, I have yet to see, and I watch him with the remote wonder wherewith, at a distance, I watch our predatory merchant-princes masquerading in the brilliant plumage of philanthropists. The jays have dash, presence; they lack scruple, and, with their loud platform manners, — for they seem always, through their shrill cries, to be addressing an audience, — they are curiously akin to others successful in business and in public life. I am told that the jay behaves better at home than when he is away, and I respect him for that he reverses the practice of many, and forgive him for his noise in my yard, knowing that he is silent in his own doorway. I could forgive him much, too, for the beauty of his outstretched wings against the world of winter white and the white birch trunks. Often, on the coldest days, his tap-tapping at the hard suet wakens me; from porch railing or branch of tree he watches me, his head cocked on one side, with a judicious and critical expression, and I feel, as I watch him in return, that no creature more mentally alert crosses our domain on feathers or on feet. Yet he lacks something — shall I call it imaginative vision? — that impels other birds to seek far shores and new horizons, in unceasing quest.

Most neighborly, of course, are the robins; and on July mornings troops of spotted-breasted birdlings cross our lawn, each headed by that model father red-breast, who, as I am told, takes charge of the early brood while the mother-bird is hatching out the second,

roosts with them by night among the trees, and by day teaches them the lore of robin life. The small, low branches of the birch trees are evidently excellent for the robin kindergarten held here, and I can bear witness to the thoroughness of the pedagogical methods, if any aerial agency requires testimonials. Flying lessons, swimming lessons, foraging lessons go on incessantly, and all day long they search for worms. Once, when I thought of adopting a young robin that had fallen out of the nest, a scientist told me that it would require twelve feet of worms in twelve hours, and I desisted. It is fortunate that my own students have no such appetites! The young things trail solemnly around after their parent, two or three at a time, like chickens; if his head turns but for an instant, beaks fly wide open, as if moved by springs. It is a pretty sight to see the deftness wherewith he drops in a worm, the young one squatting on the grass, or waiting on a twig, and swallowing the booty before the old bird has even ceased flying. The kindergarten has always seemed to me questionable in rendering the child too passive, and I have my doubts about this. Surely these fat babies could bestir themselves a little sooner! Though a 'mere picker up of learning's crumbs,' with only intellectual relations with the young, I cannot help being absurdly pleased when I see these birdlings begin to find bits for themselves.

In the flying lessons more independence is insisted upon from the first, and the notes wherewith the nestlings are urged from branch to empty air are sharp, incisive, and full of anxiety. More coaxing tones lure them to the bird bath in the shallow Italian basin on the lawn, and here they are shown how to dip and spatter the water with fluttering wings, and how to dry their feathers afterward. I saw an old bird teaching three at a time one day, and then shooing them out one by one when the bath was over. Later, one of the young ones went back, once, twice, three times, and stood shivering on the brink, afraid to plunge, for all the world like a ridiculous baby.

These marvelously competent creatures converse with their young with a wide range of notes, and ward off from them the very appearance of danger, valiantly fighting away the jays, and ordering me to take in the cat if he put but the tip of his gray nose outside the door. Expert parents, entirely taken up with the diet and the physical education of their progeny, they seem, more than most birds, to belong to our era, and I think of them as better able to cope with the ideals of our present civilization than are many of our songsters. Their cheerful, bustling materialism, their content in unflagging search for the necessary worm, strike one as distinctly contemporary. Yet like the jays in their alert practicality, they fail in that charm of elusiveness and mystery that we associate with winged things.

II

Watching and waiting, we get glimpses of the many-sided neighborhood life about us, even of creatures more exclusive than robins. The oldest inhabitants, the crows, are always with us, slowly moving on black wings against gray clouds of winter, or congregating among sunlit pine branches in July. At the first touch of warmer sun, the first deeper blue in the February sky, they are astir; what significance has this busy and systematic flying, with loud caws, back and forth along the line of trees that border the stream? What do they discuss, what plans do they make, when they gather in vast numbers in the tree-tops?

Although distant, I half overhear debates that sound far more interesting and important than those which it is my duty to attend; opinions are uttered with more conviction, an energy of rough speech that will not be denied. The assembly would seem to be appointing committees to act with power, then suddenly to resolve itself, with outstretched wings, into a committee of the whole.

I have always had a special admiration for these neighbors who watch, with apparent disdain, generations of mere human life, and a special curiosity in regard to what they know. Harsh oracles of primeval speech issue from their throats as we draw near, but they will not admit us to their councils; and the way in which they watch our approach, slowly make up their minds in our disfavor, and fly deliberately away, is more insulting than sudden terror. I am told that their success in life is largely due to coöperative, highly organized thieving, as yet undisturbed by any anti-trust law, and that the social instinct is in them very fully developed. What care I how social they be, if they are so unsociable with me? Some of the subtleties of their deep knowledge have been made known, but more are as yet unfathomed. Timeless, they dwell in immemorial mystery, and have solemn associations with long-forgotten sunrises and sunsets. A sombre significance clings to them, different from that attaching to any other feathered things, sombre but not malign. Yet when, a day or two ago, a huge crow flew so close to the window where I was watching that I could have touched him, for a pagan moment I shrank, for he was as a mythological creature out of an elder world, and I seemed to see my doom descending on black, slow-beating wings. For the most part, however, though these neighbors stand aloof and hold me in deserved contempt, I count them friends, and find little in the world more expressive than they, flapping their way over distant fields and cawing I know not what ancient wisdom. A single crow in the gathering twilight, flying toward the darkening wood, has a look of going straight to the central mystery of things, and in him I seem to see

The last bird fly into the last light.

Nearer our human comprehension are the red-winged blackbirds, in whom we take great delight, with their fascinating housekeeping among the long swamp-grasses and reeds, through which a many-branched stream threads its wet way. Blue flag flowers grow here, tall cat-tails and rushes; something—perhaps the way of the stream with the grasses, the moist fragrance of it all, the gurgle of the water among the lily-pads, or the meeting of the sloping meadow beyond with the wood—brings an encompassing sense of shelter, of comfort, and of home. The blackbirds come early, with the first faint green in the hidden hollows of the surrounding hills; they call over bare, brown meadows where only close-watching eyes could see spring. As the marsh begins to turn green, and roots quicken, they build and sing, making their nests by the water-side, many near together in pleasant comradeship; more and more protected as the grasses grow tall and create, with their feathery green heads and deeper green of the blades, an exquisite shelter of delicate shades and gradations.

These builders in the shadow and the sun have a poetry of note and of motion that the robins lack; whistling, chuckling softly, they sink, with what loveliness of flight! low, low to their nests in the reeds. The protectiveness of the parent wings, the little answering peep from the nest, are as something

remembered from lullaby times of long ago. Not because of any overtures from them, for they fly swiftly, with menacing wings, toward us if we venture too near, writing 'thus far and no farther' upon the twilight air, we count them among our most prized companions, and again and again go reluctantly from these red-and-black-clad neighbors who do not call, to put on polite attire and walk sedately down the village street, making belated visits to those justly irate human neighbors, who called so long, so long ago! Near of kin these winged things seem, though separated far in the world of physical being, in their jealous guarding of the threshold, their deep sense of the inviolability of home. Through the last days of wind and snow we watch and wait for them, and each succeeding summer the greater is our loneliness when they are gone and there are no more brave wings with touches of red against the sky above the sunken meadow. Something of the sense of loss of vanished human companionship attends our autumn walks near these 'fledged birds' nests' whence the birds have flown; alas for these old friends, and the white stretches of winter silence that they leave behind them!

It is with me in regard to birds as in regard to people: I have no desire to know all, nor do I wish to catalogue the entire species, but I sorely covet friendly intimacy with a few. In both cases I have a pleasant acquaintance with some whose names I do not know. With the flicker that I find clinging to my screen in the morning, — having heard his knocking at my window, dimly, through waking and dreams, — in all the brave beauty of his brown-spotted, creamy breast and his red crown, I would fain have further intercourse, but his quick wings will not so. I could 'desire of more acquaintance,' too, with the evening grosbeak, who, despite his name, called at nine o'clock one stormy March morning, then flew away forever.

I want to know, but never shall, the little screech owl, whose cry, most significant and characteristic, shrill, sweet, and weird, sounds out from the near-by wood and now and then from our own trees. I hold my breath when, lying in bed, I hear him, and, even in the dark, I see him clearly, yet not him. Long, long ago a kind friend caught one and gave him to me; tame him I could not; he only stared at me with big, unseeing eyes, and refused to swallow the food placed in his beak. At last I let him go, perhaps untactfully, in the daytime,

> Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings.

Gossip has told me about his housekeeping: how he is thrifty, forages in winter and stores up in a hollow tree mice and other prey enough for a week's housekeeping. When my own goes wrong I sometimes wish that I could go and board with the little owl.

I should like to be admitted to further intimacy with these feathered folk, but perhaps they are right in holding me, if not at arms' length, at wings' length, and the wings' length of a suddenly startled bird is something to marvel at. Their wisdom I envy, their sky wisdom and earth wisdom, their exquisite skill in building, their canny household ways. Even through the slight intercourse which they permit us, marvelously they enrich our lives, as contact with other life inevitably must, not only through this sense of fellowship in home-building and home-keeping, but through the endless charm of music, and motion, and color.

In spring the song of the oriole, unbelievably beautiful, comes from trees near by, but he never builds close enough. Venturing near human habitations, he still jealously guards his

seclusion. Though he refuses our proffered string, he sings to us, often pouring out his heart among our trees; then, a swift, red-golden flash, so swift that the swaying birch-leaves seem to go too, and he is away toward home. He lives in the huge, stately elm at the corner, disdaining lesser residences, and I can hear his song, fainter but not less appealing, from his own doorway. His brother builds in another elm, farther along the busy highway, singing high and unafraid above the puffing automobiles and the creaking carts; and surely it is a near relative who has his home in a clump of tall green trees on the greener hillside. There he sings, high and sweet, the morning long. Toiling over books and papers, I can hear him, and the 'God-intoxicated' bobolink who lives in the meadow below the hill. Together they bring back always the story of the two nightingales, those symbolic nightingales who sang from the laburnum to the young Robert Browning after that day of days when he had first opened his Shelley and his Keats, — too great an intellectual and spiritual experience for a single day of boyhood, one would think, even for that robust poetic vitality.

The long elm-branches toss in the wind, yet the swaying nest is always safe. On sunshiny days there are such trills of pure and varied melody, that I cannot work, — for oh, how he sings one's childhood back! The music flows across the silences as through the discords of the days; surely the oriole has found some inner soul of melody in all things!

The bobolink keeps house in the meadow-grass by the stream just over the fence from the highway. I know where it is, though he does not think I know, having taken pains to alight, singing his maddest, on reeds and grasses far away, and distinctly on my path toward home. I have not called on him, and shall not, for I too have my reserves. His choice of a home shows that he has learned something of the hard wisdom of the world. Last year he had a devastated threshold, for the mowing machine went ruthlessly over that loveliest spot of waving meadow-grass where he had built. This year he has chosen a place where the swamp-grasses are never touched by the mower's knives; surely I am right in thinking he is the same, our neighbor of last year, though I cannot be sure, for there is always a certain family likeness in the voice.

Some relatives of his, who live a mile or two farther, came before he did, on a green May day. I go often to hear them, for, as they sing, one and then another, in that little colony of songsters, they bring back all the vanished Junes, with their wild strawberries and their fragrant hay. Yet, as I stroll along the highway toward home, in the perfectness of this special June, I am glad to hear my own near neighbor again, and to watch his rapturous flight upward, with lyric trills of song, and his dropping low to grass or reed, where he sways back and forth in the breeze. It seems to me that there is an added madness of assurance in his melodies this summer as he sings on, unafraid, that all's right with the world; and I hold my breath, with a touch of the old Greek apprehension of swift turn of fate over too perfect moments. Are he and Robert Browning a trifle oversure?

III

Many are the birds that charm us by beauty of color and of song; there are others that compel our eyes primarily through sheer beauty of motion. Such are the wide-winged gulls at the not-distant New England shore, with the slow and stately rhythm of their white

wings; such are the eagles that I remember from long ago circling majestically against a clear blue sky about the high gray cliffs of Mount Parnassus; such are swallows of every kind. Bank swallows live near us, the top of certain high sand-cliffs being pierced all along its edge by their mysterious, enticing thresholds that one may not cross. Great delicacy and reserve of demeanor is necessary in approaching them, for they are careful of the company they keep. This year they made no holes in one sand-cliff where, last year, many of them dwelt, — a mystery of choice to us until we saw the kingfisher's nest hollowed out there, and remembered the grim look of the kingfisher with his fierce crest, on a limb by the water, watching for his prey. About our roof these swallows circle in the open sky at eventide against the sunset clouds; they fly low before the coming rain, low and higher, swaying, swinging, dipping in joyousness of motion and grace of untrammeled flight. The little call of the swallow, what is it, — thanks for the insect just caught, or greeting to neighbor swallow, as they pass and repass in the oncoming twilight, like 'ships that pass in the night'?

Color and grace of motion together make up the loveliness of the bluebird's flight. These gentle creatures light on branch and twig about us in earliest spring, pair by pair, in radiance of blue raiment against a paler sky, but they never linger. As they sit with their wise little heads on one side, considering, do they find us unworthy of the close companionship of adjacent homes? Once, long ago, a pair of them built in a hollow tree near our doorway, and I should rather have the grace of another stay like this than any other household boon, but I ask it in vain. They call, too, in early autumn, to say good-bye, punctilious, and yet distant. A few days ago, in late summer, the yard was full of them, parents and children; some, full blue with soft, bright breasts, others, evidently fuzzy youngsters, with wings just growing blue. Their little chirp, the gentlest and sweetest of all sounds in nature, sounded from among the birches and the wild-cherry tree in most companionable fashion, and yet they fled, parent and children, across the browning grass, leaving us to the yellowing leaf and the cricket's chirp, and the mellow loneliness of autumn.

Other bird-friends we have, and many. The little song sparrow makes music for us in all seasons, in all weathers, even sometimes through a sleepy snatch of song at night. The vesper sparrow greets us on the close-shorn hills to westward when we walk there at sunset; and on summer afternoons, from the shady coverts of the adjacent wood, comes the full golden melody of the wood thrush, with that liquid tone which only thrushes give. I have listened, but listened in vain hereabout, for the high, celestial note of the hermit, but he does not venture so near, inhabiting some far region between us and the heavenly hills.

Greatest of all privileges is the charm of the minor snatches of song, the momentary glimpses of wings, often of visitors we do not know, and yet half understand; — we are wayfarers all! A red-breasted grosbeak comes to chat in friendly fashion among the twigs, then flits away to his undiscovered threshold. A humming-bird calls now and then for a minute at the threshold of larkspur or columbine; his lichen-covered home I can imagine, though I have no skill to follow his swift flight. The goldfinch means a gleam of celestial beauty, as does the yellow warbler; and there was one wonderful minute when a scarlet tanager paused in a birch, the sunshine falling on his bright body through the translucent leaves.

These and other winged visitants we have, in wavering flight or sure, now high, now low, drifting past birch leaf and hollyhock, shining visitants, with the swift splendor of sunlight on wings of blue or red or gold, making us wonder why a pallid modern imagination clothes angels all in white. The old painters knew better, and on Italian canvases and walls, one may see wings of green and azure, splendid pinions of celestial creatures wearing gorgeous markings of moth and of butterfly. Oftentimes quick wings pass, of we know not what, above pergola or sky-light; swift, nameless shadows float over yonder waving green meadow; a sound of wings reaches our ears though we do not lift our eyes. In their very elusiveness lies the deepest appeal of this people of the air; the sordid philosopher who said that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush was as grossly mistaken as his kind are wont to be, for a bird in the bush is worth twenty times twenty in the hand. When was anything worth having ever capable of being held in the hand?

The nearest, yet the farthest, of our neighbors, one feels a wistful sense of kinship with them, and yet, the distances, the distances! Wordsworth's

> Stay near me — do not take thy flight!
> A little longer stay in sight!

in his poem to a butterfly suggests something of the baffled longing for companionship that marks our intercourse with winged creatures. They only, of all living things, know to the full this migratory instinct that lies deep in human nature, the need of new horizons, the deep recurrent stirring at the heart in spring. They flit on the edges of our humaneness, akin, yet not near of kin, piquing our desire, quickening our sense of wonder. One watches them with dim understanding, and with unconfessed or unrealized envy.

Of all creatures they are the least bound in the chain of things, with their brief term of earthly ownership, watching their nests for a single season and then away, not clogged and hampered by property rights, whether of real estate, or of heavy flesh and bone. Are not their bones filled with air? Free of the universe are they, unencumbered for the long trail, just this side of being pure spirit. Theirs is the charm of that which comes but in moments, and which you may not keep; about a home, which stands for the settled and permanent, lies this haunting mystery of wings that come and go between us and the sky. They touch the soul within us, quicken the sense of quest, for each beat of these encompassing wings stirs something deep within. They make us aware of far spaces, of distance, freedom, mystery, infinity, — of a sky for the human spirit to circle in, even now, even now!

SOMETHING BIG, LIKE RED BIRD

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

'GEE!' Red Bird complained, 'I don't see what it had to go an' rain on a *Sunday* afternoon for!'

'Just — just when we was goin' over to the Big Spring, too,' Jimmie Little's rather wavering voice piped in. 'An' — an' I was goin' to git 'em to put me somewheres where I could n't hit nobody, an' then I was goin' to throw rocks, an' — an' throw rocks, an' *throw* rocks, just *all* the afternoon.'

The very thought made him twist his little blind face from side to side in excitement. 'Just Jimmie' he always asserted that he was. ''Cause — 'cause, you know,' he was wont to explain, 'I was raised in the Poor House down in Lupin County an' never heard 'em say who my folks was, an' they never *did* call me nothin' but just Jimmie.'

Looking at his very small and wizened person of eight years, his hearers might have been tempted to doubt the ability of the Lupin County Poor House to grow little blind boys, whatever else they might 'raise' successfully there.

He and Red Bird, another blind boy, whose real name was George Washington Morris, and who was Just Jimmie's running mate and adored hero, were seated by the open window of the boys' sitting room at Lomax, the State school for deaf and blind children, and were listening to the purr of the spring rain in the courtyard, and to the monotonous slip-slop of the dripping eaves.

'Shall I read to you?' suggested Miss Lyman, the matron for the blind boys, who happened upon them just then, and was struck by their dejected attitudes.

'Is it sump'n 'bout fightin'?' Red Bird demanded with a languid interest.

'Oh, yes! A book full of fighting,' she promised; and, taking them up to her room, she unlocked the doors of romance for them with the magic key of the *Boys' Froissart*, and after the reading was over she told them, from her memory of an old quaintly illustrated copy of the original, how the Bishop of Lincoln and certain gallant gentlemen had resolved to wear a black patch over one eye until they should have performed some deed of chivalry. At that Red Bird's imagination blazed up.

'Jimmie, let's you an' me do it!' he cried. 'Let's you an' me wear patches like the Bishop of Lincoln an' them other fellas 'til *we've* done sump'n noble, too!'

'Let's!' Jimmie assented joyfully (he always assented to everything Red Bird proposed). 'But, Red Bird, we got to wear our patches over our y'ears.' (Just Jimmie's ear was always prefixed by a *y*.) ''Cause — 'cause course there ain't no sense in *our* wearin' patches over our *eyes!*'

'An' we got to have a beautiful lady to sort of pay our deeds to,' his running mate added.

This gave them pause until Red Bird suggested Miss Lyman.

'Aire — aire you the fairest lady in the land?' Jimmie demanded in Frois-

sart diction, somewhat flavored by Lupin County.

Miss Lyman hastily denied any such distinction.

'Course she'd *say* she was n't,' Red Bird reproved Jimmie. 'Let me feel,' he added imperiously.

With a butterfly touch his fingers quested her smooth plump cheeks, her hair — which was indeed very soft and thick — and her crisp and fresh Sunday blouse; also he sniffed the general clean fragrance of orris-root, and pronounced the whole good.

'Well,' he said, 'you may n't *look* pretty, but *we* don't care nothin' 't all 'bout that so long as you *feel* pretty.'

Thus she was accepted as their liege lady, and at their request accoutred them with their patches. And if the patches were made from the tops of the fair lady's discarded stockings — Oh, well, it is a rude reality that stares too closely at romance.

Of course Red Bird was the first to get his patch off, though even he wore it for a week.

He and Jimmie came nightly to Miss Lyman's room to have her review their day's record, and see if there was anything in it sufficiently noble to justify the removal of a patch. That is to say, they reviewed Red Bird's. Just Jimmie never appeared to have anything remarkable to show on his own account, but he could become almost lyrical over Red Bird's achievements. They were both sure Miss Lyman would unpatch the latter the day he fought and licked Edward Saunders, a boy almost two years older than Red Bird. Strangely enough, however, she did not. She even went so far as to assert that, as Edward had merely stumbled over Red Bird's foot by accident, she would have considered it more worthy the removal of a patch, had Red Bird refrained from the licking. And the boys were forced to admit in private that even the fairest ladies had strange ideas.

But at last Fate favored Red Bird.

He was up in the blind boys' dormitory one day at play-time. Spring was in the air and the window was open. Red Bird went over to it to feel the wind on his cheeks, and to listen to the myriad sounds which the playground gave up: the shouts and laughter of the blind children; the slurring scuffle of a company of deaf boys marking time as they drilled in the brick courtyard below; and from around on the girls' side the plaintive notes of little Phœbe West's horn. As he leaned there he turned a large orange — a windfall from his friend Mr. Heartwell, the deaf baker of the school — in his hands, essaying little tentative nibbles at it, and trying to make up his mind as to the most delightful way of eating it. Should he bite a hole in it then and there and suck it dry? Or should he peel it, divide it into segments, and, hunting up Jimmie, do the generous thing and divide it with him? Or again — sudden and delightful inspiration — suppose he induced Jimmie to invest that penny he had been hoarding so long, in a stick of lemon candy, and then they would share the orange, imbibing it through the candy, suck and suck about, a linked sweetness long drawn out? Fired by this plan, he was just turning away, when something came avalanching down the roof and brought up in the wide gutter just outside his window. Red Bird jumped back. It was so near, so strange. What could it be?

'Who you?' he demanded backing farther away.

There was no answer, but there was the sound of scrambling feet against the tin of the gutter, accompanied by certain alarming grunts and puffs.

'Who you?' Red Bird repeated more sharply.

The scuffling and scrambling seemed very near, and the friendly sounds of the playground very far away. He was just turning to scuttle off downstairs to the safe companionship of the other boys, when he bethought him of his patch. Would the Bishop of Lincoln and his gallant friends have run away, even from a puffing creature that they could not see, and that would not speak? Not likely. Again he approached the window.

'Lady,' he said, 'see here your knight who will not fail to die for you.'

For, of course, the sounds *might* be made by a damsel in distress, and that was the way Sir John of Hainault had addressed the fugitive Queen of England. Red Bird said the words very fast, half under his breath, for, of course, there was always the chance of its being a grown-up who would n't understand, and who might laugh.

If it were a distressed lady she should answer as the Queen had to Sir John, 'Sir, I find in you more kindness and comfort than in all the world besides.'

Red Bird strained his ears for these flattering sentences. They failed to come, but suddenly, in the courtyard below, someone screamed piercingly. "*Look!* Oh, my goodness! Look at that little deaf boy up there in that gutter! He'll fall — he'll break his neck!'

There followed the frantic sound of running feet, but they were two flights of stairs away, and any moment that little boy, who was n't more than six years old, might miss his footing and — the courtyard three stories below was paved with brick.

'Here you —' Red Bird cried plunging wildly for the window. Immediately, he heard the child edging out of reach along the gutter. Goodness! that was no way to go about rescuing him! Then a sudden inspiration flashed upon Red Bird. How he came to think of it he never knew. He said afterwards that sump'n sort er snapped in his head, and that was as near as he ever came to explaining it. He approached the window cautiously and held out the tempting orange. The deaf child did not move, this time. Red Bird put the orange to his lips and made as if to eat it, then held it out again, and now he heard the little boy scuffling slowly nearer. At his back he felt the room full of tense grown-up watchers.

'That 's right, Red Bird, that 's right,' Mr. Lincoln's voice encouraged him.

Gradually, as he heard the little boy approach he withdrew farther into the room, and at last with a final puff and scramble the child climbed over the sill and jumped down to safety, his eager hands upon Red Bird's orange.

The grown-ups swooped forward and caught him fast, and Mr. Lincoln's hand fell upon Red Bird's shoulder.

'Good boy!' he cried in a somewhat shaken tone. 'Good boy!'

That night Miss Lyman held a party in her room to celebrate the removal of Red Bird's patch. The party was small but very select. The invited guests were Red Bird, Just Jimmie, W-on-the-Eyes, and the little rescued deaf boy. The latter had not the slightest idea of what it was all about, and not having yet learned to talk, he could not ask questions. W-on-the-Eyes was the sign by which Charlie Webster, a little deaf boy of ten, was known to all the other deaf children of the school. He was invited because Benny Adams — the explorer of the gutter — was his especial charge, Benny's mother having intrusted him to Webster when she sent him to school. Ever since his arrival, Webster, and indeed the whole deaf department, had found their hands full. He was as likely to appear on the ridge-pole as in the schoolroom, and he had thrown the whole corps of matrons into a state of consternation

and wild telephoning to doctors by calmly eating a moth-ball. Like the Elephant's Child in the *Just So Stories*, by Kipling, he suffered from an 'insatiable curiosity'; and not being able to voice any of his questions, when touch and sight failed, he very naturally had recourse to taste for the furtherance of his inquiries. Doubtless the eating of the moth-ball satisfied his mind on that point at least. Probably also he had derived further information from his explorations that afternoon of the roof and gutter outside the blind boys' dormitory.

Charlie Webster made on his behalf a very beautiful speech of thanks to Red Bird. He had to make the speech on his fingers, but Red Bird felt his hands and understood some of his signs, and Miss Lyman interpreted the rest for him. Altogether it was a great occasion. Everybody's heart overflowed with good feeling and good cheer, and Just Jimmie, who had nearly burst with pride over his hero's achievement, burned to imitate him. He might have taken his patch off over and over again for proficiency in his lessons; but this he scorned to do. To his mind there was nothing romantic in being able to spell conscientious, or in repeating the names of all the presidents in order. For its removal that patch called for the romantic and gallant; or, as he himself put it, 'some kind er fightin', or 'sump'n *big* like what Red Bird done.'

II

There came at last, however, a heavenly warm spring Sunday, when one of the teachers, assisted by a couple of pupils who could see a little, took all the blind boys over to the Big Spring, — a long happy ramble through the perfumed woods, — and when the desire of Just Jimmie's heart in the matter of throwing stones was realized.

They placed him by the side of a creek, which afforded an unlimited supply of stones, and where there was a clear space ahead with no danger of hitting any one, and here he did indeed throw rocks, and throw rocks, and *throw* rocks, just all the afternoon. It was pure joy, but finally even his devoted arm gave out. He cuddled down on the bank to rest 'jus' er minute' as he specified to himself, but in reality to fall fast asleep. He had dropped down, as it happened, behind a fallen tree, so that the teacher, when she came to gather her flock together, failed to see him, and supposed he was on in front with Red Bird. And so, when Just Jimmie sailed up to consciousness once more, the woods were still and deserted and he knew himself all alone. In the general scramble of life, however, he was rather used to being overlooked. If he philosophized about it at all he probably put it down to the score of his having no folks, and coming from the Lupin County Poor House; moreover, he had found that, given time, people usually remembered his existence. Therefore he had no doubt that some one would presently return for him. In the meantime, this out-of-door world still lent a delightful warmth to his small body, and brought intoxicating spring perfumes to his nostrils. Also, here were the stones and the creek again, with his good right arm refreshed by sleep, and the heart of Just Jimmie asked no more. Sometimes the stones went into the deep water with a full round 'plup'; sometimes they landed in the shallows, making a pleasant sharp splash; sometimes — oh, joy! — they flew clear across the creek and greeted the ear with a delightful clip-clap, as they skipped on the stones on the other side; and each time Jimmie jumped up and down, and clapped his hands and gave vent to extraordinarily gleeful shouts of merriment.

All at once he heard a crackling sound in the bushes behind him, and knew that somebody, or something, stood there and looked at him.

After listening a moment, as no one spoke, he took the initiative.

'Aire you a cow or a person?' he demanded.

It seemed to him that the breathing was more human than animal, so he was not surprised when he heard a man's laugh. But it was the strangest laugh Jimmie had ever heard. Just the sound of laughter, with no mirth to back it.

'Do I look like a cow?' a voice demanded.

'I dunno,' Just Jimmie returned. 'I ain't so very sure what a cow looks like. I ain't seen one — not since I was two weeks old — an' course a fella don't recollect so awful well as fer back as that.'

'Have n't seen a cow since you were two weeks old!' the voice exclaimed.

'No,' said Jimmy simply, 'I ain't seen nothin' since I was that old.'

In his desire to explain he turned his little thin gray-mouse face, with its blind eyes, more fully in the other's direction, and the voice cried 'Oh!' sharply. And then after a moment it said 'Oh!' again, softly this time. 'What are you doing out here all alone?' it asked after a moment.

It was a man's voice, Jimmie was sure of that, but it had a queer uncertain throb in it, that he found very disconcerting.

'I was asleep,' he explained. 'An'— an' so the fellas went off an' lef' me. I reckon they thought I was somewhere with Red Bird.'

'But you can't stay here alone. Where do you live?'

'I'm at Lomax. That's where all the deaf an' blind kids goes to school,' Jimmie explained. 'It's 'bout two miles from here, I reckon.'

'I'll take you back,' said the man. 'I'll *have* to take you back. The other can wait.'

He seemed to be arguing something out with himself.

'Oh, you need n't to bother if you have sump'n to do; they'll send back for me after a while,' Jimmie assured him.

'No — no — I'll take you,' the other returned in that nervous jerky way of his.

Jimmie was conscious of a certain odor which he had encountered in times past. Also, when he cuddled his hand sociably into the big one that closed on his, he found that, warm as the day was, and large as the hand was, the fingers nevertheless were cold and damp, and clung to his, moreover, in a desperate, twitchy way that almost hurt. Somehow the clutch of those fingers, for all that they were so big, waked a curious protective feeling in Just Jimmie. He did not know how to express it, how to say that he was sorry, nor indeed what there was to be sorry about; but some instinct infinitely older than his eight years made him endeavor, as it were, to fling a corner of his own mantle of happiness about the other and so protect him — though what there was to protect him from, again he did not know. But as they went their way, he began a long rambling discourse on what a fine day it had been; how nice it was to be in the woods and throw stones; and how he liked the spring; and at last, inspired by his own eloquence, he drew a deep luxurious sniff of sheer contentment, and the perfume-laden air rushed through his little body and into his very soul, and 'O Gee!' cried Just Jimmie happily, 'I certainly *am* glad I'm erlivin'!'

Again the man laughed, another of those sudden explosions that had no sound of laughter.

'Glad you're living!' he cried wildly. 'Glad you're living! I wish to God *I* was dead!'

'Oh, *that's* just 'cause you're gittin' over er drunk,' Jimmie assured him cheerfully.

The man dropped his hand. 'Good Lord!' he whispered, and Jimmie could feel his startled eyes upon him. 'Good Lord!' Then, 'What do *you* know about that?' he demanded.

'Oh, I smelt it on you!' Jimmie returned, crinkling his nose. 'An' there was a fella at the Lupin County Poor House — that's where I was raised — allus used to say gittin' drunk was all right if it was n't for the blue blazes next day. He said that was — was — Well,' he caught himself up, 'it's er word Mr. Lincoln don't 'low none of us boys to use, but — but,' — with sudden inspiration — 'I'll *spell* it for you.'

Carefully his fingers formed certain letters of the manual alphabet, which he had picked up from the deaf children.

'Is that first letter an H?' the man asked.

'Yes, an' it's er E when you put your hand like this.' (Jimmie illustrated.) 'An' you make a L —'

'I can guess the rest,' the man broke in hastily.

'Well, that's what the fella used to say it felt like next day,' Jimmie concluded.

Suddenly the man's hand fell hard upon Jimmie's shoulder and his face stooped close to his.

'Little pal, don't *you* get drunk,' the shaky voice implored. 'You would n't find anything so nice again, not ever again; you — you might n't even like to be alive — not even on spring days when you could throw stones.'

'Oh, I won't,' Just Jimmie promised easily. 'That fella at the Poor House, he give me er drink onct, but I did n't like it. Red Bird an' me, we don't keer nothin' 't all 'bout whisky.'

'Thank God for that!' said the man. 'If there is a God,' he added.

'Why, *course* there's er God,' cried Just Jimmie, even his tolerant little soul shocked by such a display of sheer ignorance.

He told Red Bird afterwards that that man was the 'funniest fella he ever *did* see.'

'How do you know there's a God?' the other demanded.

'Why — why, I've knowed *that* ever since I was nothin' but a little old kid. A old nigger woman at the Poor House, she told me all erbout God.'

'And of course she knew,' the man returned.

'Oh, yes; she knowed all right,' Just Jimmie agreed. 'She did n't know so very much else, but my O! she certainly did know er heap erbout God.'

'Perhaps I've known too much else,' the man said, half to himself, and his voice sounded more discouraged and far away than ever. 'So you were brought up in the Poor House?' he added after a moment.

'Yes,' said Jimmie. 'They found me when I was a baby just throwed erway 'longside the high-road, sorter — sorter you know, like folks does with little dogs an' — an' cats they ain't got no use for — an' they never did call me nothin' but just Jimmie, 'cause I did n't have no folks. But — but,' he went on with breathless eagerness, 'I know er boy that's got *three* names. All the fellas calls him Red Bird, but that's just a kind of a nickname, 'cause he comes from a place called Red Bird. His real name's George — Washington — Morris' (Jimmie pronounced the words impressively), 'an' — an' he's got folks, too. Folks 'at sends him postcards. Why, *his* folks they'll send him er postcard — why — why most *any* day.'

And then his favorite topic of Red Bird thus gracefully introduced, Just Jimmie's small tongue ran happily away on a long eulogy of his friend. Once the man interrupted him to ask about the patch over his ear, and that gave him a chance to tell of his hero's extraordinary feat, and how he, too, burned to do 'sump'n *big* like Red Bird.'

The man vouchsafed almost no comments; but he held fast to Jimmie's hand, and at last they came to Lomax.

'I — I guess maybe I'd better tell Mr. Lincoln I'm back,' Jimmie said, conscientiously.

The man said he would like to see Mr. Lincoln, too, so they went into the study together. Jimmie liked to go there. The place always held a warm atmosphere of friendliness, and moreover, he liked the smell of books, and the pleasant whiff one got of typewriter ink, and other exciting smells which always conveyed so much to his keen little nose.

He could not, of course, see anything of what passed between the two men, but he heard it all.

'I found this little chap out in the woods all alone, and so I brought him home,' the strange man said in that queer shaky voice of his.

And after Mr. Lincoln had thanked him he went on again. The words seemed hard to say, and indeed every now and then they stumbled and fell away altogether into silence.

'He and I had a little talk and — and'— here the voice failed temporarily — 'and I'd like you to take *this*.' (Jimmie knew that something was changing hands.) 'Look out! it's loaded,' the man added sharply. After a moment the words picked up their difficult way again. 'There is n't — is n't any reason for my asking you to take it except — well, there is n't any one else for me to give it to, and somehow I wanted to give it to some one — I thought I was down and out — A lot of things had happened.' (Jimmie could hear him swallow chokingly.) 'Those woods seemed as good a place as any to do it in. They — they were —' the voice stopped altogether for a moment — 'they were quiet, and nobody would recognize me round here — I'd have dropped out without bothering any one — and then — *then* I came on this little chap — and — he thought I was a cow!'

The voice collapsed suddenly into laughter — that strange wild laughter of his. 'He said he did n't recollect so very well what a cow looked like — he said he had n't seen one' — Jimmie could hear the man swallow — 'had n't seen one — since he was two weeks old — He came from the Lupin County Poor House — and — and he said he was glad he was alive.' The voice went out abruptly, and when the words came again they were barely more than a whisper. 'I guess if — if Just Jimmie finds it so good to be alive — a fellow like me — ought n't to — to quit.'

'Why, no; I should think not,' Mr. Lincoln's voice acquiesced after a moment.

'If I had n't come on him throwing stones out there in the woods, in half an hour I'd have been — well, been nowhere, or — or everywhere — whichever it is. But now — well, while Just Jimmie plays the game so well, I'll not fling down my hand.'

There was a short silence, and then the man went on again.

'He's wearing that patch over one ear until he has performed some gallant deed.' (The voice was still shaky, but Just Jimmie thought this time there was a hint of real laughter in it.) 'I — I think it might come off now.'

'Yes,' Mr. Lincoln agreed. 'Yes; I think so too. Suppose you take it off.'

'But — but — but I ain't done *nothin'*,' Just Jimmie broke in suddenly, backing away. 'Red Bird's done sump'n, an' — an' — an' —' he was on the verge of tears over his disappointment — 'an' *I* wanted to do sump'n *big* like fightin' or — or sump'n like what Red Bird done.'

But the man went on fussing with his twitching fingers over the knot that secured the patch, and paying no attention whatever to Jimmie's outburst. And at last the latter's very small ear emerged.

'Why, *this* ear's all stuffed up with cotton! I don't believe he can hear a thing with it!' the man cried.

'*Course!*' said Just Jimmie, 'it would n't be no *sense* to wear a patch if you did n't stuff up your y'ear too.'

'Did Bird Red have cotton in his ear?' Mr. Lincoln demanded.

'Why — why — why — why, maybe not,' Jimmie stammered, torn between truth and loyalty.

'No eyes, and no folks, and only about the size of my fist, and yet he was willing to sacrifice one ear! While I — Great Heavens!' the man burst out.

'I ain't done nothin'!' Jimmie picked up his almost tearful complaint. 'It — it — ain't anything to spell, an' — an' know 'rithmetic, an' presidents' names. I want to do some kind of *fightin'* — or — or sump'n *big* like —'

Suddenly he was swept up into arms that held him convulsively.

'You tell Red Bird you've done the biggest kind of fighting to-day,' the man cried, almost roughly.

For an instant Jimmie was held fast. Then he was set down again, and Mr. Lincoln put him out into the hall and shut the door so promptly that Jimmie was never sure what the sounds were the strange man was making then; only they made him feel shivery and glad to snuggle up close to Red Bird who was waiting outside.

'Gee! that was a awful funny man,' he confided to the latter. 'Yes, sir! he certainly was funny, but,' he added tolerantly, 'somehow I kinder liked the fella.'

But there was nothing in what he could tell Red Bird of the afternoon's adventure to warrant the man's assertion that Jimmie had done the biggest kind of fighting, and the boys put the statement down as just one more evidence of the 'awful funniness of the fella.' And why Just Jimmie's patch had been removed neither of them had the least idea.

But a queer thing began to happen. Every week after that, Jimmie received a postcard, just like the children who had fathers and mothers.

'Why — why,' he announced joyfully, 'Why, Red Bird, seems like *I've* got folks, too!'

'Just *one* person don't make folks,' Red Bird retorted.

'Well — well, may be I ain't got folks like *you*, Red Bird, but — but anyhow I got *a* folk,' Just Jimmie amended happily.

FATHER FRED

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

I

His older and contemporary parishioners called him that, because they had, most of them, known him all his life; and, though they revered him fast enough, they loved him even more. He was rector of the church in which he had been born and brought up, among whose people he had knelt as child and boy and college youth, as deacon and as curate.

A difficult position? So it was considered, but Father Fred did not seem to find it hard. Or, if he did, he paid no attention to the difficulty. He had a simplicity and directness and an utterly baffling humility which ignored and disarmed criticism. Of what use was it to carp at a priest who either remained unaware of the carping or accepted it gently as his natural due?

His face indicated that he had never expected or been accustomed to have things made easy for him. Of course not. What should a soldier of the cross be doing with ease? There were lines on his forehead and about his eyes, strong lines about his mouth. People do more or less choose and make their own lives. Doubtless, Father Fred's spirit chose to perfect itself through suffering.

His features were rather rugged for one who bore such a gentle spirit. He suggested comparison with a granite cliff played upon by a tender evening light. His lips were certainly granite; inflexible will governed their feeling curves, and occasionally released the humor that always lurked in their corners. There was nothing in all the world the owner of that mouth could be made to do if he did not think best. His eyes were dark and changeful, reflecting inscrutable moods. His face was often so pale that, glimmering in the dusk of the chancel, it made the observer think of Moses fresh from the mount. As for his figure, its tall height was thin to the point of emaciation.

Ascetic? No, not exactly. The humor of the mouth objected to that characterization, and many a gleam of the eyes reinforced the refusal. He was only a very brave and gentle and holy man.

Just as he might have chosen his own personal, poignant reaction on life, so was his objective opportunity precisely suited to him. But indeed it is not well to deal with the terms subjective and objective in connection with Father Fred. He was more completely integrated than are most of us. He was wholly identified with his purpose: that says everything.

Losing one's life to find it, is a Christian paradox still all too little practiced for the good of the world. We are timid and cautious and reasonable. We will not understand that to let ourselves go out of our hampering individual likes and dislikes, is to enlarge and deepen ourselves, to take on force and ability, to win our souls. A man's purpose is more entirely himself than he can ever be.

Father Fred did not think all this out. It is a paradox within a paradox

that a man defeats his own end when he loses his life in order to find it. He must lose it for the sake of his cause; then the great, unexpected reward of selfhood will be added to him.

Father Fred was born into his purpose. More than that, the particular, dynamic phase of it which he served was strictly contemporaneous with him; it and he grew up together. Although he gave the impression of never having thought of himself as apart from it, it is probable that his utter devotion was the work of time and pain. He was simple by nature, but he was too intelligent not to know what he was not doing as well as what he was. He said of himself once that, coming to self-conscious manhood, he found his mind endowed with a rather alarming facility. He could understand and accept half a dozen points of view in as many days. But he knew that no force results from scattering, that a man must choose. Therefore he chose, with no hesitation, but with a resolution that gathered into one channel the life-giving power of many streams. That was what gave his simplicity depth. All his other possible purposes served his one ruling cause.

What, now, was his purpose — this great end that governed all his brave young life? Well, in a way, it was nothing new, being simply the purpose of the ages: the Kingdom of God. But different periods seem to present different opportunities for service, and there is at present one explicit hope which enlists all the love and thought and effort of those who believe in it. To awaken his church to a realization of its full Catholic privilege, was the work to which Father Fred devoted his whole being.

To him there could be no doubt that it was the greatest work of his generation. Unobtrusive, almost obscure, it holds on its quiet, patient way underneath the din of our social reforms, our political purgations, our science, our stress of emancipation, all the clamorous, insistent things for which we seem to stand; and perhaps the next generation will find that the gentler movement has achieved more than all the rest put together. It has the same vision as they, the same earnest longing for righteousness. But it strikes at the root of the evil that blocks the way, instead of going to work on the leaves and branches. Sin is the root, is it not? Separation from God, disobedience. Very well; the way to cure that is simply to show God in the flesh, to shame and summon humanity by holding up ever before it the sign of its own divinity. If people truly realized that Christ was incarnate in them and that their lives were hid with Him in God, the wrongs of the world would have no choice but to right themselves at once.

The Catholic Church has always taken its stand supremely on this one simple, sufficient fact of the Incarnation. It has surrounded its message with all the suggestive beauty of symbolism that worshiping ages have been able to divine and hand on to one another. For a symbol is nearer reality than any attempt at direct expression. The result is a marvelous service, a mystic ritual, full of the sublimest intuitions and intimations that groping humanity has ever glimpsed. It certainly is not too much to say that any worshiper, truly assisting at a Catholic mass, must spring to the heart of God and, at least for the half hour, be gloriously good and free.

But — sad and perplexing fact! — it has happened that a great part of the Church has lapsed from its simplicity. Doubtless, four hundred years ago, it had to take itself severely in hand and right some of the grievous errors into which it had fallen. But that was no reason why it should — nay, it was the

reason of reasons why it should not — forget the sacramental significance which was its soul and breath of life. It has had a precarious time of it, trying to uphold the noble externals without the inner substance, and it has dissipated its efforts in endless experiments. Now, here and there, more and more, it is beginning to realize its distraction and loss, and it is coming back — coming, coming. Or, rather, it is waking to an appreciation of the mysteries which it has all the time held in its sleeping hands. Prejudice and ignorance make its rehabilitation a slow and difficult matter. But that is all right; it is willing to work and suffer. Father Fred had need of all the resolution that moulded his lips and of all the humor that lurked in their corners.

He was not the first one to promote the Catholic tendency in his church. The rector who preceded him had instigated the return. Under this good and wise man Father Fred had served as curate; and the two of them, working together, had built the church edifice. That was a profoundly sagacious proceeding, already a sort of fulfillment of their high desire. For a church, designed and built on a sacramental theme, silently, day in, day out, demands the realization of that which it typifies. Soaring Gothic pillars and arches, glowing windows, a noble rood screen, a gleaming white altar, silence, holiness — these things connote the solemn ritual of the mass, the thrilling daily presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and all that goes to make the spot significant of the immediate touch of God. As the two priests brought their church to completion and steeped themselves in its spirit, it must have seemed to them often that the Kingdom was already come.

But then it must have seemed doubly hard to turn from the vision and understand that, instead of being immediately present, it was very remote, and that it could not be hastened, but must abound in delays. Father Fred's parish was more responsive than many, but it knew its own objections. Such shaking of heads over the first cope! Such murmurs at the idea of confession! Such a long and indignant refusal to forego participation at the late Celebration! Admonition and concession went hand in hand.

II

When I first became aware of the gradual process, I was a somewhat idly attentive Protestant, dropping in at the beautiful church from time to time. I did not live in the town hallowed by its presence, and my visits were infrequent enough to impress me vividly with the change at work. Of course I did not understand it. I only knew that every time I entered the place I saw or heard something new to fill me with love and awe. Inconsistent emotions on the part of a professed agnostic! But it is one of the peculiar characteristics of the Catholic ritual that it does not wait to be understood or accepted before it produces its effect. I received the Lord Christ in my heart long before I knew anything about the doctrine of the Real Presence, and at a time when (heaven forgive me!) I would have repudiated the doctrine with scorn and indignation.

Father Fred himself I regarded with admiration and solicitude. He looked so frail and so worn as, in the pulpit, during the singing of the hymn immediately before the sermon, he brooded over his people, yearning to divine their need. His face had a beautiful, strong wistfulness. 'O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!' But why need he be quite so inexorable, for himself or for the rest of us? His sermons made no conces-

sions — none. They voiced such an imperative summons that if we had obeyed them literally, the floor of the church would have been strewn with plucked-out eyes and cut-off hands. As it was, we went away sobered and thoughtful, stung out of our complacent acceptance of the limitations of human nature. Father Fred recognized no limitations, that was evident.

The contrast between his fiery sternness in the pulpit, and the shy friendliness with which he waited beside the church door afterwards, both encouraged and frightened me when I at last made up my mind to speak to him. I had a question to ask. During the Communion service just ended, I had been surprised by the touch of two novel, conflicting emotions. When the congregation had begun to steal past me up the aisle, going to receive their Lord at the altar, I had risen from my knees and started to join them. Then I had hesitated, wavered, and had knelt down again, baffled and perplexed. Something at the same time called me and held me back. If I had only known it, the moment was deeply important and significant. What did it mean, that an agnostic should desire to partake of the most imperiously assured mysteries in the world? And what did it further mean, that an independent Protestant, thus desiring, should hesitate to act? My first response to the Church went hand in hand with my first submission.

But the rebellion proper to my intellectual condition was not slow in following. Father Fred, looking tired and pale and thinner than ever in his black cassock, received my question as if he had already divined it: Would a Congregationalist be welcome at his church's altar-rail? He looked at me soberly, with the whole many-faceted import of his lifelong purpose and conflict darkling in his eyes. He sighed a little, he could not help it. He was very tired, he had not yet had any breakfast, his sympathy had already responded to a great many claims; and here was a stranger enlisting him in a discussion which his sensitive intelligence told him must be long and grievous. But he did not hesitate. Could I stop and talk with him a few minutes? Indeed, I could not. I was tired myself; and, though I had had plenty of breakfast, I now wanted my dinner. All the Protestant's native antagonism sprang up in me at the priest's failure to grant me the privilege I so inexplicably desired. Well, then, might he come and see me? I graciously consented, and we parted with an air of having picked up each other's gloves and looked to our lances.

It was indeed long and grievous, the conflict which we waged during the next few months. But it was not altogether painful, there was too much humor in it. The shock of encounter between two opposed, mutually incredulous points of view strikes out many a smile as well as many a sigh. Father Fred kindly hid most of his smiles, savoring them on the inside instead of on the outside of his mouth. For the laugh was almost always on me.

There was that primal discussion in which I began the statement of my position by setting forth with explicitness the things I did not believe. They were so many that I might have talked for a week if Father Fred had not taken advantage of my first pause for breath to say gently, 'If it is n't too intimate a question, would you mind telling me some of the things which you do believe?' The request took me aback. Agnostics have no call to believe; their business is denial. But I could not utter the 'Nothing' which logic pushed to the door of my lips. Something deeper than logic rose up and cried

shame upon me. I sat in bewildered silence a moment; then my nature made the second of its unexpected responses to a summoning authority. My astonished ears heard my faltering voice define a very creditable if somewhat limited creed which I had not known that I possessed. Father Fred approved it, and astonished me still further by proceeding to build on it a superstructure, the fitness and reasonableness of which I could not deny.

There was that other occasion on which, outraged by an imperious sermon on Confirmation, I forswore the church entirely, shook its dust off my feet; and then, in less than a week, was reduced to an abject scheme of devices to get back again. The natural, obvious method was simply to go back; but I thought I had to preserve something which I vaguely called my self-respect. I had been sincerely affronted; I must be pacified. The Confirmation sermon had left none of the 'sects' — to one of which I belonged — a leg to stand on. In truth, the zeal of the discourse did carry it too far; but that was no reason why I should presently deliver myself of a burning criticism of it, a denunciation which I addressed to Father Fred himself. As a method of getting back into the church, once I had dispatched it, it did not strike me as happy. 'Now I have done it,' I thought ruefully. 'No self-respecting person can pay the least attention to one who arraigns him so officiously.'

But, ah, that tinsel trait, self-respect! I had yet to learn that its absence can give more grandeur and dignity to a life than its presence ever bestows. Father Fred's answer to my denunciation was the most surprising epistle I had ever received. I could not believe it; I rubbed my eyes dazedly over it. He craved my pardon, he said that he had gone too far, he denounced himself more severely than I had dreamed of doing, he implored me not to let his blundering stupidity come between me and the Church who, in spite of all that he could do to make or mar, must always vindicate her supremacy. Not one touch of offended priesthood, not one hint of resentment. There was never a nobler letter than that. As I read it, I felt myself in the presence of a truly great man.

The warfare between us was typical of the whole conflict of the generation, and I hope that the result was typical too. Little by little, I ceased to contend. Having been several times disarmed, dismounted, amusingly disconcerted by the gentle reception of my defiant charges, I came to have difficulty in remounting my embattled steed. Somehow, he looked ridiculous; I was ashamed of him. Having again and again perceived that the points which my intellect challenged had long ago been confessed by my heart and my worshiping knees, I grew cautious in my denials. They, too, had a way of turning ridiculous. The dawn was a slow one. The symbolic meaning of objects which in the dark I had taken for mere shadows, gradually unfolded itself to my wondering eyes. Of course, of course! As the human body stands for the soul, expressing it and interpreting it, so the Church stands for Christ, for the whole principle of world-divinity. And, just as self-revelation depends upon richness and fullness of utterance, gesture, expression, inflection, so the more facets the Church has, the more brightly it will flash its meaning abroad. Every phase of its ritual stands for some invaluable connection between man and God.

The personal holiness of her children has ever been the Church's greatest vindication. They have not always granted it her, — and surely their failure has not been her fault, — but when they have responded, the argument

has been irresistible. I found it impossible to deny the peculiar potency of the source from which Father Fred drew his amazing saintliness. He was continually astonishing me. I had known good people before (thank heaven, many and many of them); but they had often chosen to create for themselves certain definite limitations. Father Fred, as I said before, knew no limitations; and his ignorance worked both ways. He devoted himself as whole-heartedly to the small details of the parish work as to its vaster possibilities. 'Let's go and ask the Father about it,' was the prevailing formula with which perplexed committees, and troubled social workers, solved their difficulties.

At first this seemed to me all wrong. I thought the many petty demands an imposition on the part of the parish, and Father Fred's patient attention to them a waste of time and strength. But I soon found that my criticism was incomprehensible to the priest. 'Why, that's what I'm here for,' he said, with a certain courteous blankness when I shamefacedly began to apologize for 'bothering' him with a question about the material welfare of one of his parishioners. The impulse was as inevitable in me as in all the rest of his flock; and, after a deprecation or two, I gave over hesitating and apologizing, and was very soon running to him as freely as every one else. Being away from town on a visit and meeting with a stranded forlornity who appealed to me for help, I promptly wrote a letter of introduction to Father Fred. Then for a long time I sat and pondered the significance of that spontaneous act on my part; and ended by concluding that it must be a superlatively good man whose name sprang into the minds of his friends as the natural answer to all their problems of service and salvation.

That, with all his holiness, he should have remained so humble and lovable, so humanly companionable, was the final proof of his genuineness. His virtue gave no offense to the most worldly sinner.

III

The church services grew swiftly in beauty. Father Fred was not patient by nature — all the more marvelous his control! — and perhaps he felt that his time was short. At any rate, he began to hasten the steps. The parish responded. It was not very rich, but it gave eagerly, lavishly. Beautiful is the look of a church occupied by plainly dressed people and glowing with alabaster-box costliness which the shabby shoes and the worn gloves have made possible. Incense, a sanctus bell, an occasional glorious solemn procession, new vestments and altar-cloths — these lovely symbols crowded to open the gate of heaven a little wider. Father Fred's tired face showed an ever-deepening content. Finally, just before Passion Week, the best realization of all took up its thrilling abode in the church and transformed and quickened it with an awful holiness. On the altar of the Lady Chapel, beneath a glowing, darkling light, the Blessed Sacrament was reserved.

Oh! that was a great day. As the unaccustomed people passed about the main body of the church and caught the unfamiliar gleam between the pillars, they hesitated, stopped, and knelt where they were. Thus instantly does the authentic touch of God prostrate the soul. The whole dear edifice had been lifted to heaven; or, rather, heaven had come down to inhabit it. Father Fred was not very well; but he forgot his ailment, forgot himself, forgot everything, as he knelt before the altar. He lingered so long that he was finally left alone; and in the shadowy

church, with its dim soaring arches, its silence, and its one vivid heart of light, he — but one must not try to imagine what he felt and knew. Did he sing, 'Nunc dimittis'? One wonders.

The next day he was taken ill. The parish was at once uneasy. He was so frail, so other-worldly. Body and spirit both seemed sealed to a high doom. But supplication fought with fear. As the menace deepened and the uneasiness turned to alarm, a desperate common purpose ran through all the different scattered lives of the church and bound them into one endeavor which constantly, by night and day, voiced itself before the altar where the priest had last knelt. Ah, how they loved him! They could not let him go. During the six days of his illness, there was never a moment when the altar-lamp was not shining pityingly on some bowed head and some imploring hands.

Cruelly stricken must the heart have been that pleaded there when the slow, tolling strokes began to fall from the tower and to reverberate through the church. Oh! all in vain, then, impotent was the entreaty. Has not God promised to answer prayer? The test which Father Fred's death made of his parish was bitterly hard.

But they met it triumphantly. With tears raining down their cheeks and sobs choking their throats, they turned their broken supplication into a song of praise. Thus their rector had taught them, and thus they would do. They lost no time about it, either. They seemed to feel that upon them depended the degree of bliss with which Father Fred would enter Paradise. He had ever been one to think of them before himself, to consider first the effect of a crisis upon his people. It was impossible not to picture him turning back from the gate of heaven and watching with his anxious, yearning, summoning look to see whether his church was going to prove itself loyal or faithless. They must not disappoint him, they must not shame him; they must send him on to his great reward with immediate, definite proof of his worthiness. He must bear with him the sheaves of their acquiescence.

It was Wednesday in Holy Week when he died. As Saint Francis, fasting for forty days, ate one crust of bread that he might not presume to imitate his Master too closely, so Father Fred chose to die on Wednesday rather than on Friday. The burial was on Saturday. There had never been a service like it in all the progressive annals of the church. Good Friday had given the people a chance to ease their hearts by yielding themselves to their grief; they had mourned unrestrainedly. But on Saturday they summoned themselves and one another to a resolute pitch of triumph. The most critical of them forgot their prejudices in the desire to give Father Fred all that he loved and had worked for, all the beautiful, solemn symbols of eternal truth. They counted neither the cost nor the consequences. If they had considered the latter, they might perhaps have thought the occasion too exceptional to entail ordinary results. But surely it is not unseemly to suggest that the rapt, triumphant face of the priest in his coffin bore a trace of his old, never-failing humor as the glorious ritual came to its own in his beloved church. A noble practice has only to gain one complete expression to establish itself. The tear-thrilled voices that sang the Requiem Mass on that Easter Eve were not likely ever again to indulge in criticism. Glad that he had lived to such purpose, Father Fred must have been still more glad that he had died.

But has he died really? Or does death mean all that we imagine? His

presence seems to inhabit his church more vitally than ever. May it not be that death, dissolving the shows of things, admits the spirit to the realm of reality? that heaven and earth are only the bright and dark sides of the same truth? In that case, Father Fred did not leave his church when he died, but found the streets of the New Jerusalem in his familiar aisle. There he still kneels and prays, there he works. But he has lost all his anxiety, for he knows that he cannot fail. As for the church, it goes ever from glory to glory, plucking God, holding Him by new corners of his shining robe.

AN HOUR IN CHARTRES

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

THROUGH the brown French fields, ploughed into powder, the curving lines of their furrows stretching like the fine grain of wood to the villages and forests on the horizon, I rode on Easter Monday down to Chartres. The fruit trees were white with blossom, and the sombre little farmsteads, toned to a soft gray or brown by the winters that had passed over them, and built in a square of almost indistinguishable medley of house, stable, granary, and orchard wall, were fantastically gay with their wealth of flowers. A glimpse of black-haired women waving vivacious aprons at the flying train; a crowd of peasants, holiday-garbed, assembled in a farmyard; a château or two standing stiffly with its clean white classic lines in its park, which showed between rows of poplars a flash of marble statues and water; brown sprawling villages, climbing with overlapping roofs uphill to a gaunt church tower; delicate woods with trees that looked as if they had stepped out of a Corot; and the soaring towers of Chartres on the horizon.

The first scene one has in Chartres is one of those perfect things which seem to concentrate in a composed picture all the essential qualities of a place, a picture that seems the very incarnated body of a soul. A very green little meadow, dotted with twisted moss-covered trees, surrounded by still canals down below the town; the banks lined with slender tapering poplars, such as march in solemn state along the canals and roads of northern France, and give that charming quality to its far-reaching countryside. Through the poplars of the meadow gleam the white arches of a spacious viaduct, with red roofs climbing the slopes of the little valley through which the canals run out of the River Eure. Along the banks walked blue-garbed nuns in their flaring white starched caps, and dowdy red-legged soldiers, while in the walks were children rolling hoops and whipping tops. It was the very essence of daily France, its peace, its color, the sweet richness of its immemorial life, the charm of its perfect blending of house and tree and grass, all become through the centuries as personally and as intimately French as

the people who inhabit them and love them, — a scene as far removed in spirit from the prim stinginess of the English scene as it is from the savage largeness of our own American.

The moment when one first steps from the station into a foreign town never loses its thrill for me. It is always the threshold of an adventure, the meeting of a new communal personality, to be grasped and won and made intimate. One sniffs the air in anticipation of what its quality is to be, as one feels rolling toward one a welcome of individuality, to which one's heart goes out in a rush of response.

To explore alone a picturesque town, — what experience packs more of human charm and delight into itself than this attack, for indomitable possession, on the foreign scene? In Chartres, the explorer darts about the narrow crooked streets, discovering at every corner some interesting house or gable or window; catching down every turning street some charming picture of massing houses, or tower or little square; coming unawares upon some busy figure of a man or woman who reveals suddenly from his occupation or gesture what it really means in terms of life to go through the daily duties and to dwell in this town. Farther on, the traveler watches the old roofs mass themselves up a hill, and climbs to church-tower or nearby rise to look down on the clustered chimney-pots. He flashes his eyes about at the shops and the carts and the market-place, if he is so lucky as to come upon the graveled square bulging with heaped produce and ruddy old women under vast umbrellas. Here, he delights to catch the postman at work, or to meet the little boys pouring out of school, black-aproned and bare-kneed, with their bags under their arms; there, he peeps straight into an open window, and unabashedly records in his mind the arrangement of the room and the style of the life lived in it, — pleased at some slight little touch of taste in a humble apartment. Now he looks down a long court past fantastically squalid cottages, or up a dark stairway, — wondering what is above. And at last he slips into the chill and silent church, makes a swift tour of aisles and ambulatory, contrasting the gaudy little chapels with some exquisite Gothic detail of fretted stone, or rose-window. Exploring ever hungrily and greedily, he draws deep breaths and imagines that he has always lived in the town and is now going about native and important business. And in this way he assimilates, and comes away saturated with, the rich spirit of the place, a hundred pictures indelibly etched on his mind, and a quite inexpressibly satisfying sense of quality felt, warmly and glowingly. Finally comes the mad dash into the train as it pulls away, in order to leave himself no tedious wait while the virtue might slowly drain out of him. And at the end there is a last swift incomparable glimpse of the immovable majesty of a cathedral towering over the huddled town.

And it was in some such fashion that I saw Chartres. The cathedral on the hill, towering above the diminished town with so soaring a bulk as to give one a fantastic fear that it is about to lose balance and fall over into the gray roofs of the old town which slide away from it on all sides, pulls one toward it; but one reaches it only through a newer France of straight little boulevards bordered with lines of horse-chestnut trees remorselessly trimmed into an interlacing screen whose top forms a line as clean as if some gigantic knife wielded from heaven had sliced over it; through sidewalk cafés, and new red villas, discreetly veiled in tight little gardens by grilled iron fences; through the broad graveled

'Marché des Chevaux,' from which a shady boulevard stretches down toward my meadow and viaduct, whence one plunges into narrow old streets, high above which the cathedral seems to struggle as one zigzags one's way toward it.

But first, what is this soul of a people or of an epoch that imposes so inexorably upon the communities, small and large, from one end of the land to the other, these trimmed trees, these red- and-gray houses, this harmonious 'style' which makes even the countryside and the woods take an individuality characteristically French: a spirit which seems wholly to disregard any particular choices and tastes of the individuals who are actually moulding these forms for themselves, but rather works impersonally through the most varied temperaments and minds? One explains it all by 'imitation,' but that is merely to name it and not to explain it. One never loses one's wonder, in these foreign scenes, at the way things hang together, so that they seem the very emanation of a sort of vast overspreading communal taste, which makes the little individual tastes of men seem very petty and insignificant. You may have your centuries juxtaposed, as at Chartres, but each one is a harmony, a toughly tenacious fabric of quality, which not only merges material things together into a satisfying whole, but speaks eloquently also of the thought and feelings and attitudes of the time.

As I poked into the old town at Chartres, I asked myself where I had felt before this quaint, gray, quiet atmosphere of the seventeenth century. Where but at Quebec, which has preserved so unquestioningly both the soul and body of the old France? And this soft, flat countryside about Chartres might be the Ile d'Orléans itself, sleeping on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. There was something familiarly English also in these little plastered gabled houses, through which the jutting timbers seemed to show how honestly, as it were, the old houses had been holding themselves up through the centuries. Occasionally too there was a touch of something German, reminiscent of earlier centuries still, when, paradoxical as it must seem, Europe had a soul far more international than in our own age, with all its incomparable modes of communication, — of centuries when nationalization had not yet made great headway upon that *European* nation, culturally speaking, whose homogeneity was the inspiration of the democratic Gothic civilization of the Middle Ages, and which we are just now setting about to reconstruct.

It is a little difficult to imagine modern people living in the quaint streets of Chartres. The holiday gave a Sabbath-like calm to the streets, through which moved only a little procession of orphans, shepherded by careful nuns, or a soldier or two, or English tourists, or families 'endimanchées.' Even a modern shop, here and there, decked out with an almost American glitter, did not destroy the provincial calm of the place, prosaic, Catholic, undisturbed, as its life must be.

Progress toward the soaring cathedral was difficult. The streets had the air of twisting themselves through a resisting mass of houses, with a curious indeterminateness of direction. Starting up hill, they would run down again with you, or bring you out suddenly at the top of a long flight of steps, or into a little graveled place by some incredibly worn old church, forlorn and deserted, or upon some curious old house, straddling the sidewalk, and propped up with carved pillars that might have stood in some old abbey or Gothic ruin. Or one came suddenly on the town hall, as aristocratic in its faded red and

buff as some contemporary marshal of Henry of Navarre. Through streets of fantastic names, — Street of the Great Stag, of the Golden Sun, of the White Horse, — one climbed toward the cathedral, and found it gloriously visible, with a 'place' before its façade from which one could get the perspective of its noble towers and not lose, as one does at Rouen, the splendor of the soaring piles in irritatingly diminished foreshortening.

What must have been the soul — not of the people, for they were but tools of a spirit — but of the community that raised this splendid bulk, now so sombrely gray and worn, its great blocks of stone curiously punctured, as if Time had been gnawing away at them? If it was the madness of fanaticism that caused the peasants to yoke themselves to the carts and drag the stones to rebuild their church in the twelfth century, what a divine madness, and how divine the reach and imagination of that social soul of theirs which inspired this splendid form! The contrast between the flaming splendors of these French façades and portals and the primitive squalor of the decaying houses at the foot of the cathedrals is eloquent of a time when it must really have been believed — O miracle of the Western world! — that the body and its comforts were as nothing, and only the soul had life. There is an austerity in this façade of Chartres that is absent from the flamboyant northern cathedrals; but the delicate perfection of the north tower, and the noble proportions of the south tower, quite unlike the north one but beautifully complementary to it, invest the whole picture with an incomparable gravity and sweetness, a richly sincere nobility.

Through a little portal at the side of the great gloomy wooden doors, ironclad as if for a castle rather than a church, I slipped into the overpowering majesty of the vaulted nave. In this rich Rembrandtian duskiness the eye only gradually distinguishes the superb march of the fluted columns down its broad and majestic length to the beautiful choir, on which all the light seems to converge, touching softly its gray lines which carry the eye up until they are lost in the vaulting above. The air of the nave was very thick and heavy; it seemed almost to lave the heavy columns and to flow into the dark side aisles. Whatever light filtered into them was shut from the nave by these columns, which, heavy as they were, fitted themselves in perfect purity of proportion to the vast spaciousness of height and breadth. The nave is one majestic dim vestibule before the lighted transept and choir. In no other church have I seen this sense of composition, this superb convergence and directness of aim. The soaring interior was a unity, and all the parts flowed together in concentration upon the supremely beautiful choir.

In this majestic vitality of Chartres, there was something infinitely mournful in the inevitable band of black-bonneted old women performing their devotions before the altars. After dozens of European churches, they have come to represent for me a sort of symbol of the receding Catholic religion; these vacant-faced, tragic old creatures seem a sort of last desperate bulwark against the encroachments of the modern spirit. If the old cathedral could think, would it not feel a touch of sad irony that its majesty, so unimpairedly human and divine, should have found little more serviceable use to-day than to quiet the fears and minister to the feeble hopes of these poor old creatures? Would it not desire to see the soul of the community at its feet grow superb enough again to learn how to use it worthily and magnificently for the glory of humanity?

UNION PORTRAITS

II. GEORGE H. THOMAS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THOMAS ranks among the highest as a general and is most winning as a man. But the fact that, although a Virginian, he remained true to the Union and fought against his state and family and friends gives perhaps the chief interest to the study of his character and mode of thought.

It will be advantageous to present first in the abstract all the arguments that appear to justify a military man in such a position.

First, there is the oath of allegiance. In all countries and under all governments it has always been held that the officer is bound to follow his flag, that he has accepted training and support under the constituted authorities, and that he is pledged to render obedience and to devote all his efforts and his life to carrying out the orders that come to him from his lawful superior. A man's conscience is, of course, higher than his military duty, but the instances where the two should be separated are very rare indeed.

In the case of our Civil War there was a great deal more to the question than mere mechanical loyalty. For nearly a hundred years the Union had grown and flourished, in spite of sharp political disputes. The possibilities of future expansion and prosperity were enormous. It needed but little prophetic vision to look forward to wealth and happiness for coming generations such as the world had hardly ever seen before. But a man who knew what war was, and what armies were, and what military government was, did not need to be told that such a future would be gravely imperiled, if the Union were shattered into fragments. To a man with that knowledge, the attempt to break up the Union was stupid, fatal, intolerable folly. This was what Robert E. Lee meant when he said: 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union.' And again, 'Secession is nothing but revolution.' And yet again, 'It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established and not a government by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution.'

It was not only the future of the United States that was involved, but the future of Democracy. Those who urged secession claimed to be defending popular government against a usurping executive. In reality nothing could show more clearly the danger of centralization to a republic than the history of the Confederacy. And the nation which was founded on state rights ended in a tragic — or comic — exhibition of building a strong central authority on state wrongs. Every one who longed passionately for the success of free institutions must have appreciated that there could be no greater

danger to such institutions than the establishment of two or a dozen confederacies watching perpetually in armed eagerness to cut each other's throats. A striking illustration of how forcibly this was felt by outsiders appears in a speech made by Disraeli in 1864, less often quoted than are some other English utterances of that time: 'After the conclusion of the war we will see a different America from that which was known to our fathers and from that even of which this generation has had so much experience. It will, I believe, be an America of diplomacy, it will be an America of rival states and of manœuvring Cabinets, of frequent turbulence and frequent wars.' You perceive from what the good Lord, working through Thomas and others like him, delivered us.

And if this was the patriotic view of a broad-minded American, it might have been equally the view of a loyal Virginian. What was fatal to the whole could not well be advantageous to the parts. If the preservation of the Union meant peace, freedom, and popular government for Maine, Illinois, and California, it meant the same thing for Virginia, and the destruction of the Union meant an abyss of possible disaster for Virginia also.

Writing formerly in the *Atlantic*, I had occasion to say that in the apparently most remote contingency of a secession of Massachusetts or of New England, I should follow my state even if the cause of such secession did not meet with my approval. I now repeat the statement without hesitating in the slightest. The love of home, the might of ancestral tradition, New England habits of thought and habits of affection are too deeply rooted in every fibre of my heart for me to take any risk of being exiled from them perpetually. But it may easily be maintained that one who followed a different course would show a broader, a more far-seeing, a more self-sacrificing patriotism, even as a New Englander.

Reasoning from analogy is always defective and often misleading, but when Southerners say, with Colonel McCabe, that Thomas turned his back on Virginia in the hour of her sorest need, I am tempted to put the matter thus. If a man sees his mother about to commit suicide in a fit of temporary insanity, which is more truly filial, to stand reverently by and watch her do it, or to do his best to restrain her, even with a certain amount of brutal violence?

So much for the line of argument that Thomas might have used. How far did he actually use it? Nobody knows. His numerous admirers are ready and eager to tell us what they thought, and what they think he ought to have thought and must have thought. But the actual reliable evidence as to his own mental processes is meagre in the extreme.

One thing we can say at starting, as positively as we can speak of any human motive. It is alleged that Thomas was governed by considerations of personal advantage and promotion. The same thing has been alleged in regard to Lee, and with just as much truth in one case as in the other. The characters of both men absolutely preclude the assignment, even the consideration, of anything so contemptible.

Further, Thomas is said to have been influenced by his wife, who was a New York woman. Probably he was, though Mrs. Thomas makes the almost incomprehensible assertion that 'never a word passed between General Thomas and myself, or any one of the family, upon the subject of his remaining loyal to the United States Government.' I say 'almost incomprehensible,' because the general spent the fierce winter of 1860–1861, when everybody was talk-

ing politics, with his wife in New York. And I repeat, probably he was influenced. Who is not, by his surroundings and by those he loves? Does any one believe that Lee was not influenced by Mrs. Lee and by his friends and family? But that either of these men could be persuaded to do anything he thought wrong, by his wife or by any one else, is a mere dream of prejudice and party passion.

What actual evidence we have, however, as to Thomas's attitude in that trying time goes practically all one way and, I think, shows beyond question that he had his hour of doubt and difficulty. The story, widely current at the South, that Thomas wrote to the Confederate authorities to know what rank would be given him if he joined them, may be rejected at once, on Thomas's own vehement statement, and was merely a misinterpretation of documents to be considered shortly. The explicit testimony of Fitzhugh Lee that Thomas told him in New York early in 1861 that he intended to resign cannot, of course, be for one moment disputed as to intentional veracity. It is possible, however, that Lee, in his own enthusiasm, may have taken Thomas more positively than was meant. Evidence less likely to be questioned by Northerners is furnished by Keyes, who knew Thomas well before the war and regarded him with the greatest esteem and affection. Keyes attributes the general's final decision to his wife, and adds, 'Had he followed his own inclination, he would have joined the Confederates and fought against the North with the same ability and valor that he displayed in our cause.'

Further, there are two letters of Thomas's which have a very interesting connection with the point we are discussing. On January 18, 1861, he wrote to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, the school in which Jackson was an instructor and which bore something like the same relation to the state that West Point bears to the nation, as follows: 'In looking over the files of the *National Intelligencer* this morning, I met with your advertisement for a commandant of cadets and instructor of tactics at the institute. If not already filled, I will be under obligations if you will inform me what salary and allowances pertain to the situation, as from present appearances I feel it will soon be necessary for me to be looking up some means of support.'

It is urged by Thomas's biographers that this letter has no political significance whatever, that the general was at that time doubtful about the effects of a severe injury recently received which he thought might disable him for further active service.

This explanation may be correct, but it must be admitted that the coincidence is singular and unfortunate. It becomes much more so when we weigh the language of another letter written on March 12, 1861. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, had caused the position of chief of ordnance of the state to be offered to Thomas, if he wished to resign from the United States service. Thomas replies: 'I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your very kind offer, that it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it; and therefore as long as my native State, Virginia, remains in the Union, it is my purpose to remain in the Army unless required to perform duties alike repulsive to honor and humanity.'

Here we have almost the identical words of Lee as to the Union, written at about the same time. 'I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation.' I do not see how any

unprejudiced person can doubt that up to the middle of March, at any rate, Thomas was divided between his loyalty to the Union and his loyalty to Virginia. The only shred of actual evidence on the other side is Colonel Hough's report of a conversation in which his chief declared that 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' But this conversation occurred long after the struggle was over, when time and bitter memories had accentuated everything, and by the phrase 'from the beginning,' the general may well have meant only the actual beginning of the war. To me the comment of Grant, who must have spoken from reliable hearsay, if not from personal knowledge, seems a perfectly satisfactory statement of the case. 'When the war was coming, Thomas felt like a Virginian, and talked like one, and had all the sentiments then so prevalent about the rights of slavery and sovereign states and so on. But the more Thomas thought it over, the more he saw the crime of treason behind it all.'

And why should any one blame him for hesitation in the matter? If he was a man, with a man's heart, and not a mere military machine, was he not bound to hesitate? The point would not be worth the space I have given it, if it were not for the folly of Northern apologists on the one hand, who insist that their hero must always have thought as they did, and for the cruelty of Southern partisans on the other, who insinuate ignoble motives where there is no possible foundation for them. Whatever may have been Thomas's doubts when the dispute was in a theoretical stage, the guns at Sumter settled the question for him. When he heard that echo, he wrote to his wife words which are equally significant of his decision and of his previous indecision: 'Whichever way he turned the matter over in his mind, his oath of allegiance to his Government always came uppermost.'

A few days later than this, in the very interesting letter of Fitz-John Porter printed in the Official Records (volume 107, page 351), we see Thomas assisting to hold others to their duty; and from that time on there is no indication of the faintest wavering or regret, any more than there is with Lee who had chosen the other side after a bitter struggle of his own. Indeed, with the progress of the war Thomas's language in regard to rebels and rebellion becomes more and more energetic, as appears in one very curious passage regarding deserters, written in April, 1864. 'I believe many of them return to the enemy after recruiting their health and strength, because they are rebels by nature, others because of family influence, and others like the drunkard to his bottle, because they have not sufficient moral courage to resist the natural depravity of their hearts.' In the last clause I think we see what Thomas would have felt to be the just analysis of his own psychological experience. He had found the moral courage to withstand a terrible trial.

As shown by Grant's remark above quoted, Thomas's attitude before the war in regard to slavery was probably that of the average moderate Southerner. He was never an extensive slaveholder. While in Texas he purchased a slave woman for actual needs of service, and rather than sell her again into the hands of strangers, he sent her home to Virginia at very considerable expense and inconvenience.

II

The difficulty we have met with in getting at Thomas's state of mind during the critical months of 1861 forms an excellent introduction to the study

of his character. There is the same difficulty in getting at his state of mind at any other time. He was very insistent that none of his private letters should be published after his death, and very few have been. His official correspondence is extensive; but it is singularly formal in character and tells us almost nothing about the man's soul, except that such reserve is in itself significant, and that even trifling hints of self-revelation become valuable in such a scarcity. Thus a letter that begins 'Dear Sherman,' is almost startling in its contrast to the usual staid formulæ of subordinate respect.

Not only in letters but in everything was Thomas reserved, self-contained, self-controlled. 'A boy of few words, but of an excellent spirit,' was about all the information that his biographer could gather as to his childhood. At West Point, where he was graduated in 1840, in the Indian campaigns, during the Mexican War, in which he distinguished himself greatly, and through the interval till the Civil War came, there is a similar record: quiet, faithful service, and no more said than was necessary; a strong, calm, patient, dignified soldier, ready alike for good and evil fortune. Nor did he appear differently throughout the great conflict, from his first victory at Mill Springs in January, 1862, through Shiloh and Perryville and Murfreesboro and Chickamauga and Chattanooga and Atlanta, to his last victory at Nashville, one of the most skillful and decisive battles of the war. Everywhere it was a question of deeds, not of words, of accomplishing the task set and making as little fuss about it as possible. Everywhere there was shrinking from cheap publicity and the advertising through self or others which did more for some reputations than great fighting. When asked to become a candidate for the presidency after the war, Thomas declined, giving as one reason, 'I can never consent, voluntarily, to place myself in a position where scurrilous newspaper men and political demagogues can make free with my personal character and reputation, with impunity.'

The advantages of this splendid poise and self-contained power in Thomas's character will bear analysis in many ways. Let us consider the negative advantages first. For one thing, Thomas was free from over-confidence. He did not press eagerly into undertakings beyond his strength, and consequently he and his army were saved the humiliation and demoralization that come from drawing back.

Moreover, Thomas was free from the brag and bluster which disfigure the glory of so many really able soldiers. He may have felt in his heart that he could do great things, but he did not proclaim it. Indeed, on this point he erred in the direction of excessive modesty. 'So modest was he that his face would color with blushes when his troops cheered him,' says one who knew him well. To be sure, his enthusiastic biographer observes, with fine discrimination, that when a modest man does break out, he does so thoroughly. A curious instance of this is a speech Thomas was forced to make after the war, in which, announcing that he was a modest man, he went on to explain his merits in refusing to take command when it was offered him to the detriment of his superior. A less modest man, with his wits more about him, would perhaps have left the remark to some one else.

On the other hand, a much more important illustration of the underlying truth and nobility of the general's nature appears in another speech in which he explained the battle of Nashville, and his chief concern seemed to be to point out his great mistake in

not making use of the cavalry to destroy Hood completely. You will go some distance before you find another commander busy enlarging on the things he ought to have done and did not do.

Again, Thomas's reserve saved him from the fault, too general on both sides during the war, of speaking harshly in criticism of his superiors or his subordinates, of allowing that jealousy of others' success, which is perhaps inseparable from human weakness, to become manifest in outward speech and action. It is rare indeed that he expresses himself with such frankness as about Schurz: 'I do not think he is worth much from what I have seen of him, and should not regret having him go'; or in regard to an expedition of Stoneman: 'The Stoneman raid turns out to be a humbug. . . . It seems that when twenty-five of the enemy are seen anywhere they are considered in force.'

On the other hand how admirable was the loyalty, based of course on sound judgment, which made him unwilling to be put in place of Buell on the eve of battle, and in the highest degree reluctant to succeed Rosecrans. When the latter change was first proposed, Dana writes that Thomas refuses absolutely; 'he could not consent to become the successor of Rosecrans, because he would not do anything to give countenance to the suspicion that he had intrigued against his commander. Besides he has as perfect confidence in the capacity and fidelity of General Rosecrans as he had in those of General Buell.'

Even when it would have been easy and natural to say something unpleasant, Thomas refrains, as in his comments on the victory at Chattanooga, won, as is usually supposed, quite contrary to Grant's plans. 'It will be perceived from the above report that the original plan of operations was somewhat modified to meet and take the best advantage of emergencies which necessitated material modifications of that plan. It is believed, however, that the original plan, had it been carried out, could not possibly have led to more successful results.'

If, as is sometimes asserted, Thomas was jealous of Grant, the moderation of the passage just cited is all the more noticeable. That there was a certain amount of the very human jealousy I have suggested above, is possible. How difficult it is to discriminate motives in such a case is shown by comparing General Wilson's description of Grant's first arrival at Chattanooga, wet, weary, and wounded, and Thomas's reception of him, with Horace Porter's account of the same scene. According to General Wilson, Thomas was completely out of sorts and treated Grant with inexcusable rudeness, arising, Wilson thinks, from smouldering jealousy. Porter, on the other hand, feels that the undeniable remissness on Thomas's part arose rather from preoccupation with other cares, and he analyzes excellently the probable facts as to the relation between the two great leaders. 'There is very little doubt that if any other two general officers in the service had been placed in the same trying circumstances there would have been an open rupture.'

III

So far, then, as to the negative advantages of Thomas's reserve and self-control. But the positive advantages were much greater. To begin with, he was by nature businesslike, a man of system. The story that his chief complaint of the enemy at Chickamauga, when everything was collapsing about him, was that 'the damned scoundrels were fighting without any system,' may be apocryphal, though I am inclined

to believe it. But all the evidence shows that he loved to have things work by rule, and arranged even little matters with patient care. He was always neat as to his dress and person. He liked a completeness even approaching display about his camp service and equipage, and had formal Negro attendants and silver tableware. All Sherman's efforts to reduce this equipment for the sake of example during the Atlanta campaign were quite unavailing, yet it does not seem to have resulted from any instinct of aristocratic superiority, but simply from an established habit. In the same way, Thomas insisted upon an elaborate administrative apparatus, and the story goes that Sherman, after unduly stripping himself, was very glad to make use of his subordinate's facilities in this direction.

It was the same with discipline. Thomas was always approachable, always kindly, but he wanted no time spent without a purpose, and even in accomplishing a purpose wanted methods to be brief and direct. This thoroughly businesslike element of his character is shown by nothing better than by the change which is said to have taken place in the army when Thomas succeeded Rosecrans. Rosecrans was brilliant but erratic, full of clever schemes, but without settled grasp on either men or movements. Under his control, or lack of control, administration had become utterly haphazard and unsystematic. With Thomas's appointment everything was altered. As Dana wrote, in his vivid fashion, 'order prevails instead of chaos.'

It was Thomas's habit, before starting on any important movement, to see that all pending matters of business were attended to, all papers properly arranged, his own signature affixed to every document that required it. Even matters of comparatively slight importance were not overlooked. Thus, on the morning of December 15, 1864, when he was riding through Nashville to begin the battle which he knew was the great and long-delayed crisis of his life, he stopped his whole staff in the street to give direction that fourteen bushels of coal should be sent to Mr. Harris, his neighbor. 'I was out of coal and borrowed this number of bushels from him the other day.' Has not such an anecdote the real ring of Plutarch? is it not as fine as Socrates's last payment of the cock to Æsculapius?

This thoroughness of method shows in all Thomas's military activity. 'The fate of a battle may depend on a buckle,' he once said to an officer whose harness broke. He wanted to know where he was going, what he was going with, what material he had with him and against him. He provided for all possible contingencies of accident. 'There is always a remedy for any failure of a part of Thomas's plans, or for the delinquencies of subordinates.' He left nothing to others that he could do himself. 'On a march or a campaign, he saw every part of his army every day. . . . If, when he was at the rear, the sounds indicated contact with the enemy, he passed on to the very front, where he often dismounted and walked to the outer skirmish line to reconnoitre.'

The extreme of this methodical care is displayed in his curious remark to Dana: 'I should have long since liked to have an independent command, but what I should have desired would have been the command of an army that I could myself have organized, distributed, disciplined, and combined.' It is a striking piece of irony that when Sherman left him in chief command to confront Hood, he should have had the exact opposite of this, an unorganized, incoherent, scattered, chaotic army, which he had to make before he used

it. He did make it, shape it, put it together, before he would stir one step. Then he struck the most finished, telling, perfect blow that was struck on either side during the war.

And the natural result of this splendid thoroughness was a universal reliability. Everybody, from the commander-in-chief to the camp-followers, trusted Thomas. When he telegraphed to Grant from Chattanooga, 'We will hold the town till we starve,' everybody knew there was no bluster about it, everybody knew the town would be held. In this connection perhaps the grandeur and force of his character made themselves more felt at Chickamauga than even at Nashville; and the soldiers' pet name, 'Rock of Chickamauga,' implies solidity and stability more than any other qualities. When everything is marching steadily to victory according to a preconceived plan, you may know the power that is behind, but you do not feel it directly and vividly. But when things go wrong, when strong men are breaking blindly, when disaster seems sweeping on beyond check or stay, then to lean back against one magnificent will, of itself sufficient to change fate, that indeed gives you a sense of what human personality can be.

It is in moments like these that a physique such as Thomas's, with all it expresses of the soul, is most imposing. He was tall, broad, solidly built, with firm, square shoulders and a full-bearded face as firm and square as the shoulders were. Some say that the expression was stern, some say kind and gentle. Probably it could be either according to circumstances; and I delight in Garfield's comment on the eyes: 'cold gray to his enemies, but warm blue to his friends.' Equally enthusiastic is Howard's denial of the charge of coldness and severity. 'To me General Thomas's features never seemed cold. His smile of welcome was pleasant and most cordial. His words and acts drew toward him my whole heart, particularly when I went into battle under him.' And this is the impression that I get most of Thomas as a battle-leader, one of immense comfort. Others may have been more showy, even more inspiring. To fight under Thomas was like having a wall at your back or a great battery to cover you.

IV

Naturally, characteristics so strongly marked as the reserve, and poise, and self-control we have been analyzing in Thomas carry some defects with them. Strongly marked characteristics always do. His love of system and the regular way of doing things did sometimes degenerate into a defect. This shows in little foibles of no moment except for what they indicate. Thus Thomas was walking one day with Sherman and they came across a soldier parching corn from the fields. Thomas commended him, but cautioned him not to waste any. As they passed on, Sherman heard the fellow mutter, 'There he goes, there goes the old man, economizing as usual.' And Sherman's characteristic comment is, 'economizing with corn which cost only the labor of gathering and roasting.'

Again, it is said that Thomas hated new clothes, and when his promotions began to come faster than he could wear out his uniforms, he was always one uniform behind. Of similar triviality yet significance is the story that when he was put into a good bed in a Louisville hotel, he could not sleep, but sent for his camp cot in the middle of the night.

More important in this line is his criticism of the Sanitary and Christian commissions. With all their usefulness, they were something of a nuisance

from the point of view of system, and Thomas complains, 'They have caused much trouble and could be easily dispensed with for the good of the service, as their duties are legitimately those of, and should be performed by, the medical department.'

Most illuminating of all for Thomas's mental constitution is his attitude toward rank, promotion, and official dignity. Advancement was slow in coming to him at first, partly perhaps because of his Southern antecedents, partly also because of his quiet discharge of duty without talk or political effort. When others were placed over him, he made no protest of ambition or desert, and was disposed to bear slights which merely touched his personal worth with dignified indifference. But the minute he felt that the regular order of procedure was interfered with, he was ready to object. Thus, when he is put under Mitchell, in 1861, he writes, 'Justice to myself requires that I ask to be relieved from duty with these troops, since the Secretary has thought it necessary to supersede me in command, without, as I conceive, any just cause for so doing.'

At a later date he is subordinated to Rosecrans and protests in the same spirit. 'Although I do not claim for myself any superior ability, yet feeling conscious that no reason exists for over-slaughing me by placing me under my junior, I feel deeply mortified and aggrieved at the action taken in the matter.'

This, I think, shows clearly the instinct of system, tending to harden into a red-tape habit. We can all imagine how differently Sherman would have written under similar circumstances, perhaps as follows: I don't care a jot whether the man is my senior or my junior. The one question is, can he do the work better than I? To speak frankly, I don't think he can.

Another curious case is Thomas's insistence on being transferred to the Pacific Department after the war. His biographer admits that he did not wish to go there, but was merely unwilling to see his rank degraded by having Schofield given the higher appointment.

Thomas's methodical temper is sometimes asserted to have given rise to a defect even more serious, that of excessive deliberateness, not to say slowness, in action. This much debated question is too purely military for a civilian to settle, but some discussion of it is necessary.

Perhaps the most severe criticism of Thomas comes from his own subordinate, Schofield, in connection with the Nashville campaign. Summed up very briefly and stripped of politeness, Schofield's charges are that Thomas should have concentrated and fought Hood earlier; that Schofield himself really won Nashville at Franklin; that when Nashville was fought it was Schofield's advice that made the victory complete; that on the second day of the battle Thomas's leadership was quite inadequate; and that Thomas's reports cannot have been written by himself, because he would have been incapable of omitting to give credit for his subordinate's achievements, — a civil way of insinuating that Thomas suppressed the truth. All this would be indeed overwhelming, if exact.

Milder critics insist that Thomas was slow at Nashville, notably Grant, both at the time and afterwards, repeating to Young the old story of the general's nickname of 'Slow-Trot Thomas,' acquired at West Point. But Grant rarely let Thomas's name be mentioned without some innuendo. Neither did Sherman, who, though often praising his subordinate's steadiness, complains of the difficulty of keeping him moving. 'A fresh furrow

in a ploughed field will stop the whole column and all begin to intrench.'

Cox, who knew Thomas well and admired him greatly and who has none of Schofield's obvious personal irritation, is inclined to agree with the latter that the general might have met and defeated Hood more promptly. And Colonel T. L. Livermore, after his minute and careful analysis of Thomas's whole career, inclines to the belief that in almost every one of his battles he might have accomplished more than he did, this being particularly the case in regard to Chickamauga. Colonel Livermore, however, admits that Thomas's greatness deserves all admiration, and that no one would question it if it were not for the fact that his biographers try to exalt him by depreciating everybody else. This they certainly do, with more ardor than discernment.

On the point of generalship I think we may conclude that, while perhaps Thomas had not the headlong aggressiveness of Sherman and Sheridan, of Jackson and Stuart, he had gifts so great, so successful, and so fruitful, — gifts not only of steadiness and far-reaching preparation, but also of broad conception and strategic intelligence, — that to find fault with him is an ungracious and a thankless task.

V

So far we have considered Thomas as a man of reserved power, of poise and self-control, and there is a general impression that he was cold and impassible, of a statuesque temperament, little subject to human passion and infirmity. Careful study shows that this is less true than might be supposed. The human passions were there, however watchfully governed.

Take ambition. Few men seem to have been freer from its subtle influence. Thomas declined advancement when it seemed to him unjust to others, declined to be put in Buell's place, declined to be put in Rosecrans's, declined to let Johnson set him up as lieutenant-general to interfere with Grant. He declined a nomination for the presidency because he felt himself not fitted for it. Nor did the more solid fruits of ambition tempt him. After the war he was offered a handsome house, but declined it. A large sum of money was raised for him. He declined it, though he was poor, and desired it to be expended for the relief of disabled soldiers.

Yet in one of the few letters that have come to us from his early days, there is a real human cry. 'This will be the only opportunity I shall have of distinguishing myself, and not to be able to avail myself of it is too bad.' And there is something equally human about a disclaimer of ambition in later days. 'I have exhibited at least sufficient energy to show that if I had been intrusted with the command at that time I might have conducted it successfully. . . . I went to my duty without a murmur, as I am neither ambitious nor have any political aspirations.' Now, don't you think perhaps he was a little ambitious, after all?

Again, take temper. Thomas had plenty of it under his outward calm. His vexatious biographers declare that, although no church member, he was devoutly religious, and used and allowed no profanity. I have no question as to the religion, but I have quoted some profanity above which sounds genuine — and good — to me, and there is more elsewhere. Also, there is evidence of magnificent temper. It is said that at West Point the young cadet threatened to throw a would-be hazer out of the window; but this may have been not temper, but policy. Later instances are indisputable. When an officer of his staff

misappropriated a horse, the general overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproach, drew his sword, ripped off the officer's shoulder-straps, and forced him to dismount and lead the horse a long distance to its owner. On another occasion a teamster was beating his mules over the head when the commander fell upon him with such a tumult of invective that the fellow fled to the woods and disappeared.

But the most interesting evidence as to Thomas's temper is his own confession in the admirable letter he wrote declining to be considered a candidate for the presidency. He gives a list of his disqualifications and places prominently among them, 'I have not the necessary control over my temper'; adding this really delightful piece of self-analysis: 'My habits of life, established by a military training of over twenty-five years, are such as to make it repugnant to my self-respect to have to induce people to do their duty by persuasive measures. If there is anything that enrages me more than another, it is to see an obstinate and self-willed man opposing what is right, morally and legally, simply because under the law he cannot be compelled to do what is right.'

Perhaps he would not have made a good president of the United States, since that individual must be subjected to visions of the above nature at rather frequent intervals.

Thomas was human in other aspects, also. He took a real human joy in fighting and victory. When the arrival of A. J. Smith assured success at Nashville, Thomas took Smith in his arms and hugged him. How pretty is the story Shanks tells of the general's eagerness in reporting Chickamauga to Rosecrans. 'Whenever I touched their flanks, they broke, general, they broke.' Then, catching Shanks's eye fixed upon him, 'as if ashamed of his enthusiasm, the blood mounted to his cheeks and he blushed like a woman.' Sherman says that when Atlanta was taken, 'The news seemed to Thomas almost too good to be true. He snapped his fingers, and almost danced.' The image of Thomas dancing for joy is of a peculiar gayety. Yet I have seen just such men do just such things.

As to the sense of humor, some maintain that Thomas had it not. Everybody has it, if you can find it. According to Horace Porter, the general took great delight in the jokes of a vaudeville entertainment with which the officers whiled away camp tediousness. One story told by Keyes, though homely, is so accordant with Thomas's methodical and mathematical temperament that I cannot omit it. Keyes was looking for a certain officer who was a great chewer and spitter, and as he sat at his desk, spat in winter into the fireplace, in summer out of the window. 'Now,' said Thomas, 'you may come in the window and follow up the line of tobacco juice on the floor, or you may descend the chimney and trace from that, and at the intersection of the two lines you will discover B.' Something in the anecdote seems to show something in the man.

If there is doubt about Thomas's humor, there is none whatever about his sensibility. It was, indeed, limited in character. He was a soldier and little else, and I find no trace in him of responsiveness to literature or art or even the beauty of nature. Though an industrious reader, his reading was confined to his profession and related subjects. But as a man and a soldier his feelings were of the keenest. The most striking testimony to this is the contemporary observation of Quartermaster Donaldson, writing to his superior Meigs; of a conversation held with the general in January, 1865. 'He feels very sore at the rumored intention to relieve

him, and the major-generalcy does not cicatrize the wound. You know Thomas is morbidly sensitive, and it cuts him to the heart to think that it was contemplated to remove him. He does not blame the Secretary, for he said Mr. Stanton was a fair and just man.'

The last sentence is as nobly characteristic as the preceding one. But the sensitiveness was there, and shows repeatedly under the stoical calm, as in the remark just before Nashville: 'Wilson, they treat me at Washington and at Grant's headquarters as though I were a boy'; and in the retort to Stanton, when they met after the war was over and the secretary declared that he had always trusted the general: 'Mr. Stanton, I am sorry to hear you make this statement. I have not been treated as if you had confidence in me.' Also, the general showed a very human susceptibility in his resentment of the criticism of Schofield.

And as Thomas was sensitive, so he was kindly and tender, though his grave manner sometimes bred the contrary opinion. Sherman even declares that he was too kind for discipline, and that at his headquarters everybody was allowed to do as he liked. This is Sherman's exaggeration, but Thomas was kind to officers and men: kind, considerate, approachable. The consideration showed in things slight, but eminently significant. For instance, it is said that on the march, if the general was riding hastily to the front, he would take his staff through swamps and thickets and leave the highway to the trudging soldiers. So, after the war, he was equally thoughtful of his old followers and of the enemy. And the proof of this is not only that his followers adored 'Old Pap,' but that in spite of excellent grounds for animosity Southerners usually speak of him with more admiration and respect than of almost any other Northern commander.

Nor, in speaking of Thomas's kindness, should we omit one most important feature of it, his tender regard for animals. Maltreatment of them roused him to fierce indignation, and horses, mules, dogs, cats, and even fowls, looked upon him as their peculiar friend and protector.

I wish I could say something about the general's more intimate personal relations. But he would have nothing published bearing upon them and it is right that his reticence should be respected, although I feel sure that the more closely we studied him, the more we should love him. Oddly enough, purely personal material does not often get into the Official Records, yet with Thomas, most secretive of men, we have one of the few documents that seem to speak directly from one heart to another. Among the formal correspondence bearing upon the battle of Nashville we find the following brief dispatch, — hitherto overlooked by the general's industrious biographers. 'Mrs. F. L. Thomas, New York Hotel, New York: We have whipped the enemy, taken many prisoners and considerable artillery.' These are bare and simple words. But when I think who wrote them, who read them, and all they meant, they bring tears to my eyes, at any rate.

So now we understand that this high-souled gentleman, for all his dignity and all his serenity, was neither cold nor stolid, and we are better prepared to understand the startling significance of his brief remark to one who was very close to him: 'Colonel, I have taken a great deal of pains to educate myself not to feel.'

Truly, a royal and heroic figure and one for all America to be proud of. Is it not indeed an immortal glory for

Virginia to have produced the noblest soldier of the Revolution and the noblest that fought on each side in the Civil War? Some day I hope to see her erect a worthy monument to one of the greatest of her sons. But, as she grows every year richer, more prosperous, more fortunate, more loyal in the Union for which he helped to save her, she herself, whether she wills it or not, will more and more become his noblest monument.

A TULIP GARDEN

BY AMY LOWELL

GUARDED within the old red wall's embrace,
Marshaled like soldiers in gay company,
The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson lace!
Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry
With scarlet sabres tossing in the eye
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.
Forward they come, with flaunting colors spread,
With torches burning, stepping out in time
To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are dead,
We cannot catch the tune. In pantomime
Parades that army. With our utmost powers
We hear the wind stream through a bed of flowers.

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

III. THE TREATY OF GHENT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

I

EXACTLY at midday of August 7, 1814, four Americans might have been seen earnestly consulting together in one of the rooms of the late Baron de Lovendeghem's residence at the corner of Rue des Champs and Rue des Foulons in the city of Ghent.

It was a notable conference, not only because of its historical significance, but by reason of the singularly harmonious atmosphere which pervaded it, for the participants had nothing in common save the fact that they represented the United States as Commissioners empowered to negotiate a treaty of peace with England, and their earlier meetings had not always been characterized by unanimity either of thought or of action. In fact, as individuals, the distinguished diplomatists in question had acquired a very pronounced distaste for one another's society during their protracted sojourn in Belgium, and as envoys they had been subjected to most mortifying treatment.

Under such circumstances it was no more than natural that the nerves of the official family should have become somewhat unstrung. Indeed, the only remarkable thing about the situation was that five men of such widely differing tastes and temperaments had managed to live under the same roof even for a day — to say nothing of six weeks.

The individual who sat at the head of the conference table was a well-dressed, scholarly-looking, middle-aged man, with short, clerical side-whiskers, whose solemn, but strong, face, and dignified, if not haughty, bearing gave him an air of authority of which he was apparently quite sufficiently aware. This was John Quincy Adams, as cultured and conscientious and altogether admirable a public servant as Massachusetts ever produced; and as fussy and prolix and altogether tiresome a companion as was ever inflicted on any company.

Near this impeccable and irritating gentleman sat a lank, uncouth, untidy and generally unpresentable citizen of the soil, redolent of tobacco and whiskey, whose thin, hard, clean-shaven and somewhat foxy face was softened by his twinkling eyes and the humorous expression of his mouth. Indeed, the whole aspect of the man depended on his expression. At serious moments he looked offensively ill-tempered and withered, but when he smiled he seemed positively youthful, and his great mass of light-colored (almost white) hair added to this effect, giving the impression of a big overgrown boy, careless of appearance and entirely unawed. He was, as a matter of fact, the youngest of the group assembled at the table, for Henry Clay was only thirty-seven when Fate ordained that he should be delegated to adjust a quarrel

which he had done his utmost to provoke.[1]

Beside this virile and vulgar representative of Kentucky sat a man whose patrician face and finely formed head, crowned with luxuriant black locks, emphasized the marked contrast between him and his whitish-haired, coarse-featured neighbor. But the two men were not only physically different, they were mentally and politically hostile, for James A. Bayard, ex-United States Senator from Delaware, had bitterly opposed the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812 and thoroughly disapproved of the swashbuckling, fire-eating appeals by which Clay had influenced public opinion in favor of the conflict. But Bayard's enthusiasm for peace had been considerably abated by his experiences in Europe as a Peace Commissioner; and had Clay been his companion for the fifteen months during which he had wandered over the Continent seeking peace but finding none, it is possible that he might have reached Ghent in a downright fighting mood. Fortunately for all concerned, however, his traveling companion during those trying days had been a man whose temperament was proof against all personal slights and whose patience was well-nigh inexhaustible. He was, in fact, the only one of the envoys who had no inherited prejudice against England, and to whom the war was not in any respect a family quarrel; for Albert Gallatin, though a loyal American by adoption, was by birth and inheritance a Swiss. Doubtless it was this saving quality that had enabled him to remain unperturbed in the face of the maddening delays and disappointments which he and his associate had encountered during their long diplomatic pilgrimage.

That exasperating experience commenced in May, 1813, when Gallatin resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury in order to act with Bayard as a Peace Commissioner, and sailed from Philadelphia with his colleagues, duly accredited to meet the representatives of England at St. Petersburg, where the Emperor of Russia was, presumably, to act as mediator between Great Britain and the United States.

The journey proved long and tedious, and when, at the end of ten weeks' traveling, the envoys at last reached their destination, they found that England had not sent and did not intend to send any commissioners, her government having, in the interim, declined the proffered mediation.

This was, to say the least, an awkward situation, and the embarrassment of the stranded envoys was increased by the fact that they could not gracefully retire from the scene, as they were advised that the Russian Emperor was renewing his offer of mediation and that there was good reason to suppose that England would not offend him by again rejecting his friendly offices.

Months of uncertainty had followed, during which the luckless diplomats were neither officials nor private citizens; so when they had finally learned from a friendly correspondent that England was willing to treat directly with the United States, they traveled to London on the strength of that information. But at the British capital they had discovered that no commissioners had been appointed to meet them and that the plan for direct negotiation was still very much in the air. At last, however, they received word that a new Commission had been appointed by the United States, consisting

[1] Adams asserts in his diary that Jonathan Russell (the fifth American Commissioner) claimed to be Clay's junior. But Russell was then evidently seeking an excuse for his subservience to Clay. He was not present at the conference of August 7.

of Adams, Clay, Jonathan Russell [1] and themselves, and that Gothenburg had been selected as the diplomatic battleground. This was cheering news indeed, but before they reached Gothenburg they were advised that the meeting place had been changed to Ghent, and there most of the party had assembled in the last week of June, 1814.

II

After such an experience it was, of course, eminently fitting that the representatives of the United States should be properly housed. For more than a year they had been wandering from pillar to post, and the national dignity demanded that they should acquire a permanent abode. Doubtless it was this fact that induced the envoys to lease the de Lovendeghem residence soon after their arrival in Ghent; and had they been content to utilize it solely for the transaction of their official business all might have passed off well. Unfortunately, however, they invited trouble for themselves by deciding to live as well as work in the building, and the friction of daily living in close quarters was soon more than one of the inmates was able to endure; for no house was big enough to hold John Quincy Adams and his *bête noire*, Henry Clay.

Indeed, the official family had not much more than begun to settle down in its new abode before Adams rebelled at dining with his associates, who 'sat long at table drinking bad wine and smoking cigars,' and otherwise proving anything but agreeable companions for a man of his puritanical habits and tastes. He accordingly took refuge at a neighboring *table d'hôte*, but after a few days he swallowed his disgust (doubtless at the expense of his digestion) and thereafter schooled himself to participate in all the family repasts. This self-sacrificing move was, strangely enough, occasioned by the regret which Clay contrived to express at his confrère's retirement from the convivial board; and much as the scion of New England is to be commended for forcing himself to rub elbows with the raw Kentuckian whose personal habits and table manners were far from pleasant, Clay is entitled to something very like heroic honors for diplomatically saddling himself with the company of a man who, by the very excess of his virtue, was a kill-joy to the free and easy.

With such commendable forbearance and courtesy on the part of the protagonists in this ill-mated household, it is probable that all personal friction would have been reduced to a minimum had the English Commissioners arrived promptly on the scene. But they were not on hand by the time the Americans had completed their living arrangements, and as day after day slipped by without any news of them, the waiting diplomats grew more and more bored by their own society and dissatisfied with their surroundings.

Adams was the only one of the party who had had any extended experience in diplomacy, but that did not reconcile his associates to his assumption of leadership, and his inborn superiority and pompous piety fairly maddened them. It is not difficult to understand this state of affairs. The voluminous journal in which Adams recorded all his thoughts and actions reveals the situation at a glance.

'I usually rise between five and six,' he wrote at about this time, 'but not so regularly as heretofore, my hour of retiring at night being more irregular. I begin the day by reading five chapters of the Bible and have this day finished in course the New Testament. I then write till nine o'clock, when I breakfast alone in my chambers. . . . I have this month frequented too much the

[1] Formerly Chargé d'Affaires at London.

theatre and public amusements. . . . May I be cautious not to fall into any habit of indolence or dissipation.'

No wonder this worthy but complacent diarist looked askance at Clay's all-night card parties and general air of irresponsibility, and that the friction between the members of that incongruous *ménage* engendered a dangerous amount of heat as the long summer days dragged on.

Meanwhile nothing was heard of the British delegation, and at the end of a month and a half the situation began to be humiliatingly ridiculous. Here were five Americans, who had traveled thousands of miles to confer with England, left to cool their heels in a little Belgian town, without as much as a word of apology, even of explanation. Such contemptuous treatment would have been offensive under any circumstances, but in view of their elaborate preparations it was well calculated to make the marooned diplomats and their country the laughing-stock of the whole world. It is therefore not at all surprising that the atmosphere of the de Lovendeghem residence was anything but genial during the midsummer of 1814.

On the evening of August 6, however, the long-expected British Commissioners actually arrived, but the manner in which their advent was announced did not tend to smooth the ruffled feathers of their opponents. On the contrary, it added insult to injury, for the newcomers, instead of apologizing for their tardy appearance, sent word that they were quartered at the Hôtel Lion d'Or, where the Americans could attend them on the morrow for the purpose of exchanging credentials; and it was to consider this cool proposition that four of the five United States Commissioners assembled at noon on Sunday, August 7.

It did not take them long to agree upon a course of action. Indeed, if the representatives of Great Britain had studied how they could best serve their discordant adversaries, they could not have hit upon a happier plan; for from the moment that they were summoned to attend at the Englishmen's lodgings the American envoys laid aside their personal differences and became, for the time being at least, a unit. The immediate result was that they determined without a dissenting vote to decline the patronizing invitation. It was not the fire-eating Clay, however, but the judicial Adams who was for handling the situation without gloves. The suggestion which had been made to them was, he declared, an offensive pretension to superiority, based on the usage of ambassadors toward ministers of an inferior order; and supporting his assertion with a citation from Martens, he moved that the British Commissioners be advised that the representatives of the United States would meet them at any time and place *other than their own lodgings*. Indeed, once he was in the saddle, it was difficult to prevent the doughty Puritan from throwing himself headlong against the foe. But Gallatin finally persuaded him that a flank attack would be more effective, and the upshot was that a note was dispatched to the Lion d'Or, informing its distinguished patrons that the Americans would meet them at any place *which might be mutually convenient*, preferably the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

This delicate hint was not lost upon the Englishmen, who promptly accepted it, and the honors of the opening move thus rested with those who, up to that moment, had been playing a lone hand in the diplomatic game.

One o'clock of August 8 was the day and hour assigned for the first joint conference of the Commissioners, and at that time the Americans appeared

at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, where they learned that the British representatives had already arrived. They accordingly passed at once into the apartment reserved for the occasion, where they were courteously greeted by a man of fine appearance, whose florid, clean-shaven, characteristically English face was highly intelligent and brimful of health and vitality. This was James, Lord Gambier, Admiral of the White Squadron, ex-Governor of Newfoundland, and a former lord of the Admiralty, whose life from earliest boyhood had been spent at sea and whose vessels were known in the British navy as 'praying ships,' for his Lordship was a stout churchman as well as a hard fighter.

His second in command on this occasion was a young man not over thirty years of age, with a keen, clean-shaven face, an ungracious manner, and a very uncertain temper. This youthful envoy was Henry Goulburn, Under Secretary for War and the Colonies, who had only recently been elected to Parliament and who was almost unknown in England, although destined, before many years, to become Chancellor of the Exchequer and one of the foremost British statesmen of his time.

The other English Commissioner was a barrister of no particular distinction, for although Dr. William Adams had a well-earned reputation as a specialist in certain branches of the law, he was not a prominent member of the English Bar, and was utterly unknown outside his own country. In fact, the only qualification that he possessed for the work that lay before him was his knowledge of practice in the Admiralty courts — an advantage which was more than offset by his brusque manners and by his total unfamiliarity with international affairs. Indeed, Goulburn was the only member of the party who had had any training whatsoever in diplomatic negotiations, and it was soon apparent that the British government did not repose much confidence in its official representatives.

Probably the authorities in London believed that the issue would be controlled by events rather than by arguments. But if this was not the explanation of their strange selection of plenipotentiaries, it obviously accounted for their delay in opening the negotiations, for the success of the British land forces in America during the past seven months could not be gainsaid, and there was every prospect that the summer campaign would greatly increase the advantage. Certainly from a military standpoint England could not have hit upon a more favorable moment for discussing a cessation of hostilities, and doubtless the British Ministers felt that they could practically dictate the terms of peace by the time their negotiators appeared in Ghent.

Under such circumstances it was to be expected that Lord Gambier and his associates would take a high stand with their adversaries, and the Americans well knew that a hard fight lay before them. But prepared as they were for serious work, they had no suspicion of the extravagant demands upon which England had determined. The surprise was not delayed, however, for immediately after the interchange of formal courtesies Goulburn proceeded to outline his instructions, which provided, among other things, for the inclusion of the Indian allies of Great Britain as parties to the negotiation, and for the creation of a neutral zone for their protection. Both of these points, he stated, would have to be regarded as conditions precedent to the conclusion of any treaty. This sounded vague and somewhat ominous, but the Americans made no comment, and it

was not until after two or three formal meetings that the young cabinet official saw fit to enter upon further details of the British demands, which were well calculated to make his American auditors stare and gasp. The neutral zone for the benefit of the Indians, he explained, was to be formed by surrendering to them all of the region now occupied by Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, most of Indiana, and part of Ohio. This was to form a barrier between Canada and the United States, and was not to be alienated to either England or America. Then, parts of Maine and New York were to be ceded to Great Britain in a revision of the boundary line; the forts at Niagara and Sackett's Harbor were to be dismantled, and the United States was to agree that it would never maintain any armed force on the Great Lakes or the rivers emptying into them; leaving Great Britain, however, free to do so.

To these and a few minor requirements the American Commissioners listened with unfeigned astonishment. Then Gallatin ventured to inquire what was to become of the citizens of Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio after their territory had been handed over to the Indians, and was brusquely informed that they would of course have to shift for themselves.

This was quite sufficient to bring the conference to a close, and merely requesting that the propositions be reduced to writing, Adams and his colleagues withdrew to their headquarters. Possibly this quiet reception of their ultimata encouraged the British Commissioners to believe that they had raised issues which would effect a welcome delay in the proceedings by forcing their opponents to seek new instructions from Washington. But if so, they were speedily disillusioned, for an official answer was promptly laid before them, refusing to proceed any further with the negotiations on the lines suggested.

This response would doubtless have been even more promptly delivered had it not been for the fact that when Adams attempted to draft it, all his colleagues attacked his composition, amending and correcting it until very little of the original remained. There was something positively pathetic in Adams's bewilderment at this merciless treatment of his carefully considered pages. He had played the schoolmaster so long that he could scarcely believe his eyes and ears when he found his authority disputed. But his colleagues had suffered from the worthy doctrinaire for many weeks, and they were in no mood to spare him when their hour arrived. Thus Gallatin took the sting out of all his spirited rejoinders; Clay eliminated all his figurative language; Bayard remoulded all his pet sentences; and, as a crowning insult, Russell corrected his punctuation, his capitalization, and his spelling! Indeed, among his four critics, the indignant author had difficulty in saving even a fraction of his precious screed, for they all supported one another in the work of destruction and, to his mind, the document, as finally submitted to the British plenipotentiaries, was a sorry piece of patchwork, wholly insufficient and unscholarly.

It served, however, to make Lord Gambier and his associates suspect that they might, perhaps, have gone a trifle too far and a bit too fast, and their suspicions were confirmed when they learned that the American Commissioners were preparing to depart from Ghent. This move might have been planned for strategic effect, but it was not. On the contrary, the majority of the United States envoys were firmly convinced that their mission was at an end, and only one of them entertained a different view. This solitary optim-

ist, however, according to Adams, possessed 'the inconceivable notion that the British would recede from their position.'

There was no tangible basis for that 'inconceivable notion.' But Clay was an inveterate gambler, accustomed to bluffing, and one of his favorite games was what was then called '*brag*.'

III

Ten days passed before anything more was heard from the British Commissioners, for they had submitted 'the patchwork reply' to their superiors; and meanwhile the Americans continued to prepare for departure. In fact, they actually notified their landlord of their intention to vacate at the end of August, but finally agreed to continue the lease fifteen days longer at the rate of twelve hundred francs a month. It certainly seemed as if the business would be concluded within that time, for when the response of the British Commissioners was received it did not withdraw the objectionable demands, but merely announced that the neutral zone for the Indians need not be regarded as a condition precedent to further discussion. The Americans therefore promptly replied that this would not be satisfactory, and repeated their refusal to enter on any negotiations based on such terms. Indeed, they had determined among themselves to waste no time debating impossible conditions, but to force England to show her hand with the least possible delay.

This bold decision was unquestionably influenced by the 'brag' expert, who continued to 'sense' the situation with his gaming instincts. As a matter of fact, however, the whole party had been playing cards since its last joint effort at drafting a reply, and there are two entries in Adams's diary of about this date which are eloquent proof that while all the diplomats were gaining experience at the card-table, some of them were showing far greater aptitude than the others. For instance, on September 4, the Puritan Abroad wrote: —

'We spent the evening at cards. The party broke up at midnight, and after they [the visitors] were gone Mr. Clay won from me at a game of "all fours" the picture of an old woman I had drawn in the lottery. He also won from Mr. Todd the bunch of flowers which Mr. Russell had drawn, and which Todd had won from Mr. Russell.'

Evidently the fever for gambling was running scandalously high in the diplomatic circle. Again, on the 8th, Adams writes, 'I was up nearly an hour before I had daylight to read or write. Just before rising I heard Mr. Clay's company retiring from his chamber. I had left him with Mr. Russell, Mr. Bentzon, and Mr. Todd, at cards.'

It was on the day following this all-night session at 'brag' that the English Commissioners were informed that their 'bluff was called,' and they hastened to communicate the news to London. Indeed, by this time it was apparent that they were plenipotentiaries only in name, and that their principal function was to act as scapegoats for the mistakes of their superiors. At all events, in this instance they were severely taken to task by the London authorities for having 'misunderstood their instructions,' and were ordered to advise the Americans that neither the Indian barrier nor the exclusive control of the Lakes was a prerequisite to peace, although it would still be necessary to admit the Indians as parties to any treaty which might result from the negotiations.

This was, of course, a most material concession, and to reject it as insufficient required courage, for the war had been going steadily against the United States all the summer, and the British

envoys saw to it that their adversaries were advised of that fact by providing them with the latest London papers. This thoughtful attention, however, did not produce its intended effect. On the contrary, it seemed to the company on Rue des Champs suspiciously like 'overbidding their hand,' and it was not surprising if the 'brag' enthusiasts interpreted the diplomatic manœuvres in the terms of that game, for some of them were certainly devoting themselves to its study. For example, on the day after the British note was received, Adams carefully recorded the fact that 'there was another card party in Mr. Clay's chambers last night. I heard Mr. Bentzon retiring from it after I had risen this morning'; and under the same date he noted the attitude of his colleagues toward the latest demands from London, which indicated that they would reject them forthwith.

The framing of the formal reply to that effect did not, however, fall upon Adams. Indeed, the high-minded diarist was by this time in a very chastened mood, for to his intense chagrin his associates had continued to treat his literary efforts most disrespectfully, virtually tearing to pieces everything he wrote. 'This must be in great measure the fault of my composition,' he naïvely remarked to his journal, 'and I ought to endeavor to correct the general fault from which it proceeds.' Doubtless the estimable gentleman, whose humbled pride is surely provocative of tears, did earnestly endeavor to correct his ponderous style; but, although his ideas were often approved, his voluminous manuscripts never were, and after weeks of painful badgering he retired in favor of Gallatin, who thereupon assumed the duty of drafting the official correspondence.

Under this new régime the third rejection of Great Britain's demands was prepared with a view to its effect in London and with no thought of influencing the individuals to whom it was formally addressed. Indeed, Gambier and his associates, having been relegated by their government to the rôle of messengers, were no longer regarded as factors in the negotiation. It was therefore with no surprise that the Americans learned that their last communication had been forwarded to England, and that there would be another long and wearisome delay before the negotiations could proceed.

This was of course an inevitable consequence of playing the game of 'brag' by correspondence, but it placed the representatives of the United States at a great disadvantage, as each day of enforced idleness put an additional strain on their tempers and threatened to end in ruining their team-work. Thus far they had managed to conceal their personal differences and to present an unbroken front to their adversaries. The atmosphere of the uncongenial household, however, had long been too highly charged for safety, and before the receipt of the fourth British note, Clay and Adams collided, an explosion followed, and Jonathan Russell, gathering up his belongings, sought peace and seclusion in the Hôtel des Pays Bas.

Indeed, it is quite possible that this defection might have ended in a complete disruption of the official family had not news of the capture and partial destruction of Washington created a diversion. These discouraging tidings were speedily followed by a new note from the British government, and the warring Peace Commissioners again laid aside their private quarrels to work for the common cause.

But the baneful effect of internal friction was thereafter apparent in their official conferences, for even when it was known that the long-expected

response from Great Britain accepted amnesty for the Indians in place of the objectionable treaty rights, they almost lost sight of the significance of the concession in sharply debating trifles. It was finally agreed, however, that the amnesty should be regarded as satisfactory, but the drafting of the official announcement of this fact precipitated something very like an open quarrel. Gallatin and Clay wanted the document to be short. Adams insisted that it be long, and that it be accompanied by an argument for the cession of Canada to the United States! Even the lifelong gamblers were staggered by such reckless plunging on the part of the novice at cards, but the passion for bluffing had taken possession of Adams, and he stuck to his point until it was summarily vetoed by the other Commissioners.

After this colossal attempt to outbrag the other side, any play naturally seemed tame, and the answer which was finally drafted by Clay was extremely distasteful to Adams, who 'disliked it in all its parts' and did not hesitate to say so. Nevertheless his objections were overruled, and his discomfiture was not lessened by his successful opponent who openly 'railed at commerce and Massachusetts, and told what wonders the people of Kentucky would do if they should be attacked.'

The next communication from London, however, tended to unite the disputants, for it incorporated a new demand, that the existing state of the war should be taken as the basis of the contemplated treaty. That is to say, each side was to be confirmed in its ownership of whatever territory was then occupied by its military forces. The acceptance of such a proposition by the United States would have been, of course, a virtual admission of defeat, for Great Britain had acquired control of a considerable area by the spring of 1814, and there was reason to believe that she had more than held her own during the summer months. But discouraging as the war news had been, the Americans were not ready to admit that their adversaries held more than a temporary advantage, and they promptly announced that unless this was conceded the negotiations must end then and there.

This defiant communication was at once forwarded to London, where the authorities hastened to lay the situation before the Duke of Wellington, offering him supreme command of the British forces in America; and the fate of the negotiation hung on his reply.

But Wellington displayed no enthusiasm for the commission. On the contrary, he announced that while he was ready to obey the orders of his government, he did not believe that the military situation in any way justified the demands which were being pressed upon the United States.[1] The result of this frank avowal was a withdrawal of the claims, and an announcement of that fact reached Ghent October 31.

IV

Meanwhile the American Commissioners, finding time hanging heavy on their hands, had resumed their petty wrangling, the upshot of which was that Clay finally followed Russell's example and retired to lodgings of his own. But this did not entirely clear the social atmosphere, for there was some confusion in the distribution of official invitations, which resulted in Clay's finding himself at a function at which he was not expected, and both he and

[1] Wellington's judgment was completely confirmed by the events of the war, for during September, 1814, England met with a series of reverses which neutralized all the advantages she had previously gained.

Russell took offense at being classed among the secretaries when certain courtesies were extended to the diplomats by local societies. The relations between the envoys were therefore none too pleasant when the British government suggested that they prepare and submit the outline of a treaty, and Adams and Clay were soon at loggerheads.

This time, however, the differences between the two men were political as well as personal, for Clay insisted on demanding that England surrender all her rights to the navigation of the Mississippi, which she had acquired by a former treaty, Adams was equally keen for the continuation of the fishing rights secured by the same document, and each was willing to sacrifice the other's pet project to advance the interest he espoused. The more this subject was debated the hotter the disputants became, and when Adams, notwithstanding his resignation as official draftsman, attempted to resume that rôle, he found three fourths of his manuscript ruthlessly eliminated by his associates.

But accustomed as he had become by this time to such treatment, there was one provision in his draft for which the zealous statesman was prepared to fight, and fight for it he did with all the resources at his command. The gist of his proposal was that peace should follow the mutual restoration of all territory and property taken by either side during the war, and that all matters in dispute between the two countries should be allowed to remain exactly as they were before the war until decided by future and pacific negotiations.

Of course under such an arrangement the question of impressment of seamen and the other issues which had brought about the conflict would remain wholly unadjusted, and Clay, remembering his passionate crusade in defense of American sailors, was loath to see no vindication of their rights. First he declared that the instructions of the government did not admit of a treaty based on any such proposition; and then, being outvoted, he protested that he would not sign any document embodying it. But finally, after he had backed and filled for many days, he appended his signature.

More than two weeks passed before any reply was received to this momentous communication, and meanwhile dispatches arrived from the Washington government expressly authorizing the envoys to conclude peace on precisely the terms for which Adams had so stoutly and successfully contended. This, of course, disposed of Clay's objections, but when on November 26 the long-expected response arrived from England, he completely lost his temper, for the British authorities, while making no reference to the question of the fisheries, expressly stipulated for the continuance of Great Britain's privileges in regard to the navigation of the Mississippi.

This immediately precipitated a violent dispute between Adams and Clay which threatened to bring the entire negotiation to a disastrous close. Gallatin, however, handled the combatants with consummate skill, displaying such sympathy, tact, humor, and patience that his influence was irresistible, and a compromise was finally effected which permitted the business to proceed. This compromise took the form of an offer on behalf of the United States to concede to England the right of navigating the Mississippi in exchange for the continuation of the fishing privileges; but Clay did not surrender with good grace. Indeed, he asserted that the Commission was making 'a damned bad treaty,' and intimated more than once that he would not sign

it. But by this time Adams had regained control of his temper, and when Gallatin, losing patience, commented severely on Clay's unseasonable trifling, the Kentuckian yielded, and the joint conferences were renewed.

Had the English envoys been aware of the dangerous split in their opponents' ranks they might have manœuvred effectively to widen the breach. Not a sign of their bitter internal strife was visible, however, when the Americans met their adversaries face to face. To all outward appearances they were men of one mind, with a settled policy, ready to support each other on every point at a moment's notice. Indeed, their magnificent exhibition of team-play and their solid, formidable front, maintained with the utmost gravity, produced a moral effect which unquestionably hastened the result.

But the heart-breaking compromise which had almost rent them asunder was not accepted by the English Commissioners, who, after much discussion, finally submitted a counter-proposition to reserve all questions concerning the Mississippi and the fisheries for future negotiation. The Americans immediately saw that such an agreement might be construed as a waiver of what they deemed to be their rights. But there was no longer any scope for further give-and-take. Adams and his associates therefore proposed that a treaty be concluded without any mention of either of the hotly disputed claims, and this suggestion was eventually accepted by the English Commissioners. Still, the result was not reached without a hard struggle, for Gambier, Goulburn, and Dr. Adams, although overmatched by their opponents in point of ability, displayed good fighting qualities, and the end did not come until the year (1814) was drawing to a close. On Christmas Eve, however, the Commissioners gathered to sign the completed document, and as Adams delivered the American copies to Lord Gambier, he expressed the hope that it would be the last treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States.

Thus ended the great game of diplomatic 'brag' which, played to a finish, left each side a winner and promoted a friendship which has lasted throughout a hundred years.

THE AFTERNOON RIDE OF PAUL REVERE COLUMBUS DOBBS

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

Paul Revere Columbus Dobbs, more generally known in the family circle and throughout Riverport by the abbreviated title of 'Polly Clum,' stood before his mother in an attitude of respectful attention.

Mrs. Dobbs, tall, portly, and majestic, in a freshly ironed green-and-yellow striped calico gown and a turkey-red turban of towering proportions, admonished her son, punctuating her mandates with a menacing forefinger.

'You shif'less, fedder-headed, refactory young one, you listen ter me an' you listen keerful, too. I's goin' ter Brayton ter wash fer Mis' Cunnle Porter an' I specs ter be gone mos' all day. I's goin' ter take C'nelia 'Melia wid me, but de odder chilluns you done got ter min' ter hum. An' doan' you cut no sech monkeyshines wid 'em ez you done cut de day yer pa an' me went ter de gin'ral mustard. Ef you does I'll sholy skun yer hide when I gits back. You hyer me?'

Polly Clum curled his toes meekly on the kitchen floor.

'Yas'm,' he responded earnestly, 'I's lis'nin' wid all mah ears an' eyes.'

'I specs you ter do eberything ter 'muse dem chilluns an' keep 'em outer trouble,' Mrs. Dobbs continued. 'Doan' you let Moses Pharaoh git afire, an' doan' you let dem twins paddle in dat tub ob bluein' water in de yard. You know dat whateber Florindy Lady Washin'ton does, Lucindy Queener Scots is boun' ter foller. An' doan' you let 'Mericus Poleum touch de cole poke an' beans tell dinner time. I's hid de merlasses jug where none ob you cyan't find it. You goin' ter 'bey mah deflections, huh?'

'Yas'm,' reiterated Polly Clum, 'I's sholy goin' ter do zackly ez you tells me, mammy.'

Mrs. Dobbs, somewhat reassured by Polly Clum's humble and attentive demeanor, modified her tones.

'Poll Rebere C'lumbus,' she said solemnly, 'inter yer han's I's done c'mitted de 'tegrity and de poppilarity ob de Dobbs fambly fer de res' ob dis day. Lib up ter de ingrejents ob yer fambly, Polly C'lum. 'Member dat yer pa's grandpa warn't no common, low-down, slabe nigger from Carliny, ner no sech place. He was brung straight ter Rhode Islan' off 'n de gole coast ob Africky. Neber fergit dat you is a descenderation ob a Guinea.'

'No, mammy, I ain't a-goin' ter fergit it,' replied Polly Clum, rearing his kinky crest proudly. 'All de time you is gone I's a-goin' ter keep a-sayin', "I's a descenderation! I's a descenderation!"'

''Member, too,' went on Mrs. Dobbs, greatly encouraged by the evident impression she had produced upon her offspring, who usually displayed a callous indifference to the grandeur of the family tree, ''member, too, dat you was n't baptized by no low-down, onregenrit name. Yer pa an' me gib you de names ob two ob de most extin-

guished pussons dat eber transmigrated de yearth. Ole Gin'ral Poll Rebere owned de fastest racehorse ob Rebolutionary times. An' Cap'n C'lumbus was a gret trabeller an' diskivered 'Merica afore Wash'n'ton was selected pres'dunt. You lib up ter dem names, Polly Clum. 'T'ain't eberybuddy done got sech 'sponsible names ez you has.'

'Yas'm, mammy, I's goin' ter lib right clus 'longside ob 'em,' cried Polly Clum with enthusiasm. 'I's a-goin' ter hole onter dem names by de wool. I is sholy.'

Mrs. Dobbs heaved a sigh of satisfaction, but further admonitions on her part were cut short by the rumble of wheels outside the house, and the entrance of Americus Napoleon, shouting excitedly, —

'Cunnle Porter done come fer you, mammy, an' he done come in a shay!'

Mrs. Dobbs hastily shrouded her turban in a green veil, wrapped the two-year-old Cornelia Amelia in an ancient blue shawl, and hurried out to the waiting conveyance. The children clambered upon the fence and watched her movements with interested eyes. As the colonel's old gray horse started down the dusty road, Moses Pharaoh uttered an ear-piercing whoop expressive of delight. But whether delight at his parent's departure, or at her departure in such state, did not appear.

Polly Clum maintained a dignified silence until the chaise disappeared around a curve in the road. Then, assuming as far as possible his mother's tone and manner, he proceeded to issue his commands for the day.

'You, Florindy Washin'ton, don't stan' thar a-gappin' at me but hike inter de house an' tackle dem breakfus' dishes. 'N' you, Lucindy Queener, lif' dem lazy feets an' git Jinson Johnson ter sleep. 'Mericus Poleum, did n't you done hyer me tell you ter grapple de axe? You an' Mose Pharaoh take de bushel baxits an' romble inter de grove an' c'lec' some kin'lin' wood. An' you, Prunella Ar'bella, you bresh up de kitchen floor an' doan' let any dirt gedder under yer heels while you is doin' it.'

Americus Napoleon, as being next in age to Polly Clum, displayed a somewhat mutinous spirit.

'T'ink I's goin' do all de wuk an' you do nuttin' but speechify?' he demanded. 'I kin lick de wool off'n yer haid, I kin.'

''Mericus,' Polly Clum responded loftily, 'de 'tegrity an' de poppilarity ob dis fambly is mistrusted ter me fer de day, an' I's goin' ter circumspeck 'em both. You may fergit you is a descenderation, but I's a-goin' ter 'member it. Yaas, sir. You hop out ter dem woods.'

Silenced, if not convinced, Americus, followed by Moses Pharaoh, betook himself to his alloted task, and Polly Clum entered the kitchen and perched himself on the back of a broken chair. Thus enthroned, he calmly chewed spruce gum while Florinda and Prunella performed their domestic labors, stimulated to unusual diligence by occasional prods of his swinging foot.

Lucinda, obedient to orders, sat rocking the infant Jinson Johnson in her arms while she crooned her own particular version of the nursery rhyme, —

> Bile ober, Baby Buntin',
> Yer daddy's done gone huntin'
> Ter fotch a li'l' rabbit skin
> Ter wrop de bilin' baby in.

Incited by this suggestive ballad, Jinson Johnson proceeded to 'bile over' in a series of blood-curdling shrieks, which were finally silenced only by the sacrifice of a large lump of moist brown sugar which the harried Queen of Scots had abstracted from the sugar-bowl, that morning, for her own delectation.

When the dishes were at last finished, the kitchen tidied, and Jinson Johnson locked in saccharine slumber, Polly Clum relaxed his dignity sufficiently to propose an adjournment to the yard for a game of hide-and-seek. By the time this pastime was ended it was high noon and the twins repaired indoors to prepare dinner. Americus and Moses appeared with the kindling wood, very tired, hungry, and rebellious. Even the cold pork, beans, and brown bread, temptingly arranged upon the wash-bench under the shade of a spreading apple tree, failed to pacify the defiant spirit of Americus.

'I tell you what, Polly Clum,' he declared shrilly, 'I's jest ez nigh related ter Guinea folks ez you is, an' I ain't goin' ter enjure no more ob yer riotin' ober mah haid. Is you fed Belshazzar?'

'No, I ain't,' Polly Clum answered shortly.

'Onlessen you feed him he'll go hongry,' returned Americus. 'Me an' Moses Pharaoh is wukked enough dis mawnin'. We's goin' ter loaf dis afternoon, we is.'

'Ef Poleum an' Mose ain't goin' ter wuk no more, me an' Florindy an' Prunella Ar'bella ain't goin' ter wuk, neider,' unexpectedly proclaimed the Queen of Scots, who, of all the Dobbs olive branches, was considered to be the most meek and yielding. 'We's goin' ter set out on de woodshed step and knit stockin's lak ladies does.'

Polly Clum's gaze swept the circle of hostile faces. Every pair of darkly rolling eyes sparkled defiantly. He decided that diplomacy was the better part of valor.

'I's 'tendin' ter deliber dat bull his orations, mahself,' he said with dignity. Ignoring Americus, he addressed Lucinda. 'You is all ben berry good chilluns, ter-day, an' I's goin' ter projeck a neward of merit. Arter dese dishes is did I's goin' ter gib you all a ride roun' de town.'

Florinda Lady Washington uttered a squeal of mingled amazement, delight, and fear.

'Pappy'll sholy skun you ef you hitch up Belshazzar,' she cried. 'He done tole you nebber ter tech him onlessn he gib you remission ter.'

'Mammy done demanded me ter 'muse you an' keep you outer trouble,' Polly Clum responded, loftily, 'an' I's goin' ter foller her rejections. I kin dribe dat bull lak he is a lamb.'

'I's afeared pappy'll whale us,' whimpered the Queen of Scots.

'How he goin' ter know 'bout de ride?' questioned Americus, suddenly veering to Polly Clum's support. 'He ain't comin' back from Newport tell ter-morrer. Who's goin' blab ebery triflin' ting dat has recurred ter-day?'

'I's done begun ter dismember sech foolishness a'ready,' Moses Pharaoh declared.

The twins gazed fearfully at one another. Then, simultaneously, they sprang to their feet and began to hustle the dishes into the kitchen.

Polly Clum, followed by Americus and Moses, hastened to a dilapidated shed which occupied one corner of the yard. Belshazzar, a large red and white animal whose naturally fierce disposition had been humbled by age and much hard labor, softly bellowed a welcome as the boys entered.

While the bull contentedly ate his dinner, the brothers drew a large tip-cart, painted blue, from behind the shed. This tip-cart was one of the most valuable assets in the possession of the Dobbs family. During the morning hours Mr. Dobbs was accustomed to make use of it for the purpose of collecting rags, old bottles, bones, and similar merchandise. During the afternoon hours it was utilized as a family equipage.

Polly Clum surveyed the vehicle critically.

''Pears lak dis yere kerridge oughter 'splay some desecrations,' he observed. 'You, Poleum an' Mose, hike ober ter dat grove agin an' fotch me some nebbergreens.'

Moses and Americus hastened across the road, quickly returning with several large hemlock boughs.

Polly Clum deftly arranged these along the side of the cart.

'Huh!' grunted Americus. 'How we goin' ter see de sights? We done got ter set on de floor ob dat cyart. Speck we kin stretch our necks, lak geeses does, ober dem limbs?'

'Hole your fool tongue, Poleum,' responded Polly Clum. 'I's derangin 'dis hyer ride. I's goin' ter put mammy's bigges' washtub in dat cyart. Den all you chilluns kin set on de aidge an' res' yer feets on de tub's bottom. What goin' hender you all from seein' de sights, I lak ter know?'

He reëntered the shed and led Belshazzar forth. To the animal's horns he fastened a much frayed and soiled piece of sail-cloth which, hanging down over his eyes, prevented the bull from seeing anything save the ground. From a peg in the shed he took down a sort of rope cat's-cradle, with which he proceeded to harness Belshazzar to the tip-cart. The cat's-cradle was popularly said to be composed of every known variety of cordage, from hawser to signal halyards, and displayed so many knots that rumor declared that Mrs. Dobbs punished particularly refractory children by compelling them to count them over and over until exhaustion conquered their rebellious spirits.

While Polly Clum adjusted this complicated piece of handiwork, Americus and Moses brought from the kitchen a mammoth washtub which Mr. Dobbs had recently constructed from a quarter section of a molasses hogshead. This they hoisted into the cart. Belshazzar was then led to the front of the house.

Lady Washington stood before the cracked mirror in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to her toilette.

''Pears lak dey stan' up lak a passel ob squir'ls' tails,' she observed, surveying with marked disapprobation the eight stiff braids which surrounded her head like a wooly halo. 'I's goin' ter borry mammy's back comb an' cotch 'em all inter a hunch.'

'Ef you is goin' ter dress up in dat comb I's goin' ter dedorn mah han's with mammy's white mitts,' announced the Queen of Scots.

'An' I's goin' ter membellish mahself with her blue necklidge,' added Prunella Arabella.

'Better let dem beads 'lone,' warned Florinda. 'Mammy say de cord dey strung on li'ble ter bust any time.'

Prunella surveyed her sister loftily.

'What you t'ink?' she demanded. 'T'ink caze you'n' Lucindy Queener is goin' on ten an' I's goin' on eight dat I ain't ob no quinsequence? Mammy done say yistiddy, dat I is de genteelest 'pearin' an' de pollutest mannered pusson in de fambly. Ef you doan' stop noratin' 'bout necklidges I's jest sholy goin' ter delighten mammy 'bout dat comb an' dem mitts ez soon'z she 'rives back from Brayton. You better recomsider what you done say.'

'I ain't nebber out an' out erected ye not ter wear dem beads,' returned Lady Washington, hastily. 'I on'y kinder hinted a s'posin' sump'n' might happen. I sholy t'ink dat dey would set off yer looks, Ar'bella. I done tell Lucindy Queener more'n onct, dat blue is yer mos' becomin'est color.'

'An' I tink you better both quit jawin' an' come 'long fore de day ends,' interrupted the Queen of Scots, impatiently. 'De kerridge is at de do'.'

She caught up Jinson Johnson, who

had wakened from his nap in a state of cherubic amiability, and hurried from the house, closely followed by Florinda bearing a gay, albeit somewhat tattered, patchwork bedquilt. Prunella, triumphantly dignified, stalked majestically in their wake.

The quilt was carefully placed in the tub and the smiling infant deposited upon it. Then the three girls clambered in and took their seats besides Moses Pharaoh and Americus, who were already balancing themselves on the tub's edge. Lucinda leaned back among the hemlock boughs and carelessly dropped one mitted hand over the side of the cart.

'Leab dat ter hum,' she commanded, as Polly Clum was about to slip the tail-board into place. 'How's any pusson goin' ter extinguish us ef you puts dat t'ing up?'

'It sholy ought ter be up,' argued Polly Clum. 'You s'pose dat Pres'dunt Po'k dribes roun' in his scoach wid de do' wide open?'

'Huh! What you know 'bout Pres'dunt Po'k?' the Queen retorted. 'I's done got 'speriunce dat you ain't nebber dreamt ob. What you t'ink Mis' Po'k ride 'bout for, all nornamented wid lace and fedders, ef 't ain't ter make folkses gap' at her? You is mighty donkeyfied some ways, Polly Clum.'

Polly Clum silently cast the offending board on the ground and climbed into the cart. Gathering up the hempen reins, he struck Belshazzar smartly with their knotted ends.

'Gwan, you wuthless ole piece ob beef!' he shouted. 'Kick up dem turkle slow huffs ob yours ef you doan' wanter fin' yer tough hide in de tanyard befo' de chickens goes ter roost! You hyer me?'

Thus admonished, Belshazzar started off at a brisk walk, switching his tail as if conscious that unusual events were happening. The Dobbs residence was located in the suburbs of Riverport and, for some little distance, the turnout attracted no attention. But when Belshazzar approached the compact part of the town, it became the cynosure of all eyes. Merchants hastened to their shop doors to gaze at it; women left their household tasks to peer curiously from windows; groups of children ran after it, shouting, hooting, and squealing with delight.

The circle of dusky faces that crowned the washtub was radiant with pride and satisfaction. Lucinda returned the noisy salutations by waving her lace-mitted hands. Florinda bowed gracefully to right and left, displaying the high comb to the best advantage. Prunella negligently fingered the blue necklace as she occasionally bent her head. The less aristocratic Americus and Moses indulged in a series of grimaces that would have driven a monkey wild with envy, had such an animal been numbered among the spectators. Polly Clum alone maintained an appearance of stately indifference to his surroundings. The blood of a long line of kings of the Guinea coast was pulsing rapturously in his veins, but he gave no visible sign of elation. He thought of Paul Revere and felt that he had a right to bear that hero's name.

In Riverport there were two principal highways connected by a number of shorter streets. Up one of these streets plodded Belshazzar, the long line of his followers increasing at every corner. Dogs added their yelps and barks to the general hubbub. A youthful poet chanted in a shrill falsetto, —

> Rub-a-dub-dub,
> Five Dobbs in a tub,
> And who do you think was there?
> Mose, Poleum, 'Cindy,
> Prunelle and Florindy.
> My gum! How the people all stare!

At last the boundary line of the adjacent town of Oldfield was reached

and the vehicle turned about. And then occurred the catastrophe which made the afternoon ride of Paul Revere Columbus Dobbs as famous in the annals of his native place as the midnight ride of his illustrious namesake is famous in the annals of the Revolution.

Belshazzar, realizing that he was now being driven in the direction of home, quickened his pace almost to a trot. Up the main street bounced the cart with a tremendous clatter and rattle. But, just as the bull reached the centre of the town, the piece of cord that held his sail-cloth blinder in place snapped and the bit of canvas fluttered to the ground. At the same moment a peddler's wagon, painted a glowing vermilion, came jogging around a nearby corner.

Belshazzar eyed this flaming apparition for a second and then, with a thunderous bellow, charged upon it. The peddler had barely time to swerve aside ere the bull dashed by at a mad gallop, his horns lowered, his angry orbs emitting flashes of demoniac fire. The scurrying bystanders caught a fleeting glimpse of six ebony faces rigid with terror and consternation. Then the cart came into sudden and violent contact with the town pump. It careened wildly, the thole-pin gave way, and out of the vehicle shot the wash-tub with its cargo of human freight. Maddened by the shrieks of his victims, Belshazzar threw his heels high in the air and tore on like a hurricane, leaving a trail of tub staves, hemlock boughs, wearing apparel, and bruised and dust-covered Dobbses in his wake.

Americus Napoleon was the first to recover his senses after the rude shock. Slowly he got upon his feet and blinked his bewildered eyes. Then he uttered a cry of anguish that curdled the blood in the veins of his hearers.

'Cunnle Porter's shay!' he wailed. 'It's a-comin' wid mammy in it! It's right here clus to us! An' mammy hez tooken de hoss-whip out ob de socket! O laws-a-mussy, what we pore frien'-less chilluns goin' ter do now?'

At the sound of his voice the chaise came to a halt, and Mrs. Dobbs descended upon her offspring like a dark avenging angel. She gazed at the blue beads rolling in the dust, at the toothless back comb lying at her feet, at the torn and blood-stained mitts on the hands of the terrified Queen of Scots, at the writhing form of Jinson Johnson wrapped in the fragments of the once gay quilt. Then she caught Polly Clum by the woolly top-knot that crinkled above his brow.

'You onsanctified, distrustable, nerogatory descenderation ob a barbarious Guinea nigger!' she began.

But Polly Clum with a mighty effort wrenched himself from her grasp and fled in the footsteps of Belshazzar, leaving his less fortunate brothers and sisters to the dire fate that awaited them.

THE GAME

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

Often I think how monotonous life must be to Jerome D. Travers or Francis Ouimet, — compared, that is, with what life can offer to a player of my quality. When Travers drives off, it is a question whether the ball will go 245 yards or 260 yards; and a difference of fifteen yards is obviously nothing to thrill over. Whereas, when I send the ball from the tee the possible range of variation is always 100 yards, running from 155 down to 55; provided, that is, that the ball starts at all. To me there is always a freshness of surprise in having the club meet the ball, which Travers, I dare say, has not experienced in the last dozen years.

With him, of course, it is not sport, but mathematics. A wooden club will give one result, an iron another. The sensation of getting greater distance with a putting iron than with a brassie is something Ouimet can hardly look forward to. Always mathematics, with this kind of swing laying the ball fifteen feet on the farther side of the hole, and that kind of chop laying it ten feet on the nearer side. I have frequently thought that playing off the finals for the golf championship is a waste of time. All that is necessary is to call in Professor Münsterberg and have him test Travers's blood-pressure and reaction index on the morning of the game, and then take 'Chick' Evans's blood-pressure and reaction index. The referee would then award the game to Travers or to Evans by 2 up and 1 to play, or whatever score Professor Münsterberg's figures would indicate.

The true zest of play is for the duffer. When he swings club or racket he can never tell what miracles of accomplishment or negation it will perform. That is not an inanimate instrument he holds in his hands, but a living companion, a totem comrade whom he is impelled to propitiate, as Hiawatha crooned to his arrow before letting it fly from the string. And that is why duffers are peculiarly qualified to write about games, or for that matter, about everything, — literature, music, or art, — as they have always done. To be sufficiently inexpert in anything is to be filled with corresponding awe at the hidden soul in that thing. To be sufficiently removed from perfection is to worship it. Poets, for example, are preëminently the interpreters of life because they make such an awful mess of the practice of living. And for the same reason poets always retain the zest of life — because the poet never knows whether his next shot will land him on the green or in the sandpit, in heaven or in the gutter. The reader will now be aware that in describing my status as a golfer I am not making a suicidal confession. On the contrary, I am presenting my credentials.

II

A great many people have been searching during ever so many years for the religion of democracy. I believe I have found it. That is, not a religion,

if by it you mean a system completely equipped with creed, formularies, organization, home and foreign missions, schisms, an empty-church problem, an underpaid-minister's problem, a Socialist and I.W.W. problem, and the like; although, if I had the time to pursue my researches, I might find a parallel to many of these things. What I have in mind is a great democratic rite, a ceremonial which is solemnized on six days in the week during six months in the year by large masses of men with such unfailing regularity and such unquestioning good faith that I cannot help thinking of it as essentially a religious performance.

It is a simple ceremonial, but impressive, like all manifestations of the soul of a multitude. I need only close my eyes to call up the picture vividly: It is a day of brilliant sunshine and a great crowd of men is seated in the open air, a crowd made up of all conditions, ages, races, temperaments, and states of mind. The crowd has sat there an hour or more, while the afternoon sun has slanted deeper into the west and the shadows have crept across greensward and hard-baked clay to the eastern horizon. Then, almost with a single motion,— the time may be somewhere between four-thirty and five o'clock,— this multitude of divers minds and tempers rises to its feet and stands silent, while one might count twenty perhaps. Nothing is said; no high priest intones prayer for this vast congregation; nevertheless the impulse of ten thousand hearts is obviously focused into a single desire. When you have counted twenty the crowd sinks back to the benches. A half minute at most and the rite is over.

I am speaking, of course, of the second half of the seventh inning, when the home team comes to bat. The precise nature of this religious half-minute depends on the score. If the home team holds a safe lead of three or four runs; if the home pitcher continues to have everything, and the infield shows no sign of cracking, and the outfield is n't bothered by the sun, then I always imagine a fervent Te Deum arising from that inarticulate multitude, and the peace of a great contentment falling over men's spirits as they settle back in their seats. If the game is in the balance you must imagine the concentration of ten thousand wills on the spirit of the nine athletes in the field, ten thousand wills telepathically pouring their energies into the powerful arm of the man in the box, into the quick eye of the man on first base, and the sense of justice of the umpire.

But if the outlook for victory is gloomy, the rite does not end with the silent prayer I have described. As the crowd subsides to the benches there arises a chant which I presume harks back to the primitive litanies of the Congo forests. Voices intone unkind words addressed to the players on the other team. Ten thousand voices chanting in unison for victory, twenty thousand feet stamping confusion to the opposing pitcher — if this is not worship of the most fundamental sort, because of the most primitive sort, then what is religion?

Consider the mere number of participants in this national rite of the seventh inning. I have said a multitude of ten thousand. But if the day be Saturday and the place of worship one of the big cities of either of the major leagues, the crowd may easily be twice as large. And all over the country at almost the same moment, exultant or hopeful or despairing multitudes are rising to their feet. Multiply this number of worshipers by six days — or by seven days if you are west of the Alleghanies, where Sunday baseball has somehow been reconciled with a still vigorous Puritanism — and it is appa-

rent that a continuous wave of spiritual ardor sweeps over this continent between three-thirty and six P.M. from the middle of April to the middle of October. We can only guess at the total number of worshipers. The three major leagues will account for five millions. Add the minor leagues and the state leagues and the interurban contests — and the total of seventh-inning communicants grows overwhelming. Take the twenty-five million males of voting age in this country, assume one visit per head to a baseball park in the season, and the result is dazzling.

It is easier to estimate the number of worshipers than the intensity of the mood. I have no gauge for measuring the spiritual fervor which exhales on the baseball stadiums of the country from mid-April to mid-October, growing in ardor with the procession of the months, until it attains a climax of orgiastic frenzy in the World's Series. Foreigners are in the habit of calling this an unspiritual nation. But what nation so frequently tastes — or for that matter has ever tasted — the emotional experience of the score tied in the ninth inning with the bases full? Foreigners call us an unspiritual people because they do not know the meaning of a double-header late in September — a double-header with two seventh innings.

I began by renouncing any claim to the discovery of a complete religion of democracy. But the temptation to point out parallels is irresistible. If Dr. Frazer had not finished with his *Golden Bough*, — or if he is thinking of a supplementary volume, — I can see how easily the raw material of the sporting columns would shape itself to religious forces and systems in his hands. If religious ceremonial has its origin in the play instinct of man, why go back to remote origins like the Australian corroboree and neglect Ty Cobb stealing second? If religion has its origin in primitive man's worship of the eternal rebirth of earth's fructifying powers with the advent of spring, how can we neglect the vivid stirring in the hearts of millions that marks the departure of the teams for spring training in Texas?

If I were a trained professional sociologist instead of a mere spectator at the Polo grounds, it seems to me that I should have little trouble in tracing the history of the game several thousand years back of its commonly accepted origin somewhere about 1830. I could easily trace back the catcher's mask to the mask worn by the medicine-man among the Swahili of the West Coast. The three bases and home-plate would easily be the points of the compass, going straight back to the sun myth. Murray pulling down a fly in left field would hark back straight to Zoroaster and the sun-worshipers. Millions of primitive hunters must have anointed, and prayed to, their weapons before Jeff Tesreau addressed his invocation to the spit ball; and when Mathewson winds himself up for delivering the ball, he is not far removed from the sacred warrior dancer of Polynesia. If only I were a sociologist!

An ideal faith, this religion of baseball, the more you examine it. See, for instance, how it satisfies the prime requirement of a true faith that it shall ever be present in the hearts of the faithful; practiced not once a week on Sunday, but six times a week — and in the West seven times a week; professed not only in the appointed place of worship, but in the Subway before the game, and in the Subway after the game, and in the offices and shops and factories on rainy days. If a true religion is that for which a man will give up wife and children and forget the call of meat and drink, what shall we say of baseball? If a true religion is not

dependent on æsthetic trappings, but voices itself under the open sky and among the furniture of common life, this is again the true religion. The stadium lies open to the sun, the rain, and the wind. The mystic sense is not stimulated by Gothic roof-traceries and the dimmed light of stained-glass windows. The congregation rises from wooden benches on a concrete flooring; it stands in the full light of a summer afternoon and lets its eyes rest on walls of billboards reminiscent of familiar things, — linen collars, table-waters, tobacco, safety-razors. Unquestionably we have here a clear, dry, real religion of the kind that Bernard Shaw would approve.

I have said quite enough on this point. Otherwise I should take time to show how this national faith has created its own architecture, as all great religions have done. Our national contribution to the building arts has so far been confined to two forms — the skyscraper and the baseball stadium, corresponding precisely to the two great religions of business and of play. I know that the Greeks and Romans had amphitheatres, and that the word stadium is not of native origin. But between the Coliseum and the baseball park there is all the difference that lies between imperialism and democracy. The ancient amphitheatres were built as much for monuments as for playgrounds. Consequently they were impressed with an æsthetic character which is totally repugnant to our idea of a baseball park.

There is no spiritual resemblance between Vespasian's amphitheatre with its stone and marble, its galleries and imperial tribunes, its purple canvases stretched out against the sun — and our own Polo grounds. Iron girders, green wooden benches, and a back fence frescoed with safety-razors and ready-made clothing — what more would a modern man have? The ancient amphitheatres were built for slaves who had to be flattered and amused by pretty things. The baseball park is for freemen who pay for their pleasures and can afford the ugliest that money can buy.

III

The art of keeping my eye on the ball is something I no longer have hope of mastering. If I fail to watch the ball it is because I am continually watching faces about me. The same habit pursues me on the street and in all public places — usually with unpleasant consequences, though now and then I have the reward of catching the reflection of a great event or a tense moment in the face of the man next to me. Then, indeed, I am repaid; but it is a procedure fatal to the scientific pursuit of baseball. While I am hunting in the face of the man next to me for the reflection of Doyle's stinging single between first and second base, I hear a roar and turn to find that something dramatic has happened at third, and a stout young man in a green hat behind me says that the runner was out by a yard and should be benched for trying to spike the man on the bag.

The eagle vision of the stout young man behind me always fills me with amazement and envy. I concede his superior knowledge of the game. He knows every man on the field by his walk. He recalls under what circumstances the identical play was pulled off three years ago in Philadelphia. He knows beforehand just at what moment Mr. Chance will take his left fielder out of the game and send in a 'pinch hitter.' Long years of steady application will no doubt supply this kind of post-graduate expertship. But when it is a question, not of theory, but of a simple, concrete play which I did happen to be watching carefully, how is it that the man behind me can see

that the runner was out by a yard and had nearly spiked the man on the bag, whereas all I can see is a tangle of legs and arms and a cloud of dust? My eyesight is normal; how does my neighbor manage to see all that he does as quickly as he does?

The answer is that he does not see. When he declares that the runner was out by a yard, and I turn around and regard him with envy, it is a comfort to have the umpire decide that the runner was safe after all. It is a comfort to hear the man behind me say that the ball cut the plate squarely, and to have the umpire call it a ball. It shakes my faith somewhat in human nature, but it strengthens my self-confidence. Yet it fails to shake the self-confidence of the man behind me. When I turn about to see his crestfallen face, I find him chewing peanut brittle in a state of supreme calm, and as I stare at him, fascinated by such peace of mind in the face of discomfiture, I hear a yell and turn to find the third baseman and all the outfield congregated near the left bleachers. I have made a psychological observation, but have missed the beginning of a double play.

My chagrin is temporary. As the game goes on my self-confidence grows enormously. I am awakening to the fact that the man behind me knows as little about the game as I do. When the pitcher of the visiting team delivered the first ball of the first inning, the man behind me remarked that the pitcher did n't have anything. My neighbor could tell by the pitcher's arm action that he was stale, and he recalled that the pitcher in question never did last more than half a game. This declaration of absolute belief did not stand in the way of a contradictory remark, made some time in the fifth inning, with our team held so far to two scratch hits. The stout young man behind me then said that the visiting pitcher was a wonder, that he had everything, that he would keep on fanning them till the cows came home, and that he was, in fact, the best southpaw in both leagues, having once struck out eight men in an eleven-inning game at Boston.

When a man gives vent to such obviously irreconcilable statements in less than five innings, it is inevitable that I should turn in my seat to get a square look at him. But I still find him calm and eating peanut brittle; and as I stare at him and try to classify him, the man at the bat does something which brings half the crowd to its feet. By dint of much inquiry I discover that he has rolled a slow grounder to third and has made his base on it. Decidedly, psychology and baseball will not mix.

I suppose the stout young man behind me is a Fan, — provided there is really such a type. My own belief is that the Fan, as the baseball writers and cartoonists have depicted him, is a very rare being. To the extent that he does exist he is the creation, not of the baseball diamond, but of the sporting writer and the comic artist. The Fan models himself consciously upon the type set before him in his favorite newspaper. It is once more a case of nature imitating art. If Mr. Gibson, many years ago, had not drawn a picture of fat men in shirt-sleeves, perspiring freely and waving straw hats, the newspaper artist would not have imitated Mr. Gibson, and the baseball audience would not have imitated the newspapers. It is true that I have seen baseball crowds in frenzy; but these have been isolated moments of high tension when all of us have been brought to our feet with loud explosions of joy or agony. But the perspiring, ululant Fan in shirt-sleeves, ceaselessly waving his straw hat, uttering imprecations on the enemy, his enthusiasm obviously aroused by stimulants preceding his

arrival at the baseball park, is far from being representative of the baseball crowd.

The spirit of the audience is best expressed in quite a different sort of person. He is always to be seen at the Polo grounds, and when I think of baseball audiences it is he who rises before me to the exclusion of his fat, perspiring brother with the straw hat. He is young, tall, slender, wears blue serge, and even on very cool days in the early spring he goes without an overcoat. He sits out the game with folded arms, very erect, thin-lipped, and with the break of a smile around the eyes. He is usually alone, and has little to say. He is not a snob; he will respond to his neighbor's comments in moments of exceptional emotional stress, but he does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

I imagine him sitting, in very much the same attitude, in college lecture-rooms, or taking instructions from the head of the office. Complete absorption under complete control — he fascinates me. While the stout young man behind me chatters on for his own gratification, forgetting one moment what he said the moment before, — an empty-headed young man with a tendency to profanity as the game goes on, — this other trim young figure in blue serge, with folded arms, sits immobile, watching, watching with a calm that must come out of real knowledge and experience, enjoying the thing immensely, but giving no other sign than a sharper glint of the eye, a slight opening of the lips. In a moment of crisis, being only human, he rises with the rest of us, but deliberately, to follow the course of a high fly down the foul line far toward the bleachers. When the ball is caught he smiles and sits down and folds his arms. I envy him his capacity for drinking in enjoyment without display. This is the kind of fan I should like to be.

IV

Does my thin-lipped friend in blue serge read the sporting page? I wonder. My own opinion is that he does not, except to glance through the box-score. It is for the other man, I imagine, the stout young man behind me who detected from the first ball thrown that the pitcher's arm was no good, and who later identified him as the best southpaw in the two leagues, that the sporting page with its humor, its philosophy, its art, and its poetry is edited. The sporting page has long ceased to be a mere chronicle of sport and has become an encyclopædia, an anthology, a five-foot book-shelf, a little university in itself. The life mirrored in the pictures on the sporting page is not restricted to the prize ring and the diamond, though the language of the prize ring and the baseball field is its vernacular. The art of the sporting page has expanded beyond the narrow field of play to life itself, viewed as play.

The line of development is plain: from pictures of the Fan at the game the advance has been to pictures of the Fan at home, and so on to his wife and his young, and his *Weltanschauung*, until now the artist frequently casts aside all pretense of painting sport and draws pictures of humanity. The sporting cartoon has become a social chronicle. It is still found on the sporting page; partly, I suppose, because it originated there, partly because there is no other place in the paper where it can get so wide an audience. It entraps the man in the street who comes to read baseball and remains to study contemporary life — in violent, exaggerated form, but life none the less.

Even poetry. Sporting columns today run heavily to verse. Here, as well as in the pictures, there has been an evolution. From the mere rhymed chronicle of what happened to Christy

Mathewson we have passed on to generalized reflections on life, expressed, of course, in terms of the game. Kipling has been the great model. His lilt and his 'punch' are so admirably adapted to the theme and the audience. How many thousand parodies of 'Danny Deever' and 'The Vampire' have the sporting editors printed? I should hesitate to say. But Kipling and his younger imitators, with Henley's 'Invictus' and 'When I was a King in Babylon,' and the late Langdon Smith's 'Evolution': 'When I was a Tadpole and You were a Fish'— have become the patterns for a vast popular poetry which deals in the main with the red-blooded virtues, — grit, good humor, and clean hitting, — but which drops with surprising frequency for an optimist race into the mood of Ecclesiastes: —

> Demon of Slow and of Fast Ones,
> Monarch of Moisture and Smoke,
> Who made Wagner swing at Anyoldthing,
> And Baker look like a Joke.

And the writer goes on to remind the former king of the boxmen that sooner or later 'Old Pop' Tempus asks for waivers on the best of us, and that Matty and Johnson must in due time make way for

> Youngsters with pep from the Texas Steppe —
> The Minors wait for us all.

Yes, you prince of batsmen, who amidst the bleachers' roar,

> Strolled to the plate with your T. Cobb gait,
> Hitting .364 —

alas, Old Pop Tempus has had his way with you, too: —

> Your Average now is Rancid
> And the Pellet you used to maul
> In Nineteen O Two has the Sign on you —
> The Minors wait for us all.

Not that it matters, of course. The point is to keep on smiling and unafraid in Bushville as under the Main Tent, always doing one's best

> To swing at the Pill with right good will,
> Hitting .364.

This is evidently something more than a sporting page. This is a cosmology.

V

Will those gentlemen who are in the habit of sneering at professional baseball kindly explain why it is precisely the professional game which has inspired the newspaper poets? Personally I like professional baseball, and for the very reasons why so many persons profess to dislike it. The game is played for money by men who play all the time. They would rather win than lose, but they are not devoured by the passion for victory. They will play with equal zest for Chicago to-day and for Boston to-morrow. But when you say all this you are really asserting what I have discovered to be a fact, — unless Mr. G. K. Chesterton has discovered it before me, — that only in professional sport does the true amateur spirit survive.

By the amateur spirit I mean the spirit which places the game above the victory; which takes joy, though it may be a subdued joy, in the perfect coördination of mind and muscle and nerve; which plays to win because victory is the best available test of ability, but which is all the time aware that life has other interests than the standing of the clubs and the Golf Committee's official handicap. I contend that the man who plays to live is a better amateur than the man who lives to play. I am not thinking now of the actual amount of time one gives to the game, though even then it might be shown that Mr. Walter J. Travis devotes more hours to golf than Mr. Mathewson devotes to baseball. I am thinking rather of the adjustment of the game to the general scheme of life. It seems to be pretty well established

that when your ordinary amateur takes up golf he deteriorates as a citizen, a husband and father; but I cannot imagine Mr. Walter Johnson neglecting his family in his passion for baseball. As between the two, where do you find the true amateur spirit?

I insist. Professional baseball lacks the picturesque and stimulating accessories of an intercollegiate game — the age-old rivalries, the mustering of the classes, the colors, the pretty women, the cheering carried on by young leaders to the verge of apoplexy. But after all, why this Saturnalia of pumped-up emotion over the winning of a game? The winning, it will be observed, and not the playing. Compared with such an exhibition of the lust for victory, a professional game with its emphasis on the performance and not on the result, comes much nearer to the true heart of the play instinct. An old topic this, and a perilous one. Before I know it I shall be advocating the obsolete standards of English sport, which would naturally appeal to a duffer. Well, I will take the consequences and boldly assert that there is such a thing as playing too keenly, — even when playing with perfect fairness, — such a thing as bucking the line too hard.

It is distortion of life values. After all, there are things worth breaking your heart to achieve and others that are not worth while. Francis Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray is something we are justly proud of; not so much as a display of golf, but as a display of an unrivaled capacity for rallying all the forces of one's being to the needs of the moment; for its display of that grit and nerve on which our civilization has been built so largely. Only observe, Ouimet's victory was magnificent, but it was not play. It was fought in the fierce spirit of the struggle for existence which it is the purpose of play to make us forget. It was Homeric, but who wants baseball or tennis or golf to be Homeric? Herbert Spencer was not merely petulant when he said that to play billiards perfectly argued a misspent life. He stated a profound truth. To play as Ouimet did against Vardon and Ray argues a distortion of the values of life. What shall it profit us if we win games and lose our sense of the proportion of things? It is immoral.

I think Maurice McLoughlin's hurricane service is immoral. I confess that when McLoughlin soars up from the base line like a combination Mercury and Thor, and pours the entire strength of his lithe, magnificent body through the racket into the ball, it is as beautiful a sight as any of the Greek sculptors have left us. But I cannot share the crowd's delight when McLoughlin's opponent stands helpless before that hurtling, twisting missile of fate. What satisfaction is there in developing a tennis service which nobody can return? The natural advantage which the rules of the game confer on the server ceases to be an advantage and becomes merely a triumph of machinery, even if it is human machinery. A game of tennis which is won on aces is opposed to the very spirit of play. As a matter of fact, the crowd admits this when it applauds a sharp rally over the net, for then it is rejoicing in play, whereas applause for an ace is simply joy in winning. I repeat: McLoughlin making one of his magnificent kills on the return is play; McLoughlin making his unreturnable services from placement is merely a scientific engineer — and nothing is more immoral than scientific management, especially when applied to anything really worth while in life. Incidentally, a change in the rules of tennis seems unavoidable. The ball, instead of being handed over to McLoughlin for sure destruction, will have to be thrown into the court by the umpire, as in polo.

VI

You will now see why I am so much drawn to the slender young man in blue serge who sits with folded arms and only smiles when Mr. Doyle is caught napping on first. It is because I am convinced that he sees the game as it ought to be seen, — with an intense sympathy and understanding, but, after all, with a sense of humor which recognizes that a great world lies outside the Polo grounds. You would not think that such a world existed from the way in which the stout young man behind me has been carrying on. It will be recalled that he began by instantly discovering that the visiting pitcher's arm was no good. This discovery he had modified by the end of the fourth inning to the extent that the visiting pitcher now had everything. At the beginning of the ninth inning this revised opinion still held good. The score was 2 to 0 against the home team, and the stout young man got up in disgust, remarking that he had no use for a bunch of cripples who presumed to go up against a real team.

But he did not go home. He hovered in the aisle, and when the home team, in the second half of the ninth, bunched four hits and won the game, the stout young man hurled himself down the aisle and out upon the field, shrieking madly. But the thin young man in blue serge got to his feet, smiled, made some observation to his neighbor in an undertone, which I failed to catch, and walked out.

THE AGRICULTURE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY J. RUSSELL SMITH

I

THE story of the Garden of Eden has been extensively used by those who would influence human action. But strange to say, one of its most evident lessons appears to have been overlooked. It is for the farmer that the well-known drama has the plainest teaching of all. The race has been subjected to needless toil because the agriculturist has left this part of Scripture entirely to the theologians. Regardless of theological differences we can agree that the agriculture of the Garden was good, because it supported the race comfortably and without labor. What more could it possibly do for mankind?

The inhabitants of Eden plainly lived without toil. They were born to that leisure for which we strive so fiercely in this work-a-day world. So far as the man was concerned, the sting of the expulsion was the fact that he had to go forth and eat bread in the sweat of his face. Jehovah did not enforce this sentence at hard labor by putting a guard over Adam. Eve was not placed in charge, nor yet the wily serpent. The offender was merely driven forth from the Garden that was full of trees. The trees had made it Paradise. Every tree that was pleasant to the

sight and good for food was there. The inhabitants walked about in the comfortable shade and ate. When thirst arose, there were the juices of fruits and palm wine.

The spontaneous products of the Garden even supplied the first demand for clothes. On that bitter day of expulsion these erstwhile happy harvesters of tree-crops were driven forth from this rich and fruitful shade, driven to the fields to eat the herb of the field and to win bread by the sweat of their faces.

Since we are all more or less lazy, and only some of us are religious, it is forsooth amazing that our efforts at being restored to Paradise have been limited so exclusively to the domain of religion. This is the more peculiar because the religion has to be taken on faith, while the agriculture of Paradise could be seen and felt and tasted, and that without labor. Even yet no one has striven to restore it for the relief of a weary world. It is high time the husbandman took up his Scripture.

Eden is a Babylonian tale, and Babylonia is a land of dates. It was so, long, long before Abraham went up toward Palestine out of Ur of the Chaldees. At a time which was to him mythological, the date tree had become sacred to his Semitic ancestors along the Euphrates. It is from this Babylonia that we now receive each autumn our argosies of dates wherewith to regale ourselves at Christmas time. To us they are sweetmeats, but to the dwellers in the land of dates they are a great staple of life.

Eden was in this land of date trees, and a visit to a date-growing oasis makes clear the whole story of the Garden and the expulsion. How terrible was the expulsion! Within was shade, of which the scriptural writers speak so often and so appreciatively, because they had it so little in their hot and arid landscape. Without, the shimmering heat, the withering sun, beating down almost like fire upon the dry and harvestless earth, with the white glare that arises from the bare and waterless soil. Into this they were driven to eat the herb of the field, which indeed they could not get without much sweat in their faces. Within the oasis was shade and water; food was there; and life without labor, or at least with little labor. It is thus to-day; thus has it been these many thousands of years. The fashioner of that allegory of old used the material at hand. Every listener in the group squatting about the first narrator of the fall and expulsion of man had been burned by that desert glare, soothed by the shade of the fruitful tree, fed by its abundant crop — and shaken by fear of expulsion by the raider.

No episode in all the history of the land was so common as the raid of the nomads. From the treeless expanses they swooped down upon the dwellers in date gardens and drove them forth. The roving nomad was always strong in attack, the dweller in the garden was always easy prey. One cannot rightly guess the extent of the æons during which human history in Southwest Asia consisted of one long and essentially unvaried series of captures and possessions of the oasis gardens, these captures being followed by yet other captures and expulsions at the hand of other hungry victors. Hagars and Ishmaels without number, accompanied at times by equally hopeless men, had gone forth to wander, to dig, or to perish. This picture was in the legends, if not in the memory, of every household. The maker of the story of Eden used the material at hand. No other land could then or can yet rival the oasis in this picture it gives of the easy life and the burning contrast of expulsion.

II

This easy living in the oasis is made possible because of the workings of that wonderful engine of production — the date tree. That is the agricultural lesson from Eden — that we should go back a bit toward Paradise and learn to use trees, which are Nature's greatest engines of food-production. For a few thousand years we have taken the expulsion and curse too literally, and have been living as the fallen Adam was told to — by digging and sweating and growing the herbs of the field. Trees should be made to work for us as they do for the Semite. Little do we of the West appreciate the potency, the almost automatic potency, of these botanic engines. No other type of agriculture produces food so easily.

Now, as for the last five or ten thousand seasons, the date-tree owner begins his year's work in the springtime by climbing his tall trees to fertilize their blossoms. The ascent is easy because of the natural steps furnished by the notchings left by the stubs of the leaves of past years. The blossoms of the fruitful female palm are fertilized by a dust of pollen shaken from a sprig of male flowers in the hand of the husbandman. This economical device permits a very small proportion of male trees to suffice and the garden can be filled to crowding with the fecund female trees. Once the blooms are fertilized, little more is done for the tree but watering at rather frequent intervals, and this is often a light task, the mere diversion of a stream. Many of the palms are cultivated only one year in three, but with this small labor they are heavy yielders. The open feathery palm leaves permit much light to filter through, so that oranges, figs, and apricots grow beneath the palms, and garden vegetables can grow among these lesser fruit trees. The vegetables pay the cost, the rest is profit, and the high values are explained.

Thus the date garden leads all other kinds of agriculture in the amount of food produced, and this tree merits the title of King of Crops on the purely civil-service basis of leadership in performance. Small wonder that the prehistoric Semite called it sacred. Pound for pound, the date is as nutritious as bread, and when the harvest is weighed, it is three- to twenty-fold that of wheat. After a score of years or less, the best wheat lands are exhausted by continuous production; but we know that certain oases have yielded dates regularly since they were visited and described by Roman writers a score of centuries ago. They are to-day so prized that the Arab owner will refuse five thousand dollars in gold for an acre of good date garden. Its yield warrants the valuation. In May the oases housetops beside the date garden are covered with drying apricots; in July and again in September the figs are drying; in late autumn comes the great event of the year, the date harvest.

The first thing that self-respecting Arab families do is to fill goat-skins with dates packed solid, and store away enough of this staple article of diet to last until the next harvest. The harvests are very certain although of course they fluctuate in amount. The surplus dates are sold to caravan traders, who bring barley for the coarse loaf, animals for meat, and manufactures from over the sea. As the necessary vegetable gardens and other fruit trees cover but a fraction of the space, much of the palm area grows up in grass, which is pulled out and carried in bunches to feed the donkeys, and the cows and goats that furnish the milk-supply. Since the house of sun-dried bricks is small, and keeping it clean is no necessity, the secluded and unlettered woman has plenty of time to run the ancient

spinning-wheel, and hand-loom. Her exercise she gets by carrying heavy water-jars from the spring or well at twilight. Such is the life of the oasis, unchanged these many thousand years since some inventive mind shaped from it the story of Adam and Eve.

III

I would not call the American people to go and live this life of the Arab in his oasis, but we can well and profitably ponder this pregnant fact. If the Arab had to cut down his trees and live by the crops we grow, — the herbs of the field, — famine would sweep the oases. By sheer starvation the population would shrink two thirds, four fifths, or possibly to an even greater extent. It is the tree as a source of support for mankind that I would emphasize.

There will be much food produced if we properly plant all our date territory down in Arizona at the mouth of the American Euphrates. We are already making a good start in that direction, but the lesson for America is far wider than dates, good and nutritious though they are. The date is not the only work tree of the Orient. There are many of them. So great is their service to man that the definition of a garden in Syria is a place where trees are grown, as was the Garden of Eden. The Syrian garden is full of trees, — walnut, almond, olive, carob, fig, apple, peach, pear, cherry, apricot, orange, pomegranate, and mulberry. Beneath and between the trees the vegetables and grains are grown.

The trees in this Syrian garden are an important and practically necessary part of the nutrition of the people. Combined with grain in the form of coarse bread, the tree-products make a balanced and wholesome ration. For large elements of the population, at least one meal a day is commonly composed of bread and walnuts. The walnut is rich in both protein and fat, so that this combination virtually duplicates in nutrition our occidental sandwich of bread, butter, and meat. The oil to which the scriptural writers so lovingly referred is still important in that land, and the olive tree that produces it is almost as useful to the Syrian as the cow is to the American. The cow gives butter and drink, and the olive tree gives butter and food. When the workman on the Mediterranean goes from home for a day's labor, he often takes a pocketful of olives and a piece of bread for his lunch. Remove butter, breakfast bacon, and fat meat from our vocabulary, put olive oil in their place, and we shall begin to think the thoughts of Mediterranean cooks. Once cooks and palates are educated, the blood does not know the difference between the rich globules of fat that come to it. It is fat that the human system wants, and it makes no final difference whether it comes from butter, bacon, lard, olive, cocoanut, goose, or bear. Fat is fat, once it is in our blood. The source from which we shall get this fundamental of nutrition depends in part upon our bringing-up, but eventually our getting it depends upon the ease of winning it from our environment. From the standpoint of wholesomeness and digestibility, olive oil ranks so high that it is often prescribed for infants and invalids by American physicians.

Wherewithal shall we be fatted? The Syrian with the olive trees in the garden (which he has) rather than with cows in the lush pasture (which he has not) is all unintentionally pointing to us the way out of one of our new difficulties. The price of butter mounteth higher and yet higher, and we groan, but groans are not generally recognized in economic circles as good price-reducers. The truth is we have had

cheap lard, cheap butter, and cheap bacon because we had cheap land for the beasts to live on, — cheap and plenty. The Federal government has been giving it away for a century, but for twenty years there has been little more than agricultural remnants to give, and the older lands are somewhat impoverished. Hence land and its products are now rising in price, and there does not seem to be much comfort in sight unless we change our methods. Prices suggest the coming change. Already good olive oil from across the sea is cheaper than butter in the towns and cities of our Atlantic seaboard. There is the vindication of the Syrian gardener. His gray-green olive trees with their hoary trunks centuries old are more efficient fat-makers than our stables of cows. If we would supply ourselves cheaply, we too must turn from the beast to the tree.

This change may be important for the development of the higher life of the race. The mind and spirit of man must surely rest under a handicap if he is bound by the slavery of attending upon the demands of dairy cattle. Morning and evening he must minister unto them, and also in between times. There is no escape on the Sabbath, or Christmas, or the Fourth of July, or even on Labor Day — day in and day out those beasts demand their soul-deadening service. It is worse than the curse that was laid upon Adam when he was sent forth to dig the earth and eat the herb of the fields in the sweat of his face. How different with the olive-dresser! His trees require care to be sure, but there are whole weeks and months when they shift for themselves. The harvest is busy and long, but when it is over, there is the chance for rest, vacation, and the inviting of soul.

But whatever may be the advantage of occasional respite from labor, it can scarcely be said that the Syrian keeps olive trees rather than cows for that reason. He has been driven to it by his environment. The cow with her appetite for grass requires level meadows and rich pastures. The Syrian has neither. The strong point of his country is dry rocky hills, and it is upon this forbidding land that he plants his olives to get his butter by the aid of this remarkable tree stuck in the most unpromising corners of his garden. The poor cow would perish with the burning of her pastures, for the Syrian summer is one unmitigated drought from spring until autumn. The grass withers and assumes the dead brown of our deepest winter. Dust characterizes the parched landscape, but under it all, the olive, with its leaf, hairy on one side and glazed on the other, laughs at drought and brings its fat fruit through to autumn harvest. If the men in the Scripture lands have by the poverty of their environment been forced to get better devices than we now possess, may we not, by the application of our brains, become their copyists and apply at home the agricultural as well as spiritual lessons they have taught us?

IV

The lesson in brief is that crop-yielding trees may serve fundamental needs of great importance and make easier our hold upon life. We are newcomers on this continent. As Man's history goes, we came here but yesterday, and we are still strangers to the land and its best uses. We found a land of trees which we have destroyed in order to apply and produce the crops we brought rather than those that were best suited to the land and to our present needs.

In many places we are busily trying to grow the quickest yielding plants rather than those that yield best both for man and for the land. The wheat crop

often yields less than would have been produced by some good tree crop, and a monument of misplaced wheat is often the gashed and gullied hillside that results. This is the most awful of all our wasteful sins because it is the most irreparable of our destructions. Fortunately this remorseless destruction may be avoided if we attack the problem with a scientific spirit, a broad view, and the willingness to do constructive things.

The trouble is that we have not taken tree crops seriously. In the autumn we go forth with our children and gather a few nuts as a kind of an outing, but it is little more important in our eyes than the collecting of pretty pebbles, and it has no appreciable influence on the family budget or the family's nutrition. We pay some rather high prices at times for fruits, and they are tree crops, it is true, but what do they amount to from the nutritive standpoint in comparison to the trees of the Syrian garden? Our apples, peaches, pears, and grapes, our grapefruit, oranges, and lemons, are delightful and wholesome and needed, but they meet no major nutritive need. These needs of the body are protein for tissue, fat and carbohydrates for energy. Except for a small amount of sugar (and sugar is already one of the cheapest of our foods), our popular fruits may properly be compared to a refreshing drink or a succulent salad. The Syrian garden of trees produces major foods. The almond is high in protein, the great factor in meat. The walnut is high in both protein and fat; the oil of the olive is more nutritious than butter and far more nutritious than any flesh of animals. The fig is a real food, containing some protein and much carbo-hydrate, and a greater amount of nutriment per pound than bread.

In many parts of the Mediterranean basin, millions of people instinctively recognize the fact that the chestnut is high in starch, thus permitting it to become the substitute that it is for bread and for the potato. Even the acorn, with an analysis surprisingly like that of wheat, is used for food to some extent by many tens of thousands.

We need to change our attitude toward the trees as food-producers. We should broaden their gift from the class of salads and frills of nutrition, and make it the *pièce de résistance*, a substitute for some of the staples we find it so increasingly difficult to buy. Perhaps some one may be inclined to say that we are already using nuts as a meat substitute. We are. We already appreciate them so highly that they have risen to unreasonably high prices for which there is no excuse in the cost of production except for the time-element involved. We need many more of them. Meanwhile, all the money that we spend for nuts in a year in this country would not buy a pound of good beefsteak for each of us. In that connection we should not lose sight of the fact that the pound of beefsteak is less nutritious than a pound of any of several kinds of nuts.

The Syrian with his garden of trees (like Eden) does not forget the beast. The prodigal son did eat the husks the swine fed on. Those husks were the sugary pods of the carob bean, a standard article of animal food in Mediterranean lands from that day to the present. At this very moment the rich green and bean-laden carob tree may be seen from Palestine to Portugal, from the edge of the Sahara to Syria and the Riviera. It occupies the arid and rocky corners which are not fit for other crops, and the beans sell for a cent a pound in competition with corn, for which they are a substitute in almost all its uses.

Mr. O. F. Cook, an economic botan-

ist, has recently announced that agriculture in the Mediterranean basin began with tree crops like Eden, rather than with the herbs that predominated after the expulsion. About twenty of these crops are yet of importance, and the economic service that tree crops can render is well shown by the natives of northern Algeria. The ancient Berbers who still live in the mountain territory of Kabylia were never conquered by Roman, Goth, Vandal, Arab, or Turk. They made their first obeisance before the firearms of the French under the Second Empire. Through all these millenniums they have lived in their populous villages perched high on the tops of steep hills. Around them in all directions is a zone of trees, with pasture above, beginning at about three thousand feet, and the oft-conquered open valleys below. Here for unknown ages the Berber has lived among and from his trees. There are four staples of life in Kabylia — dried figs, olives, bread, and meat. For miles and miles and miles there is one unending succession of villages set in this open forest of figs and olives. Here and there the better spots are picked out for grain fields and a few carobs are grown to spice up the donkey's diet of straw, and make a tidbit for the children (St. John's bread, we call it). The sheep and goats which pasture beneath the trees furnish an occasional boiled or broiled joint, and the much more important wool for the inclusive flowing robe of Arab style.

A diet of dried figs, coarse bread, olives, oil, and occasional meat, may seem to us somewhat monotonous, but it has long supported a vigorous race. A recent American agricultural explorer, Mr. Thomas Means, states that the population of this region is twenty-five times as dense where tree crops are the chief dependence as it is where the same people make their living on the same hills by depending upon the grains and grasses — the herbs of the field which have characterized our agriculture since the Fall.

If some one objects to tree crops on the ground that the examples here given are from Old World peoples with lower standards of life than ours, he should at once remember that the same peoples in the same countries live no better, and if anything not so well, when they try our type of agriculture. Nor is there any reason to think that tree crops would not aid effectively in maintaining our high standard of life.

There is small reason to doubt that the proper development of tree crops would greatly enrich and cheapen the food-supply of the American people and their domestic animals. The chief trouble seems to be that we have not thought about it. Most of the crop trees of value in Europe have been introduced into this country, such as the olive, fig, date, the acorn and cork oak, the walnut, pistache, and almond. Our native trees, such as the pecan, shagbark, mulberry, honey-locust, mesquite, and persimmon, offer great promise if properly selected, propagated, improved by plant-breeding, and tested by experiment. All this requires scientific work.

Now that we have spent a quarter of a century developing the equipment for the promotion of agricultural science, the time has probably come when attention can be turned in part from the herb of the field to the more productive tree that has long made the Oriental garden so productive.

LIFE AND DEATH

I

LIFE or death. Death or life. Take or refuse.
What do they offer me? How shall I choose?

II

Said Life, 'I can offer you pain and distress
And trial and failure and hope to the end,
The wealth of experience, joy of success,
The love of a woman, the trust of a friend.

'Then turn not away, is't not fair in the sunshine,
To have the pure freedom of drawing the breath?'
And I marveled and turned, thinking, 'Can these be mine,
These wonderful gifts? But what sayeth Death?'

And Death said, 'Relief and a bound to Life's pleasure,
An infinite peace and an infinite rest.'
In silence I pondered it measure for measure.
Which shall I cleave unto? Which is the best?

III

Life will I take with its joy and its sorrow,
Its love and its loss and its battles with men,
Fair Life for a time thy fair gifts would I borrow,
Till Death gives them back to thy keeping again.

Good Death may thou never be far from my sight,
Stand thou by the wheel as I sail o'er the deep,

Guard me surely by day and approach me by night,
Mantling me o'er with thy shadow, deep sleep.

Attend all my pleasures, bend low o'er my pen,
Join my wild gallops wherever I ride;
In feasting, in travels, in toil among men,
Let me ever be conscious of thee at my side.

Yet shall I not call thee, nor plead for thine aid,
I shall not complain and I shall not implore.
The good game with life shall be royally played,
So Death the kind seneschal stand at the door.

IV

Said Life, 'For a space here is all will avail thee,
Beyond, the course changes, I cannot see where.'
And I said in a whisper, 'Death, thou wilt not fail me.'
And Death at my shoulder said, 'I will be there.'

THE BOY

BY ANNA FULLER

I

It was as sudden, that transportation to other scenes, to other days, — sudden as a sea-change; yet gentle, too, without the disconcerting chill that a sea-change brings. Could it be something about the boy that had set old chords vibrating?

Little more than a boy he seemed, standing there so slim, so straight, against the wide-spreading background of musicians, — so quietly withdrawn into himself, while the great orchestra played the opening bars of the new concerto; his, the boy's, concerto. The violin drooped so lightly at his side; it made her think, fantastically enough, of a bronzed oak-leaf, clinging to its stem — as if a sudden gust might yet shake it loose. And in the preluding strains of the orchestra she seemed to hear again the rustling autumn leaves at her feet, as she and another trod the forest aisles in early spring.

For in Germany the forest has aisles, diverging plainly from any given spot, in long shimmering vistas. These end sometimes in a point of light, there where the forest gives upon the open. But oftener they are lost in the black of the distance. That was what she had liked best to see; for then they seemed unending. She had always been impatient of limitations, and so she had become entangled in them. All her life had been a network of limitations. She knew that now, though she had been rather slow at making the discovery.

Curious, she mused, how last year's leaves used to linger, rustling, in those forest aisles, far into the spring. She wondered how that was here in America. City-bred, she could not recall having visited the woods so early in the season as all that, excepting there at Schönheim. It was Ludwig Meyer who had been her guide the first time; an April day it was, the sun near its setting. He had found that the Fräulein Miss, as the countryside called her, had no scruples about taking a solitary ramble with a young man, and he in his turn had been only too ready to avail himself of her innocent latitude.

The forest spread itself over a broad shoulder of hill, whence one looked down upon the old gray walled town, its huddling roofs, its massive, uncouth *Schloss*, its hoary church-tower. In sun and shade it lay there, this picturesque survival of antiquity, encircled by the winding Fulda, save to the south, where the gardens of the townspeople, nestling in neighborly proximity close outside the walls, showed a roof of fruit trees, refreshingly green in contrast to the bare brown of ploughed fields that lined the valley on every hand. Only on the hills round about was grass to be seen, kept in discreet bounds by browsing cattle and nibbling sheep. Her companion used to tell her about the shepherds, their primitive customs, their homely lore, gleaned face to face with Nature at her homeliest. All this and more, oh, far more, he used to tell her, as they trod the rustling leaves, — 'Dead Leaves in Spring.' That was

the title of one of his poems. She remembered his repeating it to her that first day in the woods, musingly, hesitatingly, as if he were composing it then and there. She found afterwards that he was apt to be like that, musing, hesitating. Only under strong emotion did he become dynamic; and moments of strong emotion were rare with him.

She wondered whether it was the name on the programme that had set her fancy pacing those forest aisles that lose themselves in the distance, — quite as her memories of Schönheim were wont to do. Why, every tenth man in Germany was a Meyer. And yet, if not the name, what could it be? Certainly not the face, dark, smooth-shaven, clean-cut. There was nothing in that to remind her of her Meyer, Ludwig Meyer. At the sudden intrusion of the personal pronoun a slow flush made itself felt — not seen. She was not given to blushing — visibly, at least. She had always had self-control, in small matters and great. That was why she was to-day a New England spinster, sentimentalizing over the past, here, in this brilliant auditorium, and not a German *Hausfrau*, ministering to husband and children — no, grandchildren. It would have been grandchildren by now. Thirty years are reckoned to a generation, and for thirty years those shadows in the forest had been deepening. Well, what of it? What had the forest aisles of Germany to do with her, Helen Bolles, firmly rooted in her own environment, playing her part in it handsomely, efficiently, always to some excellent purpose? She had no overweening pride in herself, but she very well knew that she was a useful member of society. Had not those thirty years, every one of them, gone to prove how right she had been when she broke loose from that homely, heart-searching glamour, — the glamour of Schönheim, the glamour of Ludwig Meyer? In what had it consisted, she wondered, and how long could it have endured, supposing that in her untried girlhood she had committed herself to it for all time?

II

Well, well, how far the mind could travel in a few short minutes! Very many minutes it could not have been, for the preluding of the orchestra still continued, still the violin hung in the boy's light hold, — and the boy was slim and straight.

His name was Fritz, it appeared. Naturally, a Fritz would be straight and slim. Ludwig had not been like that. Rather heavy was his build, and low; indeed, he was hardly taller than she was herself, — a good height for a woman, not for a man, — and he did not carry himself well. Mere girl though she was, she had been quick to recognize in him the type of man who would never force an issue, would never emerge from his native environment. That, too, despite the touch of genius that came and went so tantalizingly. What an unforgettable voice he had, what importunate eyes! Eyes that could burn and melt, entreat and — renounce. The importunity was never long sustained. In truth he was a master-hand at renunciation; he could put as much ardor into that as other men squandered upon a bootless insistency.

No, Ludwig Meyer would never so far dominate circumstance as to emerge — to assert himself. The little town in Hessen Cassel that was his birthplace would be his dwelling-place to the end. A quaint little town, intensely romantic to the Helen Bolles of thirty years ago, listening to Ludwig Meyer's tales of its chivalrous past. A little stronghold it had been for the honest burghers who had built and manned its watch-

towers, and held it inviolate against the robber-barons who infested hill and plain; a real city of refuge to the merchant caravans, fleeing thither for shelter.

She had loved the plucky little stronghold, when once she knew why it was that the houses were so huddled together, the streets hardly more than cobbled alley-ways. She came at last to love everything about it, — the squawking geese that went waddling past the house every morning on their way to the succulent pasturage of the river-banks; the old ferryman who poled one across for a *groschen* to the railway station when there was no time to go round by the ancient bridge, built hundreds of years before railroads were dreamed of.

Dearly too had she loved the little pair of German Fräuleins, who housed her and petted her, taught her German, and thought her the most wonderful young thing in the world. Their house stood on the main thoroughfare, lighted at night by a clumsy mediæval lantern, that hung suspended across the middle of the street directly under her window. This ponderous contrivance was lowered each evening on its clanking chains to within reach of the watchman's hand, then hoisted aloft again, where it swung in the wind, casting more shadows than light upon the cobblestones. And the watchman, his deep guttural, harsh as those clanking chains! How safe one used to feel, snugly stowed away in one's German feather-bed, when one heard him admonishing the good burghers, in rude, immemorial sing-song, to 'have a care of fire and candle-light, that no harm befall the town to-night.' Sometimes, even now, when she was wakened in the small hours by rushing, shrieking automobiles, carrying belated revelers home, her mind would recur to the faithful watchman, and she would be aware of a quite irrational longing for the stillness which used to fall when, with the pious injunction, 'And now praise God the Lord,' he would go shuffling off, his heavy step echoing fainter and fainter in the distance.

The peace, the stillness of Schönheim! There had been years when she had hardly thought of it at all, unless it were idly to speculate as to who might remain among the living, now that the dear little Fräuleins had, one after the other, adventured the long journey, and there was no one left to chronicle the primitive doings of the little community. She smiled inwardly at thought of the delicacy with which they had always refrained from any mention of Ludwig Meyer's name; a smile which went a bit awry as her mind just grazed the squeamishness which had deterred her from herself making any inquiries about him. Of one thing she had no doubt: that if still among the living, he would surely be there, writing his inspired lyrics, or, when deeply moved, setting his lyrics to music.

There was one tune that he had made expressly for her, the Fräulein Miss. A persistent little tune, that went singing away in one's head all day. And the worst of it was that it somehow made you want to cry. It had taken her quite a long time to forget it. Perhaps she might not have succeeded in doing so at all if he had let her hear the words which he said it was written for. But he always refused. 'No, mein Fräulein,' he would say, 'you are not ready to hear those words. When you are, they will be your words, too, and so you will have the right to them. But not now, not now.' And he would give her one of those looks of his which drew and repelled her, until there had been nothing for it but to turn right about face and go, — go without ever having made those mysterious words her own.

How her family had exulted over her when, in July, she had written them that after all perhaps they had better pick her up on their way to Switzerland. They had known from the beginning that she could never stand six months' grind at German in that stuffy little hole.

Yes, there had been years when she had not thought like this of Schönheim, its quaintness, its stillness. But of late, perhaps because of the increasing roar and racket of the present, or perhaps because, at fifty, evening and bedtime do not seem quite so far away as they do at twenty, she was becoming liable to a certain mood of wistful reminiscence that was curiously beguiling.

What was that poem of Ludwig Meyer's that he had sent her after she came away. 'Lethe' was the title. So like Ludwig to console himself with writing a poem, instead of really doing something about it! Did she wish that he had done this apocryphal something? And what would have been the upshot of so uncharacteristic a proceeding? Well, in the first place, it would not have been Ludwig Meyer; so where was the good of speculating?

The last two lines of the little poem had haunted her, in a queer, poignant way until, in sheer self-defense, she had put the thing into English, and so rendered it innocuous. The original had long since slipped her memory, but somehow the translation had stayed by her; no doubt because she herself had made it. A person does not forget her own children, — if she is lucky enough to have any. This was the way the poem ended: —

> We must make our peace with memory,
> Or our lives consume in fretting.

Those were the lines she had once found so disquieting. They did not seem so now; quite the contrary in fact. It must have been the German of them that lent them their appeal. And it was the German of Ludwig Meyer that had drawn her and repelled her. They were so intimately sympathetic, yet so hopelessly at odds.

He was not only German, but *kleinstädtisch* — little-townish — as well. His views about women, for one thing, though never over-emphasized, were as mediæval as the old church that had stood there since Charlemagne's day, its women, of a Sunday, herded together in the body of it, its men enthroned in the galleries. How those men's voices used to roar out the hymns, reverberating from wall to wall, pounding down upon the defenseless tympanum, until one came to feel that to be a woman, here in Germany at any rate, was to be a sort of anvil for Fate to do its pounding on.

Yes, it was the German of Ludwig Meyer that had drawn her and repelled her, rendering her, nevertheless, perversely unsusceptible to any other appeal. And so it was, — she had come to admit the truth at last, — so it was that she had never married; that her children were all, so to say, translations — children of other people, who loved her because she was kind to them and they were grateful, or flattered, or in need of something that she could give, and not because they were her own and could not help themselves.

III

She had not taken her eyes off the young violinist, though she had quite forgotten him. Now, of a sudden, she noticed him again. How short the time must have been that she had spent on her impromptu travels! The boy had not shifted his position; still the violin hung, mute, detachable, in the drooping hand, and still the orchestra held the field. But now, shadows were deepening in the bass-viols, deepening to a

portent, the listener might feel, only that the great body of the strings was gathering a rhythmic force and urgency that dominated all the rest. One hardly heeded the wood-winds, rising from time to time, light of wing, keen of flight, yet tending none could say whither, till, at a stroke, the big brasses entered, with their clear, indisputable affirmative. Whereupon, all that surging sound resolved itself into a great chalice of luminous, vibrant tone, to receive the wine of the composer's ultimate vintage.

The soloist had lifted his violin, the clean-cut chin resting upon it, the bow-hand poised above. And then — the luminous, vibrant chalice was filled.

It seemed to Helen Bolles that she had never heard the single voice, even of a violin, so permeate, so vivify, a great orchestra, — heightening, subduing, yet never overtopping it to the detriment of its plastic substance, its essential harmony, formed of a thousand pulsing modulations.

She had forgotten Schönheim, she had forgotten that identity of name she had been speculating upon; she was listening, as all that great audience was listening, with a mind single to the supreme experience of the moment. For a supreme experience it was, to every music-lover there.

The first movement had gone its triumphant way, the great chalice glowing, expanding, vibrating, to the keen elixir of the master-instrument, — an elixir piercing now to the depths of it, now glancing in prismatic colors across its face, now brimming its furthest edge, until, when the flood was at its height, the radiant element freed itself and, soaring, as it were, on one golden note, was lost in the empyrean. Then once more the shadows deepened in the great basses, even as night descends upon the sea; the clamor of the brasses was hushed, the wood-winds ceased their fretting, and, with one last, heaving breath of the darkening waters, silence fell.

There was an instant's pause, long enough for the violinist to lift his instrument, testing a string. Then the storm broke, — a storm of handclapping that would have kindled a musician of the Latin race to flame. But the quiet Teuton stood there, gravely regarding the commotion he had evoked, gravely inclining his head, but not oftener than courtesy demanded, evidently waiting his chance to test that doubtful string. He was like a wary mariner, heedful only of sheet and rudder, deaf to the waves thundering at his prow.

And now he was playing again, and to the merest accompaniment of the orchestra, an accompaniment so simple, in its first phrasings, that it might have been written for the piano. A new quality had crept into his tone: dramatic before, it was now pure lyric. Helen Bolles felt a stirring of premonition, deepening throughout the opening strains of the movement. So subtle, so pervasive, was this sense of something imminent, that when, at last, the old familiar tune blossomed, as on a magic stem, she was conscious of no surprise. She had known all along what was coming, — she had known what was to be the flower of this strange, dream-like experience.

Curiously enough, the haunting melody, so familiar to her, yet so incredibly remote, no longer touched the vein of reminiscence. Her thoughts did not again recur to Schönheim; hardly was she reminded of Ludwig Meyer. It was the content of the music itself that held her fast, the meaning, the true meaning, of the song, the words of which had been denied her because she could not make them her own. But now she perceived that no words were needed; only the interpretation that

resides in beautiful harmony, whether of music, or of life itself.

The simple melody was caught up and carried forward in flowing modulations, interwoven, infiltrated, with many a gleaming light and melting shadow, yet never losing that primal simplicity which makes of the true lyric a thing for all men, for all time. And still, throughout the singular revealment of her mood, she was conscious mainly of a new clearness of vision, harmonizing, tranquilizing, lifting her quite out of and beyond herself. She perceived that the little song as Ludwig Meyer had conceived it, had been personal, limited, — that in the hands of this wonderful boy it had become universal.

So complete was her self-enfranchisement that, when the *adagio* was past, — the echoes of the little song quite blown out, as it were, in vehement gusts of applause, — she found herself listening to the final movement with a mind as wholly given over to that as if no haunting lyric had ever searched her soul. Her joy in its splendid rhythms, its ringing cadences, was as spontaneous as had been her joy in the great snow-peaks of Switzerland whither she had once fled, to find in those mighty presences appeasement and new life.

And yet, when the concerto was over, it was neither the exaltation of the great finale, nor the still revealment of the adagio, that filled her mind. For, as Fritz Meyer stood bowing before the wildly applauding audience, recalled again and again, — as he stood there, his violin drooping like a last year's oak-leaf at his side (for he had not left it behind as is the wont of your virtuoso), — her one concern was lest that bronze oak-leaf, that had all the voices of the forest in its keeping, should detach itself from his loose hold and fall, shattered and crumbling, at his feet.

Then, presently, the tumult having spent itself, and the audience settling back to relax over the Freischütz overture, she found herself still keyed to an unwonted receptivity until, of a sudden, and quite unaccountably, her attention swerved, diverted by a trivial recollection of the past. She caught herself thinking of the little Landrath's daughter at Schönheim, of the fervor with which she would stand up and sing the pious Agatha's song: '*Leise, leise, fromme Weise,*' — a fervor so disproportioned to her capacities that it used to be quite pathetically droll. Queer little round-faced, round-eyed person, a little rosebud thing, that always had the air of waiting to be picked and set in a glass of water. The splendid playing of the orchestra to-day was like a merciless light cast upon the incapacities of the devout little songstress.

Indeed, so superb had been the rendering of that final number, that the impression of it was really uppermost in her mind as she rose at last and left her seat. Insomuch that when, as she passed out with the throng, a man she knew — a man whom she had once come rather near marrying — remarked upon the sensational triumph of the evening, she heard herself answering, 'Yes, indeed, it was extraordinary. But, did you ever hear the Freischütz played like that?'

IV

As she descended the steps outside, now unaccompanied, — for the man she might have married had a wife and daughter of his own to look after, — she found that all the world was talking of the new concerto. She did not herself join in the chorus; in such self-evident encomiums she seemed to have no part. As speedily as might be, she disengaged herself from the crowd, making her way toward a point, a

block distant, where her chauffeur had orders to await her. Suddenly, close before her, she espied the figure of the young violinist, — the boy, as she had called him from the first, — standing, violin-case in hand, on the curbstone, about to cross the street. His head was thrown back, much as Ludwig Meyer's used to be when he took to mental star-gazing. So he had stayed to hear the concert out, just as his father would have done. His father? Why had she thought that? The song had no doubt been common property for years. The composer of to-day had simply used it, as he might have used a folk-song, as he might have used this song, had his name happened to be any other name than Meyer.

She had stayed her step, in obedience to a half-formulated purpose, and at that instant she saw the young star-gazer step off the curb, directly across the path of a motor-car, — her own car, as it chanced, coming to meet her half way. It was moving at very moderate speed; there was really not the slightest danger. But an officious fool must needs seize the boy by the arm, and jerk him backward. The boy was safe, as he had been all along, but, at the unexpected onslaught, the violin-case was flung from his hand, straight into the middle of the thronging roadway. Without a moment's hesitation Helen Bolles leaped forward and, with a swift, rather daring movement, rescued the instrument almost from under the feet of a pair of prancing horses. A little flurry of excitement stirred the lookers-on, but it had all happened too quickly for active intervention.

As she regained the sidewalk, Fritz Meyer was at her side.

'Ah, madame,' he stammered, breathless with emotion. 'How can I say, in my bad English? How can I t'ank you?'

'And I,' she rejoined, with one of her rare and very beautiful smiles. 'How can I thank you — in my bad German — for your wonderful music?'

She had not at her first words been aware that she was speaking German. It was the flash in the boy's face that reminded her, and already her half-formulated purpose had taken shape. With a word of dismissal to her chauffeur, she turned again to the young musician.

'I wonder if you would be so kind as to escort me home?' she queried. 'It is not very far.'

'Oh, madame!' came eagerly. 'May I? Dare I?'

'It is such a fine evening for walking, and there are things I want to speak about.'

As they fell into step — 'Please, gracious lady,' he begged, 'do not praise my playing.'

'Nor your composition?' she asked, endeavoring, meanwhile, to adjust her mind to the elaborate courtesy-title, the like of which had never afflicted her girlish ears of long ago.

'No, nor my composition.'

'Because you are modest?'

'No, gracious lady. Because it is such a beautiful evening, and because, if it were not for you, I should have no eyes for its beauty. I should be mourning my violin.'

The fall of the voice upon these words was Ludwig Meyer's own. But she did not find it in the least disconcerting. It all seemed so natural, so inevitable — as things always seem in a dream. She would hardly have marveled, had she found the city pavements strewn with fallen leaves.

They had escaped the crowd, by a way she knew; a quiet side street uninfested by trolley-car or shrieking motor. Although it was mid-December, the evening was only cool autumnal. There were stars, but no moon.

'You don't mind my kidnapping

you?' she asked, no whit surprised at the ease with which the German phrase came to her, after all these years. 'You see, I am quite old enough to be your mother.'

'My mother! But, gracious lady, never! I am twenty-five years of age!'

'Ah,' with mock gravity. 'That would make your mother quite an old woman, would n't it?'

'Oh, yes. She would be nearly fifty if she were living. Think of it! Nearly half a century!' And he added, wistfully, 'She was so little and so young. I don't think it was meant that she should grow old.'

'And your father? Were you named for him?'

'No. I was named for my grandfather. He was Landrath at Schönheim, where we lived. He was tall, like me, and dark, and I think he was proud, too, and looked down on us. But he was no such man as my father, plain Ludwig Meyer. Everything I have, I owe my father; my bit of talent, my love of the beautiful, even the best thing in my concerto, the little air in the adagio that makes the tears come. Did you notice that, gracious lady?'

He was looking into her face, and she smiled her answer.

'So that was your father's, the little air that makes the tears come? And your father? Is he living?'

'He died a year ago. His last bequest to me, — he had hardly anything else to leave, — was the permission to use the little song in my concerto. Before that, no one but me had heard it since the time, many, many years ago, he said, when it was first written.'

'No one at all?'

'He said, no one but me.'

They walked some paces in silence. They had come out now on the avenue, whose broad spaces made nothing of passing vehicles. Even the noise of them had room to dissipate itself.

Presently — 'Was it written to words, the little tune?'

'Yes, to his own words, I think.'

'You know the words?'

She had spoken as under compulsion, and with a sharp, protesting catch of the breath. But there was nothing to fear; she might have known that there was nothing to fear. For —

'No,' came the reply. 'He said no one knew them. That he himself knew them because he had lived them. After that I could not ask for them, could I, gracious lady?' And again he looked her in the face.

It was the old look, the old appeal of voice and glance, that had once wrought such trouble in her young blood. To-night it was the boyishness of it all that chiefly touched her, and as she answered, 'No, of course you could not,' she was thinking how this youth, this mere stripling, whom, for all his amazing genius, she had been regarding as a boy, was scarcely younger than had been the man, whose influence, repudiated though it was long years ago, had really, in a sense, shaped her life.

The avenue was almost deserted. It was the pause between the concert-goers and the theatre folk. They had walked half a block without speaking. Then: 'Tell me about your brothers and sisters.' The question was but a stop-gap; of that she was well aware. And indeed what mattered all the rest, since here beside her walked the heir-apparent?

'I have none,' he was saying. 'I was the first. My mother died when I was born.' His voice, Ludwig Meyer's voice, was very wistful, very tender.

They had reached the steps of her sightly house, facing southward on the avenue; the house of which she had been sole mistress now these twenty years.

'You will come in for a moment?'

she begged. 'You will let me give you some refreshment, after your great evening?'

He pulled out his watch.

'Alas, no, gracious lady. I must return to my hotel. My train leaves at midnight.'

Well, that was as it should be. It kept the whole, dreamlike experience in solution, as it were. She shrank from any materialization of it.

'And where do you go next?'

As if that were of any importance! But one gets the trick of talking.

'I don't quite know,' he deprecated. 'It is all so strange to me, this big country. But my manager knows. He says we do not reach San Francisco until late in the spring. It is a queer life for a Schönheimer.' Then, with a little shrug of regret, that none but a Teuton could have given, 'I would far rather have come in; though I have already had my refreshment, gracious lady.'

She was standing now on the single broad, low step before her own door. In a moment he would be gone.

'Shall you like the queer life?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, I shall like it. Every place is home to me, while I have my violin — that the gracious lady saved for me.'

At the word, he swept his hat from his head, with a very foreign gesture, and, bending above her outstretched hand, lifted it to his lips.

Touched by the boyishness of the act, — for there was no trace of gallantry in voice or manner, — she leaned forward and, resting her disengaged hand upon the bent head, 'I do that for your mother,' she said, very gently.

He looked up, with eyes that melted and glistened in the half-shadow.

'The poor little mother! You pity her too?'

'No,' she murmured, more gently still. 'I do not pity her. I think — I almost think — I envy her.'

And now she was standing at her open door, listening to the receding footsteps of the boy, — Ludwig Meyer's boy, whose mother that was to be had sung her little song with so much more of feeling than of art. Till, presently, the light step was lost, not, as had been the old watchman's shuffling tread, in the echoing distance, but in the hum of an approaching automobile, — swept away as it were, in the headlong spirit of the age. She had no wish to recall him. He had gone on his beautiful mission to the world, the world of to-day, than which no world was ever more in need of the gospel of divine harmonies.

And she? Why, how right everything was, to be sure. How right it had been from the beginning. She could almost hear the watchman's call, echoing in the distance: 'And now praise God the Lord.' And, as she stood once more on her own hearthstone, looking down into the glowing embers, where so much of warmth and cheer still dwelt, a very beautiful smile lit the brooding face. For she knew that, at last, after all these years, she too had made her peace with memory.

ON NOSES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'Some time,' I had long promised myself, 'I will write my reminiscences on Noses.'

'Some time,' I had still longer promised myself, 'I will read *Tristram Shandy*.'

Yesterday, the horizon of some time grew nearer: 'To-morrow, I will indulge in Noses; and to-night, apropos of this package of new books, I will read *Tristram Shandy*.'

At the end of the fifteenth chapter — pray what little hobgoblin attends to such coincidences? — began a Shandean skit on noses: Tristram's own nose, his great-grandfather's nose, his father's system of noses, his Uncle Toby's dictum on noses, the tale of the Strassburger who at the Promontory of Noses had taken such a noble specimen for his own. The Nose having thus served as a frigate to launch Sterne into the gulf of a new digression, he sailed before the wind. In my case it brings me back to terra firma.

The triangular pyramid projecting from the centre of the face has always had peculiar interest for me. In infancy I used it as a pocket, stowing therein an occasional bean filched from the cook's store; and I remember the stir one such instance occasioned in the household as well as in me, when a canny country doctor put his open mouth to mine and with a mighty blast persuaded the bean to stand not upon the order of its exit. Later, a coasting accident left me with some nasal vacuity and the ability to run a grassblade up one nostril and down the other. Thus I became *persona grata* at juvenile circuses, the price of admission for my performance going all the way up from five pins to three cents, my profits invariably being paid in pins, the distaff side, I suppose, very properly.

The next landmark of my theme was that, literally. Mumble-the-peg for all comers frequently resulted in my doing the mumbling. Down the vista of the years, memory still sings the fashioning of the peg, its unnecessary brevity and point, its smoothness to resist all friction of a sympathetic earth. I hear the thumps on its head of the handle of the jack-knife — three knocks each with your eyes shut and three with them open. It never failed to be driven in to the head; and to enable me to pull it out with my teeth the resourceful boys dug a hole in the ground for my nose. Once started on the run, I was safe enough, for I was fleet, and the peg dropped into the big myrtle bed was seldom recovered for re-pegging.

About this time, I seem to recall, I was initiated into the idiom of the subject. I learned to count noses, 'Ena, Meena, Mina, Mo'; to follow my nose; to be led by the nose; to have my nose put out of joint; to thrust my nose into; to turn my nose up at, — the latter precipitated by the arrogance of city children in clothes too fine to paddle in the brook, but with abysmal ignorance of how to climb a tree. I did not need a Horace to tell me in delectable Latin that it is the common way to turn up your nose at what you yourself do not know: I knew it already.

About this time the literature of the nose dawned above my horizon. There was the wish for the yard of black pudding, its dramatic attachment to the French housewife's nose, and the decent moral precipitated by its fall; and there was the elephant's child whose nose grew longer and longer with each pull till it 'hurt him *hijjis*,' followed by the consoling bit of philosophy: 'Vantage number one — you could n't have hit the fly with a mere smear nose'; and about then childhood bloomed into adolescence.

Now I began to regard my nose in the looking-glass, with results that led to clothes-pin experiments in sleeping hours; and fingers anxiously pressing down knobosities as I sought to solve why X plus Y made Z. Being told that a liberal diet of carrots would reduce color in the complexion, I showed a craving for those hitherto despised vegetables; and hearing that lemon juice was a panacea for nose-freckles, three-miles-from-a-lemon was no hindrance. At this period, also, thanks to numismatics, I mastered the distinction between the Roman nose and the Grecian; the derivation of the word aquiline, and the accentuating or reducing effects of styles of coiffures and hat-brims. Being in the conundrum stage of humor, I used to propound an involved interrogation to which I was always given the privilege of answering myself, — 'No nose can be more than eleven inches long because if it were it would be a foot.'

Then I saw Mansfield play *Cyrano de Bergerac*. 'His nose terrifying,' read the stage direction. His own mother had thought him unflattering, and he himself fostered no illusions: 'Sometimes in the violet dusk I yield to dreamy mood and think of love. With my great devil of a nose I sniff the April. I forget. I kindle; and then suddenly I see the shadow of my profile upon the garden wall!' To the world, however, Cyrano was proud, proud of such an appendage, inasmuch as an enormous nose is the index of a kindly, courteous, witty, liberal, and brave man. Many were the sprightly pleasantries which Cyrano's fertile fancy showered upon his nose, — aggressive, amicable, descriptive, inquisitive, mincing, blunt, anxious, tender, learned, offhand, dramatic, deferent, rustic, military, — the sum total 'not a quarter of the tenth part of the beginning of the first' of what might be said. And how we adored him! It was not a handsome nose he reared aloft: it was his soul he held erect; and at that age we, too, were soulful.

Now the girl began to experience the curious truth known to all practiced in life, that interest in a subject forces it to spring up on all sides. She was taken to a picture-gallery, and Ghirlandaio's portrait of the old man with the great nose and the lovely smile and the adoring grandchild beckoned from the nearest wall. She paused before the portrait of Thackeray and noticed for the first time that he had a broken nose. She dipped into *Don Quixote* only to find new light on the *écuyer du bachelier*, Samson Carrasco, whose colossal nose frightened Sancho. In Westminster Abbey she learned that American vandals were especially fond of snapping off the nose from the tablet erected in memory of Major André, the spy. Her first visit at Oxford was to Brasenose College, the brass-nose knocker of which had been lately returned to Oxford after an absence of five and a half centuries.

No list of my reminiscences can ignore the fact that much of my omnivorous reading was due to the recurring hope of becoming more nosey-wise. Socrates first attracted me because he claimed to be able to turn his prominent eyes inward till they gazed full

into each other across the narrow bridge of his nose. Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston became human for me when I heard them sentenced to have their noses mutilated by the public hangman for some imaginary insult to the Scot in *Eastward Ho*, which they had written in collaboration. The spirit of liberty in Dante's day revealed its wild tenor when I read that his friend Recoverino de Cerchi had his nose cut off in a ballroom. I followed many of Brougham's speeches, trying to discern just where he used to punctuate his sentences with his nose, turning it up at the end of a long parenthesis, which served to mark the change of subject better than a printed mark. I ran down a French pastor who, Diderot said, praised with his nose, blamed with his nose, decided and prophesied with that expressive member; and of whom Grimm said that whoever understood the pastor's nose had read a great moral treatise. I learned to distinguish the portraits of the whole Kemble family by the eagle beak which ran through that talented tribe, and I laughed over Gainsborough's baffled ejaculation to Mrs. Siddons, as he threw down his brush, 'Damn it, madame, there is no end to your nose!' Shandy *père* had prophetic vision when he opined that six or seven long and jolly noses would hoist a family into the best vacancies in the kingdom.

My theme seems of adequate antiquity. Two thousand years ago the poet Vyasa described his hero, Battlestrong, as 'possessed of slender height, a monstrous nose and enormous eyes.' The Rig Veda refers contemptuously to 'foes with no noses,' as opposed to those gods gifted with good noses. Another Hindu describes his heroine thus: 'She has fair hair and fair is her nose.' One wishes he had particularized in what the fairness of her nose consisted. We know that Lavater hated 'an authoritative nose' in women. It was rare, he admitted, and stood for rare qualities, all of them bad. It suggested to him the 'wretched pride of their silence.' Does such a nose turn up or down? Lavater does not say. Goethe, in referring to this great physiognomist of the eighteenth century, says it was his duty as minister, on Sundays after the sermon, to hold the little velvet bag toward those going out, and to receive the donations with a blessing. One Sunday he set himself the task of looking at no one, but of taking note only of hands and construing their shape. Not only did he observe the forms of the fingers, — the very expression of them as they dropped in the gift did not escape his attention. I wonder just how he carried out his observations on women's noses, to decide which were authoritative. Were they beguiled to smell a rose in his presence, or to sit for a silhouette, or to remark a fresh fashion on a rival belle?

Montaigne would have delighted in such studies. He himself wrote a chapter on Thumbs, though it was elsewhere that he recorded that his father, at the age of sixty, could go round the dinner table on his thumbs. Whenever this essayist found the horizon distant and its objects vague, he 'looked at his feet and at things in reach of his hand.' Noses, oddly enough, seem to have escaped him. No doubt, however, about his *flair*. He had it for the minutest things of this passing show, perfuming even the violet, as did that unknown writer in the Greek Anthology: 'I send thee sweet perfume, giving grace to the perfume, not to thee; for thyself thou canst perfume even the perfume.' Or, like Catullus sending to his friend Fabullus, 'perfume which the Venuses and Loves gave to my lady; and when you snuff its fragrance you will pray the gods to make you no-

thing but nose.' I have always liked the oriental legend of Azrael holding to the nostril of the elect an apple from the tree of life. In the physical sense, delicacy of nostril was once a matter of life and death to our ancestors, as it is to hosts of creatures to-day. At a dinner party not long ago my neighbor commented on the beauty of the roses, regretting that he could not smell them, and it turned out that five of the twelve guests had lost the sense of smell. Dean Stanley once, at mention of such a catastrophe, vehemently tapped his own nose, exclaiming, 'Here, here!'

Coleridge, who always had an excuse for any of his own bad habits and behavior, told Proctor that perhaps snuff was the final cause of the human nose. Must one conclude that with the failing keenness of the sense of smell man's nose will shrink to the proportions of those deliberately crushed down in Crim Tartary, or those that Pantagruel found on the island of Enuasin, shaped like the ace of clubs? Would conservatives then depend for the upkeep of noses upon the surgeon and the physicist, or upon such an expert as the German chemist whose name was Nose? Would the character change in arithmetical proportion to the exterior changes of the face's promontory?

The Earl of Chatham used to bow so low when he met a Bishop that his nose could be seen between his knees. Such suavity is more appalling than the most exalted nose on any young 'rye.' The common French phrase is 'lifting the nose' rather than the eyes, granting it thus a more independent personality. A modern novelist goes further in speculative subtlety and ambidexterity of argumentation when he practically argues that instead of saying, 'That little squinting, humpbacked snub-nose has a splendid soul,' we might put it, 'That splendid soul has a little squinting, humpbacked snub-nose.' Certainly we all know souls whose noses do not express them. Madame de Sévigné went to the root of the matter when she said of the Dauphine that 'her face became her ill: her wit perfectly.'

Physically beautiful men, the glory of the race when it was young, are almost an anachronism now. Will it happen, militant and feminist auto-suggested, that physically beautiful women may become an anachronism likewise? Shall the hidden, inner character be made incarnate in the way of Balzac's hundreds of delineative noses, where was a certain play of expression which revealed the workings of the mind? After Burne-Jones painted his attenuated figures and Rossetti his haunting faces, such figures and faces became common on London streets. Can we argue with Shandy that the excellence of the nose is in direct proportion to the excellence of the wearer's or of the artist's fancy? Or that instead of the fancy begetting the nose, the nose begot the fancy? This mystic and allegorical scent has led me far, and I am fain to follow the example of Doctor McCosh when a teasing student stopped him to inquire about some intricate process of the mind, — pull my long nose and walk off, leaving you *planté là*, unanswered.

THE MODERNIST

AN ESSAY IN VERSE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

Our age for charms untold is rhymed and fêted,
  But I — I like its human antics best:
The man cosmopolite, expatriated,
  Who hugs the wandering planet to his breast;
The man who, with religions satiated,
  Still jests at faith and finds a faith in jest;
The specialist whom ponderings deep enable
To frame an index or affix a label;

The pessimist who finds in facts horrific
  Occasions for exultant self-applause;
The statesman, sure that nations grow pacific
  The more they furnished are with teeth and claws;
The symbolist with verse hieroglyphic;
  The cubist undisheartened by guffaws:
All, all I love, but topmost on the list
I rank, to-day, the gallant modernist.

He's what I call — in trope — the 'early riser.'
  Astir when all the household are abed;
At breakfast, primed, inestimably wiser —
  The weather presaged and the journals read —
He holds forth to the dutiful surprise or
  Faint thanks of those on whom is richly shed
His affluence, whom an hour's disastrous lateness
Has made his almsmen, parasites to greatness.

He views time as a pyramid inverted,
  Poised deftly on the apex of the Now;
Or ship whereon, by order preconcerted,
  His post is always neighboring to the prow,
The spot where, as in mockery inserted,
  The figurehead — his emblem — shades the bow;
Each barge, each headland, swims into his ken
Ten seconds ere it greets his fellow men.

He deems that God himself is journalistic,
  Each daytime's issue, smoking from the press,
Remanding by succession fatalistic
  All earlier dates to chaff and nothingness;
Each form, howe'er ingenious or artistic,
  Born with the day, exhales with day's recess;
Time like a broom or snow-plough is designed;
Ahead lies substance — vacancy behind.

His glance is still round far horizons playing,
  Where gas-jets loom like planets to the eye;
He loves in lettered fields to walk a-maying,
  Where through the drifts peep buddings faint and shy;
For him the only ore that tempts assaying
  Is that new-mined, bared freshly to the sky.
The past is but time's ash-heap dim and gray:
Hades is synonym for yesterday.

He loves to make in nascent reputations
  Investment of discreet, precursive praise,
Which, later, when fame passes expectations,
  Its dividend of honor duly pays.
The stocks are scanned: 'Those Meredith quotations
  Scale high — with Bennetts all the mart's ablaze;
Wards falling slowly — water in the stock;
Hold Shaws, buy Masefields in the solid block!'

He nurses fames. 'This stripling Archidamus —
I've called him hopeful — Really? classed as sound
In Archer's foot-note? Why, the fellow's famous!
I think I'll risk the epithet "renowned"!
Besides, his voyages to Crete and Samos
Kind notice from the *Argonaut* have found.
What? two, *three* columns in the *Polypus?*
Strike out "renowned" and write "illustrious."'

And, not content with altruistic nursing,
He loves to wind fame's earliest bugle-horn;
For him, Pope's motto poignantly reversing,
At every word a reputation's born;
The babe may thrive, its sponsor reimbursing,
Or if, by ailments infantile uptorn,
It dies — what matter? It finds cosiest room
For the belied prognostic in its tomb.

And then, since praise unmixed is meretricious,
A pinch of blame must season our critique;
We'll drop betwixt 'enthralling' and 'delicious,'
Some muttered hint like 'structurally weak';
Faults shine like merits in a phrase judicious;
'Crux writes in cipher: dub his style unique.
Pax raves: why, yes, berserker-like, convulsive.
Nex stabbed his brother: true, Nex *is* impulsive.'

He loves a dashing word, a phrase new-minted,
But new words age so lamentably fast;
There's 'colorful,' no longer blithely tinted,
And 'artistry' with damaged wares is classed;
I fear lest, too assiduously printed,
'Convincing' leave us skeptical at last;
'Mordant' has lost its tooth. We need 'invasive';
'Compelling' — that's as lamblike as 'persuasive.'

'Not mine,' he says, 'to count tradition folly;
In youth I could read Tennyson at sight;
And Arnold, reticent and melancholy,
In whom fond antiquarians delight;
I once perused an ancient named Macaulay,
Who spake of Burke, the vanished Troglodyte;
Our libraries these prehistoric data
Guard, fossil-like, in shelves that mimic strata.

'There's Shakespeare, now, a most ingenious fellow —
Read him some idle week at Spa or Ems —
The daisies in his meads are fair and yellow,
Though Avon's force is surely not the Thames';
His works re-read from *Tempest* to *Othello*,
Yield copious store of pungent apophthegms;
A man not void of humor; and his dramas
Serve still as trestle-work for panoramas.

'The truths we love are many-hued as Iris —
Be they but fresh, they're palatable all;
With Bergson all our spirits can desire is
More draughts and lustier of the *élan vital;*
We'll carve our God, like primitive Osiris,
For James' (the elder's) sake, in pieces small;
Nietzsche is godless — pæans be upraised;
And Chesterton's religious, Heaven be praised!'

The age draws truth into its own mutations
(For us the ship's course guides the polar star)
It nods — responsive to our lucubrations —
Which proves that affirmations priceless are;
It turns, it winds, in unforeseen gyrations,
Which make it plain that truth is circular;
It gives itself the lie; we know by trial
The heart and pith of truth is self-denial.

He joys to find the generous earth productive
Of those rich cacti called the pessimists;
He loves a soul that's wholesomely destructive,
A soul that carries falcons on its wrists;
Malevolence is wooingly seductive;
What blandishment so sure as doubled fists?
If his god chides him: 'Dastard, slave, unbred,'
He bows in meekness: 'Master, thou hast said.'

He loves each note in the incessant howling,
Emitted from his strange menagerie:
The Swedish bear, insatiately prowling,
With woman's flesh fed hourly, — grim to see;
Sp-t-zz! the cat Nietzsche with his valiant growling
At love, faith, patience, 'mouse' morality;
See, his fur sparkles! From the adjoining yard
Heard ye that baying? That's our St. *Bernard!*'

The clocks tick faster in the stimulation
His presence yields. That loafing earth and skies
Should twice twelve hours consume in one saltation
Affects him with intolerant surprise;
Fired newly by his kindling expectation,
The sun feels fresh encouragements to rise;
He, supple athlete, sound in wind and limb,
Keeps gray time breathless, chasing after him.

Long may it be ere Death, that grim precisian,
Halts his gay car for speeding over-fast.
Shall he incur that uttermost derision,
Consignment to the stationary past?
Must he behold from shaded fields Elysian
The saucy Now fade in the formless vast,
And Time and all Time's couriers such as he
Stalled in that mighty pound, Eternity?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FEARSOME GARTER-SNAKE

I AM accounted, among my friends, a woman of rare courage. Humanity's subtlest, most inveterate enemy, the unseen disease-germ, has for me no terrors; I tramp for hours umbrellaless in wind and rain without dread of catching cold; only yesterday I walked calmly into a measles-smitten household; in China I have looked without fear on the body of a coolie lying dead by the wayside. Nor do I flinch in time of misadventure: hooky cows and setting hens I boldly confront; I have ridden a bucking pony through a yellow-jacket's nest, have been in a motor accident on a lonely road in Asia, four thousand miles from a repair shop, have traveled on an ocean liner when fire smouldered in her cargo of cotton bales, and on a treacherous railway during spring freshets — and this without blenching. Apprehensions of midnight burglars, or the possible man-under-the-bed, trouble me not at all, nor am I haunted by the thought that the maid is about to leave and I may fall downstairs and break a leg. The bugaboos of society do not daunt me: I vote; I occupy a gallery seat at the opera with unruffled enjoyment; a street gown, new this week, has a skirt wide enough for a free step.

A fine picture of an Amazon, is it not? A modern woman emancipated from the shackles of timidity, submission, and superstition which have bound her sex for centuries. And yet in my armor of fearlessness there is a flaw.

As if each crawling specimen were the original one that harbored Satan in Eden, I fear the 'spirited, sly snake.' Not necessarily the rattlesnake — him I seldom meet — but the innocuous garter-snake, common in garden, forest, and meadow. There is no poison in his fangs; I am not, like Achilles, vulnerable in the heel; yet, some day, I know, a garter-snake will twine himself about my ankle and my screams will pierce the empyrean.

In my little girlhood I proved by repeated experiments the saying, known of every country child, that 'a snake's tail does not die until sundown,' whereupon the snake became for me an object of loathing more uncanny by far than those lizards whose tails fly off at a blow. If Fate had given me an elder brother, if some teasing boy friend had appeared during this period of investigation, my future tremors might all have been spared, for such an one would have taught me, willy nilly, to pick up the reptile by the tail, to let him coil his cold length on my palm. Into my hands, instead, fell a copy of *Paradise Lost*, illustrated by Doré, and the garter-snake became fixed in my mind forever as an ally of the Evil One, a devouring dragon in the path.

He is so often in the path! — a terror that makes me choose my steps with infinite care in forest and field. In early spring — with us the first wild flowers bloom in February — I stoop to pick a violet, and a garter-snake glides from under my hand. Walking in March on the first warm day, I can spare but fleeting glances for the glories of the fir woods, radiant with yellow violets, white trilliums, and the gay, red bells a-swing on the wild currant; for my eye must be ever on the road where numberless garter-snakes go

'streaking the ground with sinuous trace.' In midsummer, by a trout stream, high in the Cascade Mountains, I find a serpent,

> In labyrinth of many a round, self-rolled,
> His head the midst,

sunning himself on a log where I must stand to cast.

Again, I pause, entranced, in the depth of the forest, listening to a wee, brown wren, warbling rapturously on a stump near by; to a russet thrush, afar in the green aisles, singing his vesper song; I half expect to see a faun caper with a flourish of goat legs from behind the trunk of a tree, I half expect to see some fish-tailed god of the trout rise from behind a boulder in the stream below; then, expectant, charmed with melody, I slide down a steep bank to reach a pool of promise, and my descending heel barely misses a striped reptile coiled on the river's edge. He crawls away hissing; I try to calm my fears with the facts of evolution. Scientists tell us that the snake is merely a distant cousin of the sweet-voiced wren and russet thrush, beloved of my soul; but the knowledge does not lessen my fright or temper my dislike.

In spring and summer he cumbers the earth. Even in November, when I cut a branch of flaming vine maple in a suburban lot, he is there, drowsing at the base of the shrub, and he slinks away with a rude darting of his forked tongue and a hint of rheumatism in his wriggling motion. Only during our brief and rainy winter may I walk abroad in peace.

Nor is the garter-snake peculiar to America. Chance has led me to many lands and many are the coppers I have given to be quit of rag-clothed beggars accompanied by pet reptiles, harmless yet capable of twining about one's ankle. Once, in Japan, I made a pilgrimage to a shrine dedicated to some god of pedestrians. It was picturesquely situated on a hillside in a grove of giant cryptomerias. The god sat framed in hundreds of sandals left as votive offerings: little sandals of toddling children, larger ones of countrywomen, big sandals of men, and one great pair of the size of the seven-league boots. As I gazed, twisting down among them, long, and thick as my arm, came a serpent; and straightway a miracle of swift walking came to pass.

By good fortune I reached, at last, during my travels, a snakeless Eden. In the blessed island of St. Patrick serpents may not live. Even those of the Dublin Zoo, it is said, pine away and die. In Ireland I sauntered by gently flowing rivers, through meadows knee-deep with grass, and no fear was in my soul. Old habit, at first, made me walk warily, but there were no snakes in snaky places, and finally the glad freedom was mine of walking with my eyes on the sheep and white-washed cottages and colleens and beech trees and even on the lark aloft, 'singing at heaven's gate.'

Since those carefree days, St. Patrick has always seemed to me a man born before his time. What might not that vigorous saint have accomplished in the way of banishing reptiles from America had he been born after Columbus! Why did Dame History grant the gracious gift of St. Patrick to a small, green isle of the sea in the fifth century, when a vast continent inhabited by copper-heads, rattlers, and garter-snakes was to be discovered in the fifteenth?

Angling is to me the sport of sports, tramping is one of my chief joys, and yet, like Eve, through a serpent I lose Paradise. A son of Adam would doubtless trace this childish cowardice to the long-suffering mother of us all, but Eve's daughter must refrain. It is an inheritance, a primitive instinct, a useless survival, a kind of mental vermi-

form appendix; an inheritance, not from Eve, I take it, but from some remote jungle ancestress to whom all serpents were deadly enemies, to be shunned in the open and driven from the cave that was her home. To this primeval woman, this occupant of sunless caverns, I owe that little twilit corner of my brain where timidity and superstition dwell, where lurks the fear of garter-snakes.

Yet I am accounted a woman of rare courage.

THE VICARIOUS CAREER

THE applause which followed the closing period of the address made the sturdy rafters of the Opera House quake. The repeated recognition of the tribute by the Splendid One as she slowly retreated backward up the stage was in keeping with her personality. It was impressive, majestic, superb, yet not unfeminine. For the moment, she was the young queen, and we her devoted subjects, vowing allegiance. I am ready to admit that, though a mere man and not very much of a feminist in the narrower meaning of the term, I was carried away with enthusiasm like the rest. Not that I could have recalled much of what she had said: I remembered chiefly that it was good, in its manner of presentation, if not in its substance. The spell was broken when Amelia, laying her hand upon my arm, whispered, —

'How is that for a self-made woman?'

I started, for she had touched me on a tender spot.

'There is no such thing,' I answered; and on the way home I explained myself.

One of my philosophic hobbies is that the 'self-made' man or woman is — I was going to say a fraud, but that implies a certain consciousness of perpetration, so I will modify the epithet — a victim of self-delusion. Many a man who craves the distinction of having made himself deserves great credit for having availed himself of his opportunities, but the opportunities came his way through the handiwork of another or others. What would an actor be without the opening made for him by the playwright, and the choice of a psychological moment by the manager? How much should we ever hear of a lawyer without clients, or a physician without patients? Even a headsman cannot rise to fame if his generation is too virtuous to furnish its crop of capital criminals. Every one of these agencies must be recognized in making up our estimate of the man who has attained success. The romancers appreciate the fact. Do we ever think of Robinson Crusoe without his man Friday, or of Gulliver without his Lilliputians?

'Never mind fiction,' remarked Amelia, cynically, 'let's stick to history, and talk about Lincoln and his rails, Burritt and his anvil, Hugh Miller and his rocks. I trust that if you ever write an essay on how great men are made, you will pay a suitable compliment to the wood and iron and stone that entered into the composition of their fame.'

I am used to Amelia's satire, so I gratified her with a mild but non-committal chuckle, and proceeded. Passing from the more remote agencies to those of a man's own household, you must have seen Dietrichstein in *The Concert*. Barrie, too, has hit off my idea, though somewhat broadly, in *What Every Woman Knows*. The poor egotist who attributed all his advance in politics to his own statesmanlike qualities, but awoke in the last act to discover how much he owed to his wife, is a type by no means extinct in real life. I half suspect that Barrie had

Carlyle and Jane Welsh in mind when he wrote his play.

None of us liveth to himself, not the strongest or most gifted; somewhere we touch elbows with our neighbor and draw upon him for support, material or moral. As a result, none of us can justly be said to have made himself, or to have a wholly separate individuality. The most dominant member of the community, though he may boast of having made his own way in life without help, is really a composite product. To the public, his career appears to have been his alone; for a fact, he embodies the careers of several persons who have been so associated with him that, if any of them had dropped out of place, the result would have been, perhaps not spoiled, but at least not so complete. The Opera House is lighted by electricity. The unthinking credit the brilliancy of the illumination wholly to the great dynamo; I insist that every cog-wheel and lever and band and pin in the entire mechanism has a vicarious function in the production of the current. Let one of these break when the machinery is in full motion, and what happens?

So, let us take the case of the Splendid One. Would she have produced the effect she did on that audience if she had been an ill-nourished, anæmic, haggard, careworn dowdy, instead of the magnificent creature who could have commanded a hearing anywhere by merely standing up and letting us look at her, whether we believed we were going to hear something worth listening to or not? And who was responsible for her appearance? Her dressmaker? In part. But the most perfect costume would have been powerless to make up for the lack of that clear skin, that glowing color, those sparkling eyes, that aura of physical soundness and energy which enveloped her so as to prepare every man and woman in the audience for something good to come. I hazarded a guess that her mother was a fine housekeeper.

'She is,' assented Amelia, 'fine at everything that enters into home-making. If she were n't —'

'The Splendid One would go hungry sometimes,' I suggested, 'or all the time; or have indigestible food to eat? I'll make another guess — that, if the daughter is presiding at a committee-meeting, or deep in the throes of composition, or what not, when luncheon time comes, the mother sees to it that a hot and fresh tidbit shall be in waiting for her as soon as she is released. If the daughter is out late, as to-night, for instance, you may believe that the mother has an appetizing trayful of something for her to eat and drink before she goes to bed; and if she feels like sleeping over to-morrow morning, the old lady will guard the approaches to her chamber as jealously as a watch-dog. What kind of a man is her father?'

'A very ordinary person,' answered Amelia, with just a hint of contempt in her tone, 'very ordinary indeed. He is what would be called a plodder — the last man in the world you would expect to have been the parent of so magnificent a creature as she. He has spent his whole life over a counting-room desk. His one trait which protrudes above the level is his interest in her career. He has not been able financially to help her much, but he never put anything in the way of her doing what she had set her heart upon.'

'I think I can picture him,' I ventured. 'He is somewhat colorless, and a little shy. After mousing all day over his account-books, he comes home and reads the papers. The Splendid One, with her round of public duties, has scant time to do that, so he tells her the news, and comments on it, and probably clips a few of the articles he finds

that bear on subjects within her range of thought and activity. In an unostentatious way, his good name in the community has given her a standing there which it would have taken her a long time to win for herself. When she has got a little money ahead, he advises her about taking care of it. He also gives her the benefit, when she asks him to, of his experience and observation of men and affairs through a life which is from two to three times as long as hers. And possibly there are some other members of the household?'

'Only one, a sister, who is commonplace like the father. She's a good girl, I suppose, but one who will never be heard of. I rarely meet her anywhere except making a call at some one's house or in the audience on an occasion like to-night. She went behind immediately after the speech.'

'Just so. She was probably carrying the Splendid One's cloak, gladly playing the part of a maid that the star of the evening might have that much less to think about. Few geniuses can endure distractions of a purely mundane order. Unless I miss my guess, the Splendid One turns over her modicum of social duties to her sister to attend to. The Sister makes the calls, answers the invitations, keeps the minor household records in which the Splendid One figures. It is the sister who takes care of the little garden, cuts the flowers, and arranges them for the table; it is she who counts, and assorts, and mends the clothes when the laundress has done her worst with them; nay, now that I am on the subject, how do you know that she does not darn the stockings which the Splendid One is too busy to keep in order, or —'

'You need not go on,' interrupted Amelia. 'You have drawn the family portrait pretty true to life. Where did you learn so much about them?'

'They are simply an epitome of the family universal,' said I, feeling for my latchkey as we walked up the path to the front-door. 'We are apt to single out a certain member who is in the public glare, and say, "So-and-so has achieved a career; the rest are nobodies, or nearly so." We rarely pause to reflect that the career of the one who stands in the spot-light is only a part of a joint career in which those dimly descried figures in the gray background are sharers. The Splendid One enjoys hers directly, the others enjoy theirs vicariously, but with not less real desert.'

FAULT FOUND WITH FORTY

WHERE is that dainty sweet melancholy with which I hoped to regale a sentimental disposition on the approach of the middle of middle age?

> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> In looking on the happy (what, happy?) autumn fields.

It's too provoking to find thirty-nine looking down the west road for forty with a come-hither in its eye. Is one never to become wistful, ironical, tender, resigned and interesting?

'Can't you feel sad over growing old?' inquired J. sympathetically. (J.'s interest in the phenomena of growing old is purely academic. She has n't had any practical experience in that line, though her age by the Bible is a little more than mine.)

'Why, the worst of it is, Miss Thoughtful, I don't know what to make of this sense of competence, and calmness, and contented expectation of good luck. There's nothing about it to harmonize with forty. I 'm at my wits' end for sorrowful and cynical feelings: I have n't been able to lose an ounce of cheerfulness; I don't know which way to turn. Do you know I 'm even beginning to be afraid that I 'm getting over being afraid of death.'

'But you're still afraid of pain?' she inquired hopefully, having wintered and summered with my physical cowardice.

'Why, that's another thing that I'm disappointed in, after all,' I confessed. 'I can generally imagine pain a good deal worse than anything I ever feel, unless it's when a dentist touches a live nerve; and *that's* really more a sort of frantic shudder —'

'Don't *talk* about it!'

'Well, I don't really care to, myself. But ordinary pain, — why, the only thing you notice much is that it makes you rather cross and feeble and silly. It used to wear such a horrible thrilling false face in my young dreams about it; and death used to have a whole outfit of melodramatic properties, blue lights, sepulchral music, and so on, — I *do* feel resentful at the idea of losing all those interesting shivers!'

'I'm afraid I can't wait and hear you complain any longer,' said J. 'I'm off for the Tuesday dancing class.'

'That's another thing!' I called after her. 'These new dances only make it harder and harder to get the proper tone for forty.'

I went on thinking about it after she'd gone, and resigned myself as well as I could to the prospect of a frankly cheerful middle age. I resolutely gave up, once for all, trying to work up pensive moods and irrevocable regrets. It was too warm for such hard work, anyway; and I looked over my materials and found almost nothing suitable.

There were all my friendships of 'teens and twenties perfectly intact, fast colors, not shrunk a particle. On most of them, in fact, the pattern seemed to have spread, and stood out brighter: and on one in particular I found some gold-thread appliqué work which I can't remember at all in the old days when D. and I were cutting it out and stitching it together.

My old Sunday silk, too, — since I made it over the fourth or fifth time, I believe the breadths have actually grown wider!

My working clothes have rather toughened with wear, and the sun and rain are steadily bleaching my aprons whiter.

I wish I had n't been led to expect that my enthusiasms would wear thin by this time. I was going to trade them away, in that case, for a nice tin dipper when the rag-man came round; but I don't see my way to dispense with them at present. I believe those durable old enthusiasms will make me an excellent one-piece everyday dress; it will be cool in summer, and warm in winter, and just right for spring and fall.

The fact is, reader, this so-called Middle-age is a consummate humbug. It's nothing in the world but that poor little delicate Youth, grown bronzed, broad-shouldered, (becomingly) stout, and less addicted to amateur theatricals.

Ah, well! It's only one more illusion gone!

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PHILANTHROPY WITH STRINGS

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

I

If there is one thing on which all men have at all times agreed, it is the beauty and excellence of philanthropy. In the days before the common people had gained control, government made no effort to relieve human suffering, and the resources for its alleviation had to be coaxed out of private hands. To the ministers of relief the generous giver seemed a saint, and so the tradition grew up that it is unbecoming to 'look a gift horse in the mouth.'

Inevitably the gratitude and admiration which the public feels for benevolence is taken advantage of by those seeking to ingratiate themselves with their fellow citizens. It has long been recognized by the sponsors for charitable enterprises that the candidate for public office offers an easy mark for the collector. The popularity-hunter has always appreciated the wisdom of subscribing handsomely to benevolent enterprises. Infamous businesses have sought to insure tolerance for their nefarious operations by giving heavily and conspicuously to charities with a strong sentimental appeal. Liquor dealers and the proprietors of gambling houses and keepers of low resorts have been prompt with big contributions for the relief of visible dramatic suffering, such as the hunger or cold of women and children.

In the bad old days of bank failures, the capitalist who had slipped out of the back door of a bank with a satchel of loot, while the tricked depositors were hammering in vain at the front entrance, sought to turn aside public odium and win his way back to respectability by a consistent course of diplomatic and ostentatious giving. Public-utility companies have often made a point of subscribing to charitable and civic undertakings, and their generosity has fluctuated pretty closely with the imminence of attack upon their privileges and their policies.

The resort to philanthropy as a means of propitiation becomes more general as the public becomes more and more critical of the ways of business. Eight or nine years ago it was often predicted that 'muck-raking' would so wound, exasperate, and alienate the rich that the fountains of benevolence would dry up. Exactly the opposite has occurred. Exposure has had a wonderful effect in loosening the purse-strings of the exposed and the exposable. As the impertinent question, 'Where did he get it?' becomes more insistent, and busybodies with lanterns go poking and peering about the foundations of majestic fortunes, the rush to philan-

thropic cover becomes ever more noticeable.

All the gifts by which wrong-doers contrive to cover their nakedness with the mantle of respectability, cost society more than they are worth. They are virtually purchases of unmerited leniency with money, and tend to break down the moral law just as compounding a felony breaks down the criminal law. It would be well if gifts of ill-gotten wealth were cast back into the teeth of the giver until he gave evidence of repentance and restitution. But, from the nature of the case, a compromising donation almost never meets with such a reception. It is a gift to a particular charity — a babies' fresh-air fund, a newsboys' home, or a rescue mission. The directors of the charity have this work at heart and naturally feel that the Spartan-like rejection of a large and much-needed contribution would be tantamount to engaging in moral sanitation at the expense of the babies or newsboys or Magdalens. Each charity, therefore, is under a strong inducement to stick to its own task, take thankfully whatever money comes to it for its work, and refrain from facing broad questions as to the relation between modes of wealth-getting and the social welfare.

This is the reason why private unendowed charities must, on the whole, be listed among the static rather than the dynamic forces in society. They have every temptation to centre their attention on their own bit of blessed work and to take the world as they find it. Why should they entertain questionings that might oblige them to discriminate between donations? What welcome will they have for ideas which are likely to offend or alarm their donors? Have they not every inducement to regard the class of poor whom they serve, and the class of rich who provide them with the means of serving the poor, as natural and fixed features in the social system? So we have the anomaly that groups of people who have a very wide knowledge of special conditions, and who have acquired precious experience in particular lines of social service, have little to say when projects of social reconstruction are brought upon the carpet. Not only do many of them hold aloof from constructive social reformers, but often they throw cold water on proposed remedies and policies which are in successful operation elsewhere.

There is another and a greater limitation upon private philanthropy. Of late we have dropped the old, simple, soothing explanation of the cause of human misery. Nowadays we know too much about distress to dismiss it as merely the result of unfitness for the struggle for existence. We have learned that people struggle, not in still water, but in an agitated medium full of up-currents and down-currents; that poor swimmers may be borne up and good swimmers may be carried down. It is twenty years or more since social workers took to investigating seriously the head-waters of the endless flow of miserable people defiling before them. They have traced up the tributaries of this flood, and instead of finding their sources to be *individual congenital defects*, they have found many of them to be *adverse social conditions*. This being true, the really big thing to do is not just to handle the current of dependents as it flows past, but to get at the sources and find a way of plugging them up. Nature cannot be changed, — save by the slow methods of eugenics, — congenital weakness cannot be cured, but an adverse social condition admits of being removed.

Some of these conditions can be removed without disturbing anybody much, unless it be the tax-payer. Such are city congestion, or convivial social

customs, or truancy, or lack of recreation facilities. But most of the adverse social conditions are mixed up with some lucrative business, and you cannot go about to abolish them without having a business interest on your back. The social conditions which create down-currents are usually *conditions of work* or *conditions of living* — including under this latter, housing, food, and recreation. Now, the caterers to vice who seize upon, pervert, and exploit the instinct of young people for pleasure, have been pretty well outlawed, and there is no danger lest social workers be embarrassed by donations from *that* quarter.

Few, indeed, are the legitimate charities which have been brought under any obligation to the liquor traffic, gambling, the social evil, or the commercialized theatre. Only a few years ago, however, very respectable donors were protesting against raising the question of the housing of the working-class population. Happily, the movement for the betterment of housing is now so far advanced that it has become disgraceful knowingly to draw rentals from rotten and disease-breeding tenement houses. People who covet respectability have bowed to the requirements of the housing laws or else shifted their investments to other kinds of property. This leaves the real fight to centre around the questions of *the conditions and pay of labor*.

Now, there are few fortunes which do not rest on businesses that are more or less sensitive to such questions. The proposition that the conditions of labor need amendment if we are going to lessen very much the flow of misery and degradation, is a terrible shock to the whole policy of reliance on private philanthropy. Few indeed are the administrators of unendowed philanthropies who can advance many steps along this path without barking their shins.

II

In Pennsylvania steel towns the Young Men's Christian Association has been quite inert with respect to any problem of the steel-workers which involves their relations to the company — such as the effects of the seven-day week, the twelve-hour day, the all-night shift, the twenty-four-hour turn every other week, or the preventable work accidents; for the reason that much of the money that runs it comes from the officers and superintendents of the mills.

To be sure, the Association inspires young men to lead a cleaner life, but what in mill towns is this problem compared with the problem of conditions of work? I talked once with an Association secretary about conditions in the West Virginia coal field. In one district where he has a strong work, the company owns 35,000 acres of land, — everything except the right-of-way of the railroad through that district. The moment one leaves the right-of-way, the company may treat him as a trespasser. If an investigator goes there without company authorization he may be treated as a trespasser the moment that he steps from the depot platform; if a labor organizer goes in there, the company can order him out of the house of any employee; a missionary going in there must have a company permit. Moreover, a band of company sluggers, known as 'the wrecking crew,' takes in hand any agitator or organizer who comes in, and beats him up so that he cannot proceed with his purpose.

I asked the Association secretary what he thought of this feudalism. He replied that such a system is necessary under the conditions and that it produces wonderful results. Prostitutes and gamblers are kept out, there are no saloons, liquor can be brought in only

on order, and the company allows no liquor wagon to leave a case of beer at any house where lately there has been drunkenness or 'rough-house.' This man was a good man, but he did not consider whether the system was making men or making serfs. He was interested only in whether the miners drank, and how they lived. The only Association secretary who could succeed in that district would be one who took that point of view, for much of his support came from the company, which was interested in preventing the men from making themselves unfit for their work.

In a certain city an energetic Association secretary was just completing his fund for a fine new building. One night his wife was called out to a case of distress, through which he got an insight into the bad conditions surrounding young working women in his city. After carefully getting up his facts, he formed a committee, secured speakers, and announced that on Friday there would be a public meeting to consider the problem of the young working women in local industries. Promptly he was summoned by telephone to meet the directors of his Association, and when he entered the room, one of his Christian backers burst out upon him with, 'What in h—l do you mean by getting up this public meeting? Don't you know I've got eighty girls working in the basement of my department store?' His other directors were equally stern, and he was ordered to call off his meeting or lose all the important contributions to his building fund. He held his meeting and immediately thereafter resigned.

I greatly admire the Young Men's Christian Association, and the only reason that I mention it so often here is because I have oftener stumbled upon its problems. But it is no more embarrassed in this respect than are the church and the church philanthropies.

Nor are the secular charities free. During a strike of the iron-moulders in a mining-machinery works in a state capital, the company declared a lockout and advertised throughout the state, 'Wanted, skilled iron-moulders. Good pay. No strike.' Some moulders removed to the capital to get this work and found too late that they were to be used as strike-breakers. Two such families sought relief of the Associated Charities, and the secretary expostulated with the president of the machinery company for bringing up-state iron-moulders into distress by luring them into a strike situation. The reply he got was, 'You people can't complain of having to handle such cases. Don't we contribute $150 a year to your work?'

A student of mine, after three years of charity organization work, said to me, 'Professor, I've quit. There's nothing *in* it. The game's too thin. We coax money from the people who are the beneficiaries of the abuses that produce the wrecks we deal with. They let us deal with the wrecks, but we can't touch or even show up the conditions that produce them, because that would affect their income.' And the young man concluded, 'No more for me. I'm going to be a factory inspector, or something of that sort, where I won't be a dead letter.'

III

The head worker of a social settlement, who had made plans for a much-needed housing investigation in the vicinity of the settlement, had to ditch the investigation because real-estate owners, who contributed each a few hundred dollars a year to the settlement fund, sent word that they were able to look after their property themselves.

In another case, a board representing the 'donor' point of view so curbs the head worker in his endeavors to take part in the movements affecting the welfare of his neighborhood, that he avows to me that he is straining every nerve to gain sufficient financial support in his neighborhood to justify him in cutting loose entirely from up-town philanthropists.

A social worker who had resided in many settlements said to me: 'Most of the successful settlement heads that I know are one thing to their boards and a quite different thing to their *clientèle*. Unless they can play this game well, they are lost. For if at the demand of their boards they exclude radicals and socialists from settlement clubs and gatherings, censor the list of speakers and denature the discussions before the men's club, they lose their hold on the neighborhood. If, on the other hand, the settlement is a place for free speech and the residents show a lively interest in everything affecting the welfare of the neighborhood, no matter what employers or corporations they may fall afoul of, they lose their hold on the board.'

The opposition of boards of directors of settlements to giving any real power in respect to policy to a house-council consisting of the residents themselves, or to conceding any place in its direction to representatives of the various neighborhood associations which the settlement has called into being, discloses an attitude of patronage inspired by upper-class ideas as to the stewardship of the rich over the poor.

The recent action of the entire body of eight volunteer resident workers in one of the oldest and most renowned social settlements in this country, in withdrawing from the house because the council (half of them Wall Street men who never come near the house and little comprehend the needs of the neighborhood) regarded it as an act of insubordination for them to join the settlement society and elect one of their own number to the council, illustrates how those who give mere money arrogate to themselves the control of the policy of the settlement to the exclusion of those who give time and service. No wonder that the social centre, which uses public property and stands for community self-help, inspires so much more hope than the social settlement which represents the spirit of philanthropy.

Talk with a working man and he will tell you, 'To h—l with philanthropy! I want not charity, but justice.' When an injured workingman receives compensation, as he does now, he can hold his head higher than he could when he was aided by a charity.

A wise settlement warden once declared in his report that a large part of the work at his settlement was 'of a disappearing character.' He maintained a playground in the settlement back-yard just long enough to induce the park commission to establish a better one in the park across the street. He held cooking classes in the settlement until the public schools put in cooking. He provided evening instruction for working boys until the state put in a continuation school. He ran a little employment office until the state established a big, well-equipped employment bureau in his neighborhood.

Here is the natural and logical relation of philanthropy to social reform. It is the function of private philanthropy to pioneer, to experiment, to try out new things and new methods, and just as soon as it has found the right way and standardized the method that gives results, the time has come for the community to take over the function. This releases a certain amount of private time and money to

go on and tackle something else. The means for initiating and carrying on experimental lines of social work must come from private benevolence, but the standardized lines of social work ought to be provided for by the community or state.

Once the philanthropist set up a drinking fountain; now there is good city water laid on everywhere. In olden times kindhearted people provided 'ragged schools' for the waifs of the alleys; now there are public schools for all. Once the benevolent created funds to provide meals for indigent prisoners in the jails, but John Howard induced the state to feed its prisoners. Time was when the defectives were cared for by charitable groups; now the state provides for these unfortunates. There will always be opportunity for private philanthropy to render signal services; but a democratic society with a proper spirit of independence will not allow itself to form the bad habit of leaning upon the large private donor, but will take as its maxim, 'Let us do it ourselves.'

SYNDICALISM AND THE GENERAL STRIKE IN ITALY

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

The events which occurred throughout Italy on June 9 and 10 of this year have brought home to the friends of existing social institutions everywhere the appalling fact that the syndicalistic general strike is no longer a vague theory, but has become a stern reality, which must be reckoned with in the future as a constant menace to law and order wherever syndicalism has taken root.

Syndicalist strikes have been called from time to time in different countries, or cities, and in various industries, with only partial success, and more for the purpose of practice than with any hope of bringing about the social revolution.

The so-called general strike in Russia in 1905, which secured from the government some more or less useful reforms, was really a revolution on a small scale, organized by the anarchist terrorists, and carried on in the usual, old-fashioned revolutionary way. In May, 1911, the few syndicalists in Hungary joined with the socialists of all sorts and kinds in proclaiming a general strike at Budapest for the purpose of forcing the Prime Minister to keep his word and grant universal suffrage. After serious rioting and bloodshed, followed by pandemonium in the Chamber of Deputies, order was restored on the introduction by the Prime Minister of a suffrage bill in no sense universal in scope. The syndicalist strike called on the French railways some years ago, and that called in Milan last year, both ended in miserable failure, while in Portugal the success of the general strike has been due far more to the general condition of anarchy which exists in that unhappy country, than to the efforts of those who have organized labor agitation.

I

To appreciate the significance of the recent general strike in Italy, it is necessary to have at least some understanding of present-day Italian political conditions. As in all Latin countries, the party system, as English-speaking peoples know it, does not exist in Italy; its place is taken by the so-called group system. No one group ever has a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, government being carried on by a combination of several groups, which may fall apart at any moment.

The Italian Chamber is divided between the so-called constitutionalist and anti-constitutionalist groups, — or parties, as their members like to call them. The constitutionalist groups are in number some half dozen, of varying degrees of conservatism and radicalism; they support the present constitution, advocate constitutional methods of reform, and are enthusiastically monarchical. The anti-constitutionalist groups include the socialists, who are divided into several sub-groups, and the republicans; they are opposed to the present constitution and are revolutionary.

In addition to the political groups represented in the Chamber of Deputies, there are other groups outside, either too small or too much scattered to elect representatives, or with theories which prevent their taking part in parliamentary elections. Chief among the latter are the two revolutionary groups of syndicalists and anarchists, who decline to compromise with conviction by even recognizing the justice of existing social conditions to the extent of having anything to do with existing party politics.

The four revolutionary groups — socialists, republicans, syndicalists, and anarchists — shade off by imperceptible degrees into each other. So that while in theory their principles could not be further apart, in practice they are so inextricably mixed in membership and opinions as to present an almost hopeless puzzle to the non-Latin observer. Thus there are socialists with strong anarchistic, syndicalistic, or republican leanings, republicans whom we should call anarchists, and self-styled anarchists who are neither more nor less than pure socialists. In addition to this crossing and recrossing of members and ideas, which serves to unite the revolutionary groups, all four are bound together in their opposition to the present constitution and presumably also to the monarchy, and in their desire to bring about the social revolution by any possible means, as the condition precedent to the triumph of their various propagandas. They therefore work together in a sort of offensive and defensive alliance having for its purpose the destruction of existing institutions. The socialists and republicans are 'possibilists,' that is, they are willing to use constitutional and legislative means, as well as unconstitutional and revolutionary, for the triumph of the cause; while the anarchists and syndicalists are 'impossibilists,' rejecting all means except those of the revolution, although they are perfectly willing to profit by the work of their allies.

The leaders explain this somewhat inconsistent state of affairs by saying that after the social revolution has been accomplished it will be time enough to talk of dividing the spoils, and that meanwhile it is puerile to lay too much stress on consistency of principles. They say that the destruction of society by any and all possible means is the main thing, and that when the proletariat has come to its own, political conditions will adjust themselves without great difficulty.

This unholy alliance has been the

subject of grave concern to German and English socialists, who have feared that the anarchistic and syndicalistic leanings of their Italian comrades would discredit their cause throughout the world, just as in France it has been greatly injured by M. Hervé and his 'united socialists.'

The membership of the four revolutionary groups is chiefly proletarian, with a small admixture of professional men and shopkeepers, belonging to the little bourgeoisie. But membership in a political group by no means exhausts the political activity of the Italian workingman, who in addition belongs to his trade-union or *sindacato*, and to the *Camera del Lavoro*, the local labor exchange, similar to the French *Bourse du Travail*.

The unions and *camere* include members of all parties, even avowed monarchists; but they are dominated everywhere by the anti-constitutionalists. In some cities the republicans have their own exchanges or headquarters, which they call *Casa del Popolo*, or People's House.

Organized labor speaks through the *Confederazione Generale del Lavoro*,— the national body,—composed of delegates from all the unions and all the *camere del lavoro*. In other words, labor is twice represented in the central organization: first by trades in the unions and second geographically by the *camere*. The executive committee of the confederazione is made up without much regard to nice political distinctions, being united in the cause of the revolution, which for its members is the cause of labor. When important matters are under discussion the central body, which sits at Rome, usually confers with the executive committees of the revolutionary parties within and outside of the Chamber.

Having the social revolution as its purpose it can easily be understood why the syndicalist general strike should have appealed so forcibly to the Italian proletariat, for on paper, at least, it is one of the most plausible, if one of the wickedest, revolutionary schemes that has ever been presented. At the risk of being didactic it may be well to summarize very briefly the purposes of the new school which is playing so rapidly increasing a part in the politics of labor.

II

Syndicalism is that new form of collectivism which advocates the concentration, in the hands of each industry, of its own instruments of production. Each industry, and not each trade, is to constitute a great labor-union which will be self-governing and self-regulating. The various industrial groups or unions are to be united by a central committee for the purpose of exchanging products. Every citizen will belong to an industrial union, and all will be equal, for there will be no more bosses, no more capitalists, no more oppressors.

This new social condition is to be brought about by the general strike. On a given day all work in a given country is to stop. The troops are called out, but the army having been carefully prepared, the soldiers decline to fire on the strikers and fraternize with them. In course of time the capitalists, finding that no one will work for them, abandon their factories to the strikers, who at once begin to operate them under syndicalistic auspices and the revolution is complete.

Fantastic as this proposal is, syndicalism has made great progress everywhere. In France it controls the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, which is the confederation of the trade-unions and labor exchanges; in England it has many followers; and in the United States it is known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

What must never be forgotten in discussing the chief weapon in the arsenal of the syndicalists, — the general strike, — is that it differs from the ordinary strike with which we are familiar, in that it is not called for the redress of grievances, or the raising of wages, or the betterment of labor conditions, but that its purpose is purely political. The ultimate object of the general strike is of course the social revolution, but until times are ripe for that great cataclysm, it is urged that the general strike should be employed whenever possible for the purpose of injuring capital and therefore weakening existing society, of fighting existing governments, and, by demonstrating its power, of showing to the world the strength of the labor cause. Syndicalism itself has made great progress in Italy, and its methods, especially the general strike, have been enthusiastically adopted by all the revolutionary parties. While it is as difficult to determine the exact number of syndicalists in any movement as it is to separate the members of the other revolutionary groups, it is certain that the influence of syndicalism in Italy is very great, and that it has become as much a menace to law and order there, as it has in France.

Last April, at what we should call the 'annual convention' of the General Confederation of Labor, the question of the general strike as a protest against the killing of workmen during labor troubles was thoroughly discussed. After the matter had been submitted to the various *camere del lavoro* it was determined that whenever thereafter a workman was killed by the public authorities as the result of labor agitation, the general strike should be called for not less than twenty-four hours and not more than forty-eight. It was emphasized that this was to be a general strike of protest, and in no sense for the purpose of bringing about the revolution. The evident intention of the executive committee was to take the first opportunity of showing Italy the strength of organized labor, and the perfection of its organization.

The events which led up to the general strike last June were sordid in the extreme. Briefly they were as follows. Nearly two years ago a private soldier named Maseti shot the lieutenant colonel of his regiment, and was committed to the asylum as a dangerous lunatic. Some months ago another private soldier, named Mororri, was sentenced to one of the disciplinary companies for various offences against the regulations. Both soldiers came from Ancona and appear to have been anarchists. Early in June, Enrico Malatesta, leader of the Ancona anarchists and proprietor of the local anarchist newspaper, thinking the time opportune, in conjunction with the local syndicalists, socialists, and republicans, called a public outdoor meeting for June 7, the day of the *Statuto*, or Constitution, — equivalent to our Fourth of July, — for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the two convicts and protest against the disciplinary companies in particular and the army in general.

The Prime Minister, Salandra, forbade the meeting, as he feared that it would clash with the patriotic gathering to be held at the same hour in a neighboring square. The meeting was nevertheless held in the headquarters of the republican organization, and after it had adjourned, the audience, consisting of several hundred men and boys, marched to the square where the *Statuto* was being celebrated, for the purpose of making trouble. The police drove them back to the republican club, in which many of them took refuge, and began throwing on the heads of the police, and of the soldiers who had been hastily summoned, bricks, paving

stones, and furniture. Presently shots were fired from behind the blinds of an upper window of the club and thirteen of the police replied, firing twenty-eight shots in all. Whereupon the lieutenant in command immediately withdrew his men. Of the rioters, three were killed and five wounded, and of the police seventeen were wounded. By order of the Prime Minister the thirteen policemen who had fired were arrested and locked up pending judicial investigation into their conduct.

The next day the executive committee of the *Confederazione Generale del Lavoro* met at Rome, and after consultation with the socialist and republican deputies, decreed a general strike throughout Italy, to begin the next day and to last until further orders, as a protest against 'the murder of the martyrs of Ancona.'

The only city that refused to obey the decree was Padua, while the government employees, including fully half of the railroad hands and nearly all the postal telegraph and telephone people, remained at work. The army, navy, and police were absolutely loyal. While the markets, in most cities, were allowed to open for an hour each morning of the strike, nothing whatever was permitted to enter the gates. A few trains were sent through to their destinations under police escort, and the central post and telegraph offices were kept open although no letters or telegrams were delivered. The trains and all public and private vehicles were stopped, all factories and shops were closed, no bread was baked, and even the restaurants and *caffés* were forced to put up their shutters. An exception was, however, made in favor of the wine and eating-shops frequented by the workers. In only a few instances were the electric lights put out, for everywhere the lighting plants were heavily guarded, engineer troops operating them wherever necessary. No newspapers were published, and for two days no news was obtainable except the most exaggerated rumors passed from mouth to mouth.

Except in these comparatively minor particulars, for forty-eight hours the industrial life of Italy was entirely suspended. The morning of the first day passed quietly, but by afternoon disorder became frequent, and by evening almost everywhere there was more or less serious rioting. Before the night was over lamps and windows had been broken, barricades had been thrown up and torn down, and almost every city had its list of dead and wounded rioters and policemen to add to that of Ancona.

The most serious disturbances were in Romagna and the Marches, and for several days Ancona, Ravenna, and the neighboring towns were completely cut off from the rest of the world. In Ancona the anarchist Malatesta presided over a sort of revolutionary tribunal which issued passes to citizens and questioned arrivals in the town. Shops were broken into and pillaged, and a condition of near anarchy prevailed. At Ravenna a commissary of police was murdered, and General Aliardi and seven officers who were with him were held prisoners for five hours and made to give up their swords; while at Fabriano the republic was declared and the red flag hoisted from the municipio. It seems certain that for a time the majority of people at Ravenna believed that the republic had been proclaimed at Rome, and that the King had fled the country.

On the evening of the second day, June 10, the strike authorities reconvened, and while the anarchists and syndicalists urged the indefinite continuance of the strike with an avowed revolutionary purpose, they were outvoted by the socialists and republicans,

and the order was issued to return to work.

This order was generally obeyed and by the next day the greater part of Italy had resumed its normal life exactly as though it had never been interrupted. To this statement, however, there were important exceptions. Disorder continued in Romagna and the Marches for nearly a week more, and order was not completely restored in Milan and Naples for another forty-eight hours.

While no official statistics have been published, it is probable that the list of casualties included about ten policemen and soldiers killed, and one hundred wounded more or less severely, with twice that number of killed and wounded among the strikers. A great amount of property was destroyed, including two railway stations and a church in Romagna, and a number of houses that were burned in the country; in addition, shops were looted and citizens robbed in a majority of the cities in the kingdom.

Take it all in all, from the point of view of those who called the strike, it was a complete and triumphant success. Its machinery worked without a hitch, smoothly and perfectly. While it is probable, almost certain, as the recent local elections have shown, that the majority of the Italian people, including many of the peasants, almost all the shopkeepers and a considerable minority of the artisans, were opposed and are opposed to the principle of the general strike, yet so well was it organized, so terrified was the supine majority by the militant minority, that not a tradesman, not a laborer, not an artisan, dared to follow his usual avocation.

The government acted with what seemed to be great, although perhaps justifiable, weakness. It must not be forgotten that the Salandra ministry is a stop-gap, governing during one of the intervals in which Signor Giolitti has seen fit to lay down the cares of office. Signor Salandra has no great party behind him, but remains in office by the grace of a combination of various constitutionalist groups. As parliament was in session during the strike, Salandra considered it absolutely necessary that he should receive a vote of confidence by a large majority; he believed that anything else would have meant the revolution. To obtain the required vote he thought himself forced to handle the situation with extreme caution so as to offend the susceptibilities of as few deputies as possible. Had he acted with greater vigor, the Chamber might have turned against him. This policy of extreme caution he communicated to the prefects, who are removable arbitrarily by him, so that in each province the authorities showed great unwillingness to meet the situation frankly.

The Italian, like all continental police, are armed as soldiers, with revolver, rifle, and sword-bayonet. They must either use their weapons to kill, or not at all, for there is no half-way course. As the military were ordered by the prefects only to use their weapons when their lives were in danger, it followed that the mob did very much what it pleased. The police and soldiers were unable to give protection to shopkeepers who wanted to open their shops, or to workpeople who wanted to work; in fact they seem to have advised a general compliance with the wishes of the strikers. Comparatively few arrests were made, and after the strike was over, all the important leaders in disorder, including Malatesta, were allowed to leave the country. A few hundred New York policemen, armed with night-sticks, and commanded by a New York police inspector, would probably have restored a city

in Italy to normal conditions in a few hours.

Had the second day of the strike not been so rainy as to damp the enthusiasm of the mob, it is altogether probable that it would have got out of hand, with nobody knows what ultimate consequences.

As it was, the strike was a grim warning to the government and to the nation that under favorable conditions it is quite possible that a minority of the people may destroy the whole social and political fabric of modern Italy. A lawless but well-organized minority frightened the authorities, terrified the public, and paralyzed the activities of nearly thirty million people for over forty-eight hours. Had the strike been called originally as a revolutionary act, and not as a mere protest, it might even then have succeeded.

It is difficult to explain the success of the movement, for to any one who knows the Italian character it is almost past belief that a majority of law-abiding, patriotic Italians should have quietly submitted to the dictates of the mob. It is a far cry from the patriotic enthusiasm of two years ago to the apathy which permitted bands of rioters to tear down Italian flags and to insult Italian officers. The Italian spirit has not changed, for the Italians of to-day are the sons of those who brought United Italy into being and are the self-same men who fought the war in Tripoli.

Yet as the days go by the revolutionary groups, with their ally, the General Confederation of Labor, are spreading the seeds of internationalism and anti-patriotism, and like all similar bodies the world over are preaching what they call the doctrine of human brotherhood, which, however, as they practice it, means nothing but extreme selfishness.

Patriotism has not died out in Italy any more than it has in any other country; but it is a curious phenomenon, significant of the new spirit which is abroad, that for the moment Italy forgot that she was Italian. It cannot be that all the sacrifices of half a century have been in vain, that the new Italy, which her children have brought into being with such devotion and such love, will pass, and that the work of Cavour and Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel will come to nothing in the excesses of Malatesta and his gang.

III

Whether the present government is willing or able to learn the very obvious lesson that the strike teaches, remains to be seen. If Italy is to attain that economic and industrial prosperity and social happiness which all her friends desire for her, during the years of her upbuilding she must not only have peace abroad, but good order at home. Living on the crater of a volcano of social revolution, that may explode at any moment, is not conducive to industrial development or social progress.

There are many Italians who seriously advocate a war with Austria as the only means of quelling the revolutionary spirit. As the Turkish war, which is scarcely over, had not the slightest influence in preventing the growth of the revolutionary propaganda, a war with any other power would be no more effective. The causes of discontent are too deep and too far-reaching to be removed by the waving of flags or the singing of patriotic songs.

The Italian workman is suffering from too much and too little education. He knows just enough to understand that all is not as it should be with him, and not enough to seek a reasonable cure for his ills. He is intelligent enough to desire to better his condition

and ignorant enough to blame every one but himself because his condition does not improve. Modern Italy has made great progress, at least upon the surface, but beneath there still remains much to be accomplished if United Italy is to become a really great power in industry and commerce. Italians boast that the number of illiterates has been reduced to twenty per cent of the total population. Assuming that this figure is correct, it still means a fearful prevalence of ignorance which must be largely done away with if Italian workingmen are even to approximate the intelligence of our own.

The great problem which confronts government in Italy is how to spread education and improve sanitary and social conditions, — all of which require great expenditure,— while at the same time paying the enormous cost of a modern navy, and an army which numbers a quarter of a million men on a peace footing.

Italy assumed the obligations and claimed the rights of a first-class power long before she was economically able to do so. Her membership in the Triple Alliance has been maintained only at the cost of tremendous sacrifice at home. Money which should have gone to the development of Italy, has been used to keep up the pomp of her state and circumstance abroad, while the prosperity of her people has been largely forgotten in the glory of German friendship.

Of course it is now too late to repair the mistakes of the past, for Italian pride will never consent to an acknowledgment that Italy is not a great power in every sense. Until, therefore, she really becomes one, the sacrifices of her people must continue. If the day is to dawn when Italy shall actually take her place as the industrial and economic equal of her great ally, Germany, it must be preceded by years of strict economy in public expenditure, wise economic and social legislation, and, above all, impartial justice and great firmness at the head of affairs.

Italy undoubtedly has a great future before her, if her people are willing to do their best. It is entirely in their hands, whether she will gradually develop into a mighty power, strong politically and industrially, or whether she will drift on the seas of opportunism, blown hither and thither by every political fancy of the moment, wasting her strength, her wealth, and her life in useless experiments and in extravagant expenditures. But it is as true in her case, as it is in that of any other nation, that industrial, political, and social progress can be achieved only through law and order, never through lawlessness and anarchy.

THE DECADENCE OF HUMAN HEREDITY

BY S. J. HOLMES

I

In any discussion of the possible decadence of the human stock it is necessary to distinguish clearly between progress in knowledge and institutions and progress in the congenital endowment of the race. It is quite obvious that within historic times improvement in the former has been out of all proportion to the development of the latter. Mankind, especially in the domains of western civilization, has come to regard progress as the natural if not necessary course of things. It is only recently that we have begun to realize that the rapid and impressive advances in civilization that have been made, by no means indicate an improvement in the innate qualities of human beings, and that these advances may even go along with race-deterioration.

Whether or not the hereditary endowment of the civilized races of man is undergoing a process of deterioration is a problem of the greatest possible moment. It is not a simple problem. It is not to be solved *a priori* on the basis of assumptions regarding the withdrawal of natural selection. It is a problem to be solved only by the accumulation of many data and by a knowledge of the factors at work in the modification of the hereditary forces among human peoples.

To obtain an insight into the factors of human evolution it is essential to have an accurate knowledge of the factors which are responsible for the evolution of the lower animals. On this subject biologists are unfortunately by no means agreed. The factor of use-inheritance, upon which many biologists formerly laid so much stress, has rapidly lost adherents, and I think it must be conceded that if it is operative at all it is a factor of minor importance. Despite the modern criticisms of natural selection, with which I confess I have small sympathy, the doctrine of selection in one or another of its modifications stands to-day as the only naturalistic hypothesis which contains any principle of explanation of progressive adaptive evolution.

We have no reason to suppose that man, so far as the early stages of his biological evolution are concerned, is a result of the operation of any factors essentially different from those which have brought the lower animals up from the most primitive forms of life. At the present time we have no reasonable recourse from the conclusion that man owes his origin to selection, and that only by selection in some form can his congenital endowments be improved.

II

The evolution of human society and civilization has gradually brought mankind under conditions of existence which are so far different from those prevailing during the infancy of the race that the character of the stock can scarcely fail to be seriously modified. To judge from the remarkable superiority of the brain-power of man over that of the primates, the early periods

of human or the later stages of prehuman evolution must have been exceptionally favorable to the selection of individuals of superior mental endowment. So far as our vision can penetrate into the darkness of these times, mankind occupied itself quite largely in the destructive, but eugenically wholesome, occupation of fighting, — fighting not only with large beasts of the field, but also — and this is probably much more important from the standpoint of evolution — with other clans and tribes of the human species.

The advent of man is the expression of the superiority of brains over brute force in the struggle for life. While we may never recover the history of the period between the primates and primitive man, what we know of the general factors of evolution justifies us in the conjecture that it was a period of intense struggle, with a lively elimination of the unfit.

The course of human history as far back as we can follow it is one of warfare of tribe with tribe, and nation with nation, the conquerors of one age being overcome by new invaders of another lineage in the next. Along with this perpetual conflict, and to a considerable degree because of it, man has not only increased greatly in intelligence, but has developed those attributes of courage, reliability, loyalty, and mutual helpfulness which make for social solidarity and corporate efficiency. Gruesome as the struggle for existence may be to contemplate, and fraught as it has been with pain and sorrow, it is a process to which the race is largely indebted for its congenital improvement. It may be that it is an unfortunate method of bringing highly endowed creatures into the world, but it is Nature's way. And Nature is quite indifferent as to whether we approve it or not. What Nature is interested in, to speak figuratively, is success in the struggle for existence. There is no evidence that she cares a fig for progress; only so far as progress increases the chances of survival, is it any of Nature's concern. And at any time she is perfectly ready to undo all her work, and to reduce a highly complex organism to the most degenerate of creatures, whenever the conditions favor simplicity of organization. Degeneration from a highly evolved state has occurred time after time in the course of evolution, and the possession of a complex organization is not the slightest guaranty of further improvement, or even of a secure hold on the position that has been attained.

There are many forces in human society which make for degeneration, and our safety lies in clearly recognizing them. Only recently is the civilized world becoming awakened to the deleterious influence of modern warfare. Dr. D. S. Jordan, in his addresses on the 'Blood of the Nation,' and the 'Human Harvest,' has set forth in a clear and forcible manner the sad havoc which war has played in eliminating the best of the human breed. In times of conflict, the men of manly vigor, brains, and courage go to the front to die by thousands in the cause of national defense. The weak, the cowardly, the mercenary, the degenerate, remain behind, to multiply. The loss to any nation resulting from the continual draining away of its best blood can scarcely fail to weaken it, until it may eventually fall a prey to the encroachments of its neighbors. Jordan, following several historians of note, attributes the downfall of Greece and Rome, the gradual decay of Spain and other nations, largely to this reversal of selection. Whether or not this is the principal cause of decadence in the instances cited, it is very probable that the continual sapping of strength consequent upon the sacrifice of hundreds

of thousands of their best men has been a powerful influence in undermining the physical and mental heredity of these nations.

While modern civilized warfare is one of the most potent agencies for the elimination of the best blood and the propagation of weaklings, there can be little doubt that this influence of war is limited to comparatively recent times. It is because warfare has become civilized that, eugenically considered, it is such a powerful influence for race-deterioration. Early struggles were wars of extermination in which the unfit had little chance. The Polynesians commonly massacred all of the conquered tribe, including men, women, and children. The same practice was common among the primitive Australians, the natives of New Guinea and New Zealand. The Kaffirs and many other African tribes exterminated completely the peoples whom they conquered; and among many tribes of North American Indians such wars of extermination were frequent. Wars of extermination among the more civilized Egyptians, Persians, and Hebrews were by no means rare. Of the Amorites, whom Jehovah delivered into the hands of his chosen people, it is said in Deuteronomy, 'And we took all his cities at that time . . . utterly destroying the men, women, and children of every city. But all the cattle and the spoil of the cities, we took for a prey to ourselves.' And in the campaigns of Joshua it was the rule that the men, women, and children of the conquered cities should all be put to the sword.

When complete extermination was not practiced, the vanquished were commonly enslaved, or subjected to such conditions that they languished or eventually died out, the Hebrew people forming a luminous exception to the rule in their persistence through the vicissitudes of conquest, practical enslavement, and all kinds of subsequent persecution. In the conflict among primitive societies not only was the best-endowed individual most apt to survive in the hand-to-hand encounters which were then in vogue, but the groups in which strength, intelligence, organization, and mutual service were most highly developed, would easily triumph over groups with less individual efficiency or social coherence. The population was replenished by the most efficient members of society instead of the weaklings, so that the influence of primitive conflict stands diametrically opposed to the effect of modern civilized warfare upon the hereditary endowment of the race.

III

But apart from conflict, the weak in barbaric times had little chance to perpetuate their defects. Where exogamy prevailed, a man had to be able to capture a wife or go without one, and in many tribes wives were only to be won after a trial of strength or skill. Among the Chippewa Indians, says Richardson, 'any one may challenge another to wrestle, and if he overcomes, may carry off his wife as a prize. The bereaved husband meets his loss with resignation, which custom prescribes in such a case, and seeks his revenge by taking the wife of another man weaker than himself.'

Among many primitive peoples it was customary to eliminate epileptics, idiots, lunatics, and persons afflicted with incurable ills; and the practice of putting to death weak, deformed, and sickly children was extremely prevalent. The custom among the Spartans of raising only their stronger children will occur to every one; even Aristotle advocates the rule that nothing imperfect or maimed shall be brought up. And Plato, who elaborated the most

rigid eugenic programme ever devised, recommends that the children of the more depraved, and such others as are in any way imperfect, be hidden away in some secret and obscure place.

Eugenics is by no means a modern science. Primitive peoples took it much more seriously and practiced it more consistently than we do to-day. There can be no manner of doubt that the weak, the deformed, the foolish, the insane and degenerate of all kinds, have a much greater opportunity to survive and propagate their defects than they commonly had among primitive peoples.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the greatly reduced influence of natural selection that has been brought about by the advance of medicine and surgery and the knowledge of how to check and control many epidemics that formerly decimated the human race. Defects of eyesight, hearing, and many other qualities, no longer entail the extinction of their possessors. Natural selection still operates on the human species, and will always continue to do so, but our medical skill and our fostering of the weak greatly reduce its potency.

When we compare the various present influences tending to improve the human breed with those operative in past times, the prospect seems rather gloomy for the future of the human family. We no longer have the elimination of the weak through tribal strife, but in its place the highly deleterious influence of modern war, which has not only worked incalculable injury in recent centuries, but probably has more evil in store for us. We no longer leave the weak and imperfect infants to perish, but do everything in our power to rear them, and then give them full liberty to perpetuate their defects. Except during their period of actual confinement in asylums, no restriction is generally placed on the multiplication of the insane. With sixteen exceptions, there are no states in the union which forbid the marriage of the feeble-minded, and while other states regard such marriages as void, there is no penalty incurred either by the contracting parties or by the person who solemnizes the union, and consequently matings among the feeble-minded are of common occurrence. In only fifteen states is there any prohibition upon the marriage of the insane. Only in Indiana and in Washington is there any restriction placed upon the marriage of confirmed criminals. There are few creatures so degenerate but that most of the states of our enlightened country give them full sanction to perpetuate their impure stock, and the conditions in most European countries in this respect are considerably worse than in the United States. Through ignorance, indifference, false ideas concerning 'personal liberty,' and the absorption of legislators in matters of more immediate political expediency, we are permitting the accumulation of a vicious and defective heredity which would not be tolerated among most primitive peoples.

IV

This disappearance of most of the eugenic influences operative in the early history of mankind is not the worst danger, bad as it is, that besets us. Society, as at present organized, tends to withdraw its best blood from contributing its share to the heritage of the next generation. While it is unjustifiable to estimate the eugenic worth of a family in terms of wealth or social position, and while what are called the lower ranks of society often contain its best blood, the classes that have become distinguished through their culture or their achievements

certainly have a hereditary endowment considerably above the average. Pearson has shown that mental ability is inherited to about the same degree as various physical characteristics. This fact combined with the important conclusion, also established by Pearson, that less than twenty-five per cent of the married couples, or from one sixth to one eighth of the total population, produce over fifty per cent of the next generation, shows how very important it is that this one sixth or one eighth should be drawn from the better element of society. If the population is recruited even a little more from the less desirable individuals in each generation, it will not take many generations for the bad stock to replace the good.

It is a well-known fact that the educated classes, represented by such professions as lawyers, clergymen, doctors, and professors, as a rule marry late and produce few children, whereas the feeble-minded, the shiftless, and the imprudent usually have a birth-rate far above the average. Graduates from our colleges and universities have as a general rule scarcely enough children to perpetuate their families. The average number of children of the graduates of Harvard is less than two, and the record of Yale is no better than this. The showing of various other colleges and universities is but little better.

Judging from the statistics available on the subject, education is proving a formidable obstacle to eugenic progress. The one redeeming feature about it is that as students are sent to colleges and universities in ever-increasing proportions to the population, those who are selected for higher education are coming to be less representative of the best brains of the country. It is a common opinion that the general quality of our undergraduates is deteriorating, but if this be true the reasons may be found in various influences other than eugenic factors.

Still, the fact that the college communities include so many of the offspring of people of exceptional talent and achievement is a circumstance that is continually depriving the race of its best blood. There can be no doubt that under our present régime the more intellectual families are rapidly disappearing. It is from mediocrity and from the levels below mediocrity that the population is replenished. The danger of degeneration from this fact is all the greater because the evil is insidious and unobtrusive. If society could be brought to realize how enormous may be the loss entailed by the gradual extinction of those families which furnish the intellectual leaders of the race, it would bestir itself with a great deal more vigor to provide a remedy for the situation.

Society may accomplish much by checking the multiplication of the feeble-minded, the criminals, and the insane; but how to keep from being swallowed up in the fecundity of mediocrity is a much more difficult problem. We can get along with a small percentage of the mentally and morally defective much better than we can afford to lose the priceless blood that gives us our great men.

V

I have indicated some of the causes which, so far as can be judged, have been and are making for the deterioration of the race. It may be asked, however: Is it known as a matter of fact that the race is deteriorating? Can it be proved by statistics that the race is really on the down grade?

At the present time it must be admitted that the actual statistical proof of race-deterioration is very incomplete. We simply do not have the sta-

tistics to show whether our inheritance has improved or deteriorated. But from our knowledge of the evolutionary factors at work in human society it is scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that a certain amount of decadence is inevitable. We know that mental and moral defects are inherited; we know that the stocks with a record of intellectual achievement are multiplying with relative and increasing slowness; we know that the physically and mentally unfit reproduce more rapidly than under the conditions of more primitive civilization, and that their progeny are fostered and allowed to continue their defects. Amid all the influences tending to lessen the fertility of the more desirable classes of human beings there is scarcely any factor, beyond a relatively feeble remnant of natural selection, which is working for the perpetuation of the best blood.

With our present statistics it is difficult to disentangle the effects of environment from the effects of a vitiated inheritance. In the United States there has been during several decades a general increase in crime. How much this is to be attributed to immigration and changed environmental conditions it is impossible to say. Crime in Europe is also on the increase, but here again we cannot estimate the relative rôles of hereditary and environmental factors. It is the same with insanity. During the thirteen years before 1903 the insane in institutions in the United States increased 100 per cent, while the population as a whole increased 30 per cent. Since 1859 the insane in England and Wales have increased over 230 per cent while the general population has increased 77 per cent. Of these insane, 47,000, over one third, were married.

This increase, which may be paralleled by statistics from other countries, may be due in part to the fact that a relatively larger part of the insane are put into asylums; it may be due in part to changed conditions of social and economic life; but our rapidly accumulating knowledge of the heredity of insanity makes it probable — and we can only say probable — that much of it is due to an increase of hereditary defects. That our knowledge of the subject is just emerging from a chaotic state is evinced by the statement of Kraepelin, one of the very highest authorities, in the seventh edition of his *Psychiatrie*, that 'we must regard the statistics of heredity in insanity merely as facts of experience without finding in them the expression of a law which should hold in every case.' In the past few years certain forms of insanity have been found to follow a very definite law in their hereditary transmission. Through the careful investigation of a number of family records in England and in America it has been established that insanity is frequently inherited in Mendelian fashion, and that where there are no insane among the near relatives of the afflicted person, there are usually neuropathic tendencies which manifest themselves in nervous disorders. When neuropathic mates with neuropathic the result is a fearful harvest of neuropathic offspring.

The studies of Goddard on the heredity of feeble-mindedness, — and feeblemindedness is on the increase in England and America, — and those of Davenport and Weeks on the inheritance of epilepsy, have shown that the same kind of transmission prevails in these cases. Dr. Wilmarth, on the basis of his observations of families of the feeble-minded, estimates 'that at least two thirds of the feeble-minded have defective relations.'

It is possible to object that the increase in insanity and feeble-mindedness during recent decades may not

mean increasing pollution of human blood; but since the traits mentioned are so strongly inherited, and those possessing them are allowed to multiply with so little restriction, it seems very probable that we are having a gradual accumulation of a vitiated heredity. Whether the hereditary defectives are increasing or not, we do not want them; and the duty of society to check their multiplication by all safe and humane means is perfectly plain.

In order to estimate the probable trend of human evolution it may be instructive to represent in tabular form the various influences tending to modify our racial inheritance at the present time as compared with those affecting mankind in the earlier stages of its evolution.

Primitive Man	Civilized Man
Natural Selection, actively operating.	Natural Selection, reduced in intensity.
Sexual Selection, frequently working for race-improvement.	Sexual Selection, of doubtful eugenic value.
Elimination of defectives.	Preservation of defectives.
War tending to the multiplication of the best stock.	War tending to elimination of the best stock.
Relative fecundity of best endowed.	Relative sterility of best endowed.

All along the line the eugenic factors were more potent in primitive than in civilized man. Not only are the forces working for race-improvement becoming weaker as civilization advances, but as a result of civilization there have arisen tendencies which operate strongly against the weakened forces of eugenic progress. About all we have left to counteract these untoward agencies is a very uncertain measure of sexual selection and the remnant of natural selection which medical science has not succeeded in disposing of.

What it is feasible to do to remedy this unfortunate situation is one of the most important of the problems that confront the human race. My aim in the present article, however, is diagnosis rather than the prescription of remedies. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from pointing out that there is one measure, the prevention of the multiplication of the defective classes, which is so obvious a duty and so feasible a project that the continuation of our present *laissez-faire* policy is nothing short of a crime to society. The removal of the pollution of human inheritance that comes from the worst one or two per cent of its stock would, in a few generations, go a very long way toward reducing the numbers in our insane asylums, poorhouses, and jails. This much in the way of eugenic reform can easily be accomplished. The other aspects of the problem are matters for further reflection.

OKHOY BABU'S ADVENTURE

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

'YOUR HONOR!' Okhoy Babu interrupted, with that oily smile of his, 'I request an adjournment of the court, if your Honor pleases! I have just heard of important new evidence in this case!'

Indranath Babu, my chief clerk, began to frown and cluck with his tongue. He was long-nosed and very dark, with a face like a wise bird; a fine fellow for all his ugliness, and to be trusted. He had that trick of clucking, like an offended wren, when things were going awry, and I had learned to watch for it.

So Indranath Babu clucked and frowned, and Okhoy Babu stood expectant, with his fat smile that was at once servile and cynical. I did not like Okhoy Babu, but that was hardly a ground for refusing an adjournment.

It was one of those bloodthirsty boundary disputes that every now and then come in from the outlying villages. Hari Dass and Kishto Dass had fallen out about a field and had clubbed each other so vigorously with bamboos that I had been called out at two in the morning to take their dying depositions; Oshotosh Babu, the subdivisional surgeon, meanwhile stirring them up with strong spirits of ammonia. They were not yet dead, however, and might pull through, so the police and I had gathered in an armful of their club-men, and I was trying to get at the rights of the story in my dingy little court.

I was tired, after a long and irritating morning which had included a verification of the subdivisional stock of stamps — soaked together into slabs during the rains — and the dispensing of enough opium and hashish to demoralize a city. Further, it was tiffin time. So I ignored the clucking of Indranath Babu, in spite of ripe experience.

'How long do you want, Babu?'

'I shall be ready to go on later in the afternoon, your Honor! An hour or two, not more!'

'Three o'clock?'

'Very good, your Honor!'

So the court adjourned and went to tiffin, while Indranath Babu frowned and gathered up the papers of the case.

I inhabited a funny little Board-of-Works bungalow close to the courthouse, and lunched in the half-darkness of the central room to escape the midday glare. Poonaswamy of the crimson turban fed me indifferent well on local *moorghee*, — which is to say, chicken, — with curried rice and vegetables from the bazaar. That was according to precedent. But Okhoy Babu added a diversion.

With a dashing carelessness I would not have believed him capable of, he came across the grass with a troop of witnesses and squatted down under a tree not twenty yards off in a ring of purple shade, and began one of those little rehearsals which do so much for an effective case in court.

It was rather like an open-air Sunday-school, Okhoy Babu reciting, and his witnesses repeating in chorus — that came to me as a murmur across the

grass. I realized now why that offended wren, Indranath Babu, had clucked and frowned.

After a while the Babu and his scholars trooped away again, letter-perfect by this time. I rolled a cigarette and smoked in the coolest of the verandas, and schemed the undoing of Okhoy Babu.

Three o'clock came. I took my seat in court. Indranath Babu had the case called. An old gray-beard testified first; Okhoy Babu was careful of precedence. Among other things, the gray-beard said, —

'I know that the field belonged to Hari Dass, because I was present when his father planted a tree in it.'

Then Okhoy Babu called a middle-aged man, who, among other testimony, declared, —

'I know the tree which the father of Hari Dass planted. The field is his.'

Then a young fellow came, swaggering, and grinned familiarly at the court. He said, —

'When I was a boy, I often climbed in the tree which was planted by the father of Hari Dass. Hari Dass caught me and beat me. So I know the field is his.'

Something flashed through my mind: the Elders and Susanna. — 'A Daniel come to judgment!' — Okhoy Babu, you once attended missionary school, but I don't believe you read the apocryphal books! At any rate it was worth trying.

So I stopped Okhoy Babu in mid-career, and had my court policeman gather all those witnesses into my private room, with strict orders to let no one else in. Okhoy Babu was puzzled but smiled energetically. Indranath Babu, scenting fun, suspended his ominous clucking, but his brow was still furrowed.

I had the elderly party brought back first.

'You were present when the father of Hari Dass planted a tree in his field?'

'I was present, your Honor!' answered the elderly party, glancing round toward his counsel.

'Do not look at the Babu! Look at me!' I held his eye. 'What kind of a tree was it?'

The elderly party blinked, cleared his throat, and finally said, —

'It was a — cocoanut tree, your Honor!'

Okhoy Babu began to wriggle round toward the door of my room.

'Please remain where you are, Babu! The witnesses are quite safe!'

'Yes, your Honor!' and Okhoy Babu smiled a large but rueful smile.

Then I told my policeman to admit the middle-aged man.

'You remember the tree which the father of Hari Dass planted?'

'I remember it very well, your Honor!' and, curiously enough, he too looked round to Okhoy Babu.

'Never mind the Babu. Turn toward me. What sort of tree was it?'

He too winced and pursed his lips.

'It was a — date-palm, your Honor!'

Okhoy Babu's face was worth watching. Indranath Babu's brow was smooth and in his eyes was a look of deep content.

I had the young fellow in.

'You climbed the tree in the field of Hari Dass, and Hari Dass caught you and beat you?'

'Yes, your Worship!'

'What kind of tree was it?'

He brazened it out; did not look round at Okhoy Babu but said boldly, —

'A jack tree, your Worship!' — which is a kind of bread-fruit, with green, hedge-hog fruits as big as your head.

By this time Okhoy Babu was on thorns.

From the remaining witnesses, I col-

lected a few more kinds of tree. Then I called my policeman: —

'Constable! Take these witnesses back into my room and keep them!' Then to Indranath Babu: —

'Babu, please make out warrants for perjury against all these witnesses; and as for you, Okhoy Babu —'

But Okhoy Babu was gone. A cloud of dust whirling down the road to the bazaar indicated his line of motion.

I watched him through the unglazed window, considered a while, and decided not to decide. I was well content to lose Okhoy Babu, for all the clucking of my chief clerk.

II

That was late in October. A month later I was in camp, on the western border of the subdivision. I had been going over the wage-books of the village watchmen, examining the nice, oily little chaps in the school, hearing them do Euclid in Bengali, and trying to hold a Local Board election, where the free and independent voters had evidently got their instructions from their landlord, the local zemindar, and voted for him with meek unanimity. Great are democratic institutions in a land like India!

Evening had come, and I had made arrangments to return to Berhampore by *palki*, to arrive the next forenoon. Poonaswamy of the red turban had fed me on wooden-flavored moorghee and tiny potatoes, with really good coffee and a cigarette, and I was ready to go.

The palki-bearers were standing about, whispering and laughing; big, stalwart chaps, grayish-yellow in color, with large cheek-bones and huge hands and feet. There was evidently a lot of Santal blood in that part of the subdivision.

An awkward thing to get into, a palki. You have to sit down on the ground and crawl in, and when in, you must lie down; there is n't room to sit up without bumping your head. Just a long box with a sliding side-door, and swung on two long bamboos; comfortable enough, though, to sleep in.

So, feeling decidedly self-conscious, I sat me on mother earth, and crawled sideways into my box.

'All ready! To Berhampore!'

It was one of those lovely evenings that the beginning of the cold season brings, not too warm, and scented like a garden. My bearers swung the palki up on their shoulders and pattered off barefoot in the dust, chanting a jig-jog song that Kipling renders, 'Let us take and heave him over! Let us take and heave him over.'

We took a short cut across the wide rice-fields and by the edge of a bit of forest. There were huge trees, their boughs twisted together, and hung with masses of a kind of wild cucumber whose tendrils were like enormous skeins of yellow floss silk, with here and there a scarlet fruit hanging down, like a huge Easter-egg. A fine wildness about it all.

'Let us take and heave him over! Let us take and heave him over!'

They could, too, with the greatest ease. Here am I, twenty or thirty miles from the nearest man of white race, absolutely defenseless, unarmed, amid three hundred thousand natives, according to the last census, who might easily enough have a grudge to wreak; but I am trusting myself to their tender mercies in complete confidence. I suppose a Deputy Magistrate could not disappear without some stir! The paternal government would look him up. . . . Might not do him much good, though. . . . However . . .

At this point I went to sleep. . . . Something very soothing about the jog-jog of a palki and that 'heave-

him-over' song and the patter of bare feet on the earth. . . .

Once, during the night, I was wakened by the wild, diabolic yelling of jackals, an inferno broken loose in the midnight jungle. Something startling and hair-raising about jackals; they begin so unexpectedly. . . . But I rolled over and went to sleep again, with the patter-patter in my ears.

Then we came to a stop, and there was some kind of a row among the palki-bearers. That wakened me again. I pulled open the sliding-door, and, in the curt phrase of Anglo-India, said, —

'Shut up, dogs, and let me sleep!'

They did, and I slept — till morning this time, waking when it was full sunlight, with the expectation of recognizing the Berhampore landmarks by the roadside.

One thing intrigued me: we seemed to be jolting uphill. But there is n't a hill within thirty miles of Berhampore, or anywhere in the delta; not even a mound as big as an ant-hill. So I slid the door open to see.

'Where the mischief —?'

We were in thick jungle, a hillside apparently, with a kind of cattle-track running up it, under huge, matted trees laced together with creepers like tangled skeins of yarn thrown over the branches. A kind of green gloom, and a fresh coolness in the air.

I shouted to the bearers to stop. They stopped, and I crawled out, in the wormlike, undignified fashion inseparable from palkis, and repeated my question: —

'Where the mischief are we?'

I repeated my question in English, chiefly for my own benefit, in Bengali, in Hindustani. The bearers only grinned sheepishly and shook their heads.

I was very angry and made vigorous use of the vocative case and the imperative mood. I might as well have spoken in pluperfect subjunctives, for they evidently did not understand a word.

Like the *harmattan* wind, I raged myself out, and saw that it was perfectly useless to talk to these gray-yellow dunderheads, who grinned foolishly at my best objurgations.

I began to realize that I was getting hungry. Also, I wanted a smoke.

Fortunately this last want was easily supplied. I had the makings and matches. So I sat down on a rock — there is n't a rock in Berhampore, or in all the delta, for that matter — and rolled and lit a cigarette. That appealed to those yellow-gray kidnappers. They produced tobacco leaf from their dingy shoulder-cloths, a knot in the corner of which forms a Bengali pocket, and began to roll *al fresco* cigars. They even had the cheek to borrow my matches — with such child-like innocence in their eyes that I gave them. So we all smoked, out there in the jungle. They were very respectful, nay, deferential, for all their kidnapping, and if I had had some breakfast, say some good coffee and rolls, it would not have been half bad. But I was beastly hungry and getting hungrier. What had become of Poonaswamy of the scarlet turban, I could not even speculate on.

Finally I appealed to an old chap among the bearers — there were eight of them, two relays — who had crisp white hair on his head and jowl, and a mat of white hair on his chest. I said to him in English, —

'Old gentleman, please get me some breakfast!'

He shook his head and replied, at great length, in a tongue of which I did not know a word, but which I guessed to be the Santali of the hills. We can see them, pale blue on the horizon, from the western edge of the subdivision. As we were palpably among hills, — or at least upon one hill; you could-n't see much of anything, because of

the dense jungle, — and as there were n't any other hills, I supposed they must be the ones. So the old gentleman talked, very eloquently, and with gestures; but from all his eloquence no breakfast supervened. I was n't even certain that he was talking about breakfast, but I was quite certain that I wanted mine.

So I fell back on a language more practical than Esperanto or Volapük — I opened my mouth and pointed down my throat. That evidently went home. The old gentleman's face lighted up, he smiled luminously and pointed up the trail through the forest. Then he pointed to the sliding door of the palki. That was good sense. If breakfast would not come to me, I must go to breakfast, and the palki was the only way. I did not even consider walking back along the track we had come, because I knew that, in that direction, breakfast was at least forty miles off, and the jungle fairly well stocked with big game, — leopards, tigers, to say nothing of snakes, — and my only weapons were a box of matches and a pencil.

So I sat down on the ground, and slid back into the palki, to the evident relief of my bearers, who shouldered me and went forward, seemingly much rejoiced in their minds.

About noon — I had beguiled the hours, and tried to beguile my appetite with cigarettes — we came to a clearing, and they set the palki down.

A horribly undignified way to make one's entrance, crawling out of a beastly box, but it had to be done. A crowd was there to receive us, the same gray-yellow folk with big cheek-bones, chiefly adorned with peacock feathers stuck jauntily in their hair; and, among the leaf-mat huts, a mob of women and children.

I got on my feet and looked about. The crowd gathered about deferentially, saluting by bringing their finger-tips up to their foreheads and then stretching out their arms, as if they were going to dive; apparently Santali for 'Good morning!'

The old gentleman from among my bearers then saluted a revered old person in the crowd, and made a little speech. The old person seemed pleased. He said something monosyllabic and unintelligible to my bearer and then stepped forward, and said to me, in fairly good Bengali, —

'Incarnation of Virtue! We offer you respectful salutations!'

I replied that I was glad of it, and asked, —

'Where are we? Who are you? And why, in the name of Mahadeb, have you brought me here?'

Here is his astounding reply, just as he made it: —

'Umbrella of the Poor! This is a village of Men, whom the Bengalis call Santals. We have a Babu. We are going to kill him, and we wished your Honor to be present, to see!'

'We have a Babu, and we are going to kill him' — just that. It took my breath away.

Astonishment, the desire to gain time, and primitive instinct, worked together in my reply: —

'That is all very well. But you must not kill him until I have had some breakfast.'

So they fed me, under the village fig tree: india-rubber-like moorghee, with curried vegetables, and the finest rice I ever tasted. But no coffee, and I particularly wanted coffee.

As I ate, the dignified elderly person sat beside me, very affable and friendly. I approached the question obliquely: —

'How does it come that you speak such good Bengali?'

My speech was really more polite than that. These Oriental tongues have shades.

'I spent ten years in Berhampore,' he replied very courteously, 'in the Sudder jail. I was on road-gang work at Kandi, and the foreman — a Bengali pig — hit me, so I killed him. The judge asked who did it, and I of course told him, so I was sent to jail. There I learned Bengali, and, because of my knowledge of English law, my people have elected me Headman.' And he smiled, very much pleased with himself.

Yes; English law; but how about killing babus? I put it a little less directly, but it amounted to that.

He said that, of course, this was different. He would make it all plain after breakfast, and then they would kill the Babu. Everything should be done in an orderly way.

All the men had spears, as well as their jaunty peacock-feathers. I, as I have said, was armed with a lead pencil; not even a fountain-pen. If it came to physical force, it was a blue look-out for the Babu. Fine, vigorous men, too; manly, open faces. One could not browbeat them, as if they were Bengalis. I began to be anxious about that Babu.

After breakfast, a cigarette. I drew it out as long as possible and considered. Oh, Indranath Babu, why are you not here, to warn me off shoals by your clucking? I wish you were, but, since you are not, I must go it alone.

So, my cigarette ended, — and I felt rather like a condemned man with his last cigar, at the end of which the proceedings are to culminate, we all went to the village grove, where the prisoner was brought, tightly bound, haggard, disheveled, wild-eyed. A Bengali, undoubtedly, but a very ill-used Bengali, physically speaking.

Suddenly I caught his eye. He was making signs. I went over to him, in the midst of his guard of sturdy spearmen.

He half-whispered, in English, —

'Sir! Do you not know me?' I looked closer. 'I am Okhoy Kumar Ganguli, pleader of your Honor's court.'

'Ah! Okhoy Babu!' He flashed back into my memory, as he had disappeared in a cloud of dust down the village road, on the day of the perjury case. With equal rapidity it flashed into my mind that if I wanted to get the Babu clear, I must show no sign of ever having seen him before. So I shook my head and turned away to the fine old graduate of Berhampore jail.

We took our seats in a circle in the grove, on stools of wicker-work shaped like dice-boxes. I recognized the pattern. We have them made on contract in the jail. Evidently the old headman had brought the arts back with him. I sat in the centre of a half-circle, made venerable, I hoped, by a big pith helmet. The old headman, whose name, I believe, was Soondra Manjee, sat at my right hand; the stalwart men with spears, gaudy in their peacock-feather crests, completed the half-circle. At its focus Okhoy Babu squatted on the earth, with a knot of spear-men about him. He was tightly bound and evidently galled by his thongs. I pitied Okhoy Babu. It remained to be seen whether I should not very soon have even better cause.

The women gathered closer, fine-looking, some of them, and not so cowed and abashed as Bengali women. Most of them had flowers in their hair. They had brass bracelets and rings, too, and bright-colored muslin *saris* — a long strip of cloth, draped into a skirt and bodice, that showed their fine, graceful, upstanding figures admirably.

But Okhoy Babu was not thinking of feminine beauty or adornments of Ashoka flowers,— at least, his face did not suggest it. It was grim earnest with him. I would do my best for Okhoy Babu, but I had my doubts.

We opened the proceedings. The old gentleman stood up and made a little speech in Santali. I guessed the subject: their exceeding good-luck in having caught a magistrate, albeit a very young one, whose presence would regularize their proceedings. I knew he was talking about me, as every one looked in my direction and the women smiled. The men were too dignified for that, but their big, childlike eyes spoke.

Then old Soondra Manjee turned to me and said, —

'Your Honor, we are ready,' in his best Bengali.

Okhoy Babu winced and shrank together. Evidently he was not ready at all.

So, as severely as I could, I asked, —

'Of what is the prisoner guilty?'

'Your Honor!' Okhoy Babu began, in English. That would be fatal. So I said to him, in a tone that evidently went home, —

'Don't talk to me, you thundering idiot, if you wish to save your neck!'

Okhoy Babu sighed deeply, but had the wisdom to shut up.

So I asked again, —

'Of what is the prisoner guilty?'

'Your Honor,' said the fine old Santali, with genuine moral indignation, 'the Babu told a lie! He came to us, one month ago, hungry and sick. We sheltered him and fed him. After two days, he began to make mischief! There are the boundary stones; they mark the limit of our territory and the territory of the Bengalis. This Babu told us he would show us how to move the boundary stones — secretly, in the night — so as to enlarge our lands and double the size of our rice-fields. The Babu is a cheat and a liar, so we are, of course, going to kill him.'

Oh, tribe of honest men! I like those Santalis. And the fine Italian hand of my Okhoy Babu! He ran like a hare to escape trial for perjury, in the matter of that cocoanut, date, jack, and so-on tree in the field of Hari Dass, and straightway set himself to seduce the blameless Santalis and lead them into guile.

Babu, for two or three minutes, I seriously considered saying, 'Let the law take its course!' Perhaps what checked me was the consideration of how you would squeal while you were being speared. At any rate British legalism won the day, and I determined to save you for a more regular tribunal.

How to do it, though? I thought first of trying to explain the English law, making clear to them that they would be guilty of murder and riot and dacoity and ever so many things. Then I thought of asserting the right of eminent domain over the Babu — of claiming him as my own peculiar prey. But I was pretty sure they would ask, 'Will your Honor promise to kill him?' And various considerations would prevent my doing that. To get him away by strategy just entered my mind, to leave it again instantly. I could not risk having these honest men hand down among their village traditions, that they had trusted a white man and that he had cheated them.

Then I noticed something curious enough, — but the nature of woman is inscrutable.

A singularly pretty girl, light-colored, with pretty eyes and quantities of glossy hair decked with crimson flowers, her lithe, graceful young body charmingly set off by the sari with its pattern of rose-colored twigs, had been edging closer to Okhoy Babu, and now, eluding the vigilance of the guards, she gave him a cocoanut shell of water, which he greedily drank, and, — oh, mysterious feminine heart! — she was patting his cheek. I began to see daylight.

The first thing was, to gain time. So

I made a quick decision and, rising, said in my best Bengali, —

'The Babu is evidently a wicked man, and deserving of death. He has lied, and he has advised you to lie. But to-day is the seventh day of the moon' — fortunately I had noticed the evening before — 'and this is, therefore, an inauspicious day for you to put the Babu to death.'

That was true enough. Any day would be, for they would have to stand trial for murder, and very possibly hang for it. But they did not take my words in that sense. Indeed, they looked genuinely frightened. They were chock-full of superstition, and they had nearly killed a Babu — on the wrong day! They were genuinely glad that I had come. I saw that, and went on more confidently, —

'Not before the tenth day will the time be auspicious. Therefore let the Babu be left bound in a hut, with none to keep him company, and let us wait until the auspicious day. Meanwhile, if the village wishes to hold a feast in honor of the Sahib, the Sahib will graciously be pleased to take part in it.'

The joy, the feasting, the rice-wine generously flowing, the wild song and dance — all this must go unrecorded. Babu Okhoy Kumar Ganguli was not present at the feast. He languished in his cell — that is, in a leaf hut at the jungle-edge of the village.

That night, after a long day's revelry, the village slept well. All, that is, excepting the Deputy Magistrate, who kept an alert ear, and, it would seem, that pretty girl with the crimson blossoms in her hair. Early in the night, the Deputy Magistrate, who was enjoying the moonlight, as the sentries snored over their fires, saw a lithe figure steal over to the prison-hut. Then there was silence, but for a faint sound of rending leaves; then the Deputy Magistrate went to his own hut, for matches, and smoked a philosophic cigarette. Then he went to sleep. . . .

Babu, I hope you have good legs and wind, for an hour after sunrise your inexplicable absence was discovered; the absence, too, of that pretty girl with the crimson flowers in her dark, glossy hair. I hope your legs and your wind are good, for, ten minutes after these discoveries, forty able-bodied Santalis, whose power of wind and limb was unquestionable, were on your trail, armed with boar-spears. And I think, that if they caught up with you, they would finish you without benefit of magistrate!

Shortly thereafter, I succeeded in scraping together half-a-dozen hoary-headed men, past the age for Babu-baiting, who consented to carry my palki, and, with sincere regret, I bade farewell to the Santal country; regret, in part, for that I had in fact contributed to deceive these honest men for such a one as Okhoy Babu, procurer of perjury. But not for the sake of Okhoy; for the honor of the law.

NOSTALGIA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I HAVE not trod those burning sands,
  I have not plumbed those frozen seas;
My palace was not made with hands,
  My sails are furled from every breeze.

I sit behind a curtained pane
  And gaze into a village street;
Homeward, at eve, return again
  My indolent, untraveled feet.

But in the books you bring to me,
  I find strange places that I knew:
Cathay or Ind or Muscovy,
  The Isles of Spice or Khatmandhu.

I close my eyes and call it back —
  The tedium of the caravan,
The jackals howling on our track,
  The wile and sloth of savage man.

My homesickness was born with me
  Whom the ancestral walls enclose;
But it is nice as memory,
  And chooses only what it knows.

And when the page divines aright,
  I do not shrink or find it far;
But answer, as an exile might,
  'That is my home, and there my star!'

UNION PORTRAITS

III. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It is curious to turn from the study of Thomas to the study of Sherman. Thomas instinctively hides himself. To get at his soul you have to watch keenly, to pick up fine threads of self-revelation in a waste of conventional formality and follow their light tissue with the closest care. Sherman turns himself inside out even in an official document. He wore his coat unbuttoned, and his heart also; exposed its inmost lining to all the winds of heaven — and all the eyes of curious reporters, whom he detested for seeing and recording what was there and what was not. This perpetual exposure is almost as baffling as Thomas's concealment, though in another fashion. We like a soul to be open, and clean, and wind-blown. But I am not sure that we like to see it always thrashing on the clothes-line.

'Typically American' is a loose term and gets looser every day. But Ropes and many others have applied it to Sherman, and with singular justice. Few figures of the war have more marked American characteristics than he. Lincoln is often instanced. But Lincoln had strange depths, even yet unexplored, which do not seem American at all. Grant was too quiet.

Sherman was never quiet, physically or mentally. Like so many Americans who do things, he had not robust health. In 1846, on his way to California, he gave up smoking. 'The reason was, it hurt my breast. . . . The habit shall never be resumed.' It was resumed, and given up again, and inveterate, as the hurt was. But no hurt made flag that indefatigable, unfaltering, resistless energy. 'Blessed with a vitality that only yields to absolute death,' he says of himself. Assuredly he was so blessed. One who did not love him observed, 'With a clear idea of what he wanted and an unyielding determination to have it, he made himself and everybody around him uncomfortable, till his demands were gratified.'

His character was written all over him. The tall, spare, wiry figure, the fine-featured, wrinkle-netted face, expressed the man. He had auburn hair, and one lock of it behind would stick straight out when he was eager or excited. I never think of Sherman without seeing that lock.

His manner was even more expressive than his features. He was always in movement, striding up and down, when he talked, if possible; if not, moving head, or hands, or feet. When Horace Porter first went to him from Grant, he found Sherman in his slippers, reading a newspaper, and all through the conversation the newspaper was frantically twisted and one foot was in and out of its slipper perpetually. The general's talk was hurried,

vigorous, incisive, punctuated with strange, sharp, and uncouth gestures. 'In giving his instructions and orders,' says one acute observer, 'he will take a person by the shoulder and push him off as he talks, follow him to the door all the time talking and urging him away. His quick, restless manner almost invariably results in the confusion of the person whom he is thus instructing, but Sherman himself never gets confused. At the same time he never gets composed.'

As he was American in look and manner, so he was eminently American in the movement of his life. He himself writes, 'It does seem that nature for some wise purpose . . . does ordain that man shall migrate, clear out from the place of his birth.' He migrated, at any rate, like a bird or the thought of a poet. Born in Ohio, in 1820, he passed apparently a tranquil boyhood. But with youth his adventures began. From West Point he went to Florida, from Florida to South Carolina. Then came California, then New York, then New Orleans, California again, New York again, St. Louis, and again New Orleans. Remember that in those days the journey from New York to San Francisco was like a journey round the world at present.

Nor was all this divagation merely military. Sherman was soldier only in part. At other times he was banker, farmer, lawyer, president of a railroad, president of a college. Only heroic self-restraint saved him from being an artist. 'I have great love for painting and find that sometimes I am so fascinated that it amounts to pain to lay down the brush, placing me in doubt whether I had better stop now before it swallows all attention, to the neglect of all my duties, discard it altogether, or keep on. What would you advise?' Here is the first and last time he ever mentions painting.

After this twenty years' Odyssey, just at the beginning of the war, he gets a spell at home with Penelope and the budding Telemachus, and observes, — with a sigh,— 'I must try and allay this feeling of change and venture that has made me a wanderer. If possible I will settle down — fast and positive.'

The war comes. He rides and rages through Bull Run, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, like a comet through Georgia and the Carolinas, to the highest war can give him, and to peace. But he never settles down — never.

II

Some men whose feet are thus tirelessly wandering, tread a very narrow region in their minds, just as others' minds rove widely while their feet are still. With Sherman there was incessant movement of both mind and body. He had the busiest imagination in all these various careers, saw all possibilities of chance and accident and endeavored to provide for them, turned over a dozen courses of action before he hit the one that would answer his purpose best. At the beginning of the war others tried to accomplish full results with half measures, could not stretch prevision to the scope of effort necessary to avert the immense train of damage and disaster. Sherman saw and foresaw everything, and because he predicted the vastness of the struggle and demanded means adequate to meet it, those in authority, and the press men whose imagination was always hugely busy at short range, decried and almost displaced him as a sheer, unbalanced lunatic.

All through the war this acute imagination of military possibility and necessity marked him more than almost any one. Sometimes, doubtless, it led him to curious extremes, as in his advice to Sheridan in November, 1864:

'I am satisfied, and have been all the time, that the problem of the war consists in the awful fact that the present class of men who rule the South must be killed outright rather than in the conquest of territory . . . therefore I shall expect you on any and all occasions to make bloody results.'

An imagination so vivid and energetic has its dangers. One is the misrepresentation of fact, especially in the past. Perhaps Sherman was careless in this matter. His attitude is partly indicated in his remark to a newspaper man who had written a sketch of him: 'You make more than a dozen mistakes of facts, which I need not correct, as I don't desire my biography till I am dead.' This is all very well, but if a man does not correct his biography while living, his chance of doing it later is limited.

Sherman's Memoirs have been bitterly attacked on the score of inaccuracy. 'His story is often widely at variance with the Official Records, and with every one's recollection, except his own,' says Colonel Stone; and Professor Royce comments thus on the Californian portion: 'In fact, not only antecedent probability, but sound testimony, is against General Sherman's memory, a memory which, for the rest, was hardly meant by the Creator for purely historical purposes, genial and amusing though its productions may be.'

The general's remark in the preface to the revised edition of the Memoirs — revised chiefly by the printing of protests in an appendix — is most happily characteristic. I am, he says in substance, writing my own memoirs, not those of other people.

As to this question of accuracy, however, it is essential not to overlook the testimony of Grant, who declared that Sherman was thoroughly accurate, that he always kept a diary, and that the Memoirs were founded on that diary in all matters of fact.

Another serious danger of a too active imagination is that it may go far outside the province that belongs to it. This was certainly the tendency of Sherman's. Not content with giving sleepless hours to devising all sorts of schemes for the military destruction of the enemy, he ranged far into politics, conceived and ceaselessly suggested measures financial and political which would aid in bringing about the military result. Many other generals had this habit, just as many politicians contrived to win victories in a back corner of an office; but few whirled out of their proper sphere with such breakneck velocity as Sherman. He was always delivering huge screeds of political comment, oral or written, to the North, to the South, to soldiers, to civilians, to officials, to laymen.

Hear one of his wildest outbursts on the general conduct of the war. 'To secure the safety of the navigation of the Mississippi River I would slay millions. On that point I am not only insane, but mad. . . . For every bullet shot at a steam-boat, I would shoot a thousand 30-pounder Parrotts into even helpless towns on Red, Ouachita, Yazoo, or wherever a boat can float or soldier march.' Do you wonder that some thought the general a little unreliable?

Hear him again on the deserts of the South. 'To the petulant and persistent secessionist, why, death is mercy, and the quicker he or she is disposed of, the better. Satan and the rebel saints of Heaven were allowed a continued existence in hell merely to swell their just punishment. To such as would rebel against a government so mild and just as ours was in peace, a punishment equal would not be unjust.'

It is this abstract and imaginative fury, constantly suggestive of the doc-

trinaire idealists of the French Revolution, which makes Sherman appear decidedly at a disadvantage in his correspondence with Hood concerning the treatment of Atlanta, and again in his correspondence with Hardee before Savannah.

As to details of policy there is the same fertility of suggestion, the same imperious decisiveness. Finance? Are you short of currency? Use cotton. Tie it up in neat weighed bales, and it will at least be better than your Confederate shinplasters. The draft? The draft? Certainly enforce the draft. 'Unless you enact a law denying all citizens between the ages of 18 and 45 who do not enlist and serve three years faithfully, all right of suffrage, or to hold office after the war is over, you will have trouble.' Niggers? Now what can you do with Niggers? They are not fit for soldiers, they are not fit for citizens, they are just fit for labor that white men cannot do. 'I would not if I could abolish or modify slavery,' he wrote in December, 1859.

The influence of all this varied thinking was doubled by a really demonic power of expression. Sherman's dispatches became letters, his letters pamphlets. Some accuse him of loquacity. This is absurd. His style is vigorous, pointed, energetic as his person. His abundance of words, great as it is, is lame and impotent to the hurry of his thought. This is the real significance of his ludicrous remark, 'I am not much of a talker'; and again, 'Excuse so long a letter, which is very unusual from me.' Not much of a talker! Oh, ye gods! The point really is that he talked vastly much, but he could have talked vastly more. On the whole, I am glad that he did not.

Those at whom he launched these verbal whirlwinds did not always appreciate them, or profit. Men thought he talked too freely, — 'more than was proper,' was the opinion of the judicious Villard. At the beginning of the war Halleck gave his subordinate a kind and helpful caution, warning him that his use of his tongue was, to say the least, indiscreet. What is most charming in this connection is Sherman's way of receiving such good counsel. He knows the danger. He will do all he can to avoid it. 'We as soldiers best fulfill our parts by minding our own business, and I will try to do that,' 'I will try and hold my tongue and pen and give my undivided attention to the military duties devolving on me.'

He might as well have tried to dam his beloved Mississippi. Listen to the comment of one excellent observer on the general's conversational proclivities: 'He must talk, quick, sharp, and yet not harshly, all the time making his odd gestures, which, no less than the intonation of his voice, serve to emphasize his language. He cannot bear a clog upon his thoughts nor an interruption to his language. He admits of no opposition. He overrides everything. He never hesitates at interrupting any one, but cannot bear to be interrupted himself.'

The most striking instance of Sherman's talking and writing tendency to digress into politics was his agreement with Johnston upon terms of peace at the close of the war. In his zeal to carry out his ideas of the public good the Union commander certainly exceeded the ordinary limits of military negotiation. It is equally true that Stanton and Halleck were unnecessarily rough and discourteous in disapproving of his arrangements. Nevertheless, their ill-judged harshness did not justify Sherman's violent outburst to his own subordinate, Logan. 'If such be the welcome the East gives to the West, we can but let them make war and fight it out themselves.'

III

What I have written so far must not be held to imply that Sherman was a dreamer, a mere visionary, who lived in the clouds. His whole career, and his immense accomplishment, would make such a suggestion absurd. Rich and eager as his imagination was, it was always subject to the closest bonds of logic and reasoning. It was this that made his conclusions not only abundant, but positive. 'My opinions are all very positive,' he writes, 'and there is no reason why you should not know them.' To him, at any rate, they appeared to be based on arguments which he had examined and found irrefragable.

It is curious that some who knew him well have denied that he was a reasoner. Professor Boyd declared that he leaped to results by intuition, that he could not give reasons, and that his letters contained, not reasons, but conclusions. This seems to me a misapprehension. It was not that he could not give reasons, but that he would not. He was a soldier, a man of action. He could not stop to make plain his mental processes to a bungler like you or me. Paper would not suffice to hold his conclusions. How then should he bother with explaining the long and devious paths by which he came to them? His own view of his logical activity is delightful. 'I am too fast, but there are principles of government as sure to result from war as in law, religion or any moral science. Some prefer to jump to the conclusion by reason. Others prefer to follow developments by the slower and surer road of experience.' Even more delightful is his adjustment of the whole matter to the somewhat academic level of Professor Boyd: 'Never give reasons for what you think or do until you must. Maybe, after a while, a better reason will pop into your head.'

This blending of iron logic with vivid imagination is most characteristic of Sherman always. His imagination made him wonderfully, charmingly tolerant, up to a certain point, of the views of others, and even, where he had not concluded positively, distrustful of his own. He begs to be checked, if inclined to exceed proper authority. With winning self-criticism he assures Grant that 'Rosecrans and Burnside and Sherman would be ashamed of petty quarrels if you were behind and near them.' And what an admirable piece of analysis is his comparison of himself with Grant and McClernand. McClernand, he says, sees clearly what is near, but very little beyond. 'My style is the reverse. I am somewhat blind to what occurs near me, but have a clear perception of things and events remote. Grant possesses the happy medium, and it is for this reason I admire him.'

But if Sherman was broad-minded and gently tolerant up to a certain point, beyond that he ceased to be so, and then his energetic logic made him refuse all compromise. He was, if I may use the phrase, fiercely reasonable. Just because he saw so far and saw so clearly, it seemed to him that there could be nothing worth considering beyond the limits of his vision. To serve under him, when you shared his views, or when you trusted him wholly, must have been a joy; but it was surely purgatory when you disliked him and he disliked you. If he was once convinced that you were in the wrong, nothing too savage could be done to set you intellectually right, for your own good. In other words, as an officer of the Inquisition he would have been unmatched in ingenuity and in severity.

Probably the most amusing as well as the most instructive of his intolerances was his animosity toward news-

paper men. No working general on either side enjoyed them or permitted them more freedom than policy absolutely required. But Sherman detested them. It has been shrewdly pointed out that he was too much like them to love them, and that as a war correspondent he could probably have earned a much larger salary than as a general. It has been suggested, also, that his professed hatred of publicity arose from a desire to supply his own, which he was royally able to do.

Be this as it may, the general is never more entertaining than when speaking his mind about the press. Sometimes he lashes it with sarcasm. 'We have picked up the barges, and will save some provisions, but none of the reporters "floated." They were so deeply laden with weighty matter that they must have sunk. In the language of our Dutch captain, "What a pity for religion is this war!" but in our affliction we can console ourselves with the pious reflection that there are plenty more left of the same sort.' Sometimes he lectures it paternally and endeavors to put these children of the evil one into the right way. 'Now I am again in authority over you and you must heed my advice. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press, precious relics of former history, must not be construed too largely. You must print nothing that prejudices government, or excites envy, hatred, and malice in a community. Persons in authority must not be abused.'

Is not every word of that delicious? And for misbehavior he would in all cases exact the severest penalty. 'Even in peace times I would make every publisher liable in money for the truth of everything he prints.' Oh, stern idealist,

> Hereafter in a better world than this
> I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

As newspapers represented free speech, and as free speech is inseparably bound up with democracy, Sherman's mistrust of popular government grew all through the war. Personally he was the most democratic of men. Also, he was convinced that one political organization must prevail over the whole United States. But as to the final character of that organization he was somewhat doubtful. 'This country must be united by the silken bonds of a generous and kindly Union if possible, or by the harsh steel bands of a despotism otherwise. Of course, we all prefer the former.' Of course he did prefer it. Still, the editors sometimes tried his patience. Once, when it was over-tried, he wrote, 'The rapid popular change almost makes me monarchist, and raises the question whether the self-interest of one man is not a safer criterion than the wild opinions of ignorant men.'

The nice combination of restless fancy with rigorous logic which we have been analyzing probably reached its climax in Sherman's career with the celebrated and dramatic march from Atlanta to the seaboard. Hardly any other general, North or South, would have conceived anything so unusual. Sober critics, at the time and since, have condemned it from the purely military point of view. If justifiable, its justification must be found in those larger political arguments which delighted its contriver. It was forged almost as a dream in that eager and fertile workshop from which dreams came so thickly. But the point is that, conceived as a dream, it was worked out with minutely reasoned care, so that in the end success attended almost every step. It was no dream to lead a hundred thousand men two hundred miles through a hostile country and bring them out in perfect fighting trim and with a confidence in their commander which had grown at every step they took.

IV

So we see that, for all his visions and all his theories, Sherman was an intensely practical man. Dreams to him were simply rich possibilities of fact. Except as they could be realized, he took no interest in them. And he devoted himself to realizing them with all the masterful energy of his nature. 'I must have facts, knocks, and must go on.'

Everybody recognizes that he studied his troops closely, kept careful count of just what men he had and what sort of men, and the same for the enemy. It is remarkable that, when so many generals allowed their imaginations to run away with them in overestimating the number opposed, Sherman more often calculated under than over.

Again, he was notable as a provider. He figured his needs carefully and made everything yield to them. Tracks must be kept clear, trains must be kept running, non-combatants must be disregarded, even though high authority appealed for them. No difficulties were recognized and no excuses would serve. To a hesitating quartermaster the curt answer was, 'If you don't have my army supplied, and keep it supplied, we 'll eat your mules up, sir — eat your mules up.'

In other matters of organization Sherman had the same instinct for system and disliked what interfered with it. He objected, as Thomas did, to the intrusion even of philanthropy into the sphere of his command: 'The sanitary and Christian Commissions are enough to eradicate all traces of Christianity out of our minds.' Yet, while he exacted absolute subordination from others, he was ready and eager to obey the orders of his superiors, even though he might not approve of them.

There is difference of opinion as to the minuteness with which he planned for possible contingencies. Schofield thinks that in this regard he was neglectful of detail. Possibly. But the activity of his imagination led him to consider and reconsider all the essentials of accident. And it was rare that either circumstances or the enemy confronted him with a situation which he had not already taken into account, — in most cases with adequate precaution.

The greatest test of a general's practical ability is his skill in handling men. Perhaps others surpassed Sherman in this, but, considering his temperament, his success was wonderful. His greatest lack was patience. When things did not suit him, he could be very disagreeable, as with Hooker. On the other hand, he had three admirable qualities, sympathy, simplicity, sincerity. He could understand a man's difficulties. He could step right down from his dignity and take hold of them. He had no hesitation in telling you what he thought, and you knew it was exactly what he did think.

With his equals and superiors this frankness is especially fine. How genuine, how free from offense because of that genuineness, and how helpful, are his letters of advice and caution to Grant, who was large enough to take them as they were meant and profit by them. Those addressed indirectly to Buell are no less creditable, though perhaps not received in quite the same spirit.

With his own subordinates Sherman's human qualities were even more effective. The soldiers delighted in 'the old man's' brusqueness and oddities. 'Uncle Billy' was a quaint figure such as simple minds love to mock at and tell tales of. It is alleged that strict discipline was not always observed in Sherman's armies. If so, it was because the commander cared nothing for parade troops. He was too busy with

what was essential to bother with what was not. But if discipline means instant readiness to go when and where ordered, Sherman's men were disciplined enough. They had confidence in their chief. Even when he seemed to be leading them out into the darkness, away from all support and all communication, they never hesitated to follow. He said everything would be right, and they knew it would. What is more, they loved him. In spite of his wrinkled face and his harsh speech and his uncouth ways, they loved him, because they knew that he was honest and fearless, and thought more about them than he did about himself.

V

Through all this discussion, the reader will constantly have appreciated what I meant by calling Sherman typically American. Though by profession and habit a soldier, in his union of the theoretical and practical he was essentially the man of business who is to-day everywhere the most prominent and characteristic American figure. Let us see how thoroughly the business quality entered into the various aspects of Sherman's career.

To begin with, he was a vast and tireless worker. 'His industry was prodigious,' says Grant. 'He worked all the time, and with an enthusiasm, a patience, and a good humor that gave him great power with his army.' He was no shirk, no man to throw on to others anything that he could do himself. On the contrary, if others failed him, he would do double. 'They have not sent me a single officer from Washington, and so engrossed are they with Missouri that they don't do us justice. The more necessity for us to strain every nerve.'

Again, fighting, with him, was rather a business than a pleasure. His personal courage was, of course, beyond question. But some have questioned whether, as a consequence of his imaginative and sensitive temperament, he was not somewhat less clear-headed and capable under the pressure of combat than when planning a battle or a campaign. General Howard asserts that 'his intense suggestive faculties seemed often to be impaired by the actual conflict.' On the other hand, Cox and Schofield both testify that where others grew excited Sherman grew cool, and that in the presence of immediate danger he dropped theoretical discussion and settled all difficulties with peremptory sternness. 'On the battlefields where he commands Sherman's nervous manner is toned down. He grates his teeth and his lips are closed more firmly, giving an expression of greater determination to his countenance.'

In any case, although he calls being at the head of a strong column of troops, in the execution of some task that requires brain, the highest pleasure of war, yet it is evident that to him fighting was chiefly a means to an end; in other words, a matter of business, to be carried on calmly, carefully, and intelligently as such. 'Neither of us,' he says of Grant and himself, 'naturally was a combative man.' In the same spirit, though infinitely careful of his troops, he viewed slaughter with indifference when the necessities of business required it. 'Tell Morgan,' he said, 'that we will lose 4000 men before we take Vicksburg, and we may as well lose them here as anywhere.'

The same businesslike tone appears in Sherman's attitude toward ambition and glory. Like every man who does things, he wished posterity to speak well of him, to speak highly of him, and he would have been the last to deny it. But he was singularly free from the petty vanities of show and

adulation which disfigure the biography of so many generals. As he rather affected a shabby appearance, so he rather affected an avoidance of newspaper notoriety. 'I never see my name in print without a feeling of contamination, and I will undertake to forego half of my salary, if the newspapers will ignore my name.' Even as regards more substantial recognition he was somewhat reluctant, not from undue modesty, for no one ever better gauged his own achievements, but because he feared that sudden exaltation meant a sudden fall. Early in his career he expressed his wish to remain in the background, and when promotion came his first feeling was that he had not yet deserved it. Few men on the road to distinction have expressed themselves more sensibly than he does in his admirable letter of advice to Buell. 'To us, with an angry, embittered enemy in front and all around us, it looks childish, foolish, yea, criminal — for sensible men to be away off to the rear, sitting in security, torturing their brains and writing on reams of foolscap to fill a gap which the future historian will dispose of by a very short, and maybe, an unimportant chapter, or even paragraph. . . . Like in a race, the end is all that is remembered by the great world.'

It is in this purely business instinct, the combining of theory with practice for a business purpose, that we must seek the explanation of the most curious problem in Sherman's career, his harsh and barbarous treatment of the invaded enemy. No man was by nature less cruel than he. No general expresses himself in the earlier part of the war more decidedly against plundering and vandalism. He urges upon his subordinates consideration for non-combatants: 'War at best is barbarism, but to involve all — children, women, old and helpless — is more than can be justified.' He deplores the lack of discipline which makes possible the excesses of the soldiers. 'I am free to admit that we all deserve to be killed unless we can produce a state of discipline when such disgraceful acts cannot be committed unpunished.' He is even almost ready to resign his position, he feels the disgrace so keenly. 'The amount of burning, stealing, and plundering done by our army makes me ashamed of it. I would quit the service if I could, because I feel we are drifting to the worst sort of vandalism.'

Then he has an army of his own, marches straight into the South, and leaves a trail behind which makes him not only execrated by his enemies, but typical in modern warfare for destruction and plunder. And all just as a sheer matter of business. The war must be ended, and the way to end it was not merely to defeat armies in the field but to bring desolation and misery to the humblest homes of the Confederacy. He may not have said 'War is hell,' but assuredly he acted it. He may not have burned Columbia, but he did write officially, 'I should not hesitate to burn Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, or either of them, if the garrisons were needed.' And he summed up the whole bare naked theory in one tremendous passage, as characteristic of the man as of the methods he employed: 'Of necessity in war the commander on the spot is the judge, and may take your house, your fields, your everything, and turn you all out, helpless, to starve. It may be wrong, but that don't alter the case. In war you can't help yourselves, and the only possible remedy is to stop war . . . Our duty is not to build up; it is rather to destroy both the rebel army and whatever of wealth or property it has founded its boasted strength upon.'

As an admirable concrete illustration of this thoroughly businesslike frame

of mind, take the following little touch. At the bottom of a page of the Memoirs we read the solemn injunction, 'There should be no neglect of the dead.' Turn the page and we find out why: 'because it has a bad effect on the living.'

In enlarging on this fiercely practical element in Sherman I have not meant to give the impression that he was a mere machine man, without nerves or emotions. Quite the contrary was the case. He was all nerves, at least on the surface; for I have a shrewd suspicion that, as with so many Americans, the dance of the muscles was a helpful outlet for inward restlessness. To every emotional stimulus he responded with the utmost vivacity. A fair day almost distracts him from the rush of battle, and in a formal report he writes, 'The scene was enchanting; too beautiful to be disturbed by the harsh clamor of war; but the Chattahoochee lay beyond and I had to reach it.' On the other hand, when the news of South Carolina's secession came to him in New Orleans, he burst into tears.

Also, he was irritable, as every one admits, had sharp outbursts of temper when things went wrong. This appeared in many little matters as well as in the great historical scene when he showed his bitter, if justifiable, wrath against Stanton by refusing to take his hand before the eyes of the country and the world. As with his other faults, Sherman was quick to recognize this one, illustrating Grant's excellent comment on him, 'Sherman is impetuous, faulty, but he sees his faults as well as any man.' Speaking once of his companion in arms, McPherson, the general said, 'He is as good an officer as I am, is younger, and has a better temper.'

Again, as Sherman was irritable, so he was susceptible of depression and discouragement. The term melancholy, so applicable to Lincoln, has no significance here. Sherman's downheartedness is far better expressed by the very American word for a very American thing, — disgusted. His low spirits had always a perfectly tangible cause, and a moment's change in external circumstances could remove them. But while they lasted, they were very low indeed, and his expressive organization made them widely manifest. Read Villard's account of the behavior which led to the widespread belief that the general was insane. His fear as to the future of the Union was so great that it clung to him day and night like an obsession. 'He lived at the Galt House, occupying rooms on the ground floor. He paced by the hour up and down the corridor leading to them, smoking and obviously absorbed in oppressive thoughts. He did this to such an extent that it was generally noticed and remarked upon by the guests and employees of the hotel. His strange ways led to gossip, and it was soon whispered about that he was suffering from mental depression.'

For the internal view of these moods take a passage from Sherman's own letters on a slightly different occasion. 'My feelings prompted me to forbear and the consequence is my family and friends are almost cold to me, and they feel and say that I have failed at the critical moment of my life. It may be I am but a chip on the whirling tide of time, destined to be cast on the shore as a worthless weed.'

Then would come the rebound, and natural vivacity and gayety would amply justify the remark of one who knew him well, that, 'Of a happy nature himself, he strove to make all around him happy.' For laughter as a leisurely ornament of life Sherman had too little time. The humorous wrinkles were crossed and crowded out by wrinkles of care and passionate endeavor. But he had in a high degree the American gift of shrewd, witty words that either tickle

or sting. How apt is his description of Beauregard, 'bursting with French despair.' How merry is his account of a lawsuit he would wish to have conducted. 'I would give one hundred dollars to be free to take Levy's case — put St. Ange on the stand and make him describe his drive to Judge Boyce's and back — he first described the journey as enough to kill any horse, but now that his horse is lame he insists it was a sweet ride and not enough to hurt a colt. There is plenty of fun in the case.' How apt and merry both is his recommendation of some Negro troops to McPherson. Mark Twain might have written it. 'There are about one hundred Negroes fit for service enrolled under the venerable George Washington, who, mounted on a sprained horse, with his hat plumed with the ostrich feather, his full belly girt with a stout belt, from which hangs a stout cleaver, and followed by his trusty orderly on foot, makes an army on your flank that ought to give you every assurance of safety from that exposed quarter.'

The nerves which were so susceptible to comedy were also responsive to the pathos of life. Very little acquaintance with Sherman is needed to show that his imagination made him quickly aware of the sufferings of others and his energy hastened to relieve them. This is evident at all stages of his career, whether he was visiting the bedside of a sick cadet in his Southern college, or interfering to protect some poor widow from the misery his abstract theories of destruction had brought upon her. 'The poor woman is distracted and cannot rest. She will soon be as prostrate as her dying daughter. Either the army must move or she.'

And though neither fantastic nor morbid, Sherman was as sensitive in his conscientiousness as in his sympathy. Where he thought he had done injustice, he would not rest till he had made it right. However his eager fancy might lead him into misstatements, no man was more scrupulous about telling the truth as he knew it. Above all, he was rigidly insistent on financial honesty. In commercial as well as in military pursuits, he would tolerate no transaction which had the slightest taint. Even such a trivial matter as sending home insignificant souvenirs troubled him. 'I could collect plenty of trophies but have always refrained and think it best I should. Others do collect trophies and send home, but I prefer not to do it.'

Upon what foundation of religion this strict morality was based is a curious study. Considering his freedom of expression in other respects, there are singularly few religious references in Sherman's letters. If he was at all lacking in positive beliefs, such uncertainty was at any rate not of the rather abject type so exquisitely mocked by Voltaire in his story of the Swiss captain who withdrew into a thicket before battle and prayed, 'O my God, if there is a God, please save my soul, if I have a soul.' It is probable, however, from occasional allusions to the matter, that Sherman cherished some broad religious beliefs rather positively, but that his essential effort was to forward the cause of good in the world and to love his fellow men. In other words, here again his religion was that of millions of other honest, earnest, hard-working Americans: that is, a religion made up, in about equal parts, of reverence and indifference, and perhaps well expressed in the phrase of one of them, 'I am doing my work, let God do his.'

VI

To complete the picture it will be well to point out some defects, or shall we say limitations, of this vital, intricate, most fascinating character, though

these limitations are hard to seize and still harder to define.

To begin with, you feel a little excess of purpose in his life. Purpose is a splendid thing, a thoroughly American thing; it moves the world like the lever of Archimedes. But purpose for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner does grow wearisome. A day of mere quiet is good for every one. I do not believe Sherman ever had an hour. To live with him must have been like living with a bumble-bee.

Then I feel that Sherman had not depth quite in proportion to his ample breadth and variety. There were elements in life that he never touched. The most striking illustration of this is in his letters. I read his official correspondence and I was astonished at the freedom and ease with which the man poured forth his thoughts and feelings on matters that others were inclined to treat merely formally. I said to myself, what a treasure of self-revelation in things of the soul his personal letters will be. Well, when I turned to the personal letters, they added little or nothing to the official. To his brother and his wife he writes exactly as to a subordinate, or a department official, or an editor. He says all he has to say to everybody and anybody. It will be urged that only those portions of his private correspondence which bear on public interests have been published. But that is not the point. It is what he does write that counts, not what he does not. His letters to the girl he loved would make excellent weekly correspondence for a newspaper. Take a curious instance. He begins an affectionate letter to his daughter. Before he has written a page, he drifts into political discussion and concludes that he is writing to the mother, not to the daughter at all.

Another odd case of this living for publicity is Sherman's insertion in his Memoirs of the letter referring to his son Willie's death. The paper in itself is touching. The father's affection for his son, as for all his family, is evidently strong and true. But the introduction of such a letter in such a way would have been utterly impossible for a nature like that of Thomas.

And since I have mentioned Thomas, let me refer to still another matter which will help to make plain the subtle point I am elucidating. To both Thomas and Lee, grateful fellow citizens made offer of a house purchased by subscription. Both Thomas and Lee refused, requesting that the money might be given to poor and suffering soldiers. A similar offer was suggested for Sherman. Though unwilling to take anything for himself, he was ready to accept it for his family, provided it was accompanied with bonds sufficient to pay the taxes. There was nothing in the least discreditable about this, nothing even indelicate. It may be that the nicety of Thomas was overstrained. But the difference of attitude illustrates exactly what I am attempting to analyze.

May we use the painter's phrase, and say that Sherman's character lacked atmosphere, lacked that something of depth and mystery which makes the indescribible, inexhaustible charm of Lincoln? Sherman is like one of our clear, blue January days, with a fresh north wind. It stimulates you. It inspires you. But crisp, vivid, intoxicating as it is, it seems to me that too prolonged enjoyment of such weather would dry my soul till the vague fragrance of immortality was all gone out of it.

Yet in his defects, as in his excellences, he was, we may repeat, a typical American. Perhaps I cannot better emphasize the absurdity of that word 'typical,' than by expressing the wish that there were many more Americans like him.

TELEPHONE

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

THERE was a continuous sound of many voices; a steady cadence in which no individual note dominated; a hundred women's voices incessantly repeating brief sentences with a rising inflection at the end, each sentence lost in the continuous tumult of sound. In a long line, perched on high stools, they sat before the black panels which rose behind their narrow desk. Into the transmitters — hung from their necks — they articulated their strange confused chorus. And apparently without relation to the words they uttered, a hundred pairs of hands reached back and forth across the panels, weaving interminably a never-to-be-completed pattern on its finely checkered face.

On the panels a thousand little lights blinked white and disappeared. Tiny sparks of ruby and green flashed and were gone. Untiring, the white stars flickered in and out, and behind them raced the tireless hands, weaving a strange pattern with the long green cords. And unbroken, unintelligible, the murmur of the girls' voices vibrated unceasingly.

Outside, under the gray sky of a rainy day, the life of the city was at the flood. Over slim wires, buried in conduits below the trampled street, or high strung, swinging in the rising wind, the voices of a thousand people told their thousand messages to waiting ears. A passing thought, perhaps, that you would have me hear; with a single movement you lift the transmitter from the hook beside you; white flashes the tiny lamp on the black panel; a girl's hand sweeps across the board and plugs in the connection. Space, useless, is swept aside; though actual miles may intervene I am suddenly beside you.

Messages of business that can make or ruin, death, love, infidelity, appeal! Automatically, surely, she weaves back and forth across the panels. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, — Parcæ of the switch-board!

Here is the throbbing pulse of the city bared and visible. Night is over; with rapidly increasing frequency the flashing drops of light indicate that the activity of day has begun. Every action must be expressed in words, and, bared and concentrated, that word-current of the city rises like a gathering wave. From ten in the morning to five minutes after, the tide is at the flood. The flicker of lights is dazzling; the girls' hands race dizzily behind their flashing summons. Business is at its height, But here on another row of panels the occasional flash of lights offers a curious contrast: this is a panel for a part of the residence district; from seven to eight in the evening its lights will glow with activity. Then business is over and the downtown panels will be darkened. Here is a visual shifting of scene and interest. Work over, the social engagements are made, and business is forgotten. There is a friendly gossiping along the wires.

Night has come, and a dozen girls watch the long, deserted boards. Like the occasional glimmer of a cab lamp late upon the street, the signals, one by one, flash and are gone. The world is

fast asleep. Far down at the end of the panel a signal brightens. 'Number please?' — 'Police!' It was a woman's voice. From the card index 'Central' picks out the street address which corresponds to the number, and the nearest station is advised of the call. Had the woman no time to finish her message? There is another light burning on the panel. Already she is forgotten and the slim hands are making another connection. Police or doctor, — the night calls are laden with portent.

What interests the world to-day? Does something disturb the minds of men? The flashing panels answer. As surely as the sun will rise to-morrow will the increased throb of light betray the fevered interest of mankind. Five o'clock! usually there is a slacking up, but not to-day. Heavier than at the busiest five minutes in the whole twenty-four hours, come the calls for connections. Did the White Sox win their game? It is the final of the series. Who was elected? Politics to-day runs high. War? The troops are off; marines have landed! Strikes, fires, or the sinking ship; the racing hands weave faster; the steady hum of the girls' voices accelerates almost imperceptibly. Here beats the pulse upon the surface; they know its normal rise and fall; by its fevered beat they can read diversion or disaster.

Back over the years the superintendent recalled the various events which had been dramatically visualized on the switch-board panels. Twelve years ago, about; the panels were fewer then. It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon; in a quarter of an hour the day operators would be leaving, tired from their long labor at the board. The lights were flashing slowly, perfectly recording the slackened beat of business. Five minutes to five,— a wave of white light seemed to flare across the downtown panels, suddenly, unexpectedly. Ignorant of the cause, the girls plugged in the desired connections. Every one seemed to be calling out to the residence sections. For a brief minute there was a pause — The flood of light was gone as abruptly as it had come. Then like a flame across the residence panels gleamed the signals, calling back, a hundredfold, back to the stores and offices.

The men had heard first the terrible rumor. Their messages across the wires to their homes had sought the answer to their first thought that she, that they, were safe. And then back, in anguished women's voices, came frantic appeals for names of the missing. For long hours through the night the white-faced girls held to their posts; and in their tired eyes the signals burned feverishly. That night Chicago shuddered in its grief,— for in the flames of the Iroquois Theatre, at a holiday matinée, had gone out the lives of countless women, men, and little children.

THE CRITICS OF THE COLLEGE

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

'I AM nothing, if not critical,' said Iago of himself. His phrase aptly describes a tendency of our day. We live in a social order self-conscious and critical.

> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin —
> That all with one consent praise newborn gawds,
> Though they are made and moulded of things past.

This critical spirit — this touch of nature which makes the whole world kin — has characterized every complex civilization. Even in their decay, Greece and Rome developed their critics — not only keen, but wise. In our day the critics are perhaps no wiser, but they are more numerous. In a people given over, as ours is, to the daily paper and to the uplift magazine, the touch of nature is intensified. We are a nation of critics.

Uncomfortable as this is for all of us who live in glass houses, we dare not forget that the ability to learn from just criticism is perhaps the highest test of civilization. Individual success is measured by it; the progress of an institution or a state is conditioned upon the capacity to avail itself of criticism.

It must be confessed that few attain that serene plane where the critic is really welcome. Charm he never so wisely, your critic is generally an Ahithophel. Those who most need to heed him call him academic, and after that nobody pays any further attention to what he says. One does not need a long memory to recall the rise of criticism of our railway management. The critics objected to rebates; to railway politics; to discrimination between shippers. They were laughed at as academic. To-day these abuses are being stamped out by legislative and executive action far more drastic than anything that these academic critics ever dreamed of. Who knows but that some future president may appoint an interstate college commission whose function it shall be to squeeze the water out of the colleges, just as President Wilson is preparing to squeeze it out of the other trusts?

For it is inevitable that in an age so critical our chief agency of higher education should come in for its full share of censure. Furthermore, the critics assume (of course unreasonably) that the college, as an exponent of our highest intelligence, will receive these censures with a sweet reasonableness and will promptly bring forth fruits of reform.

Whatever be the origin of this criticism of the college, though much of it be wide of the mark and some of it unjust, it still remains true that in no way can the college justify itself more completely than by meeting such criticism in good temper, by dealing with it patiently and honestly; and while it discards the censures of the carping, by availing itself of whatsoever wisdom such criticism offers.

I

Who are the critics of the college, and what are they saying about it?

To make a catalogue of the critics and their complaints would outrun the limit of a magazine. Everything about the college is under the fire of the critics — its government and administration, its teaching, its financial conduct, its ideals of social life, its right to exist at all. These criticisms run into details so varied as to confuse the general reader, and for that matter the student of education. Is it possible so to classify them under a few heads as to show in the first place the points of view of the critics, and secondly to indicate the nature and sweep of their criticisms? It is this which I have attempted to do.

The first difficulty which one meets in such an effort arises out of the incongruities of our educational situation. In our country the very name college has no definite meaning.

In the United States there are approximately nine hundred institutions called colleges and empowered to grant degrees. Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have more than forty each; Georgia, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, more than thirty each. Iowa has one such degree-granting college for each 50,000 of her inhabitants, Ohio one for each 100,000, Massachusetts one for each 200,000, and New York one for each 300,000. England has one degree-granting institution for every three millions.

These establishments bearing the name college differ so widely in what they undertake to do and in the methods by which they undertake to do it, that they cannot be discussed as if they belonged to a homogeneous group. Some of them are real-estate ventures. A very large proportion are preparatory schools in whole or in part. The majority of them have vague and uncertain relations to the system of schools in their region.

Many attempts have been made to simplify this situation. The suggestion most often put forward is that colleges should be segregated into groups comparable with each other, as the American Medical Association classifies the medical schools, so that the public may know whether a given institution is a No. 1 college, a No. 2 college, or a No. 3 college, just as it now thinks of the medical schools as belonging to Class A, B, or C. A study intended to provide an approximate grouping of colleges was prepared a few years ago in the office of the United States Commissioner of Education, but under the gentle pressure of politics the results have never been allowed to reach the public eye.

There are, in truth, no specific marks by which colleges can be sharply divided into classes, and this notwithstanding the fact that many things about a college can be sharply and definitely appraised. For example, it is quite possible to determine whether a given college maintains a wholesome and fruitful relation to the public-school system, whether it has a reasonable and honestly enforced system of admission to its classes, whether it offers courses which are of high quality given by good teachers, whether its laboratories and its physical equipment are of a generous and suitable kind.

All this does not enable one to separate colleges into sharply divided classes. These are externals. It is not so easy to determine in what way are defined the intellectual and moral forces which ought to form the real college. Take a single matter, that of entrance requirements. An arbitrary standard of comparison in this matter cannot be instituted. A college having a lower standard of entrance requirements than another may be maintaining a much better relation to the public-

school system; it may be proceeding with far greater honesty; it may be exercising a much stronger influence for education and enlightenment than another whose standards of admission are artificially higher. In other words, nearly all these matters of which we talk so much — such as admission requirements, courses of study, laboratory equipment — are relative, not absolute.

Are there any absolute criteria upon which colleges may be classified?

There probably are not; and if there were, so long as the use of such criteria is affected by the personal equation of the man who applies them, there is nothing definitive in the conclusions. There is no sure method by which the college goats may be separated from the college sheep. Like all human institutions, however, the things which differentiate colleges most surely from one another are not complex intellectual qualities, but rather the fundamental moral ones. Colleges can be classified more accurately upon a comparison of their relative honesty than upon the basis of their relative intellectuality.

To be convinced of this one needs to visit many colleges. He must be able to think in terms of education in the nation rather than in terms of the aspirations of his own particular college; he must visualize education as one thing from elementary school to university, not as a series of unconnected things. When he has had this experience he will come, slowly it may be, but none the less surely, to the conclusion that the test applied to banks and churches and all other human agencies — the test of common honesty — is on the whole the most fair and the most applicable in any attempt to differentiate among colleges.

Not only is this method of comparing colleges fair and just, but the colleges furnish the means for its universal application. Every college sets before the public a statement of its offerings, in the form of an annual catalogue. If one will take the time and labor and expense (for it is at once a time-consuming, laborious, and expensive process) to compare the offerings of a number of colleges as presented in their catalogues with the actual fulfilment of these claims as carried out on the college campus, he will conclude that an honest catalogue is the noblest work of a college and the surest mark of college virtue.

Perhaps the college catalogue is nowhere so misleading as in its references to what President Wilson once called the side shows. Many colleges lend the shelter of their charters to various technical or professional schools which they neither support nor control, such as conservatories of music, commercial schools, medical schools, engineering schools, and graduate schools. Many a good college which guards its bachelor-of-arts degree with watchful care will, without the quiver of an eyelash, shelter a weak engineering school or a commercial medical school of the lowest type. The tenderest part of the college conscience lies apparently in the bachelor-of-arts course, and the most callous in the medical course.

There are few colleges which have not felt the effect of the universal scramble for numbers, few which have not become in greater or less measure agencies of promotion, few which do not participate, in some degree at least, in our national tendency to superficiality; but on the whole one may with some fair degree of justice divide these 900 colleges into two groups — those which publish catalogues measurably honest and those which do not. Now the criticisms which I have undertaken to summarize are those which are directed at the first group. This simpli-

fies the matter enormously. Not only do we get rid at one stroke of the great mass of material, but we reduce the criticisms to matters of large college policy instead of matters of detail. With regard to the second group one may only reflect, 'If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?'

And now, having concluded this long introduction, let us turn to our critics and their criticisms.

II

The serious critics of the college fall into three groups: the college teachers, students of the social order, and the business men. To state the matter in a different way, the college is being criticized to-day from three points of view: that of the college teacher, that of the social reformer, and that of the business man.

Of these the college teacher is the most severe, and no other critic has so long a bill of indictment or one containing so many specifications. His charges may be reduced to something like the following. The college, as it is conducted to-day, provides intellectual offerings of great variety and of high intrinsic value, but fails to create an atmosphere in which these opportunities appeal to students. Good courses, good teachers, unequaled equipment, characterize the modern American college; a rare table is spread for the student, but there is no appetite for the feast. Scholarly enthusiasm among undergraduates is absent save in rare cases, and scholarly attainment commands no reward and little attention. The college has become a place where other things than intellectual power count.

The reasons for this state of affairs are stated by the teachers to be these. Colleges, they say, are ruled by presidents and college boards having little interest in the ideals of the teacher and little sympathy for them. Rarely is the president himself a teacher. The president and the board are swayed by the all-devouring lust for numbers, and everything is sacrificed to that end. To maintain such numbers the standards are lowered, examinations are made easy, discipline is softened. In consequence, complains the college professor, other interests than intellectual ones absorb the minds of the college community.

The most injurious of these he believes to be intercollegiate athletics, whose overshadowing importance has affected not only the intellectual life, but the moral and social life as well, and has gone far to increase the scale of expenditures of the college boy. Only a board of trustees and a college president out of sympathy with the ideals of the true college would tolerate this situation, says the college teacher, and lays the blame in the main on the promoter president.

The remedy which the college teacher proposes for all this is to reorganize the college government: to create a small board of trustees in the place of the present large one, composed of men of college training whose function shall be primarily to find the ways and means; to appoint a president who shall be rather an intellectual leader than an administrator and promoter; and to turn over to the faculty the government of the college in such measure as shall enable its members to carry out their ideals of intellectual and moral standards and to maintain what they believe to be the true purposes of the college. If the college is turned over to us, say the teachers, we will make it once more a centre of intellectual life, not a promotion agency or an athletic training-ground.

The criticisms directed against the

college from the point of view of the social reformer run along two lines. One has to do with the ideal of democracy and the other with that of religion. It is impossible to discuss one without the other. There is a strong tendency in the college, say these critics, to forget that ideal of democracy which we call American, to segregate rich and poor into different groups, to increase class distinctions in our society rather than to diminish them, to make the groups of students who attend the colleges rather more conscious of class than less so.

Another group of social reformers insists that the college, which was twenty-five years ago distinctly a religious agency with a definite religious atmosphere, has become, if not irreligious, at least unreligious; that there exists in few colleges an active religious spirit such as makes itself felt upon any student who enters the college circle. On account of these two changes, the reformers say, the colleges are accentuating the tendency of the country away from democratic and away from religious ideals.

The third criticism comes from the business world, and is directed both against the college as an organization and against the quality of the product which the college turns out. As an organization, say the business men, the college is expensive, uncritical of its own processes, and grows continually by accretion. Departments, studies, and new divisions are added; nothing is ever subtracted. As an organization, the business man claims, the college never receives the critical administrative examination to which all other organizations are compelled to submit. While a newly started college may therefore, they say, be soundly organized, all colleges become after a greater or less time ill organized and expensive beyond a reasonable limit. In the second place, say the business men, notwithstanding the very great expenditures of the college, the men it turns out are on the whole ill-trained, are able to do nothing well, as a class are not fond of work, and need in most cases a thorough breaking-in and additional discipline before they are available for serious occupations. The college, therefore, they say, is not only poorly organized and inordinately expensive, but unsuccessful in what it undertakes to do; and it makes no serious effort to remedy these obvious defects.

III

How far are these criticisms justified?

This question I do not undertake to answer. The Carnegie Foundation, as is well known, exercises but a modest function in educational criticism. I have endeavored rather to classify the criticisms and to reduce them to some form in which they may be applicable to groups of colleges and to large policies.

It is of small value to prove that this or that study is being ill-taught. No outside critic can better such details. The criticisms which are here brought together are fundamental. They are directed at the organization and the government of every college. If they are true criticisms, they are worthy of the very closest attention on the part of those who govern colleges and of those who teach in them; and again I venture to recall the fact that the ability to make use of intelligent criticism is the surest mark of a high order of civilization.

I venture only to call attention briefly to the source of the criticisms themselves, and the claims which these various groups have upon the attention of college trustees, of college presidents, and of college faculties.

That the criticism of the college teacher is in large measure deserved there can be small doubt on the part of any one who cares to know the facts. The rage for numbers, the hot pursuit of gifts, the extraordinary demoralization due to intercollegiate athletics, are all factors in bringing about the situation of which the teacher complains and in which he himself is a factor. The indictment he brings against the government of the colleges is in a very large number of cases true. Outside of a few of the older colleges, governing boards are unwieldy in size, and their members are selected generally upon material grounds. It is entirely natural that such boards should choose for president a promoter rather than a scholar. The lack of a capable governing board is to-day perhaps the greatest weakness in our college organization, and it is the point at which reform must begin if the evils which are now recognized and admitted are to be corrected.

Whether the remedy which the teacher puts forward, that the governance of the college be handed over to the faculty, will solve these difficulties is another question. I have not yet encountered a teacher critic who favored the revision or even the scrutiny of his own work or his own budget.

The distortion of our present college relations produces upon the mind of a European visitor an effect of which we are seldom conscious. We have gradually grown accustomed to a situation in which athletics overshadows all else. To the European this discovery comes with something of a shock. A distinguished teacher and jurist recently visited a number of our universities in a study of legal education. His dismay and astonishment at the overpowering rôle of college athletics were complete, and he expressed the naïve hope that in some way the candidates for law might get their pre-legal education without being exposed to the demoralizing atmosphere of the college!

The charge that the college is undemocratic and unreligious has never seemed to me to have the weight which certain reformers attach to it. Our American colleges, even the older and richer ones, still remain wholesome, democratic centres of student life. There are few places in the world where a human being finds himself in more sincere relations.

My own experience makes me suspect that, in general, the reformer underestimates the capacity of the American college student for serious things. The American youth is strongly inclined to pursue heartily those things which represent in the society in which he lives the prizes of life. He throws himself into athletics with such vigor because, on the whole, in the present college régime it seems the most important thing to do, the thing which really demands enthusiasm and devotion and hard work, the thing which brings recognition and reward.

As for the religious side of student life, that reflects the prevailing attitude of the American people, with this difference. The college student is going through an experience in which he is learning to place growing emphasis upon intellectual sincerity. At such a period in the development of any human being the forms of religion are sure to be looked at critically, but there has never been a time in our history when the college student was more ready to take kindly to a simple, straightforward conception of religion, or when he was more ready to accept the ideal of religious service and of unselfish devotion. The tendencies of the college life still seem to me to be democratic, and if the college boy does sometimes put his devotion and his effort into the wrong thing, it is because he

believes, in the environment in which he lives, that thing to be of most importance.

Concerning the complaint of the business man, what I have to say has to do, not with the accuracy of his charge, but with the point of view from which it comes.

Two reasons have combined in the last two decades to make business men more critical of the college. The first lies in the fact that only within the last twenty-five years has the business man's son, as a rule, gone to college; and business men are now beginning to test in great numbers in the records of their own sons the result of present-day college training. It is very difficult to convince an energetic, alert, driving business man that the college is a fruitful agency in education when his sons come home lacking serious purpose, deficient in the elements of an education, unable to write a good letter, and utterly uninterested in the details or the development of business. The son who comes out of college a failure is to the business man an *argumentum ad hominem* hard to overcome.

A second reason for the accentuation of criticism from business men is found in the systematic exploitation of business men by the colleges. The business world has begun to feel that it is giving so much money to support the colleges that it has a right to know how the money is spent and what results from it.

We read in the daily papers half-humorous allusions to the college president as a beggar, but few appreciate how large a business college-begging has become. It is a business; and it has come to be prosecuted in the most systematic and persistent way. The amount of money annually 'lifted' in cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, as the result of these systematic and continuous efforts, aggregates many millions. When a new college is organized in any part of the United States, the first move is to send an agent — generally the president, sometimes a salaried solicitor — to canvass first the Eastern cities, then the near-by cities. In New York the business men have for the last twenty years subscribed to nearly all such efforts as a matter of course. It has been assumed that any college was necessarily a good thing to help. The business man has had no means of scrutinizing these efforts. He gives as the Lord sends his rain, to the just and to the unjust. The total which he contributes is enormous.

The applications made to these men would in many cases not bear the simplest scrutiny. The causes which they represent vary from actual frauds to the most sincere and praiseworthy educational efforts. The amount of fraud connected with the business of soliciting money for colleges will astonish any one who has not looked into it. There are enterprises in this country bearing the name college or university which have never taught a class, which have not a single college building, but which have for years collected money from a confiding public.

Such cases are, of course, extreme. Nearly always the college beggar is sincere in the belief that his institution represents a real cause. I have rarely found an educational enterprise whose promoters did not believe that it represented an unusual and unique opportunity. The most unsanitary and impossible medical school persuades itself that students are somehow better off with it than they would be under better conditions.

Some years ago the collector for a small institution, a college in name only, came to me and suggested that if I would give him a recommendation for his college, he thought he could collect

a large sum of money from some charitably inclined men and women of New York. My reply was that, in my judgment, his institution was in no position to solicit such aid. In the first place, it was not a college; in the second place, it was essentially a proprietary institution; in the third place, it was engaged in demoralizing the public-school system of the state in which it stood. For all these reasons I declined to be a factor in the situation. Three weeks later he called with the utmost good nature, merely to say good-bye, and as he left, he added, 'I got the money all right.'

It is the realization of these two things which has made the business men more critical toward the college. First, they have been conscious of many failures which touch them closely. In the second place, they have become more and more sensitive to the fact that they are contributing at an enormously increasing rate to institutions of whose merit they begin to have serious doubts.

The charge which the business man makes against the college is practically that of inefficiency. The word has a very offensive sound in the ears of the college man. I am creditably informed that in some college faculties the word efficient is no longer considered fit for decent society.

This feeling on the part of the college professor is readily understood. The word efficiency has been overworked and badly applied. It is perfectly true that one cannot gauge the work and cost of an educational agency by the hard-and-fast tests of business. No one has seriously proposed to do this save a few extraordinary state officers. In one state a board was at one time appointed to test the efficiency of every teacher. The absurdity of the proposal was enough to dispose of it.

This crude use of the term has, however, been no justification for the extreme tenderness of many college professors and presidents. College professors are human and colleges are human institutions. Selfishness and waste may flourish in them as in other organizations. What the business man has said in criticism of them is almost equivalent to what the college professor himself has said. It is simply expressed in terms of business vernacular. There are in our country to-day institutions which spend annually larger sums than any single institution of learning ever spent in the previous history of the world.

These vast sums have been used at times selfishly. The college tends to grow all the time by accretion. It has not set itself to study its own organization and improvement. What the business man really means to say in his charge of inefficiency is that the college president and the college professor, instead of continually asking more money, instead of always urging the needs of this department or that, should seriously set themselves to examine what they are doing with the money generously supplied them in the last quarter century.

After all, this suggestion is not very far from that which is implied in the criticism of the college teacher. It is not that the teacher or the college shall be judged by impossible materialistic criteria, but that the college make its own examination and that there should be some sort of relation between the vast endowments of the colleges and the work which they actually perform.

IV

How far do these criticisms apply to the women's colleges?

I think it may be fairly said that the women's colleges are not open to exactly the same sort of criticism as men's

colleges. First of all, they have not shared to the same degree the flood of money which has gone to the older men's colleges; secondly, intercollegiate athletics has certainly not distorted their ideals of college life; and finally, it will be admitted that the young woman in such a college takes her work on the average more seriously and more conscientiously than her brother who goes to Harvard or Yale or Princeton.

There is a feeling that, notwithstanding her greater seriousness and more conscientious attitude toward study, the college girl does not get quite so much out of college as her brother. The youth who goes to college does not cut himself off during these four years from participation in the social order. Sometimes he sees much more of the fascinating young women of the college town than he had ever seen of those at home in his previous history. As a rule, he comes out of college with what might be called a more normal social experience than his sister who goes to a woman's college.

Whether justly or unjustly, the college world believes that the woman's college is a somewhat secluded institution separated from other social life, and that on the whole the young woman in such a college gets more study, but less development as a member of society than falls to the lot of the average youth.

It is my pleasant duty now and again to attend a commencement in one of the old-time colleges for women. They exist now only in remote parts of our country. The curriculum would be beneath contempt from the standpoint of the modern woman's college. It has scarcely begun to have psychology, and every one understands what a rudimentary stage that signifies. Yet I confess that there is something very charming about these old-time schools; and while the girls lack psychology, they seem to know a deal about other matters. I have noticed that invariably such colleges are placed conveniently near a man's college or a military academy or some similar institution; and there are nearly always interesting goings on between these two. They have a social life in common, which adds spice to the chapters on psychology. I have wondered sometimes whether, after all, this arrangement did not make for a social education that looked toward charm and consideration for others and a knowledge of human nature; and in this sinful world charm and a knowledge of human nature serve many good ends.

A notable opportunity is offered at Bryn Mawr for such reciprocity. At its door stands one of the best American colleges. What a charming arrangement it would be if there were some social interchange between Bryn Mawr and Haverford! It seems an odd social conception which permits them to sit side by side year in and year out and take no notice of each other's existence. Of course, the fact that both these colleges are under the auspices of the same body of Christians makes an additional difficulty in any social *rapprochement;* but, after all, this might not prove an insuperable obstacle. What delightful opportunities are available for Barnard and Radcliffe!

I venture a single word more with regard to all these criticisms. All that such criticisms can do is to point the way by which those who are charged with the responsibility may bring about reforms. One can at least say that these criticisms call for a sincere self-examination on the part of the colleges, a self-examination on the part not only of those who teach, but of those who govern — a self-examination in which the trustees shall make clear to themselves their own function and the fit-

ness of their organization to perform this function; in which the president shall make clear to himself his own duty and his own relations; and in which the members of the faculty shall shoulder honestly the actual problems of their teaching, shall squarely take the responsibility for the use of the large sums of money now entrusted to them, and shall sincerely undertake to answer the question whether or not the responsibility for the present failings of the college does not rest partly with them.

To one whose work day by day brings him in contact not only with many colleges, but with many business men, with many social workers, there is a feature of the whole college situation which always brings a reassurance of comfort and of confidence.

Notwithstanding the weaknesses of the college to-day, notwithstanding the fact that many a youth comes away from it injured for life rather than helped, notwithstanding the fact that it has not yet resolutely faced the present-day problems, the fact still remains that it is the best agency society has yet devised for the training of leaders; and I apprehend that this remains true largely for the reason that, notwithstanding all these weaknesses, the youth during his college life is under the sway of ideals which make him for all the rest of his life — in part, at least — an idealist. These ideals are not always the highest. In too many cases the boy gets them from the training coach rather than from the teacher, from an obscure instructor rather than from an experienced professor, from the college treasurer rather than from the college president; but nevertheless they express devotion, service, unselfishness, patriotism. It is because the college is still a place in which ideals grow that the college remains the most fruitful training place for the world's leaders.

POSSESSING PRUDENCE

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

I

'A LIE's an abomination unto the Lord a hundred and twenty-four, a lie's an abomination unto the Lord a hundred and twenty-five, a lie's an abomination unto the Lord a hundred and twenty-six,' recited Prudence Jane, and paused.

'Go on,' said Aunt Annie, looking up from her sewing and fixing her eyes severely on the small blue back across the room.

Prudence Jane, with the heels of her little ankle-ties together and her hands clasped tightly behind her, was standing in the corner, saying what was known in the family as her punish-sentence. Whenever she had been unusually naughty she had to say one four hundred times up in Aunt Annie's room. It was, no doubt, a silly sort of punishment, but it was one that Prudence Jane strongly objected to — and that, after all, is the essence of a punishment. Prudence Jane had seven teasing, mimicking brothers, and whenever one of them caught her saying a punish-sentence it was days before she heard the last of it. Already in the garden below there was audible a shrill voice singing, 'A *lie* is an a*bom*-i-*na*-tion *un*-to the *Lord*,' to the tune of 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' And out of the corner of her eye, that was supposed to be fastened on the rosebuds of Aunt Annie's wall-paper, Prudence Jane could see an impudent little person in corduroys, straddling the gravel walk and squinting up at the window.

'Is "a lie's an abomination" in the Bible?' inquired Prudence Jane.

'Yes,' said Aunt Annie, 'go on.'

'Where?' demanded Prudence Jane.

'Where?' repeated Aunt Annie a little blankly. 'Why — why — in the middle of the Bible. Don't you listen to the minister, Prudence Jane?'

'The middle of the minister's Bible?' pursued Prudence Jane.

'Yes, of course,' said Aunt Annie, 'Prudence Jane, if you don't go on at once I shall have you say it five hundred times.'

'A lie's an abomination unto the Lord a hundred and twenty-seven,' resumed Prudence Jane hastily.

Prudence Jane's sentences varied from day to day, it being Aunt Annie's idea to fit the sentence to the crime whenever possible. Thus, for being late to school it was, naturally, 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' While for telling Lena, the cook, that Uncle Arthur had said she was more of a lady than Aunt Annie, the sentence had been nothing less than, 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.'

This particular fib had been very disastrous in its consequences. We will not dwell upon them here. They make a story in themselves. Suffice it to say that there was no possible excuse for Prudence Jane.

It was otherwise with the fib for which she was this morning serving a sentence up in Aunt Annie's room. Those who also have been named after their two grandmothers will at once forgive Prudence Jane for telling the

new minister, the very first time she met him, that her name was Imogen Rose. It was, to be sure, a stupid little fib, and was therefore quite unworthy of Prudence Jane. For Prudence Jane almost never told stupid little fibs. The fibs of Prudence Jane were little masterpieces, with a finish and distinction all their own. Her brother Will, who adored her, and had a large mind, declared when he came home from college that she was the greatest mistress of imaginative fiction since George Eliot. Her Aunt Annie, who had not had the advantages of a college course, and who roomed with Prudence Jane, said that she was a 'simple little liar.'

Now this was unfair of Aunt Annie, for whatever else Prudence Jane might be, she was *not* simple. Even her looks belied her. With her big confiding eyes, as round and blue as two forget-me-nots, and her pale yellow hair held demurely back from her forehead by a blue ribbon fillet, she gave an impression of gentle innocence that was altogether misleading.

'She is so like little Bertie,' dear old Grandma Piper would say; 'that same frail, flower-like look that he had toward the last. I almost tremble sometimes. Have n't you noticed a transparency about her lately, Annie?'

But Aunt Annie never had.

It may be said in passing that there was only one person to whom Prudence Jane was really transparent, and that was her youngest brother, Peter. Peter was a square, solid little person, with a vacant countenance; but nothing important that Prudence Jane did escaped him.

'Just to look into that sweet little face is enough for me,' Grandma Goodwin would declare; 'I don't want anybody to tell *me* that Prudence Jane is untruthful. No child could look straight at you out of her little soul as she always does, and tell a fib. The trouble is they don't understand her at home. I've always said Annie Piper had a suspicious nature.'

To do Aunt Annie justice, it should be said that rooming with Prudence Jane did not tend to cultivate in one a nature that was trustful and confiding. And yet at heart Prudence Jane was really not at all the incorrigible little fibber that she seemed. She told fibs, not because she wished to deceive, but because the dull facts of life were so much less interesting than the lively little romances that she could make up out of her own head. When one is a creative genius one naturally rebels at being shackled to anything so tedious as a fact. Prudence Jane, looking back over a day, could rarely separate the things that had really happened from those that she had invented.

Her brother Horace, who was studying law, said that he would give a hundred dollars to see Prudence Jane on the witness stand. This was one night at supper when she was being cross-examined by Aunt Annie. For five minutes she had kept the family spellbound by a circumstantial account of how that afternoon she had seen an automobile truck, loaded with a thousand boxes of eggs, go over the embankment. With eggs at sixty-five cents a dozen this was really a very shocking tale.

'Prudence Jane,' said Aunt Annie, who had private sources of information, 'you know well enough that no truck went over the embankment. Whatever do you mean by telling such an outrageous fib?'

Prudence Jane looked across the supper table at her aunt out of two round candid eyes.

'That was n't a fib; that was just a story,' she explained.

'Well, it was n't true; and stories that are n't true are very wicked,' said Aunt Annie with decision.

'Are all the stories in books true?'

inquired Prudence Jane, the picture of innocence behind her bowl of bread and milk.

'No,' Aunt Annie was forced to admit, 'but stories written in books are different. The writers don't mean for us to believe them.'

'Do they say so in the books?' went on Prudence Jane relentlessly.

'Of course not,' said Aunt Annie, 'we know their stories are n't true, so they don't deceive us.'

'But you always know *my* stories are n't true too,' objected Prudence Jane, 'so I don't deceive you either.'

'Prudence Jane,' said Aunt Annie, 'I shan't argue with you. You are a very naughty little girl. I sometimes think that you don't belong to us at all; you're so different from your brothers.'

This was true. All the other little Pipers had been simple, virtuous children, with imaginations under perfect control — 'a remarkable family' everybody had said, until the Pipers became quite complacent about themselves. This was why Prudence Jane seemed like such a judgment upon them. They had waited long and patiently, as Aunt Annie put it, for Providence to see fit to send them a dear little girl to inherit her grandmothers' names — and they received Prudence Jane. Had she appeared at an earlier date, or had there been another girl in the family, she might have escaped either the Prudence or the Jane. But for fifteen years little masculine Pipers had arrived in the household with unbroken regularity, and been named, one by one, after all the available grandfathers and uncles. For the last one, indeed, there had not been even a cousin left, and he had been christened by common consent Peter Piper. And still the grandmothers waited.

From the moment, therefore, when bluff old Doctor Jones looked in upon a parlor full of aunts, and announced that it was 'a girl at last, by Jove,' there had been no choice left for Prudence Jane. The only point discussed in the solemn family conclave was as to whether she should not be Jane Prudence.

'Oh, for mercy's sake, call the poor little kid Jurisprudence, and be done with it,' said a flippant uncle — and that had settled it. Prudence Jane was duly entered at the end of the list in the middle of the Family Bible, and her career began.

Through eight years she was just unmitigated Prudence Jane, — not a syllable of it could ever be omitted lest one grandmother or the other be slighted, — and then suddenly one day she decided that it was a combination no longer to be borne. She hated her name with all her little soul; therefore she would discard it and take another. This sounded simple, but there were, in fact, several complications. The most important was Aunt Annie. Never a really progressive spirit, in this matter of names Aunt Annie showed herself to be an out-and-out stand-patter.

'You wish that you had been called Gwendolin?' she echoed in horror, as she combed out the pale yellow hair at bed-time. 'Why, Prudence Jane, I'm ashamed of you. Gwendolin is a very silly name indeed, and you have two such noble ones. I only hope that you will grow up to be like the beautiful grandmammas who gave them to you' — which was a truly lovely little bit of optimism on Aunt Annie's part.

II

Prudence Jane did not consult Aunt Annie further. That very night, however, staring up into the darkness from her little white bed, she decided upon a new combination. And when the Reverend Mr. Sanders came up to her the

next day after Sunday School, and inquired kindly what little girl this was, Prudence Jane was quite prepared to tell him, with the transparent look that so frightened dear old Grandma Piper, that it was Imogen Rose.

She fully meant to inform her family of this interesting change as soon as she got home from Sunday School, but when she tiptoed into the parlor Aunt Annie, in all the majesty of her plum-colored satin, was sitting in a straight-backed chair reading *The Christian Word and Work*, and looked unreceptive to new ideas. So Prudence Jane tiptoed out again, to await a more favorable moment. Unfortunately, before that moment arrived she had a falling-out with her brother Peter. This was a mistake, for it was the part of prudence always to make an ally of Peter Piper. He had discovered Prudence Jane flat on the floor in a corner of the library, scratching her name out of the Family Bible with an ink eraser.

'Did the minister tell you to write Imogen in?' he inquired blandly, as he stood in the doorway with his hands in his corduroys.

'None of your business,' retorted Prudence Jane, closing the Bible with a bang and sitting down upon it.

The result was that Peter Piper, from whom nothing was ever hidden, went off and told Aunt Annie all about Imogen Rose and the minister. Whereupon Aunt Annie, with her usual limited point of view, had pronounced it a very monstrous fib indeed, and had sent Prudence Jane instantly into the corner.

'A lie's an abomination unto the Lord three hundred and ninety-eight, a lie's an abomination unto the Lord three hundred and ninety-nine, a lie's an abomination unto the Lord four hundred,' finished Prudence Jane at a canter, and whisked around from her corner.

Aunt Annie beckoned with solemn finger.

'To-morrow, Prudence Jane,' she said, looking across the sewing-table, 'I am going to take you to see the minister and you must tell him yourself what your real name is, and what a dreadful story you have told him. I shall ask him what he thinks should be done with a little girl who cannot speak the truth. I'm sure I don't know what he will say. But we can't deceive a minister. They always know when they hear a fib.'

'Do they?' asked Prudence Jane, openly interested, her round eyes fastened upon her aunt.

'Always,' replied Aunt Annie rashly.

'Then why do I have to go and tell him?' asked Prudence Jane.

'Prudence Jane,' said Aunt Annie, 'you are a very saucy little girl, and I'm sure I don't know what is going to become of you.'

Prudence Jane walked slowly out of the room. She was considering what Aunt Annie had said about ministers, and she wondered if it were true. As she went tripping down the stairs she decided to put the Reverend Mr. Sanders to a test the very next time she met him. And that was why it was so surprising, when she peeked through the hall window at the foot of the stairs, to behold him diligently wiping his feet on the door-mat.

'How do you do,' said Prudence Jane politely, as she opened the door.

'Why, good afternoon, Imogen,' said the minister, shaking hands cordially.

Prudence Jane made the little knix that she had learned at German school. It was always the finishing touch to Prudence Jane. The Reverend Mr. Sanders looked down upon it with a most friendly smile.

'Is your aunt at home?' he asked, placing his hat on the table and following Prudence Jane into the parlor.

'Yes,' she said with simple candor. A fib of that sort was quite beneath Prudence Jane.

Then she sat down on a velvet sofa, spread out her little blue skirt, folded her hands in her lap and crossed her ankle-ties. She had never in her life looked so much like little Bertie. The Reverend Mr. Sanders, regarding her from an opposite chair, waited for her to open her lips and say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' Instead, this is what she said:—

'Is Eliza Anna Bomination your grandmother?'

'I beg pardon,' said the Reverend Mr. Sanders.

'Is she dead and gone to heaven, and that's why you say "unto the Lord"?' continued Prudence Jane.

'I wonder, Imogen,' he said, 'if you would mind beginning over again.'

'I say, is Eliza Anna Bomination your grandmother?' repeated Prudence Jane. 'Aunt Annie says she's written down in the middle of your Bible where all people's relations are, and she sounded like a grandmother; they always have such horrid names.'

The minister looked across at the velvet sofa with eyes that entirely contradicted the gravity of his face.

'No,' he said, 'I'm sorry, but she is n't. I wish she were. I never heard of such a jolly grandmother.'

'Is she an aunt?' pursued his small interlocutor.

'I'm afraid that she's not even related by marriage,' he replied.

'Is n't she written down in the middle of your Bible at all?' said Prudence Jane.

The minister shook his head.

'No,' he said, 'I'm afraid not.'

'Then Aunt Annie told a whopper,' announced Prudence Jane with satisfaction.

'We should not malign the absent,' said the Reverend Mr. Sanders. 'And that being the case, suppose you go up at this point, Imogen, and tell your Aunt Annie that I am here.'

Prudence Jane wondered what 'maligning the absent' was. She distrusted gentlemen who made cryptic remarks of this sort. It was a way her brother Horace had. She saw that the moment had now arrived to test Aunt Annie's theory about ministers and fibs.

'She can't come down,' she replied.

'Can't come down?' repeated the minister.

'No,' said Prudence Jane, looking at him out of the depths of her forget-me-not eyes, 'she's washed her hair.'

'Oh,' said the Reverend Mr. Sanders, in the tone of one who finds the conversation getting definitely beyond him.

At this moment an apparition with a round face and a pair of corduroy shoulders suddenly darkened the open window.

'A *lie* is an a-*bom*-i-*na*-tion *un*-to the *Lord*,' it sang and, catching sight of the clerical back, vanished hastily.

'Interesting chorus,' observed the Reverend Mr. Sanders.

Prudence Jane paid no heed to this interruption.

'It's hanging down her back now,' she pursued, launching upon the details with her usual aplomb. 'It comes clear down to here.' And standing up, she indicated a point halfway between her ankle-ties and the bottom of her ridiculous skirt.

The minister gazed fascinated. Prudence Jane sat down again.

'She washed it with Packer's Tar Soap,' she said, her eyes fixed upon her victim.

She was quite unable to make out whether Aunt Annie was right about ministers or not. The Reverend Mr. Sanders looked like the Sphinx.

'She gave a piece to a gentleman once,' went on Prudence Jane, warming to her work. 'He was n't a very

nice gentleman. He was a — a —' she hesitated a moment over a fitting climax, — 'a — a Piskerpalyan,' she finished.

'Mercy!' said the Reverend Mr. Sanders, finding his voice at last. 'And what, may I ask, are you?'

Prudence Jane looked faintly surprised.

'I,' she said, with pride and composure, 'am an Orthy Dox Congo Gationist.'

'Yes,' said the Reverend Mr. Sanders, 'so I suspected from the first.'

And now *what* did he mean by that, thought Prudence Jane to herself. She could no longer see his face. He had turned abruptly in his chair and was watching something through the aperture in the portières.

Prudence Jane heard the thump of a pair of shoes plodding up the stairs and along the upper hall. She knew that it was Peter Piper going to find Aunt Annie. There was a stir in the room overhead, then the muffled sound of a rocking-chair suddenly abandoned, followed by the swish of skirts coming along the passage and down the stairs.

Prudence Jane sat with parted lips on the edge of the sofa.

The Reverend Mr. Sanders looked decidedly nervous, but he rose and presented a bold front to whatever might be coming to him through those portières. In another moment they were pushed hastily aside, and Aunt Annie, crowned with a quite faultless coiffure, hurried into the room.

'Why, Mr. Sanders,' she said, 'I did not know until this minute that you were here.'

Then her eye fell upon her niece. Prudence Jane was now standing in front of the sofa, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the toe of an ankle-tie.

'Why didn't you tell me that Mr. Sanders was waiting?' demanded Aunt Annie sternly.

Prudence Jane continued to gaze at the carpet.

'Mr. Sanders,' said Aunt Annie, who never postponed a disagreeable duty, 'we have a little girl here who cannot speak the truth, and we are going to ask you to tell us what becomes of people who tell wrong stories.'

The Reverend Mr. Sanders looked ill at ease.

'Come here,' continued Aunt Annie, holding out her hand toward the velvet sofa.

Prudence Jane moved reluctantly across the room.

'And now,' went on the voice of the accuser, 'she has even deceived her minister, and she has come to make her little confession. Tell Mr. Sanders,' directed Aunt Annie, 'the truth about that wicked fib.'

'Which one?' inquired Prudence Jane meekly.

'You know very well which,' answered her exasperated aunt, 'the last one.'

Prudence Jane lifted her blue eyes from the carpet and looked straight at the unfortunate Mr. Sanders.

'She did n't give any of it to the Piskerpalyan,' she said.

Then she turned and walked discreetly through the portières. She felt that it was no moment to stay and learn what became of little girls who told whoppers.

'Did n't give who what?' she could hear Aunt Annie saying vaguely on the other side of the curtains. But Prudence Jane decided to let her minister explain.

EUGENICS AND COMMON SENSE

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

THERE is nothing, I think, that brings home to one more conclusively the unity of life, and therefore the unity of knowledge of that life, than the attempt to study any particular subject by itself and confine yourself to it alone. You find very soon that you cannot do so. No aspect of life can be separated from the rest and understood even in any small degree without some knowledge of the rest of life. No part of life stands alone. Every phenomenon of life is the result, not of one or two causes alone, but of the interaction of innumerable causes. To get near the understanding of only one item you must be able to estimate more or less truly all the forces that make life, and the objective of life. As with the eddy of a river, to estimate it you must know, not merely the eddy but much also of the river, its volume and its speed, the density of its waters, the configuration of its banks and its general direction. The observation of the eddy only would lead you into the wildest fallacies.

When I began over twenty years ago to study crime and its cause this fact soon became impressed upon me. To study crime alone would lead me nowhere. Crime was but an eddy in life's current, and to know the eddy I must know much of the current. I must understand something of life, of that humanity in which crime is but a defect, not necessarily of the criminal. I must do my best to master many aspects of that life.

And among the first of the studies which I found it necessary to pursue was that which is called heredity. I must learn all I could about heredity, because at that time many scientific men declared that all crime was hereditary, inevitably bequeathed from father to son and therefore incurable and hopeless.

Now, my own experience and observation told me just the opposite; I was unable to find in life one single instance where I could confidently say that a tendency to crime was inherited. Every case I investigated showed me the reverse, — that it was not hereditary. Whatever might be inherited, it was not a tendency to crime. I therefore read and reread Lombroso and the writers of his school with great care and constant application to facts as I found them. And very soon I discovered the underlying fallacies, not of their facts but, even where their facts were true, of their reasoning from those facts. Lombroso and his school had studied only the eddy and ignored the stream; they had observed and measured the criminal when made, and neither normal human nature nor the criminal before he was made. They found certain stigmata on criminals; they inferred a connection between these and crime; they ignored the fact that the stigmata occur on the non-criminal. I think that, in Europe at least, this hereditary theory of crime is dead.

Now this method of arguing from a few facts gained in a very narrow field is a very common cause of error.

But my interest in heredity had been awakened and has never since died. It is a subject I am never weary of. It is true that, being neither a biologist nor a doctor, I cannot make discoveries of my own, but I try to keep abreast of all discoveries that are made, and to bring them to the touchstone of life. I do not dispute facts, but I examine most carefully the exact value of those facts. I collate them with facts of life arrived at in quite other ways than by biology, and I examine all reasoning based on those facts.

Thus this new 'science' of Eugenics has no more interested student than myself. I am aware that there must be something in heredity, I have no idea what it is; I am very desirous to learn; but on the other hand I will never allow my wish for knowledge to lead me into accepting what is not absolutely proved to be true. I would never condone a general inference from a restricted observation, and I would bring in every fact I have learned of other sides of life to correct biology. For instance, if biology asserts that it has established a theory to which sociology emphatically denies any truth in observed human nature, I would prefer the latter till the two could be reconciled. Because life is the stream and biology only an eddy.

II

Let us turn then to Eugenics as at present taught and see what truth we can find in it. I shall quote some of its first principles from a leading Eugenic textbook and make some remarks on them, and then I shall give you some facts from life. Within an article it is impossible to do more than this, but I think it will suffice.

To begin with, is there such a thing as heredity? A father has blue eyes and so has his son. Is there a special energy or force that did this? Suppose his son has brown eyes — did heredity stop acting? Was it, so to speak, turned off? That is absurd. The forces which caused the boy's eyes in one case to be like the father's and in the next case unlike, were the same. No one doubts that. No new force or energy had been introduced.

Heredity therefore is not a thing in itself. It has no existence in fact; it denotes no constant actual living force. It is simply a noun derived from the adjective hereditary. Hereditary means handed down from parent to child, — simply that and nothing more. An estate is hereditary. The brown eyes were as truly hereditary as the blue, no more, no less. As all life proceeds from life, all life in every detail is hereditary. Try to realize and be certain of this; it will prevent you from falling into errors. It is commonly said, for instance, that certain qualities are hereditary and others are not. For instance, a genius suddenly appearing of commonplace progenitors is said not to be hereditary. But a genius is born, so he must be hereditary in the true sense; genius is not acquired.

Thus in common usage the word heredity is abused and twisted into meaning something it does not mean, namely, a tendency in children to reproduce the more or less unusual qualities of parents. It is assumed that there is such a general tendency. But it has never been proved.

So much for the word; now let us take some of the arguments. 'Man is an organism — an animal; and the laws of improvement of corn and of racehorses hold true for him also.' That is the first assertion; what truth is there in it? Let us consider. Man's body has developed in many thousands of years from being an animal, and in many ten thousands of years from being a plant; does that prove that he is still nothing

but a plant or an animal, that in his evolution he has not added very much to what went before, quite enough to upset any theories formed from what plants and animals do? Do the higher qualities of brain and emotion count for nothing at all? There seems no objection to Eugenists classing themselves with cabbages and dogs and cats, but does the rest of the world accept this for itself? Are you content to be described and treated as a beast, and a beast only? Each reader will answer that for himself no doubt, and I need not elaborate the point. It is the cheerful and veracious foundation of Eugenics.

Let us continue. The Eugenist takes man purely as a plant or as an animal; he wants to breed him just as animals are bred, so let us consider how plants and animals are bred and what the result has been. He says: 'Surely the human product is superior to poultry,' — the very foundation of his whole argument is that it is not; however, let us go on, — 'and as we may now predict with precision the characters of the offspring of a particular pair of pedigreed poultry so it may be some time with man.'

The writer here, and he subsequently elaborates the point, wants the reader to believe that scientific precision has been reached in breeding plants and animals, that no exceptions exist to their laws, and that consequently no such failures in breeding mankind could occur under the Eugenist system as occur at present.

But this statement is entirely untrue. There is no such certainty. Even as regards purely physical traits it is untrue, and it must be remembered that scientific breeding has been concerned only with these, to the exclusion of all else. There are an enormous number of failures. If, for instance, you mate the winner of the Derby with the winner of the Oaks, shall you obtain colts and fillies which will unfailingly inherit the speed of their parents? Look at the stud-book for answer. Even in plants, where success is more general, the number of failures is enormous compared to the successes. The rule is not absolute or nearly so. The successes of Burbank cannot compare with his failures, and mendelism has many exceptions.

Still, let us go on. Let us assume with the Eugenists that we really are no different from cabbages and roses, or horses and dogs, — that every rule which applies to them applies to us, — and let us see what the scientific breeding of plants and animals has effected. What has been the result?

Well, the result has been astonishing. The simple little wild Persian rose, for instance, has been improved into the gorgeous blooms of our gardens; the small, rather sour apple has become the Albemarle Pippin; the wild dog has become the great Dane, the mastiff, the bull-dog, the pug; and the barb mixed with the Frisian horse has become the thoroughbred. In size, in beauty, in variety, in qualities useful to mankind, plants and animals have been improved out of recognition.

That is quite true. But what of the other qualities? What, for instance, of health and intelligence? Have these also increased *pari passu* with the increase in size? Go to a nursery gardener, to a racing stable, to a dog-fancier, and inquire. You will learn this: the extraordinary improvement in size and shape has been gained at the cost of all other qualities. Thoroughbred plants and animals are very tender, they require most assiduous attention, they have to be nursed like babies. They have no stamina, and they have no brains. They are so delicate that unless they are continually protected and doctored they are devoured by disease. A rose-grower's outfit now includes in-

numerable medicines without which his blooms would be destroyed. If you abandon a garden of any cultivated flowers for a few years, the vigorous and hardy wild plants will choke all your improved stock; nothing will be left save perhaps a few lucky plants which have managed to evolve as it were backwards and regain some of their virility by abandoning their acquired splendor. In free competition the improved plant does not stand the ghost of a chance with its unimproved brothers. The struggle ends inevitably and tragically.

It is exactly the same with improved birds and animals. In open competition for a livelihood thoroughbred stock would be doomed. It has no constitution, it cannot get a living for itself, cannot bear exposure, must be cared for like an invalid. Read for instance the history of the cavalry and mounted infantry horses in the Boer War. The fine-bred stock from England was useless. It died in heaps. It was only horses from places where they are brought up semi-wild, as in the Argentine and Australian runs, that were of any use. Even they did not compare with the Boer ponies.

A further fact, and one still more important to remark, is that all tame stock is incomparably inferior in intellect to wild stock. There is so little opportunity for people of civilized nations nowadays to observe wild animals that this fact is often overlooked. But the difference is startling. Look at a pack of wild dogs, as I often have. They hunt with a science and precision that tame fox-hounds have no idea of, even when directed by huntsmen and whips. A pack of wild dogs will mark down a stag — they always select stags with big heads if possible — in a piece of forest surrounded by grass. They will post sentries at the exits and the rest of the pack will go to the end and beat the jungle through. When the stag breaks, the sentries at the exit give tongue and warn the rest who immediately run to their call.

There is no one who like myself has kept both wild and domesticated animals as pets who has not noticed that the latter are fools to the former. It is a commonplace of knowledge. Here is a story in illustration, from the life of the elder Dumas.

He had a dog and a fox both chained up near the house. One day he gave a bone to each, putting it just out of reach, to see what would happen. Well, at first, both acted in the same way, they strained at the chain. The fox, however, soon found out the uselessness of this and sat down to consider. Then he got up, turned round so as to add the length of his body to that of the chain, reached the bone with his hind leg, and having scraped it within reach, sat down to eat it. But the dog not only could not think of this himself, but even when he saw the fox do it, he could not imitate it.

The more scientifically bred animals are, the less brain they have. If you want a dog who will be an intelligent and sympathetic companion, which do you choose, the dog bred by 'science' or the dog bred by the natural selection of mutual love, the thoroughbred or the mongrel? All experience says the latter. Therefore, suppose the Eugenists had their way and established a state, what would the inhabitants of that state be like in a few generations? They would be tall, broad, muscular, beautiful, delicate to a degree, useless save for athletic contests or beauty shows, always in the doctor's hands, — Eugenic doctor of course, — brainless, incapable of affection, almost wanting in courage, to a great extent sterile; and in the end, if the state did not die of inanition first, some more virile and intelligent race, say the Hottentots or

Andamese, would come and eat its inhabitants. The Eugenic Utopia would end in the digestive apparatus of a savage. *Sic transit gloria Eugeniæ.* Nothing could be more certain than that.

III

Now, leaving plants and animals behind us, let us come to man, and see what Eugenists have discovered.

They declare that certain diseases are transmitted to children; greater authorities deny that disease ever is or ever could be so transmitted. So much for that. They have found a few notable cases where a feeble-minded progenitor, such as Jukes, produced generations like himself. They found a few cases where able and talented parents did the same; they have in some cases traced certains defects for several generations. *That is absolutely all.*

Of the much greater number of cases where the quality is not transmitted they make no mention. Let me therefore again repeat what Buckle said on such systems of argument; it should never be forgotten: 'We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will see that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical, the usual course being for writers to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in parent and child and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition, since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favor of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered; and we ought to inquire not only how many cases there are of hereditary talents, and so forth, but also how many there are of such qualities not being hereditary.' Do the Eugenists do this?

Arguing as the Eugenists do, you could prove anything. For instance, I know families where the men for generations have been wounded or killed in action. The Battyes of Indian fame are such a family. Let us argue about this like the Eugenists. 'When men are wounded they become defective; they are a great expense to the State for pensions and are no more good; when they are killed they can't fight any more and their widows and children have to be provided for. All this is a great burden to the country. Getting wounded or killed is undoubtedly a hereditary taint. Therefore we should breed our soldiers from stock which has never had any one killed or wounded among its predecessors, and therefore may be certain not to get into any danger should war break out.'

Again, as Lombroso and many others have shown, genius and great ability are usually associated with disease, the reason being that great men are often over-engined for their physique, which takes its revenge. Their diseases are really wounds received in warfare. The Eugenists would eliminate all disease and with it all ability. For instance they would have prevented Lord Bacon from being born. Now whether Bacon did or did not write Shakespeare's plays, he was one of the greatest men we have ever produced. He sheds a lustre on us yet. We would not change him for a wilderness of Eugenists. And what of the world romance of Browning and his wife?

Their arguments in this whole matter teem with fallacies. Because consumption often occurred in generation after generation it used to be assumed to be hereditary. We know now that it is not. What seems to be hereditary is

a certain diathesis, which under unfavorable circumstances may result in a feeble consumptive, in others may give us a Rhodes or a Keats. They know that, yet they argue in exactly the old way in other cases.

Thus in the biological field no discovery has yet been made of any certain law of inheritance even in the smallest matters of physique and appearance. An athlete not only does not always have athletic sons, but he often has none at all; and so with other matters. As to the greater matters of intelligence and virility, *nothing whatever is known.* And be it remembered that the progress of mankind is a progress of intelligence, not of physique. Have Eugenists still to learn this? Apparently they have.[1]

And now, leaving this little eddy called biology, let us go into the wide stream of life, and see what is known there. Let us consider the process by which man has evolved so far, and what the experience and observation of thousands of years have taught us. Let us look at what the Eugenist is pleased to call 'the present haphazard method of mating that obtains even among cultured people.' What is that method? Well, it is usually called falling in love.

There is between young men and maidens a general mutual attraction. They like to look at each other, to talk, to touch each other. It is far stronger with men than girls, but it is in both. It is, however, for the most part general and vague. Then at some time or other this general warmth is concentrated upon one object. He falls in love and she as a rule returns it. What is the meaning of this selection? Why does something within him pick her out unconsciously from all other women? Why does she echo to the call? It is the cry of Nature wanting children for her future, saying to him, 'She is thy mate. Only thus can be born such children as I desire, strong in emotion, in intelligence, in brain. Such are what I want.'

Therefore, to get her way Nature creates a passion and promises a happiness.

That is what the world knows, has always known, and never can forget. It knows that love is life. Suppose the Eugenists could have their way and banish love, who would care to live? What purpose would life have? It would have none. There would be no life, only an existence wearisome and dull. The world feels that love is beautiful, it sees in practice that it is true. Love makes the world, love keeps it, only to love shall it be given in the future. Therefore have poets sung it and storytellers told of it; therefore do eyes shine and cheeks burn for it. Therefore is it the soul of art, of music, of literature. Fancy the future Eugenic novel or play. Scene, a drawing-room, with a young woman in it. Enter to her a young man led by a Eugenist doctor, who says to her, 'My wise young lady, let me introduce to you Mr. Dash. He has been carefully selected as your mate.' And to him, 'Young man, behold the mother of your future children.' Does it not read charmingly?

You see that the Eugenist omits love. He knows nothing about it or about the world. I never realized how extraordinarily ignorant Eugenists were of human nature till I heard a recent Eugenic lecture. In that, among other things, the lecturer said that if nowadays there arose a new Cleopatra she would be relegated at once to the wards of an asylum; and his audience laughed with pleasure. It delighted them to

[1] If the reader wishes to read what perhaps the greatest living biologist, who is also a thinker, has to say of Eugenics, I commend to him the address of Professor William Bateson to the International Congress of Medicine in London. It is given in the *British Medical Gazette* for August 16, 1913.

think how superior each of themselves was to such a famous woman, and they gloated over it.

Yet I had other thoughts and among them these:—How mediocrity hates eminence! When the Eugenists seize Cleopatra, what will Mark Antony be doing? When the Eugenists shall have built their lethal chamber for the feeble-minded, who should be its first inhabitants?

Love is the motive power of the world. It is the purifying and regenerating power. Even 'degenerates' who should really love each other would have more intelligent children than a healthy couple mated without love. Children are the sparks struck out as by flint and steel which meet. The stronger their momentum when they meet, the greater and brighter the flash. All the world save the Eugenists knows that.

Love is the one thing which makes life worth living. It has its reward. And if you neglect or sin against it the punishment is sure. Nemesis comes slowly but it comes surely.

> Though the mills of God grind slowly
> Yet they grind exceeding small.

Whenever an individual or a class or a nation has sinned against love, has it not paid? Has it not paid the utmost penalty of death? No lesson is more certainly written on the page of history than is this.

Whenever an individual has married without love, his children, if he have any, are useless. When a class has denied love and instituted marriage for money, for position, for family, it has decayed and disappeared. Whenever by its marriage customs a people has sinned against love, how great has been the penalty! Look at the decadence of India since the mating of children without love was introduced by religion. India once led the world. It does not so lead now. And why? Principally for that reason.

Remember what was written in the Kural thousands of years ago: 'That only lives which is instinct with love. That which has not love is but a rotten carcass covered with skin. And from putridity what will you get but maggots?'

So would the Eugenists have marriage.

This is often called the age of science, and truly. We have Christian Science, and Eugenics. What next?

PAGAN MORALS

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

As M. Bergson remarks, it is very fatiguing to be a human being. If we compare ourselves with the other animals we see how hard our case is. We have in the first place to stand upright, a feat for which we are not yet completely adapted. And then we are obliged to do more or less thinking, however skillfully we may reduce the amount. Above all we are compelled by a number of constraining influences to be to a certain degree consciously 'good.' Whenever we begin to think about the perplexing question of goodness, to wonder why we are almost all driven more or less spasmodically to strive for it and to complain because it is so elusive, so hard to attain even with the best will in the world, so uncertain in its aims and claims and sanctions, so troublesome and yet so indispensable, we are driven back to the Greeks.

The man in the street is not likely to name as the foremost attribute of the Greeks their moral success, and yet he ought to. They, first of men, made a discovery about morals which must be our salvation if we are to be saved, and their interest in the subject is obscured for us only by the multiplicity of their claims on our attention. If, like the Hebrews, they had stripped life of all its *agréments*, if they had had no sense of beauty or of humor, no splendid achievements of pure literature, of politics, or of science, we should see them, as we see the Hebrews, consumed by their concern for righteousness.

Among people like the English-speaking communities who instinctively avoid whenever possible the pain and strain of thought, a happy literary formula comes easily to have the paralyzing effect of a taboo. The freest minds are the source of the most compelling formulas, and they therefore quite unintentionally rivet new bonds upon their contemporaries in the place of those they strike off. Thus Matthew Arnold, a man given to thinking for himself, provided his age with a number of catchwords which dispensed those who used them from giving any further thought to the subjects to which they apply. I suppose no one reads Matthew Arnold to-day, but his most striking formulas have passed into the tradition of English speech and go marching indefinitely on. One of the most telling and most misleading is his famous chapter-heading, 'Hebraism and Hellenism.' There are in the chapter itself paragraphs which if carefully read go far to minimize the antithesis suggested by the title. But a man who is writing under so taking a caption can hardly help being carried on by auto-suggestion to the symmetrical rounding out of its implications. Thus Arnold begins by stating plumply that 'the final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same: man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach this aim is often

identical. Even where their language indicates by variation — sometimes a broad variation, often a but slight and subtle variation — the different courses of thought which are uppermost in each discipline, even then the unity of the final end and aim is still apparent.' And he goes on to explain that the difference is mainly one of temperament and of method.

So far he is sound and consistent, though we may be permitted to doubt whether he puts his finger on the precise difference of method that constitutes the antithesis. But toward the end of his brilliant chapter he insensibly swings back to the vulgar error he elsewhere strives to combat. He has forgotten that the Greek equally with the Hebrew was concerned 'for man's perfection or salvation.' And he commits the historic blunder of confounding the Hellenism of Hellas with the so-called Hellenism of the Revival of Learning. 'The Renascence,' he writes, 'that great reawakening of Hellenism, that irresistible return of humanity to nature and to seeing things as they are, which in art, in literature, and in physics, produced such splendid fruits, had, like the anterior Hellenism of the Pagan world, a side of moral weakness, and of relaxation or insensibility of the moral fibre, which in Italy showed itself with the most startling plainness, but which in France, England, and other countries was very apparent too.'

His title has been too much for him. If Hebraism consists largely in moral earnestness, Hellenism must have 'a side of moral weakness.' But even if the chapter were the most complete correction of the implication of its heading, perhaps only one person has read the chapter for every thousand who have been subjected to the injurious effect of the title. The total result has been to stereotype the conception of Hellenism formed by the Lutheran movement and affirmed by the anticlassical reaction which followed the French Revolution. According to this conception the Greek was a happy faun, obeying the voice of appetite and burdened by no consciousness of sin. If we recall the individual Greeks who are best known to us from childhood, — Odysseus, Achilles, Œdipus, Solon, Leonidas, Pericles, Socrates, Archimedes, — it is an astonishing tribute to the strength of formula that the resultant composite photograph can be made to resemble a happy faun.

II

There is nevertheless a very real distinction between Hebraism and Hellenism in the field of morals. It cannot be expressed by saying that the one made 'better' men than the other. It would be easy enough to show that Hebraism as well as Hellenism had 'a side of moral weakness.' One superiority of the Greek from our point of view was his rather extraordinary love of truth. Homer is full of the sacredness of the oath, of which Zeus was guardian. I know a little boy who had become familiar with the words and deeds of the Homeric heroes and knew that one of the most perverse of them had declared with sincerity, 'Hateful to me as hell is he who hides one thing in his heart and tells another.' This boy was next introduced to the stories of the Hebrews and listened with wondering eyes to the extraordinary tale of greed and falsehood which centres about the name of Jacob. He was waiting for the curse of heaven to fall upon the traitor, but when the narrative went on to tell how Jehovah approved the deed and said to Jacob, 'Thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed,' the little

boy cried out in his bewilderment, 'But was n't that naughty of Jehovah?'

A striking case of the superior conscientiousness of the Greeks in regard to truth comes out in a story told by Herodotus. Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens in the sixth century, a man whom the Greeks themselves would not have pointed out as a type of virtue, banished his friend Onomacritus, editor of the prophecies of Musæus, because Onomacritus foisted into the writings of Musæus a prophecy of his own. With this strict critical sense of the sanctity of documents, which perished with Hellenism and has come to life only in the scholarly conscience of our own day, we may compare the attitude of the Hebrew priest of the fifth century before Christ, who, from the highest motives, systematically revised, expurgated, and augmented the sacred writings and imposed the new edition on the people as of immemorial antiquity.

Such comparisons between pot and kettle are not however really fruitful. The truly instructive contrast between Hebraism and Hellenism is based on the fact that they typify most conveniently the two sorts of sanction which have in varying combinations operated everywhere in the world to make men consciously practice what they believe to be right.

Many causes of course operate to make men unconsciously choose the right, working for the survival of the individual and of the group. But when a man gives a reason for his moral choices it falls under one of two heads. He has either a theory, utilitarian, hedonistic, or transcendental, in accordance with which he acts; or he acts in obedience to some law which he acknowledges to be authoritative even in extreme cases where it conflicts with his reason. Under one of these heads or the other, the rational or the jural, can be ranged every reason which any one has ever given for making a moral choice. Perhaps most men use both types in varying proportions; certainly every social group is governed by both. Most religions rely mainly on the jural principle, but many strive to conciliate law with reason. And rational systems on the other hand often tend to crystallize into laws which exact and receive obedience after changing circumstances have destroyed their rational basis. The taboo everywhere is jural. We may be able to see in certain cases a sanitary or economic ground for a taboo, but it is not that ground that makes it binding. It is no more binding than other tabooes which lack that ground, and the great majority of which we have knowledge do lack it. The taboo, however, is not yet morality, though it is on the way to become so. It is gradually softened into custom; custom becomes after a time self-conscious and critical; and thus morality is born.

Now it is evident that the chief problem of morality everywhere and at all times lies in the fact that the old order is always changing. In regard to moral ideas as to all other ideas, the human procession straggles along like an early people on the trek; a few leaders press forward in advance, the mass do as they are told and cling to each other for mutual comfort and assurance, bands of heretics here and there fall off to find a better way or to settle in an attractive spot, declaring they will seek no further; and at the end of the column are the incompetent and the lazy, begging to be left behind to die.

In this irregular advance through an uncharted land toward an unknown goal, the leaders have always upon their shoulders the burden of their responsibility toward the weaker brethren. The choice of the moment for breaking up the last camp and pressing on again

into the wilderness becomes in itself the nicest of moral questions. Ethics are 'alike fantastic if too new or old.' All manner of anomalies and contradictions are born of the fact that where men long to find a set of laws as rigorous and of as universal application as those of mathematics, they find merely a group of principles themselves open to dispute and needing at every turn the labor of comprehension and of application. In this situation many a good man has violated his conscience to obey the law, and many a good man by obeying his conscience in spite of the law has so weakened a rule that was helpful to others as to have become a stumbling-block. Thus there are apparently cases in which it is wrong to do right. 'You seem to think honesty as easy as blind-man's-buff,' says one of Stevenson's characters. 'I don't. It's some difference of definition.'

III

As part of the great effort not to think, the jural conception of morals, the notion that morals are, like geometry or blind-man's-buff, amenable to ascertainable and universally binding laws, has been of unquestionable usefulness to the race, but it has enjoyed a popularity out of all proportion to its usefulness. Some of its drawbacks may most conveniently be noted in connection with Hebraism, which is its fullest and most enduring expression. Mr. Dewey and Mr. Tufts remark that the Decalogue is the mother of casuistry, and that the habit of looking to law for guidance 'fixes attention not upon the positive good in an act, nor upon the underlying agent's disposition which forms its spirit, nor upon the unique occasion and context which form its atmosphere, but upon its literal conformity with Rule A, Class I, Species 1, sub-head (1), and so forth. The effect of this is inevitably to narrow the scope and lessen the depth of conduct. It tempts some to hunt for that classification of their act which will make it the most convenient or profitable for themselves. With others, this regard for the letter makes conduct formal and pedantic. It gives rise to a rigid and hard type of character illustrated among the Pharisees of olden and the Puritans of modern time.'

The drawbacks here dwelt upon are all in the nature of injuries to the moral sense of the individual. It might conceivably be the case that the general social welfare would be so furthered by the punctilious observance of an immutable moral code that the sacrifice of the highest spiritual life of the individual would be worth the price. In point of fact, however, society suffers from it as much as the individual. The prevalence of such a code tends to render society static. Certain groups have never emerged from the primitive jural stage of taboo, and are tied hand and foot by it. Two things happen when conduct, in itself a conservative thing, is in close alliance with religion, which is even more conservative and therefore opposes very great resistance to modification. In the first place the preoccupation with law becomes so great that there is no room left in life for other considerations. And in the second place, as the unchangeable code becomes obsolete, the people bound by it falls out of sympathy with more progressive peoples and is left behind as they advance.

The Hebrews suffered in both these ways. In the first place the struggle for life and the observance of the law exhausted their energies and left them no time for art, for science, or for general literature. The meagreness of their intellectual life as long as they remained a nation was not only a misfortune to themselves but has remained a misfor-

tune for Europe, since the revivals of Hebraism which take place from time to time always include in their principles a presumption against art, science, and general literature. It will be seen, however, when we glance at Hellenism, that though these fields of life are refractory, or at best irrelevant, to the law, they afford, like every other field, the constant occasion for moral choice based on reason, and were not conceived by the Greeks, as by some moderns, as unmoral, but as having ethical bearings of the very highest importance. In the second place the Hebrews were very greatly hampered in social advance by the static character of their institutions. Of course their institutions were not actually rigid, or the group would not have had the measure of national success it did enjoy. Even Jehovah was obliged in the long run to alter his political opinions and approve of monarchy after having long opposed it. But the social and economic reforms so passionately urged by Amos and Isaiah never came to pass.

The jural system of morals of the Hebrews rapidly reasserted itself in Christian theory, although the founder of Christianity died in protest against the law. The Church of Rome affirmed the principle with all its consequences from the hieratic point of view, and the Reformation affirmed it from the documentary point of view. Modern thought is saturated with it. Kant's categorical imperative is descended from the Decalogue much more directly than he would have liked to believe. On the other hand it has become plainer than ever during the last hundred years that morality is a growing thing, changing with changing conditions, varying from land to land and from age to age; that its formulas are to be accepted as provisional, not permanent, and that its natural sanctions are powerful enough to make it persist. 'La vertu, sans doute, est de tous les pays et de tous les ages. Sa présence est partout nécessaire, le peuple ne subsiste que par elle.' This belief in the social origin, the progressive character, and the natural sanction of ethics is the belief of the Greeks. They were the first of mankind to hold it, and the weight of their prestige sufficed to keep it alive in the world through the centuries when the jural view prevailed. It is still far from triumphant. The force of authority is still overwhelming. We are just beginning to struggle back to the state of mind which was native to the Greeks, and, thanks to them, was enjoyed even by the Romans, a people astonishingly like ourselves in their spiritual limitations.

IV

The Greek of course began like all other men by practicing the primitive morality of custom, and the primitive morality of custom is that of the ant and the bee, a morality careful of the welfare of the group, careless of the single life. We are accustomed in our own day to see it practiced only under military forms, and even there it has been considerably modified by civil standards, so that the world is astounded when it sees, as in the case of the Japanese, the old psychology of the group in full action with its light esteem of the single life.

But in early society it is not only in warfare but throughout life that the individual is subordinated to the group. His every act if it is to be pronounced good must be performed in the customary way, and his very opinions are the common possession of his people. We who are feeling in various ways the ill effects of a long period of *laissez-faire* individualism are naturally returning or trying to return to the more social view of ethics, and to the conception of solidarity as the chief ethical motive.

But the old groups are gone and, living in a welter of cross-classification, it is hard for a man to decide whether his allegiance is due to his race, his nation, his trade-union, his church, or his social stratum.

The Greek, on the other hand, when history begins, was discovering individualism and criticizing custom, not merely this or that custom, but custom in general and as a principle; and the criticism of custom is the beginning of rational ethics. We cannot tell how early the process began. When Archelaus, the last of the Ionic philosophers and the master of Socrates, remarks 'that the just and the base exist not by nature but by convention,' the terms have already a technical ring. At about the same time Democritus, who understood his universe so well, pointed out that 'the institutions of society are human creations, while the void and atoms exist by nature,' a distinction as inconceivable to the savage as to the bee. When remarks like this can be made by different thinkers in different connections, the conception they involve must be well established and generally understood. In Aristotle's time it was hoary with antiquity; it was, says he, 'a universal mode of arguing with the ancients, — namely the opposition of nature and convention.'

The discovery, then, that social and political institutions are made by man and are therefore subject to alteration and adaptation, is one of the great achievements of Hellenism. It is the first law of Greek ethics; and the second is of almost equal importance, for it teaches that in discussing questions of right and wrong, the term 'man' must always be held to mean 'man-in-society.' The *raison d'être* of the state is to cause its citizens to live nobly, and right conduct is the subject-matter of political science. These two principles were never abandoned by Greek ethics in general. Of course the advance of individualism brought into greater prominence the subjective aspect of ethics, the necessity that the heart should be 'right,' the necessity of faith as well as of works. And certain schools in later days advocated a measure of withdrawal from the world. But self-perfection in isolation was never a Greek ideal, for isolation was in itself immoral by definition.

The notion that the conventional usages and sanctions of conduct were not based on nature led, of course, not only to the searching investigations of serious men but to the paradoxes of the Nietzsches of the fifth century before Christ. 'So entirely astray are you,' says Thrasymachus to Socrates, 'in your ideas about the just and unjust as not even to know that justice and the just are in reality another's good; that is to say, the interest of the ruler and stronger, and the loss of the subject and servant; and injustice the opposite; for the unjust is lord over the truly simple and just: he is the stronger, and his subjects do what is for his interest, and minister to his happiness, which is very far from being their own.'

When the question was thus roundly and uncompromisingly stated, the Greeks set themselves to answer it. So far from showing a deficiency of interest in moral conduct, they may be said without exaggeration to have had no important interests that did not consciously involve the ethical motive. It is held up as a defect in their system of classifying sciences that they had so much difficulty in disentangling morals from politics that even Aristotle declares that 'politics deals with right conduct.' But this difficulty arose from one of their soundest notions, — the loss of which from the world has been a calamity, — the notion, namely, that a state is to be judged not by the number of its inhabitants, for it may easily

have too many inhabitants, nor by its aggregate wealth, for that may be ill-distributed, nor by its success in maintaining order, for a tyrant can maintain order even more readily than can a self-governing body, but by the high type of life lived by its citizens. In other words, if ethics was not detached from politics, it was because politics was saturated with ethics. It is a commonplace that the great historians of Greece, Herodotus and Thucydides, different as they were in temperament and in method, agreed in this, that they were profoundly struck by the moral aspect of political acts. The speeches in Thucydides are full of the theory of international ethics. There is plenty of Macchiavellianism in them, which produces its full psychological effect. When the Athenians in Sicily were trying to secure active support from Camarina, their envoy laid down the maxim that 'to a tyrant or to an imperial city nothing is inconsistent that is expedient.' With the crime of Melos behind them and the flight from Syracuse before, these words have all the grisly, ironic import that formed one of the sources of interest in Greek tragedy.

If politics and ethics, which seem to us to be separate things, were never fully dissociated by the Greeks, because the body-politic had a primarily ethical purpose, it followed that all the other sciences and arts, which were in the service of the state to a degree we can hardly imagine, were also followed with a consciously ethical aim.

To us, who instinctively associate ethics with dogma, it appears that the only safe course for science and art is to keep clear altogether of the ethical question. We remember how strong a resistance the great organized custodians of ethics have presented to the conclusions of natural science, and how disagreeably the nonconformist conscience is affected by (for instance) the nude in art. It is not unusual for the friends of science and art, when discouraged by these manifestations, to refer with envious yearning to the freedom from ethical bias that surrounded the work of Greek artists and men of science. The truth is of course that it was the absence of dogma only that made Greek art and science free; as for ethics, it was the postulate of their activity. But Greek ethics did not require of a man of science that his results should square with preconceived ideas; it required on the contrary that he should prosecute his task with patience, integrity and courage. The best Greek thought would not have shuddered at the labors of Darwin because one of their by-products might be the weakening of a set of conventional motives for action; it would on the contrary have recognized and applauded the high qualities of self-devotion, persistence, and truthfulness which went to form his method, noting, however, one failing which it would have declared immoral, — the exaggerated use of a single set of faculties which in the long run deadened his responsiveness to the stimuli of literature and art.

The ethical motive was as strong in Greek art as in Greek science. Springing from the religious motive, Greek art always retained the consciousness of a 'purpose,' but this purpose was the simple interpretation of beauty which the Greeks held to be a divine thing and of overwhelming ethical importance. 'Conscientiousness' in the artist's sense was the law of Greek production. The Parthenon is a triumph of character as well as of genius, and from the Parthenon to the shards of water-bottles the remnants of Greek craftsmanship show us hardly a trace of hasty or scamped work.

But over and beyond his standard as a workman there stood in the mind of

the Greek artist his responsibility to the state. He was working, not as the modern artist does, for a little group of connoisseurs, but for a whole people sensitive beyond what we can understand to the stimuli of art. The execution of an important statue was to a Greek city what the installation of a proper water supply is to a modern city, in the fact that it affected everybody. A people thus permeated with ethical ideas would naturally take a keen interest in replying to the fundamental questions asked by the paradoxologists of the fifth century. Socrates in particular devoted his life to answering these questions, and all the answers ever offered from that day to this (except those of jural systems based on supernatural authority) are descended in one way or another from views of his. To the proposition that 'virtue is a convention' he opposed the proposition that 'virtue is a science,' with the corollaries that virtue can be taught and that all sin is ignorance. This theory in various forms underlay all subsequent views of conduct.

Virtue never seemed to the Greeks to be as easy as blind-man's-buff. A man's successful conduct of life was in their view as purely a function of his intellectual faculty as was his success at a game of chess. He who can foresee the greatest number of moves is the best player. If a man could attain omniscience and so behold the relations and effects of an action as they ramify to infinity, he would never act amiss. The wise man is accordingly the good man, and the charming goodness of babes and sucklings is a happy accident, but it is not virtue. An immense responsibility was therefore thrown upon education, whose primary aim was to be the moulding of character. And the method of education was to be the formation of reasoned moral habits as a substitute for the unreasoned unmoral habits of primitive man.

The Greeks thus in a very short space of time after they first began to consider the matter systematically, applied to conduct, which in their judgment was not 'three fourths' but four fourths of life, a psychology which the most modern science can but corroborate. 'Consciousness,' says Professor Angell, 'occupies a curious middle ground between hereditary reflex and automatic activities upon the one hand and acquired habitual activities upon the other.' In ethics as in every other field, the Greeks saw first of men that the work of consciousness is never done. No final set of moral habits can ever be established. Changing conditions make any given set inappropriate, and wisdom must be ever occupied with the work of modification. It is in the light of this conception of right conduct as a science and the widest of sciences, capable of being perfectly grasped by omniscience alone, that the doctrine of expediency laid down by the Athenian envoy in Thucydides would make the Greek shudder as he always did before the spectacle of ὕβρις, that is of conduct based on unsufficient data. The famous 'irony' of Greek tragedy consists in the fact that a character in the play is acting with ignorance or with unwisdom. Every one in the audience knows something, a fact or a principle, which is strongly relevant to his case but of which he is himself unaware. The little ironies of life and the great ironies of history have no other source.

SOME EARLY LETTERS OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

EDITED BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

I

THERE are, no doubt, as many idealists to-day as there were in the notable epoch which produced Brook Farm and the Concord School of Philosophy. But they are not idealists of the old school.

The new school of idealists contains few poets, and its exponents express themselves in social service of splendid, practical proportions. They are, it is true, persons of 'vision,' but their 'clear sight' reveals to them the coming man as an improved physiological specimen, rather than a newly awakened spirit.

The idealism of which George William Curtis is a most admirable example, was the idealism of the poet; that of to-day is the idealism of the philanthropist. And it is well for us to pause amid the strenuous social conditions which now prevail, for a half-hour's consideration of the more tranquillizing idealism of the old school.

George William Curtis was a true poet; as such, he saw and felt, and he expressed himself in the language of poetry. As a producer of immortal verse, he did not rise to the first rank, although he has bequeathed us some poems of exquisite feeling and workmanship. He did not regard poetry as his vocation, nor did he lay claim to poetic laurels, yet the imprint of his keen poetic sensibilities is stamped on all of his literary work, and the poetic strain echoes through all his silvery oratory.

Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1824, and he early made up his mind to enter the profession of letters. It has been usual to ascribe the direction of his career to the influence of his juvenile experience at Brook Farm, where he dwelt from 1840 to 1844, but one must not forget that the Brook Farm ideal was in his mind before he joined that Utopian community, which he did at sixteen years of age.

The following correspondence with Mrs. Whitman opens in 1845, the year after Curtis had left Brook Farm. At this period he was a lithe, slender young man, handsome of feature, with blue eyes, wavy brown hair and a most winning smile. His bearing was one of extreme grace and dignity and his manners were those of the natural aristocrat, who treats all his fellow beings with the most exquisite consideration.

The literary career of Curtis began in 1846, when he was but twenty-two years old. Many bright stars were just then in the American firmament. Irving, Dana, Bryant, and Cooper were at the height of their powers. Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne were ascending; the tragic career of Edgar Allan Poe was nearing its close; Holmes was but thirty-seven, and Emerson forty-two.

At this time Sarah Helen Whitman's home in Providence was the literary centre about which revolved the intellectual men and women of her day, and Mrs. Whitman herself was adored as the high-priestess of Poetry and Letters in the distinguished circle of which

she was the most conspicuous ornament. Endowed with beauty, great charm of voice and manner, and a magnetic personality, she drew about her, not only the gifted men and women of her own city, but those from all parts of the world; and Mrs. Browning, writing from Italy, declared that Sarah Helen Whitman was the one woman in America whom she most desired to meet.

Mrs. Whitman's exquisite sonnets to Poe have been pronounced second only to Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and her best work surely entitles her to the leading place which has been assigned her among the poetesses of New England.

Mrs. Whitman was born in 1803, and in 1828 she married John Winslow Whitman, a Boston lawyer, who died in 1833. Her romantic engagement to Edgar Allan Poe did not occur until 1848, a few months before the latter's death, and was broken off on the eve of marriage, following Poe's appearance at the home of his betrothed in a state of intoxication.

To the end of her life, Mrs. Whitman remained loyal to Poe and to her genuine affection for him, and though she deplored his faults and weaknesses, she looked upon him as a great spirit groping toward the light, a man of brilliant intellect, splendid imagination, and marvelous gift of expression. Herself a poet, she thoroughly appreciated his poetic gift; a critic, she could measure his keen insight into literary values; a mistress of English style, she recognized in his creative touch the master-hand. And when, after his death, Poe's critics and detractors put forth their unjust and bitter denunciations of the man, it was Mrs. Whitman who came forward to champion him with simple dignity, in her little volume entitled *Edgar Poe and his Critics*, of which Curtis wrote in *Harper's Weekly*, in 1860, it is 'the brave woman's arm thrust through the slide to serve as a bolt against the enemy . . . it is not a eulogy: it is a criticism which is profound by force of sympathy and vigorous by its clear comprehension.'

At the time of her engagement to Poe Mrs. Whitman was forty-five years old and he thirty-nine, but her freshness of spirit and charm of presence must have made her seem by far the younger of the two. Only from the pictures drawn by friends who had known and studied the original can we gather something of the illusive charm and extraordinary fascination which this remarkable woman exerted up to the time of her death, at seventy-five years of age. No one ever associated the idea of age with her, and she is represented as lying beautiful as a bride in death, her brown hair scarcely touched with gray.

Besides having many suitors, Mrs. Whitman had countless warm friends among those men and women who were the intellectual leaders of her day, and with whom she carried on an extensive correspondence in regard to the literary, social, and spiritual movements of the times. She had a peculiar gift of sympathetic appreciation, and was able to give to each that especial response which he, or she, most craved.

The following letters, chosen from a correspondence which extended over a period of fifteen years, speak for themselves and for the two poets whom they concerned. They were accompanied by many pages of verse forwarded by Curtis for Mrs. Whitman's criticism. He was at this time twenty-one and she forty-two.

The first letter, dated at Concord, in April, 1845, reveals the writer keenly enjoying the natural beauties about him, as well as the opportunity to enter into the intellectual life of Hawthorne, Emerson, and others, with

whom Curtis delighted to discuss all that was near his heart concerning the literary life which beckoned him persistently, and the alluring field of poetry, which he at first believed himself peculiarly fitted to enter.

II

CONCORD, *April 9, 1845.*

MY DEAR MRS. WHITMAN, —

May I say a few words about poetry and poets to you, hoping so to provoke from you a closer criticism upon my verses than you have yet given me. . . .

It was a great delight to me to find in you the insight into the poetical part of poetry, which I find in so very few persons. That you could realize, as I had so long done without sympathy, that the charm of a poem was not the tho't, nor the melody, but a subtle poetical perception, which gives the character to the tho't, and which from the nature of things, is melodious, and so in its natural expression constitutes poetry. — Shall I say that the poetical sense is so rare among men, so much rarer than the intellectual, that the most approved of the poems of the great masters are not the most poetical? that *As You Like It* is less tho't-ful but more purely poetical than *Hamlet?* and that Tennyson is more truly a poet than Wordsworth?

And to the perfect poet belongs this fineness of perception and, of equal necessity, faculty of expression. The prose poets of whom we hear, are men who have the first but not the second, and therefore they are the true audience of the poet and his only critics, as men who have a delicate appreciation of form and color are unworking painters, and so constitute the only valuable spectators of pictures. They cannot be called painters, nor can the first class be called poets.

Byron had the faculty but not the perception. He did not see things poetically. With Shelley, I think more and more, poetry was an elegant and passionate pursuit. He was too much a scholar. This is seen in the forms his poems took. The principal ones are moulded in the antique Grecian style. With Keats, poetry was an intense life. It was a vital, golden fire that burned him up. Wordsworth is a man of tho't, who gives it a rhythmical form.

Milton would have been more purely a poet, if he had been a Catholic, rather than an ultra Protestant. There is a severity in his poetry, which makes him the favorite of intellectual men, — but is a little too hard — not oriental enough to satisfy poetical men.

In Shakespeare was the wonderful blending — the delicate harmony — but his sonnets would have been credential enough to his fit audience.

Because in this sphere of man the intellect rules, therefore that declares upon all things. Those books are eternal, those poets Olympian whom it crowns. But it is a singular fantasy of Nature, that the intellect is always too intellectual to rightly estimate the value of poetry, which is the higher language of this sphere.

Music, so imperfect here, foreshadows a state more refined and delicate. It is a womanly accomplishment, because it is sentiment, and the instinct declares its nature, when it celebrates heaven as the state where glorified souls chant around the Throne. Poetry is the adaptation of music to an intellectual sphere. But it must therefore be revealed thro' souls too fine to be measured justly by the intellect.

I hope that you will guess my tho't from these fragmentary hints and will answer it and my questions as speedily as you will. Direct simply to me, Concord, Massachusetts.

Truly yours,

G. W. CURTIS.

CONCORD, *May 8, 1845.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I had attributed your silence to some sufficient reason, like the real one, and your letter, tho' late, was not unexpected and very grateful. I am glad that you ask me to write to you, for in this spring it seems that I must tell all, of the singular beauty that diffuses itself so widely. . . .

This afternoon I paddled out on Walden Pond — a beautiful sheet of water not far away. It was formerly wooded with heavy pine banks to the edge, but recently the woods have been cut from part of the shore. It has a retired, virgin beauty, and not even the railroad, which passes close by one side, can banish its flower of privacy. It is deep and still; and this afternoon the sun toward the setting threw the dark shadows of the pines upon the surface like a mute anthem to the spirits of the lake. Landscapes often impress me like strains of music, and so music gives me a sense of sunniness and gloom, which is more subtle than anything I see. The woods yearn to be dissolved in music, when the wind sings in the trees, and only a wail lingers because it may not be so — or is it a wail because I cannot understand the burthen? The winds that have blown so constantly during the spring fell grievingly against my face, as if I was vexed with them, and as if they sighed because I was not of a nature fine enough to be mingled with their triumph. . . .

Recently I have been reading Milton, much. There is a solemn simplicity in the *Paradise Lost*. It is almost too severe. The few classical allusions dropped in the course of the story are like gushes of warm south moisture in the heart of a steady fresh north wind. The poem is bracing like ocean air. . . .

But while the genius of Milton has the grace of stately mountain heights, and the solemn melody of cathedral music, it seems to lack the delicate aerial grace of folded clouds and the lines of hills in the dim horizon, and the low gushing music of birds disappearing in the sky. His poetry is fuller of rapt serene contemplation, than of subtle sentiment. We ascend to heaven upon angel wings, fanning a majestic melody, but are not wafted thither on the note of a thrush. Must not the organ tone and the thrush singing be blended in the tune of melody, each retaining its own character, and tinged with each other's? Milton's genius is hardly suggestive enough. He was a man made positive by his life and culture. It fell to him as a statesman to speak very decidedly, and the poet could not quite shake off the tone. I should hardly think his nature was very rich, but he had so cultivated and adorned himself, that it was almost as good. Do you remember what Keats says of him?

Sincerely your friend,
G. W. CURTIS.

CONCORD, *June 2, 1845.*

I am glad that you speak so truly of Keats. It is rare to find any one who has the just appreciation of his genius. It is of that nature which is too much condemned, or too much praised. And that because either one does not understand him, or if so, the prospect which he opens is the most ravishing to a poet. There lay in him the keenest and most delicate perception and the truest feeling. Tho't was all fused with sentiment. Poetry was to him an element such as music would be to some natures. His blood seemed to thrill, rather than flow thro' his veins, and I always picture him as in ecstasy. But all his life and poetry are hints, they are the rarest tinted leaflets folded close in the bud. If they do not flower, there can be no regret. The influence of such beauty is true and deep, because it was budded beauty and not flowered.

How often, walking in the woods, I have seen a drooping anemone bud which revealed a more delicate grace than the fairest flower. It figures the intensity of feeling which closes the eyes of a lover in the presence of his mistress; yes, and the relation itself which exists between them — a hope, a promise, the morning red before the sunrise. . . .

The essay of Shelley to which you refer, I will look at again. I read it some time since, and was not much pleased generally. I have never seen any prose upon poetry which pleased me much. Sir Philip Sidney's is beautiful to read, so is Emerson's, but I wait. The Poet is still an unexpressed mystery. He is a phantom when you would clutch him, but a beautiful blessing angel when you sit in the shadow of his wings. I look with interest for your article on Mr. Emerson. It is much to be the contemporary, how much to be the neighbor of a man whom I cannot class but with Plato and Bacon, and the other great teachers. I feel that you will speak golden words of him, and I shall be very prompt to tell you what I think of the article.

I spoke to Mr. Hawthorne. He says that Mr. Langley, the publisher, is the business man, that different prices are paid to various authors, and that an engagement should be made previously. There has been some difficulty about the payment of the *Democratic*, I believe, but do not know precisely what. Mr. Hawthorne says, that Mr. O'Sullivan the editor is an honorable man. He values the articles.

Your friend,

G. W. Curtis.

Concord, *June 22, 1845.*

I have delayed writing until I should have returned from a trip to Wachusett mountain, and until I had read your article. The first I have done, the second not yet. Knowing that Mr. Emerson had it, I spoke to him of it, regretting that I had not seen it first, to correct some errors of which I had been advised. He was very curious to know the author, for he said tho' it was headed 'By a Disciple,' it was evidently written from a purely independent point, and he seemed to do such excellent justice to it, altho' he said it had the usual vice of kindness, which he says of all reviews of himself, that when he told me he tho't he ought to know who wrote it, I ventured to tell him. I hope I have not done wrong. Henry Thoreau also said it was not by a Disciple in any ordinary sense. It is his copy which is here, and he wishes me to make it as perfect as I can. This week I shall see it, and will then write you.

I went to Wachusett with Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Bradford. It has long lured me from its post in the western horizon. And as I climbed the green sides, I felt as an artist must feel, who first treads the ground of Italy. . . .

Monadnock was the only single object visible from the summit. It is a rough sharp mountain and Wachusett is rounded and delicate, and the feminine character of the one was in beautiful contrast with the masculine of the other.

It would be a long tale, the history of the beautiful walks we had. My regret was at returning. It seemed proper to go on from mountain to mountain thro' the summer, until winter sent me home again; and to return and find that the hill had relapsed into the old mystery, and was still as wonderful as before, was one of the best results of the journey.

Have you read *Consuelo*, George Sand's novel? I may say great novel, for after *Wilhelm Meister*, I know none superior. It is long but it is a picture of no less genius than Goethe's and

Raphael's. I mean it leaves the same satisfaction. . . .

There are very few copies in the country. I read Mr. Emerson's, for he and Mr. Hawthorne and Miss Fuller first spoke of it.

You shall certainly speak of the manuscripts whenever you choose, altho' they are not good. If you hear any opinion expressed, will you not let me know it, if it be most entire condemnation. I am sure that is my vocation, but I am not sure that I shall effect anything. I must labor very long and very hard before I can come even to the foot of a statue. Perhaps after all my life is only to fill up some chink and the Fates have granted me this versifying talent as a plum for content. My life seems very aimless because I pursue my profession entirely in secret, while outwardly I am abandoned to the sun and wind. That will be good for me; while all the plants are so carefully trained by the gardeners, let one grow in the clear, open air. Yet it is not without pain that I hear those who are very dear to me grieve that I am running to waste. At least, if my life does not justify itself, I am fain to hope they will feel it was meant to be what it was. It seems very bold, but I am sure of it.

I shall write you again very soon if you do not tire of my long letters.

Your friend,

G. W. Curtis.

June 28, 1845.

I read with great delight your article. It is the best I have seen upon Mr. Emerson. I might say that it finds more of a system of philosophy than I think he is conscious of, altho', after all, you only indicate the central tho't which animates his writings, and say such good things of philosophy that it loses that very rigid outline which marks it in the Schools. I am glad that you treat him as a prophet rather than poet. My feeling about the latter is very strong, and yet few contemporaries write verses which I love so much. I wish you might have seen Mr. E. and Mr. Hawthorne for the last year, casually and at all times, as I have done; that I might know if you would not at last say, the wise Emerson, the poetic Hawthorne. I am going to show some of my verses to the latter. I do not care to do so to the former. And I do it with some trembling, as I did to you, for I feel that he knows what is poetry, and what is poetical, — what is the power of the poet — and what the force of talented imitation.

Your friend,

G. W. C.

Concord, *August 6, 1845.*

I returned yesterday from the Berkshire hills, and shall be on the wing again on Friday for the White mountains. There is something inspiriting in the mountain air which I have never perceived before. I suppose that one is astonished in such a region that his tho'ts do not at once expand and soar to a corresponding spiritual altitude, but the mountains and the sea are seed too large to ripen their flower very speedily. . . .

I felt very strongly the want of some sound, corresponding to the grandeur of the landscape. That the ocean gives you if you wake at night upon the sea shore, the low murmur of the water presses a sense of its constant presence upon the mind,— in the pause of light conversation, the same sound rises like a vast tho'tful bass to which all tho't should be tuned, and in the rigid silence of the Winter there is no silence there, but a music that deepens and strengthens the stillness. Among the hills when the darkness shuts them from the eye, only the memory can retain them. Awakening after a sleep of

years among them, there would be no presence in the air to suggest them, but awaking near the sea the first consciousness would receive its tone from that.

Yet while the eye could possess them, the hills were very impressive. Mantled with green their strength was subdued to tenderness, so that the influence was, in character, like that of a man of delicate strength and beauty. They folded the valleys with such gentle superiority, as if the world beat on their outer sides with heavy waves in vain. And the sloping sunset light was more soft and striking than I remember to have seen. The sudden dark shades upon the hillsides and the fairy green of the distant bare slopes turned to the West, and pervading all, a singular freshness and glow in the atmosphere made a bath of beauty wherein Diana should have laved and arisen more purely human.

G. W. CURTIS.

CONCORD, *October 1, 1845.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I hope your long silence portends no illness, at which you hinted in your last letter to me, which I received just as I was on the wing for the White hills, and answered only by a few songs, or has the Autumn which lies round the horizon like a beautifully hued serpent crushing the flower of Summer, fascinated you to silence with its soft, calm eyes? This seems the prime of the season, for the trees are yet full of leaves and thickness and the mass of various color is solid,— before this month is over the woods will grow sere and wan, and so the splendid result of the year becomes its mausoleum. . . .

Yesterday afternoon I sat upon the cliff, a lofty pile of rock, the abrupt end of a hill over the river, and above a wood of birch and pines, and there the wind blew without any hindrance. It was a most monopolizing sound. It was not so much the inability to read or write or pursue any peaceable business of that sort which turned me wholly to the wind, but it was a special character in its own tone, which if I had tho't of in the stillest Summer evening would have called me from anything else. The singular magnificent beauty, which had lain all the long warm months so quietly, now breaking up into final splendor and decay, thundered in my ear its wail of death. The water rolled and wrestled in the river, the pine trees bent over the slight birches, withered leaves flew high and sadly in the air, and I the only unmoved, I pushing on to a fuller and fairer maturity, here or somewhere, received upon my face the rush of the wind and in my heart its inward agony. I took off my cap and it streamed thro' my hair. Why could not I bend with the trees and sing as they sang? Far away in the North, the cold, white North, where the Winter lies in wait, lay the outlines of mountains against the gray horizon. The sound of their lonely beauty was like that of the wind. Rugged and grim and dim, and long after the spring sun has drawn the green grass from out the winter, here they will still be white with snow.

When the sun set, the wind died. Then the silence was more mournful than the sound, — like the air thro' which a dirge has just passed, which still cherishes the soul of its sadness. I came slowly home thro' the woods. The crickets sang as usual, the trees stood steady and still. Jupiter arose in the east — Mars and Saturn in the southeast; and the earth swung noiselessly with them as if the stars, so pure and cold and steadfast, should not hear its wail or suspect a grief.

And so will each day be, each more desperate, till there are no leaves to sigh and rustle upon the trees or fly in

the air, and the waves are chained, and the splendor quenched by the rigid winter. Yet soft warm days now and then, and the brief, beautiful Indian summer, will show that there are more summers in store. . . .

Thro' the summer Mr. Hawthorne had the 'Orpheus' — the smaller long poem, and some of the smaller verses. It was most grateful to me to hear him say what he did, for I have great faith in his perception. 'The Poet' I did not show him. The 'Orpheus' he thinks may be corrected and improved by correction, which I felt when you suggested something of the same sort before. I will do that during the autumn or winter.

Concord loses very much to me in his final departure, which takes place to-morrow, Friday. He is a fountain of deep, still water, where the stars may be seen at noon.

Mr. Emerson is writing lectures upon Plato, Goethe, Swedenborg, Montaigne, and Shakespeare.

I have been most of the day with Ellery Channing, whom I like very much. If I was to remain here thro' the winter I should know him much better than I ever have, for I have seen him very little, since I have lived here.

I am not afraid of silence in my friends, so you shall write only when you care and can.

Your friend,

G. W. Curtis.

III

The month of November finds the young poet in New York, recalling regretfully the pastoral surroundings of Concord, and endeavoring to adjust himself to the whirl and bustle of the city where the 'muse' flourishes under difficulties and poets pine for solitude.

Some two months later he writes from the same place that he has been invited to join Ellery Channing in a trip to Italy, an unexpected proposition which may be looked upon as a milestone in the career of Curtis, whose first important literary contribution sprang from this ideal sojourn in the old world.

New York, *November 27, '45.*

My dear Friend, —

I always feel lonely when I first come to N. Y. for such constant and vigorous labor outlaws one whose path lies elsewhere. . . . I grow thin and pale here. Everything that men do seems so small. Their life is a card-house built over the eternal gulf. And the priests, the ministers of the soul, are not as I dreamed, care-worn and wasted like devoted physicians in a plague-stricken city, but comfortable and smiling men,— and as I sit in the warm church richly painted and gilded and cushioned and the smooth voice utters smoothly what the man believes, for I do not question his sincerity, then the history of men in the past and the daily history of the world and of the city where we are, the woe, the misery, the wordless despair of thousands, rushes upon my mind, and by the unspiritual face of the preacher, I see the thorn-crowned head of Jesus and the features pale with sorrow for sin, not with agony for suffering, and looking with eyes too sad for tears upon the silent audience, imploring the priest to speak as to men who are wandering and waiting and looking for the peace to which the necessity of life drives them, and which is the crown of flowers for their bloody hours. Then bursts in the organ and the flowing, gushing, soothing music lifts me above the crowd like celestial wings, and the face I see becomes milder and softer, more beautiful as the melody is finer and fuller, and peace, deeper than sorrow, bathes it like dew, and it fades from my sight as the music swells, as stars fade in the

morning, and in the wavering, dying, permeating sound, I feel the soul of that heavenly beauty. . . . I study Italian vigorously 3 hours a day. I read German and French about 2, and just now Swedenborg and Festus occupy the rest of my leisure. I find Time, the true 'celestial Railroad.' At Jno. Dwight's request I wrote an account of the Symphony of Mendelssohn's for the *Harbinger*. It will be entitled 'Music in New York.' It is the hardest thing in the world to write about music, for the best part of the impression is so evanescent and delicate, tho' deep, like the influence of sunset clouds: one wants to dip his brush in them if he must paint them.

NEW YORK, *February 6, 1846.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

What should surprise me the other day like a bird flying into the midst of the winter silence, but a proposition from Ellery Channing for us to accompany himself and George Bradford to Italy in May, and there pass a year? I tho't at once that I could not go, as a lover looks coldly upon the mistress whom he adores, but I found that the direct proposal had kindled the long dormant spark into a flame, and that sooner or later it would elevate me to that soft celestial atmosphere, which spiritually and physically belongs to Italy. Burrill leans upon his hand and thinks intently about it. He wants to postpone, to study the language more thoroughly, to read the history of the country, until every stone and tower shall tell readily what it is and has been. But I seldom think about things. A proposition comes to my mind and is ripened into action without any influence wilfully upon my part, like a nest-egg hatched by the sun and not by the parental warmth. So this idea of Italy lies cooking, and what the issue will be is not at all certain. I think it very doubtful if we go in the spring. If we do not, we shall lose our party which is so pleasant to my fancy, but we shall gain a better knowledge of the language than we have now. If I went I should regard it as a preparation for going again hereafter, and yet I feel as if I should be very unwilling to come home again when once there.

Since Ellery's letter came I have been reading Saddle books and Italian travel. Shelley's letters from Italy please me very much. They are so full of delicate appreciation of the country and all its influences. He was so finely wrought that it seems the air must have passed into his frame and mingled many a golden secret with his being, which no tongue can utter and no coarser nature feel. There was a spiritual voluptuousness in his nature which Italy alone could satisfy, and which constituted in him so much of his poetical feeling and fancy. The same thing was in Keats, but in him more fiery and intense. It sucked up his whole being at times, so that its expression syllabled fire and passion, as in the invocation to the moon in *Endymion*. In Shelley it was less ardent and never of that fierce lavishness which it was in Keats. . . .

The Muse knows not these brick walls, I have written scarcely a line since I have been here, and have left the 'Orpheus' and the long poem I read you for alteration and re-formation in the summer. I have meant to copy some portions for you and will do so.

You will find it hard to read this but I always write fast about Keats.

Your friend,

G. W. C.

N.Y., *January 20, '46.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

You will have seen from my last letter that I did not sympathise with Miss Fuller's view of Cromwell, but I tho't

her review of Longfellow one of the best things that I ever saw of hers. How is it that we differ so much, for you say while those on Cromwell were among her best, those upon Longfellow were among the worst. She seemed to me to give him with great tenderness and consideration and due appreciation his just place. She did not abruptly say, 'you are no poet,' but having expressed her views of poetry and the poet, measured him by it. He failed by that [measure], as he has long ago by mine and by that of his best friends, and those most calculated to appreciate him, one of whom told me he was sorry for Mr. Longfellow, for he did not seem to understand that his popularity must so soon abate, nor had he courage and character enough to sustain the consciousness when it should come. His verses are pleasing to me, but I see a thousand old Teutons looking thro' his eyes and giving them the light they have. Very many seem translations from the German; the imagery and the circumstances are not his own, but are pleasant to him from association and study. Miss Fuller's criticism of imagery I think unjust. It is overflowing another and drowning him in her individuality; but in the main I should say with her, that Mr. Longfellow is an elegant scholar, a man of good taste and delicate mind, who is fluent and sweet, but writes from a vein of sentiment which is not sound, and is too little inspired to write anything important.

You speak of Poe's article upon Miss Barrett. I should much like to see anything really good of his. With the exception of his volume of poems I know nothing of him save a tale in one of the reviews a month ago, which was only like an offensive odor. There seems to be a vein of something in him, but if of gold he is laboring thro' many baser veins, and may at last reach it. In one of the foreign reviews I found a recent article upon Miss B. It was on the whole just, altho' I am struck with the utter want of sympathy between critics and their prey. This review disposed of the lady as a jockey disposes of horses. And yet I love to have those whom I love pass thro' this coldest ordeal and show that they have something for it. If the diamond in the head does not show itself to such critics, at least they rejoice in the brightness of the eyes. My love must be so beautiful that the blind can rejoice, themselves feeling the perfect form.

I love Shelley so much and am so much indebted to him for pleasant hours that it seems cruel to deny him the name which was evidently his dearest dream and hope to possess. And yet it was finely said to me once, after I had unconsciously perceived the same thing, 'Reading Shelley is like searching for gold dust in shining sand.' It is perpetually suggested to you but never found. He seems to want an infinite background, his poems are not stars against the depthless sky. But they are bright and beautiful and if he is not so much to me as he once was, he is still a dove in 'heaven's sweetest air.' You probably liked Miss Fuller's notice of him. It expressed a great debt. . . .

I think we have no right to complain that the breath of God is stayed, in a century which has borne Napoleon, Washington, Swedenborg, Goethe, and Beethoven. If you observe the programme of Mr. Emerson's lectures, out of six great men whom he finds in history, three are from his own century. I am reading Chaucer too, and dashed thro' the *Countess of Rudolstadt*, the sequel to *Consuelo*, last week. It is not so sunnily beautiful as that, altho' a fine work. A life of Mozart I found interesting, also some tragedies of Ford's.

So I drift, and toward every flower which attracts me, I turn my boat.

Have you read *Margaret?* It is a book of great and peculiar interest. One of the most original books I have met for a long time, altho' it is very long and thick, to read. And the character of Margaret does not develop so perfectly as I expected from the beginning. I have flooded you with my Biographia Literaria; if you escape undrowned and have vigor left, let me hear from you soon.

Your friend,

G. W. C.

New York, *May 2, 1846.*

My dear Friend, —

I hope the spring brings you health as well as pleasure. Although I suppose there must be an intense sadness in the beauty, when we do not have in ourselves the health which is the first condition of beauty. But I always think that when the spring comes and those whom the winter has imprisoned can once more walk in the green fields and smell the fresh flowers, fresh and wonderful always, altho' every year brings the same, they will then regain the lost treasures in the fragrance all around them. A walk yesterday in the late afternoon, and twilight, quite beyond the city where I could hear the frogs and the home-flying and twittering birds, and see a short lane stretching thro' a green border of bushes and grass, and losing itself against woods beyond, lifted me entirely out of my winter life, unlocked all the fountains of spring feeling, and gave me the feeling of surprise and delight, which every season awakens.

It is a great thing that Nature always appears so perfect and novel to us. Even the best of men do not do so. They do not seem to have an infinite richness altho' that may be because we too are human, and that we can never be, or, rather, are never so simply related to other human beings. And yet as if to show the real superiority of a real man, an artist of genius shows us on his canvas the landscape that we loved, arrayed in a more subtle and delicate beauty than we have ever seen upon it, because his genius is a finer glass than our common perceptions and he gives us the representation of that.

This winter I have been more really interested in art than ever before, and probably the longer a man lives in the country, the finer will be his taste and appreciation of whatever is good in art, because Nature is the basis and nurse of the grandest art, which is surely not a copy or imitation, but while it is faithful to the minutest detail of Nature, is a reproduction of it thro' the genius which sees the inner meaning and beauty of the natural image and so presents it in a serener and more graceful form. This is true perhaps only of parts, for was there ever a picture which satisfied one as a beautiful face or landscape does? I certainly ought not to say it, for even now I am writing some little verses where 'the Painter who paints best' and 'the sculptor of most skill' are the sun and moon. . . .

I shall probably not write you from New York for a long time, as I shall go up the river to-morrow and pass a few days with the Cranches at Fishkill and soon after go to the East. We shall probably sail on the 1st of August, for the ship which sails in September is not a good one. Our French and Italian quarters are over, and I feel quite at home in the speaking of the former. Practice will perfect the latter.

I shall see you in Providence in the summer, altho' I feel I shall not have much to show for the long time since I saw you last.

Truly your friend,

G. W. C.

CONCORD, *June 12, 1846.*

Shall we not one day be of so delicate a perception, that we can catch the secret of this summer air which now flows by us so alluringly and silently? Often in the midst of beautiful days and places it seems to me there is some fairy revelry proceeding all around me, which I cannot appreciate, and which comes to me as sadness and longing, like the echo of festal music saddened by distance. Often walking homeward from the village in the moonlight, I wish for wings to move silently and not disturb the repose of the night, by my echoing footsteps. To tread as softly as the dew falls, to speak in cadences like the whisper of leaves and the gushing of brooks, to feel in our lives, not only the superior possibility, but the real depth and delicacy, which lies around us in Nature, — is a tho't that often haunts me. How cold we are when we meet, how reserved, how proud. Even the warmest, tenderest hearts are crushed by a weight of self-consciousness. Everybody should be a messenger of beauty for the soul that follows, like the long-haired beautiful heralds sent before the Heroes of Gods of old, and yet we cannot sit gracefully, scarcely comfortably, in our chairs.

The landscape is so gentle and beautiful here and I am so pleasantly situated with some old Brook Farm friends, hearty, homely and quiet people, that I am sorry my summer is not to be passed here. Already I feel how sorry I shall be when I must really say goodbye and separate from all I know, for even Burrill will not go with me, but has the best reasons for remaining in America. It will be a crisis in my life in various ways, and I have a singular curiosity about the influence of Europe upon myself. . . . Association and art, and an indefinable individuality of external Nature constitute my charm for Italy, and with a general reading one has all the material ready. As the time comes, it seems to me as if I looked more closely, almost more tenderly upon our country here, — the landscape I mean. Nature is such a splendid mute bride, whose lips we constantly watch expecting to see them overflow with music, with melodious explanations of all that her beauty has hinted and nourished. . . . To-day in a newspaper I chanced to see a poem of Bryant's, an old one I think, called 'June.' The end is remarkably fine, — you will remember it: speaking of his grave made in June and of all that he would wish to have around it, and those he would wish to come, he concludes of himself,

> Whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the Summer hills,
> Is — that his grave is green.

That seems to me very fine. Bryant interested me very much as I saw him occasionally in the winter. I did not know him personally, but his head is so rocky and strong and commanding. I realize more than ever the transparent simplicity and sincere beauty of his poetry. It is like buttercups and daisies, which we are apt to disregard and yet which give a deeper beauty to the landscape and are fed with all the hues and airs of heaven.

I have read a good deal of Browning, but neither 'Paracelsus' nor 'Sordello.' The 'Bells and Pomegranates' are full of richness and luxuriant imagination. What says Miss Barrett about them, 'cut down deep in the middle,' 'blood veined,' or something like it? I do not know any poetry now which seems to show that a keen, rushing sense of life tingles to the very finger tips of the poet as this does. It is only too wild, too salient. . . . Browning, as you will suppose, is often clumsy and obscure, but always real, he always holds fast to his tho't, whether it is a good one or a bad one and never sacrifices it to anything. A poet never

should do that, but also he should never be necessitated to do it. He speaks in numbers for the numbers come.

Do you observe how, in speaking of men of genius, we incline to measure them by the standard of entire genius, forgetting that every such man has but a ray, and makes beautiful only what that ray shines upon? I have been very much amused by several persons saying that Ellery Channing could not be a true poet, because he went to Europe and left his wife as he did. They tho't of the great perfect man, whom we choose to call poet, and who is supposed to fulfill all the duties of life as well as he sings, while Ellery is a selfish, indolent person (tho' a good deal more and better) who certainly does write good poetry. It is a terrible situation for them. They have hitherto perhaps tho't him a poet, but the true poet — would he have done so? Aut Cæsar aut nihil. Good night, I hope I have not wearied you by so long a talk, if so, you must take it by easy stages, as we used to read Xenophon did — the only Greek fact I remember. . . .

Sunday. A soft genial day, the flower of June weather as June is the flower of the year. By chance I laid my hand upon Whittier's Poems, a book I always have by me on Sundays. . . . Did you know that Ida Russell is very intimate with Whittier, so that I have sometimes heard that they were engaged. She pointed him out to me once, in an Anti-Slavery convention. He is a thin man, with a sad almost sharp face, and dark hair. He moved silently and lonelily among the crowd, and seemed like a strain of his poetry impersonized. Mr. Hawthorne told me that he came to see him once, and he was much pleased with his quiet manner.

I have written to ask Mr. H. to go to Monadnock mountain with me this week, but I am afraid his duties, for he is a Custom house officer, will not permit.

Here I am at the end of my paper, and yet I could say a great deal more. I wish we were sitting together on some shady bank of the Seekonk, and gliding down the sunny hours with conversation as simple and natural as its course, not so anxious for tho't as gentle union with the feeling and the silence of the day. The Sabbath feeling, I shall not have in Italy; that will be one of the great changes or the great losses. Do you remember in *Margaret* the description of a Sunday morning in June? I shall go from Concord by the first of July and be in Providence a week or two afterwards. If you can, write; if not, farewell until I see you.

Your friend,

G. W. C.

PROVIDENCE, *July 25, 1846.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I am sorry not to see you this afternoon, but as I could have remained but a few moments it is perhaps as well, but a warm shake of the hand is better than this.

Good-bye, for that is all that I have to say. I owe you more than I can say, . . . Farewell and may all good angels bless you.

Your friend,

GEORGE WM. CURTIS.

With the conclusion of this letter, the early phase of Curtis's career is closed, and having passed this milestone, he enters that wider sphere in which his future activities are to be so successfully employed.

His correspondence with Mrs. Whitman, which was later renewed, was continued at intervals for many years. He ever turned with unfailing confidence to consult his early friend in regard to his later literary work, and in

1860, one finds him appealing to her judgment when he writes: —

'Tell me "certain true" whether *Trumps* is worth publishing as a book?'

Throughout his life, Curtis retained those characteristics which are so clearly outlined in his early letters, namely his sentiment, his love of music and of nature, his worship of art and beauty, and his chivalrous attitude toward all mankind. His early promise was amply fulfilled, even though it failed to blossom primarily in the poetic field, and he must ever remain in the eyes of posterity, what his friend Winter has pronounced him: —

'The illustrious orator, the wise and gentle philosopher, the serene and delicate artist, the incorruptible patriot, the supreme gentleman.'

CHRIST'S TABLE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

O Christ! O Christ! The *hands!* The eager hands,
The tired hands! The praying tragic grip
Of fingers on the rail! The speechless lip
That moving cries and cries its sore demands!
We come, O Christ, in trooping wistful bands,
With yearning hearts and thirsty souls to sip;
We kneel, we wait, we pray, in fellowship
Of need — Lord Christ! *One* glimpse of Promised Lands!

It comes — the whispered word, the cup, the tray,
My Body and my Blood, the Bread, the Wine.
The hands receive, the lips accept. We pray —
O Christ! We *pray!* . . . Peace and be still. The line
Moves on . . . Forgive, O! Lord! forgive to-day
The tortured flesh that faithless craved a sign!

ENGLISH AS HUMANE LETTERS

BY FRANK AYDELOTTE

THE non-academic part of the world, which in spite of the growth of the state universities is still a large part, takes great delight in the notion of the college graduate, trained in the lore of history, the mysteries of science, and the graces of poetry, wearing out his shoeleather in a vain search for a job. The joke, or the fact behind it, has made its impression on the trainers of the college youth, so that in every centre of learning one finds eager effort to make our education practical. A certain amount of the same kind of talk is to be heard in England, even at Oxford, but less of it, for the simple reason that English education of the last few generations, however remote it may seem in its methods, has been obviously practical in its results. Oxford and Cambridge men have ruled brilliantly the greatest empire in the world, they have given England one of the most democratic governments and almost the cleanest politics on earth, they have played their part with credit in business and in every profession.

Until quite recently Oxford education took its tone and character mainly from training of one kind — the course in the classics which the University calls *Literæ Humaniores* and which the undergraduates call 'Greats.' It is this training which has made the young Englishman an educated man, has given him efficiency in the practical world, and has made him above all else a gentleman. To-day Oxford is undergoing a gradual change, the most marked feature of which is the expansion of the curriculum; but the school of classics still retains its prestige in spite of the invasion of other studies. The reason for its prestige and for its greatness is apparent in the nature of the course.

The work of the course divides readily into two parts. The first, which corresponds roughly to our American 'classical course,' is a careful study of the principal Greek and Latin poets, orators, and dramatists. The second and more important part is a thorough study of the classic historians and philosophers, including both but laying stress upon the one or the other as the undergraduate chooses. The study of Greek philosophy includes the study of modern philosophy as well. Taken as a whole *Literæ Humaniores* is a study not merely of the æsthetic qualities of Greek and Latin literature but of Greek and Roman thought, and as such it offers the undergraduate what it is no exaggeration to call the key to modern civilization.

Probably no training in modern literature can be made to equal this in intellectual value. However that may be, any very extensive study of the classics is apparently impossible in America. The tide has been flowing in the direction of the moderns, and while it may turn back again, in all likelihood it will not soon. English literature is for us what the classics were to our grandfathers in this country and in England, and as perhaps the greatest modern literature, it has, aside from the question of language, one obvious

advantage over the classics as a means of popular education: it is permeated with the modern spirit, it is a record of modern thought, it deals directly with the intellectual problems and the conditions which face us, with the world as it has been refashioned by Christianity and modern science. The popularity of the study of English may be due partly to coeducation, but it is also due partly to this fact.

The popularity of the study of English, however, need not blind us to the very unsatisfactory nature of its results. Whatever good things it may do for our undergraduates it does not teach them to think, does not offer them any severe intellectual discipline; it is not a good course for the man to take who wants to develop that power of sane, keen thinking which is the distinguishing mark of a liberal education.

This fact is even more apparent in the case of the students who give their attention mainly to *belles-lettres*, to the appreciation of literature, than in those who confine themselves to philology or literary history. The popular outcry against linguistics and source-hunting does not go to the root of the matter. Among English professors and English students alike are many able men who have sought in philology and in the history of literature something solid, something of real intellectual value, something 'to bite on,' which they could not find in courses in literary 'appreciation.' And for that point of view there is this justification, that most of the graduates from our literary courses who are comparatively free from philology, and are not at all absorbed in the *minutiæ* of literary history, are lamentably deficient in power of thought, in the ability to understand literature — woefully lacking in real literary interests. Literary power is power to think and power to feel in the sense in which feeling becomes illumination and yields a result similar to the result of thought. This illumination our training in English literature seems somehow not to give.

There are of course many shining exceptions to what is here said, but the above is on the whole a fair statement of the fact, and it is a fact to be very seriously considered. Since we have in this country no immediate prospect of a return to the classics as the vehicle of general literary education, and since English literature is daily becoming a more and more popular subject, the question of all questions for us is how to make of it a liberal study. The question is not pedagogical in the sense in which that word is usually understood; it is really literary: what are the more humane and what the less humane aspects of English letters?

The obvious answer, if my analysis of the reasons for the effectiveness of the Oxford course in the classics is sound, is to make our study of English literature a study of English thought. When we treat English authors as mere entertainers whose business it is to provide elegant amusement for our idle hours, we are guilty of a misconception as to the meaning of literature which is denounced specifically or implicitly by every great critic in our language, and which is certain to prevent all or almost all the possible good results of our study. The answer is to get entirely away from that theory of literature and to realize that the poets and novelists and essayists are men who are trying to unify and explain life to us, and to give us the zest for it which their divine vision has brought to them. We must face literature squarely, recognize in it a record of the meaning of our civilization, and, without confusing it for a moment with history or philosophy, give full weight to its historical and social and philosophical bearings. Finally, in order to give our students

any love of literature which will be more serious than an idle flirtation, we must make plain to them that their first business is not to 'appreciate' but to understand.

It may seem self-evident, that the value of the work of any great man of letters lies in the record of what may be called, in the wide sense explained above, his thought about life; and that the student must have some idea of this before he will know how to read profitably, and before the study of literary history or of the technique of any literary form can have for him much meaning. However self-evident such an idea may seem, it is constantly ignored. We go on teaching the history of literature and the technique of literary forms to our students before they have any elementary notions of the significance of literature itself, which alone would make such study profitable. We talk about the 'style' of this author and that, paying scantiest attention to his ideas, omitting the substance to contemplate the form. However tortuous and super-subtle the lore of our subject may seem from other points of view, in this sense it is superficial. The one treatment of English literature which would give the study of it literary value or make it a part of a liberal education is that treatment which lays emphasis primarily on what English authors have to say about life, what were the problems of life which they were trying to solve, what to them were its mysteries and its meaning. To talk frankly and thoughtfully about these questions, to get to the bottom, to make our teaching the expression of what we really believe about the deepest things of life, — the things about which the poets are talking, — to do this most of us are either too lazy or too *blasé*.

Much of our greatest English literature is read by the American undergraduate, if at all, not in the English department, but in the department of philosophy or sociology or history or theology or the fine arts. We have gradually narrowed the content of our literary courses until we have little left except descriptions of nature, love stories, and lyrics. The habit of using books filled with brief selections from a large number of authors prevents the student from getting any clear and complete notion of what any English man of letters was really trying to say. The study of the development of literary forms has crowded out the study of literary thought. We give years to the study of 'style' in courses which, in their selection of illustrative reading, tacitly deny that definition of style which is always on our lips. If the style is of the man, can we not perhaps understand its secret better by studying the man himself, by placing our attention less upon externals and more upon his thought?

Such a study of English literature would demand much more, both of instructor and student, than is usually demanded at present. It would demand hard and careful thinking, it would reach out into domains of thought which our habit of rigid departmental specialization has led us to believe we have no business to enter. It would involve consideration of the thought of other nations which has influenced our own intellectual leaders. It would mean the acquisition of some conception of that complex body of thought which we know as western civilization, and, in the case of our keenest students, it would lead eventually to a study of the classics as well.

Such a study of English literature would remove the reproach of formalism and shallowness which we deserve at present because of our too exclusive preoccupation with metaphysical falsities about style and about the

'evolution' of literary forms. It would mean a study of men and of currents of thought rather than of separate lyrics and 'minor poems,' selected and printed in textbooks because of their convenience for separate assignment and class-discussion. It would mean attempting less and doing it better; keeping undergraduate study to a few important men and a few influential movements, instead of spreading it over the whole history of English literature from Beowulf to Bridges. The undergraduates would be distinctly better off if they heard less about minor eighteenth-century poets and minor Elizabethan dramatists, and instead read more of Bacon and more of our great nineteenth-century thinkers on social and religious and scientific questions. Literature, so taught, would become a more thoughtful, a humaner, a more really literary study, and its students would be in a position to apprehend better the meaning of the glib-formula, 'Literature is a criticism of life.'

Not the least of the benefits from such a change in attitude would be a change in the form and content of undergraduate essays. We should have fewer light and airy descriptions, fewer inane stories, fewer self-conscious apings of Lamb and Stevenson, and in their place more serious efforts to say what a certain book or poem or paragraph or phrase means when one thinks about it. The result would be that many problems of English composition would solve themselves, and the subject (as a separate study) would probably disappear from our universities, to the great relief and advantage of all concerned. We should need all the student's writing as a test and record of his understanding of what he read.

Of course if English literature were really made a thoughtful study with the majority, many of its votaries who seek in it merely a graceful accomplishment or the means of being wafted up to a degree on flowery beds of ease, would be driven away. In the survivors we might look for results which we do not find at present: an adequate mastery of a few books and a few questions, some real comprehension of the significance of literature, some genuine intellectual interests, and, above all, capacity for thought which, as it is the one result of education really to be called practical, is also the one literary quality. So pursued, the study of English letters might become, if not equal in value to the study of the Greek and Roman classics, at any rate a more humane pursuit.

A LITTLE MOTHER

BY FLORENCE GILMORE

I HAD been on the train for hours and was very tired. All morning I had seen only a level, thinly wooded country, never beautiful or picturesque. The magazine with which I had armed myself, fondly imagining that it would be a protection against the tedium of a six-hour trip, had proved dull to a degree that defies expression. There was no one to talk to, for the only other passengers were a fat woman who slept most of the time, and, when she was awake, read a novel and languidly munched peanuts, and four traveling salesmen who harped on boots and shoes and notions until I became so weary listening to them that I firmly resolved that, come what might, I would never again use any of the things they sold.

At one o'clock, having finished my luncheon, I sank back in my seat and looked out of the window, thinking irritably how I must be bored for another hour. The train was then standing at a country station exactly like thirty or forty others we had passed during the morning. What looked to be the same stiff-legged station-master was hurrying back and forth; the same shabbily dressed men loafed about; the same small boys ran hither and thither in every one's way; the same young girls giggled, and nudged one another, and giggled again.

Turning from my window with a long-drawn sigh, I saw that a little girl had got on the train and was taking the seat across the aisle from mine. What impressed me most in that first glance was her quaint primness. Her hair hung down her back in the neatest of long braids, and was fastened with the neatest of small black bows. Her stiffly starched gingham dress was spotless and her gloves looked like new. She had a sweet, round, rosy little face, but it was graver than any other child's I have ever seen. Watching her, I wondered if she ever played, if she ever broke her toys and tore her clothes and forgot to do the things she had been told but a moment before, like many, many, dear, naughty little girls I know.

Interested by the quaintness of the child, I reopened my magazine and watched her from behind it. As soon as she was seated she carefully arranged her belongings on the seat facing her: a satchel, a box, and a large apple. She took off her hat, and spying a newspaper which I had thrown aside, asked me for it. 'Perhaps the dust would spoil the flowers,' she said. 'I don't like to run the risk.'

I asked her a few questions then. She was not shy, and was evidently inclined to be friendly, for as soon as she had disposed her belongings to her satisfaction, she crossed the aisle and sat beside me.

'I want to keep my hat as nice as new, because mamma trimmed it herself. Papa and I think it is the beautifulest hat we have ever seen. We are very proud of it. You see, mamma is sick all the time. She can't even sew except once in a great while. She has awful pains, and she is weak, and can

hardly ever get out of bed, so papa and I are very good to her and take care of her all we can. She says we spoil her, but she's only joking, don't you think so? It's only children that get spoiled, is n't it?'

I said that I believed so; and after a moment, to break the silence that followed, I asked her if she had any brothers and sisters. I felt certain that she had not. She would have been less staid had she been accustomed to the companionship of other children.

'I had three brothers,' she answered, 'but they all died before I was born, and two little sisters — twins; and they died when they were just one hour old.' She looked puzzled after she had said this and an instant later she corrected herself: —

'The twins really were n't old at all; they were just — just one hour *young*.' And having settled this point to her satisfaction, she looked into my face and added seriously, 'I have often thought about it. I believe that when my brothers and sisters came they did not like it here, so God did n't make them stay, but took them straight to heaven.'

'And you liked it, and did stay,' I said, drawing my conclusion from her premises.

'I? Oh, I like it pretty well. Sometimes things are inconvenient, and they're often uncomfortable, but it is n't bad if you have people to be good to.'

She lapsed into silence after this, and resting her chin on her hand stared thoughtfully through the window. Eager to hear more of her strange little thoughts, I racked my brain for something to say, and at last, nothing startling or original suggesting itself, I asked, 'Have you been long away from home?'

'For four weeks. Mamma got so sick she had to be taken to a hospital, and then papa sent me to stay at grandma's.'

'And of course she has been spoiling you — after the manner of grandmothers!' I said, smiling.

The child looked doubtful, and made no direct answer. After a time she explained in her quaint, decided way, —

'Mothers and grandmothers are different. Grandmothers give little girls cookies and they don't tell them to go to bed at half-past seven; but they have n't such good ways of tucking people in bed, and their kisses are n't the same.

'I did n't know until yesterday that I was going home to-day,' she went on after a scarcely perceptible pause. 'I had a hard time to get presents for mamma. I had made two daisy chains; they were ready; and all day yesterday I was trying to think of some other things that would be nice and could n't make her tired. Papa and I always try not to let her grow tired, but she often does, anyhow.'

She crossed the aisle, and getting the box I had noticed when she entered the car, opened it and proudly displayed two chains of withered daisies, a bird's egg wrapped in cotton, several picture cards, and a stiff, new cotton handkerchief with a gorgeous border. 'All these are for her!' she said. 'The daisies have faded but she won't mind that. I know, because once before I made her a daisy chain and it withered before I got home, but she liked it as it was. She really liked it very much. She told me so, and even if she had n't I could have told from the way she smiled. A big boy gave me the bird's egg. Then, I had a nickel grandma gave me last week, and for a long time I could n't decide whether to buy this handkerchief or a pin with a diamond in it; but papa gave her a pin on her birthday and she's never had any kind of handkerchiefs except plain white

ones: that's what decided me. This one is very pretty, don't you think so?'

I blinked at the flaming colors and murmured something noncommittal.

The child hardly paused for breath before she continued her quaint chatter. She loved to talk, and as I was only too glad to have some one — any one — to listen to, all went well.

'It seems a long time since I left papa and mamma. I can hardly wait to see them. I was never away from home before. Do you think she's well enough to be at the station? She's been at a hospital, you know, and papa says that a hospital's a place where they make people well.'

I told her not to count on finding her mother grown quite strong in so short a time.

'Is n't it wonderful how things happen just when you don't expect them to!' she exclaimed, not heeding my warning in the least. 'When I got out of bed yesterday morning I did n't know I was going to see her and papa so soon! I was just throwing them a kiss from my window when grandma called me. She had been crying, and she told me that papa wanted me at home. I suppose it was because she was going to lose me that she cried. I'd been *very* good to her. But I did n't feel a bit like crying. I was glad all inside of me. And by and by Mrs. Dodge, who knew mamma when she was no bigger than I am, she came to see grandma and they talked and talked, and she cried too. I saw her. I think she must have caught the tears from grandma like I did the measles from our butcher's little boy.'

As she chattered my heart grew heavy. I understood that her mother was dead; buried, too, no doubt. Poor motherless child! Poor, poor child! And she had no suspicion of the truth. She was all eagerness, all hope.

When we reached R—— we got off the train together, but the moment she caught sight of her father she forgot my existence. I looked at him with keen, sympathetic interest. He appeared to be almost fifty years of age. His face was kindly and rather handsome. He lifted his little girl into his arms and almost smothered her with kisses; then they walked away, hand in hand, and I lost sight of them in the crowd. I was not sorry. I wondered how he *could* tell her.

Ten minutes later, having attended to my baggage, I passed out of the station and saw them again. The father had lifted the child on the low stone wall that runs along that side of the building, and was talking to her, gently and seriously. Her big eyes were fastened on his and great tears were pouring unheeded over her cheeks. She still held her apple. The box was tucked under one arm, but the lid was gone and the precious daisy chains were hanging out of it. She did not see me, and I hurried past them.

My car was long in coming, and feeling restless I walked a square or two and let it overtake me. When I seated myself in it I found to my regret that I was face to face with the father and child. She was as pale as he now; her hat hung uncherished at the back of her neck, and from time to time tears rolled down her cheeks. I have never seen another face bespeak such utter desolation.

Her father held one of her hands tightly clasped in his, but for some minutes neither of them spoke. Once or twice she did try to ask him something, but although she opened her lips, no sound came.

At length he said gently, 'You'll have to be very good to me now, Ruth. There's no one else to take care of me.'

She looked up at him then. Her eyes brightened a little and a faint smile spread slowly over her tear-

stained face. 'Yes, papa,' she answered, with a little motherly air; and sighed, and snuggled closer to him.

After a second she spoke again, rather more briskly, 'You'd better eat this apple right away. You have n't had your dinner, and it's afternoon. You might get sick, if you are n't more careful.'

He took the apple and obediently tried to eat some of it, and Ruth watched him with satisfaction. 'I'm going to take *such* good care of you!' she whispered.

ARTHUR SYMONS AND IMPRESSIONISM

BY WILBUR MARSHALL URBAN

I

THE cessation of Mr. Arthur Symons's writing has brought poignantly to mind the fact of a peculiarly self-contained and self-conscious æsthetic personality. As a perfected instrument for impressionism he was unique, perhaps, among writers of English. To have used that instrument is to have made ourselves debtors to his wisdom — and still more at times to his divine folly.

There are few of Symons's readers who would willingly have missed either his wisdom or unwisdom. To have read his *Cities*, especially his *Seville* and *Moscow*, is to have learned the pleasures of broken lights in the emotions, to have traversed the long road from the *genius loci* of the ancients to the *sentiments des places* of the modern French psychologist. To have read his *Plays, Acting and Music* is to have enjoyed to the last degree that versatility as well as refinement of appreciation toward which the modern spirit moves, its exacting skepticism, its sad inconsequence and glorious irresponsibility. And finally, to have read his poems — is not that to have felt the temper of the instrument itself, the residual moods of a life of impressions, themselves inexpressible in prose; to have read his *Spiritual Adventures* — is not that to have learned also how such an instrument of impressions is formed: the heats and colds alike, the exclusions as well as the affirmations? Sidelights on the quest for beauty, they show forth the transports of the abstraction of beauty from life, but also its revenges.

No one who has read Symons at all widely will doubt the propriety of describing his *métier* as the abstraction of beauty from life. He is always conscious of himself as an instrument of sensation. The words 'abstract' and 'disengage' are constantly on his lips. Whether it be a moment of his own experience or a glimpse of nature, whether the mood of a man or of a city, in any case it is some quintessential soul of things that he will disengage, drop by drop, from the passing moments. It is in no wise different in his criticism. Apparently it is, if anything, with preference that he applies his delicate powers to that form of experience which,

as Plato said, is thrice removed from reality. In art, whether it be the unconscious collective art of a city, or the conscious sacrificial and individual art of a genius, he finds the processes of distillation at least twice performed, once by the action of life experience, and once by the reconstructions of the artist. In these sublimations of life he is at home, the instinctive sloth of his temperament — for there can be no other word — predisposing him to this parasitical relation to life. In art, to use his own words, 'reality already has an atmosphere,' and in the disengaging of the atmosphere from the thing he finds his highest joy.

Symons seeks, and can find, an adventure among these lordly if diaphanous mansions of the soul. Indeed the possibility of adventure is extraordinarily great; his facility and breadth of appreciation are marvels of cultivation, no less than of original endowment. But one is impressed with an equally extraordinary limitation. While no contemporary English critic has played the light of his temperament over a wider range of arts and experiences, none, it is curious to note, is so abstracted and monotonous in his standpoint. A hatred of the commonplace has driven him far afield, but by a curious paradox he finds, not 'native' moments, but always the predestined commonplaces of his own soul. In his search for beauty he has looked at life from every angle; strangeness has been sought rather than refused; there has been an arduous and discreet cultivation of the continual slight novelty. But as soon as he gets these strangenesses and exotics into his hands, they all take on the same color. Amid all the variety of his appreciations there is a persistent monotony of realization.

This curious monotony is perhaps the most striking note of his verse. I know of no two volumes of poems in which the titles exhibit a wider range of subjects, or subjects more stimulating to the imagination. I also know of none where the imagination is so circumscribed by a certain unity of mood. If his *Silhouettes* are indeed but the outline and the black and white of poetry, it is not because the objects and experiences of which he writes are themselves colorless and without the vital suggestions of the rounded form. As native moments they are full of color and rich in the promise of emotion. It is rather because in passing through his soul they have undergone a process of abstraction which leaves them but the achromatic thinness of a mood. If his *London Nights* are all pitched to one key, so that to have read one is in a sense to have read them all, it is not because the phantoms that flit through those restless nights are without variety. Here also there is that arduous, if not always discreet, cultivation of the continual slight novelty. It is rather that all are predetermined to resolve themselves into one ground tone — and that, too, a tone singularly like the recurrent mood of a dream. In the *Loom of Dreams*, — so one of the poems of the collection is called, — there is, as he himself becomes finally aware, a fatal magic which, no matter how varied and many-colored the threads of life may be, always weaves the same pattern.

I have emphasized this curious effect of monotony, not because it is necessarily opposed either to beauty or to æsthetic effectiveness. In its way Symons's verse is both beautiful and effective. There is indeed something to be said for his own opinion that a certain monotony is essential to art, — for his feeling that the Russian landscape as one approaches Moscow, with its almost unbearable vastness and monotony, gives rise to a mood akin

to that produced by the greatest art. Great beauty is never afraid of singleness of heart; one of the secrets of effectiveness is reiteration. Nor have I emphasized such monotony as something undesired and wholly unsought. That Symons, in fact, desired it secretly, with a strange sympathetic submission, even though it was closely followed by the shadows of *ennui* and monomania, one easily learns from that marvelous 'impression,' *An Autumn City:* that city of Arles in which the 'soul of autumn made itself a body,' that city whose pleasing monotony he contrasts with the variety of the empty sunlight and the obvious sea of Marseilles. Here the single tone of the dripping rain, the one air of the cathedral repeated over and over again, the single unchanging odor of the place, and the repetition of primitive peasant faces — all fuse into a unity of mood singularly pleasing to the nerves.

Neither as unbeautiful, therefore, nor yet as undesired, does this monotony impress itself upon us, but rather as something inevitable and inexorable. For this fundamental sameness of realization, amid the greatest variety of appreciations, is, if I mistake not, one of the marks of impressionism, of that attitude of mind and will peculiar to the cult of the æsthetic instrument. In place of simplicity of conception there is this sameness of realization; for the unity of creative passion, there is the unity of the relaxed mood. The genus, it is true, may have many species, the fundamental mood may have a variety of emotional accompaniments and overtones. It may have all the cloying sweetness of William Morris's *Earthly Paradise;* it may be toned with the wistful speculation of Walter Pater's prose; it may have the bitter-sweet of Rossetti, or the sterile, dogged joys of Symons himself, — but in any case there is the same reiterated undertone, the sense of a will moving about in worlds unrealized. Dreamers they all are, wandering in a dreamless day. Whether then, retaining the one generous belief that nothing that has ever interested the human mind can wholly lose its worth, they may seek to extract from the past a timeless value; or, once deceived by the too facile consolations of romance, they may snatch enjoyment from the soulless appearances of the moment; in either case it is the enjoyment of the mood after the dogma about which it has formed is gone, the sad residuum of an indeterminate idealism.

II

Symons's collection of poems, *London Nights*, is dedicated to Paul Verlaine; his *Days and Nights* to Walter Pater. If he has learned much of his art from the former, some of whose poems he has translated, it is safe to say that he has got much of his philosophy from the latter. The former may have taught him the technical secrets of a most delicate detachment of appearance from reality; the latter has given him the theory of that detachment.

To be sure, Symons practices his master's creed with a difference, his temperament allowing him to extract from nature the essences of many things which Pater's coldness will not let him touch. Yet in both there is that same fastidiousness of taste that finds nature tasteless, and that will not allow them to take the raw emotion, 'the big, foolish, dirty thing,' just as it is. In both there is the same sedate and sombre lack of humor, a necessary consequence of their finding nature tasteless. In both, and back of all, there is the same deep-seated and instinctive hatred of the commonplace, which,

whether congenital or acquired, is the source of both the philosophy and the practice of the æsthete and the impressionist.

As it happens, one may find in Pater a statement of this very creed; a statement not only exquisite in the accuracy of its self-revelation, but also serving as the superscription for almost everything that Symons has written. 'It is easy,' so Pater tells us in his essay on Winckelmann, 'to indulge the commonplace metaphysical instinct. But a taste for metaphysics may be one of the things that we must renounce if we mean to mould our lives to æsthetic perfection. Philosophy,' he continues, 'serves culture, not by a fancied gift of absolute or transcendental knowledge, but by suggesting questions which help one to detect the passions, the strangenesses, the contrasts of life.'

In these two articles of his creed, — not only the denial of the instinct for the real behind appearance, for this and this only is the metaphysical instinct at bottom, but also the perverted use of this instinct to stimulate the passions, the strangenesses, the contrasts of life, — the 'perfect æsthete' stands revealed. With true insight the hater of the commonplace denies the metaphysical instinct in all its forms, for it is not only commonplace, but is the most common of all things. It is the feeling for the roots of reality, for the solidarity of instinct, of which the several instincts are but feeble anticipations; it is *the primal lust.* Denial, frustration of this primal lust is the philosophy of impressionism. In the matter of the elemental and common instincts of life, the perfect æsthete will, as Symons confesses in the matter of love, 'cultivate diverse imaginings, strange reticences, only that the one vulgar final act remain an unadmitted fact.' In some obscure way it is always the vulgar final fact of realization, in short the metaphysical instinct, from which such an one shrinks.

With Pater this vulgar instinct for the real back of appearance is to be renounced. With others, as with Symons himself, there is rather a perverse and inevitable frustration of the instinct. In the first chapter of his *Spiritual Adventures*, entitled 'A Prelude to Life,' he not only confesses an early — almost congenital — hatred of the elemental and commonplace, but in his 'impressions' of his early self reveals a form of experience that amounts almost to a dissociation of appearance and reality. In that mere chain of unconnected emotions and sensations, so obscure and meaningless at first, one finally receives an impression of extraordinary lucidity and outrightness. One comes to see that of just these detached, abstracted moments, was his life composed. The singular sensitiveness to life's impressions combined with an equally singular impenetrability to life's interests, — this, one comes to see, is not a pose but a prepossession.

The tales which make up the body of the *Adventures* are studies in just such æsthetic dissociations. In Christian Trevalga the bondage to the passing sensation is one of tones. For him music becomes the only reality. Something more than the soul of humanity expressing itself in melody; it is a real thing that may be hurt. Cut off from the vulgar but full and resonant emotions of humanity, the musician comes to find unearthly feelings in the tones themselves.

All this, it is true, does not take place without a struggle. Trevalga tries to find himself, to *become real* again by falling in love, and in this experience for a time he again touches real things. But his master is imperious and, real-

ity again receding, the mastery of appearances passes over into a permanent hallucination.

In *The Death of Peter Waydelin* it is the tragedy of the lust and dominance of the eye. An initial slightly novel way of seeing things, an obscure facility for abstracting color, light, and shade from its meanings, passes finally into a permanent set of the eye in which all things are seen with a monotonous tinge of green, and into a distortion of the soul in which all things are bathed in illusion.

In these two studies of 'art for art's sake' there are indeed striking hints of the psychology of the musician and painter, but even more interesting is the philosophy of impressionism that emerges. 'There had been, it was clear to me,' the fictitious observer of Waydelin remarks, 'some obscure martyrdom going on, not the less for art's sake because it came out of the very necessity of things.'

Such a creed is apparently inevitable at some stage of the development of the artist. The affinity for impressionism and unreality is inherent in the artistic temperament. In the diary which he kept at Venice, Wagner speaks of the magical effect of the square of St. Mark's, as of 'a wholly distant outlived world' admirably fitting his wish for solitude. 'Nothing to strike one as directly real life. Everything is objective like a work of art.' He speaks of its 'thoroughly theatrical suggestion, through its absolute uniqueness and its sea of utter strangers void of all concern for me — merely distracting one's fancy.' Half-æsthetic states of still another type are eagerly sought by the artist to prolong the isolation, 'the instant made eternity'; those of the 'Absinthe-Drinker,' who, as in the poem of Symons of that name, gently waves the visible world away, or of his 'Opium Smoker' who is engulfed and drowned, deliciously swathed with the cerements of eternity. Whether as the unasked gift of the moment, or as the artificial widening and deepening of the specious present, it is such experiences, so congenial to the artistic temperament, that lead to the belief that 'the complete and perfect artist is from all eternity separated from reality.'

For many this is but a phase of experience; 'tired of eternal unreality, they reach out into that very thing that is forbidden them.' For others again, as for Symons himself, the contradiction in the artist's temperament remains permanent. Thus it is that the obscure martyrdom of the artist is a part of Symons's creed, — for him there must be no longer merely the conscious denial of the metaphysical instinct, but some fatal and inexorable frustration of the commonplace instinct for reality itself; no longer merely a sense of æsthetic perfection, but a prescience of the monotony of sterile realizations. This it is that pervades the *Spiritual Adventures*, this is the burden of his critical philosophy of beauty.

In his *Romantic Movement*, written with the avowed intention of exalting the work of Blake, Coleridge, and Shelley as the final criterion of poetry, Symons speaks of Shelley as 'an enchanter who never mistakes the images he calls up for realities,' and yet he immediately adds, with a contradiction that would be inexplicable were it not involved in his whole philosophy, 'that *Prometheus* is a cloudy procession of phantoms seen in a divine hallucination!' In his own experience, accordingly, this contradiction is never resolved. Condemned to the unreality of existences that he has transformed to mere appearances, he is yet constantly aware of a mystical reality that has escaped him in the process. He complains that he is 'too much possessed

by the apparent and unreal.' He regrets the corporeal and worldly limitations that shut him out from the mystical. In short — if you are vouchsafed the divine hallucination, you will have absolute poetry; if, on the other hand, as he confesses in his own case, this be not attained, you will have — well, impressionism! In any case — and this is the sum of the matter — the blood of the martyrs is the seed of beauty.

III

Abstraction, disengagement of beauty from life — such is Symons's conscious goal. An obscure, though none the less real, martyrdom of sense and sentiment is its recognized condition. One would like to know just what this beauty, this æsthetic perfection is, and by what it is to be known. Such a definition is not to be found in Symons's writings; though not without his standards, he never defines them directly. One finds, it is true, certain secondary qualities that are fairly constant, — the strangeness that romanticism adds to beauty, the monotony that accompanies the greatest art. It is only between the lines that one learns to read, and finally to formulate to himself, a certain obscure ideal of pure beauty, of beauty pure and undefiled, not without its tone of curious asceticism.

Pater somewhere speaks of a transparent, diaphanous type of soul that would value every single experience at its timeless worth, not caring to add to or abstract from it. What he seems to mean is that in such a soul, each experience, freed from its pragmatic reality, could will its own intention with uninhibited purity. The solidarity of sense and instinct being broken up, the demands of the thing, of our own and other wills being denied, the absoluteness of each experience would be purchased by its unreality. In this artificial suppression of all relations would lie the veritable unreality of the life that art thus offers us, but also its supreme beauty. Some such purity of appreciation, the result of the inhibition of thought-relations, constitutes the æsthetic perfection.

Purity of impression has a well-defined meaning for the impressionist of ear and eye. Has purity of appreciation a similar intent for the virtuoso of feeling and mood? For the former, as we have seen in Symons's studies of the martyrs of these two senses, it is in just this freedom of the color or tone from its pragmatic reality, this freedom in which it wills its own intention with uninhibited purity, that beauty is to be found. The light and color of things, so the impressionist in painting would say, are to be given in art as they are intrinsically for consciousness, not as they are as instruments of knowledge — before they have begun to serve as means of knowledge, or after they have ceased thus to function. In so far as they enter into the subjective feeling of the individual, sensations are pleasant or unpleasant; in so far as they serve the purposes of knowledge, they are true or false; in so far as in and for themselves they are appreciated and brought to expression, they are æsthetically true or untrue, and therefore beautiful or ugly.

Not essentially different is the ideal of the virtuoso of the soul. Here, too, as Symons indeed tells us, the purpose of art is to show man what he is to himself alone, and his feeling as it is for itself alone. As in the case of the sensations, art is to ignore those special demands of pragmatic reality, through which they are changed and improved, so in the case of feelings and emotions, she is to remove all those moral purposes, all the limitations which spring from the complexity

of the social life, or from the rigidity of individual character, allowing the feeling to live itself out in individual purity. A violent passion, a profound melancholy, sweeps over the soul. A thousand different elements meet and interpenetrate, without precise contours, without the least tendency to become externalized, to take the commonplace mould of social habit or moral form. This is the price of their originality. Description, as ordinarily understood, means just this: to give them this form and mould; but then, instead of describing our feelings, we have really taken from them their unique color and aroma, and have substituted a juxtaposition of inert states translated into social counters. But beauty is the opposite of all this; not thus, but rather by a reversal of this process, is the disengagement of beauty from life to be attained.

Thus, an essential similarity of intention, as of realization, belongs (*pace* the *New Laocoon!*) alike to the impressionist of sense and of sentiment. They also share a common weakness — a disregard for the structural elements of reality. It has been said of a Manet or a Monet, that in their passion for atmosphere, the mere object becomes indifferent — 'just enough suggestion of form to supply solar reflections and to hang saturated vapors upon, sufficed them.' May it not also be said of a Symons, that in his passion for nuances of experience, the soul itself becomes indifferent; that he seeks just enough suggestion of character to supply the reflections of passions or to serve as a peg upon which to hang detached and vaporous emotions? If it may be said of the impressionists of color that, for the purposes of their studies, they come to cease to work except in the face of a sensation, and lose the power of deliberate construction, may it not be said of these impressionists of the soul that to them is finally very little more left than a power to vibrate with wonderful promptness to any transient sensation or emotion? The very delicacy and tremulous fluency of Symons's touch is but an outward and visible sign of this inner emotionalism. The deliberate disregard of all those rigid qualities, whether prejudice or obligation, that constitute the form of the soul, results in a fluidity of values which, while not without a unique quality of beauty, represents an excessive sacrifice to the ideal of perfected appreciation.

IV

The poets of romance are always singing of love; the realists of novel and drama never cease to think and talk of sex. Both of these we may call morbid valuations; yet in some obscure way all the extensions of the metaphysical instinct seem to find their roots here. Doubtless it is not wholly true that, as Symons has put it into the mouth of 'Lust' to say, —

> Love was born
> To be the world's delight and scorn,
> That man might veil, his eyes being dim,
> My own infinity in him; —

doubtless it is not entirely true that all the refractions of the infinite, in morals, in art, in religion, are but 'broken lights' of love. Nevertheless it must be recognized that all the tragic possibilities of the human will may be seen reflected in this one dark pool. Certainly the morbid frustration of the metaphysical instinct, half deliberate violence, half obscure martyrdom, the whole tragedy of abstraction of beauty from life, is at its deepest point in the poem from which these lines are taken.

The possibilities of delight and scorn are for Symons varied indeed, as varied as his *London Nights*, but the ground

tones resolve themselves into two ultimate moods, both sterile, half-scornful joys of a vicious abstraction. In one mood he hails the simplicity of pure lust. He finds, in a poem such as 'Idealism,' an inexpressible delight in the knowledge that the woman has no soul, no possibilities of mind or heart, but is merely 'this masterpiece of flesh.' Again in 'Liber Amoris' he finds a rapture in the thought of love sinking from the infinite — and just enough to last one night.

In quite another mood, however, and one almost as frequent, he seeks all the subtleties, diverse imaginings, and strange reticences of love, 'only that the one final vulgar act remain an unadmitted fact.'

In either case it is a vicious abstractionism, turning realities into appearances, a lust for realization moving about in worlds unrealized.

To this sophisticated use of the metaphysical instinct the philosophy of impressionism naturally gravitates. And the end thereof is decadence. Frustration of this instinct for the real is of necessity followed by perversion and sterilization of the emotions. For all these emotions which the artist seeks to detect, and in which he luxuriates, presuppose the absolute reality of their objects. A passion by its very nature is a claim to absoluteness, a projection into infinity. The tragic is impossible without certain fixed prepossessions or prejudices concerning the real. The sentiment of sublimity appears only where the absolute shows itself for a moment, where an elevation above or descent below the *milieu* of experience causes it to show its face.

All these emotions, to be rich and full, must presuppose the structural elements of the soul which the impressionist disregards. To feel them one must assume the rigid prepossessions, the absolutes, on which they live and from which they draw their blood. All these must be intensely real. But it is as a spiritual parasite, clinging to life by the tentacles of make-believe, that the impressionist and illusionist live, and luxuriate in their emotions. Tragedy, strangeness, even sublimity of a kind — all are there, but somehow they are substitutes, unreal, and without heart, frustrate ghosts of passions that are spent.

There is, in fact, in Symons's writings, especially in his poetry, a certain curious tone, — not unrelated to the monotony of which we have spoken, — describable only as a sort of parasitic sublimity. It flashes out here and there in his shorter poems, but it is felt most surely in the longer ones, such as 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins' and 'Faust and Helena.' One need not deny the thrill of these poems to recognize that it is specious; one need not deny the sublimity of vices raised to the infinite, to realize that this very sublimity is achieved only by a morbid contrast with the really structural elements of life. The sentiment is there, but it is parasitic. It lives only in the world of morbid valuations, only so long as the sentiment of the absolute is lent to images and ideas that will not bear its weight.

Nowhere does Symons show this specious, perverted sublimity more completely than when he touches religious emotion, as in 'Seward Lackland.' If his frequent enjoyment of religious images and emotions without their dogmatic core of belief is an unpleasant travesty of religion, this picture of enjoyment of the sacrifice of one's soul for the glory of God, this orgy of morbid valuations, becomes well-nigh unbearable.

One wishes that the æsthetic would leave God out of the business; that, as Laplace in his phenomenalism, so

Symons in his impressionism, should say, 'I have no need of this hypothesis.' But no! He does need it, precisely for his inverted sublimities. One almost feels that, like the *décadent* in one of Jokai's novels, he might easily use a night of debauchery as an exquisite preparation for the enjoyment of Gregorian tones.

After all, then, Symons does indulge the metaphysical instinct. Indeed he explicitly says that 'poetry and metaphysics are alike a disengaging, though for different ends, of the absolute element in things.' And if, again, with Pater and the other impressionists, he holds that music is the most metaphysical of the arts, it is because, for him at least, 'it comes to us with a divine hallucination, chills us a little with its airs from heaven and elsewhere, and breaks down for an instant the too solid walls of the world, showing us the gulf.'

It is all a question of the end. And his end is to feel and to show the gulf! He is metaphysical for the same reason that he is anything else — for the sake of the sensation. Would he not, one is constrained to ask, rather find the gulf than the solid platform of the world? Is it not just the chill of the gulf that he finds delightful, perhaps because of his very fever and restlessness?

V

In the *Prelude to Life* Symons speaks of his feverish delight in the mere *seeing* of London. 'I grasped at all these sights,' so the account runs, 'with the same futile energy as a dog that I once saw standing in an Irish stream, and snapping at the bubbles that ran continually past him on the water. Life ran past me continually and I tried to make all the bubbles my own.' Doubtless all this began with a mere delight in appearances, the sheer joy of living, the animal fondness for sparkle and movement. But it ended in being a desperately serious, if futile occupation. It became a kind of spiritual avarice. Symons has indeed, a curious soul-affinity for the miser, whose passion he seems to understand. That which is least comprehensible to most men, the hoarding of the mere empty counters of exchange, is for him full of a real if perverted poetry. He speaks of the respect for money as for the most serious thing in the world: 'the symbol of a physical necessity,' it is true, but 'a thing having no real existence in itself, no importance to the mind that refuses to realize its existence.' Only the miser really possesses it in itself, for the miser is the idealist, the poet of gold! Symons's spiritual avarice is greedy of the poetry of the passing moment, the golden moments through which life passes on its way. Nothing that he has written has such convincing personal reality as his picture of Avarice in 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,' — that Avarice which

> Hoards the moments love let slip . . .
> Embracing all things that exist,
> All kisses that all lips have kissed!

Surely we have here what the philosophers call the bad Infinite, and the sterile, ugly Absolute. It is a trick a vicious abstractionism can play in life, as well as in philosophy.

One of the romanticists to whom Symons devotes a short section, a certain Darly, says of himself, 'My whole life has been an abstraction — such must be my work.' It is not strange that Symons finds 'every word' of the short letter in which this sentence occurs, 'a revelation.' It was a revelation precisely because it revealed a truth that was also personal. I am not sure but that he would have called his own life an extraction, rather

than an abstraction, if one may be suffered this play with words, — one long process of extracting the essence or quintessence of beauty from life and its moments; from men and from cities; from music and from plays; from the soul and from the flesh; never, however, taking the thing as it was, but rather in that morbid valuation in which one seeks to render moments of sensation and emotion absolute, to widen instants to eternities, and in which one finds only the bare identities of love, the sameness of *London Nights*, and finally a life that is but a dream.

Yet with it all, this avarice remains his one abiding passion. In 'Satiety' he tells us, —

> I loathe the laggard moments as they pass

(the futile energy with which he snapped at the passing moment has changed to another mood), —

> Yet if all power to taste the dear deceit
> Be not outworn and perished utterly,
> Lend me some last illusion e'er I be
> A clod, perhaps, at rest within a clod.

In contrast to all this there come to mind the words of a splendid little spendthrift of life; words which, although they may shock us with their vulgar freshness, seem almost made to throw into the face of such as Mr. Symons: —

'I don't care a rap for remembering,' she cries; 'I care for you. This moment could n't be better until the next moment comes. That 's how it takes me. Why should *we* hoard? We are n't going out presently like Japanese lanterns in a gale. It 's the poor dears who do, who know they will, who can't keep it up, who need to clutch at wayside flowers and put 'em in little books for remembrance. Flattened flowers are n't for the likes of us. Moments, indeed! We like each other fresh and fresh. It is n't illusion for us. We, too, just love each other — the real identical other all the time.'

Is this mere bravado — this carelessness and extravagance? Or is it the fruit of a discipline that Symons seems never to have known? Perhaps it is but that deeper metaphysical instinct which he deliberately frustrated and renounced.

MAURICE BARRÈS AND THE YOUTH OF FRANCE

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

I

PERHAPS the most significant experience that comes to one who lives for a time in France is the vivid personal realization that above all the concrete manifestations of industry and religion, politics and letters, there is France, and that her thought and action, politics and poetry, national endeavor and daily life, are woven together into an intimate cultural fabric of a richness and tenacity of which we have little knowledge at home in our heterogeneous America.

In this wondrous city of Paris, where art is the occasion for continual intellectual warfare, and ideas cause *débâcles*, one cannot read the journals or see the play, or even walk the streets, yellow with their flood of books, without seeming to touch everywhere the soul of France. Everything has its style, everything has its spirit characteristically French, and the nation, as a whole, is proudly conscious of it. And, more significant still to the American who watches his language go to pieces under the strain put upon it by the exigencies of the pulsating American life, there is a language here which conserves all these attitudes and nuances of feeling, and may still, unlike our modern English, express both simplicity and ardor with perfect freedom from banality.

But, best of all, one finds in France a true *jeunesse*, a younger generation, into whose hands the precious fabric of the national culture is given for conservation and use. In France, unlike our Anglo-Saxondom, youth, like woman and democracy, seems to be taken seriously; it is the thinking youth who measure for the nation the direction and force of the spiritual currents of the day, and stamp upon the age its characteristic impress. And the older generation, having played its rôle of youth, is not averse to devoting itself to discovering what the new *jeunes gens* are thinking and dreaming. By means of *enquêtes*, or a sort of social introspection, the literary journals keep the public informed as to the intellectual tendencies of youth, even, in these latter days, of the feminine youth as well, and thus seek to make on every side youth articulate. The French education seems to set for its goal, above all things, the achievement of clarity of thought and expression. And the first result seems to be that in French youth introspection is robbed of the morbid terrors which so affright the Anglo-Saxon, destitute as he is of the faculty of expression and thus forced to watch his own thoughts. Because of our less developed social sense, our introspections are forcibly kept individual, while to the Frenchman it is always not what I find in my soul, but what we find in our soul that matters. No writing is so personal as the French; even the philosopher and sociologist will often take the reader along the personal progress of his thought, colored as it may be with emotional reactions. Where the English writer would prefer the oracularly impersonal truth, the Frenchman

is not ashamed to exhibit his 'caring' for the truth and effectiveness of his idea.

This faculty of social introspection and self-consciousness of the French genius has luminous results for those minds, both at home and abroad, who would feel the French soul of the moment. For it means that the influential writers of the age, having worked through their own adjustment of youth, their conflict with the issues of the day, leave behind them the record of their progress for the eager youth of the generation pressing on their heels. They portray with incomparable art their emotions and ideas, their weakness as well as their strength, not in egoism, but that these other minds may find themselves in them. And then in turn the writers reflect that reflection in the rising literary youth, thus sensitively reacting to the change of spiritual current, and keeping their own thought ever progressively fresh and young.

II

Such has been the course of the thought of Maurice Barrès, acknowledged in all circles as the most influential writer of the day in France. In the progress of his romances, which are half essays, and his essays which are half romances, is reflected the trend of the French spirit of the last twenty-five years. The nationalism which is the theme of his delicate works has become, after many twistings and turnings, the gospel of the modern French youth. And his books present the most perfect picture we have of that evolution.

The youth of Barrès himself was spent in the years of disenchantment which followed the great war, the war that was a spiritual as well as a physical defeat. The almost mystical confidence in the power of the French genius to triumph over brute force had disappeared before the mailed fist of the Prussian. Even the Utopian flame, the revolutionary enthusiasm which might have rejuvenated the spirit of the people, was utterly stamped out in the ferocity of the suppression of the Commune. The apathy and torpor of the younger generation in this atmosphere of defeat are faithfully pictured in *Les Déracinés*, based on Barrès's own days at the Lycée. Here he found an education, built upon the philosophy of Kant and his German followers, as if France were making a pathetic attempt, in the same way in which the Orientals are acting to-day with regard to the Western world, to absorb the ideas which had made the strength of her victor. But in these ideas, 'les plus hautes et les plus désolées,' the youth of Barrès's day found no fortification of soul. The atmosphere of detached rationalism, the divorce of pure reason and pure sensibility, so uncongenial to the personal and artistic French spirit, could only tear up the youth from their French soil, without transplanting them into the rich German ground. Such philosophy could only make those who absorbed it candidates for nihilism. Abjuring this, the thought of Barrès set itself, almost unconsciously, the task of re-acclimatizing the French spirit, of restoring its faith in itself.

But the difficulty of this task was aggravated by the scientific skepticism which was raging at the time. Taine had been hammering home, in a detached Anglo-Saxon way, the truths of scientific determinism, while Renan had been questioning, with destructive irony, the spiritual values upon which the established order had founded its codes and impressed them upon the soul of youth. These two masters with their disciples held the field between them, and what idealism did show itself among the literary youth, deso-

lated by national defeat and materialistic skepticism, found a forced refuge in an unreal world of symbolistic poetry, an artificial and dilettante world of sensuality which was as foreign to the French spirit of clarity and grace as was the philosophy of Kant.

But Barrès's own thought took a different road. Instead of turning to a world of mystical sensation, like Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Mallarmé, he turns, like Descartes before him, to find what he has in his own soul that has escaped the wreck of things. In dilettante fashion indeed, and in somewhat insincere imitation of the introspective methods of the old Church fathers, he submits his reactions to minute analysis, and works out a quaint sort of sensuous stoicism, a wistful, half-mocking cult of the individual, the 'moi,' the power of being 'un homme libre,' a free man.

But such individualism in a soul which was searching for the French genius, always incorrigibly social, could only be unstable and ephemeral, and it is because Barrès's thought felt the wider appeal of the nation's soul that he is the most eagerly read French writer to-day, while the symbolist contemporaries of his youth have passed like their own fleeting sensations. Already in *Le Culte du Moi*, with its pictures of his native Lorraine countryside into which he withdraws with his friend to meditate, one feels the suggestion of the larger collective life to which he must soon be sensitive. In a phrase which only a French mind, perhaps, can understand, he says, 'Be skeptical — and ardent!' That cause which is to excite his ardor is to be the life of Lorraine with its quiet beauty, its recovered peace, its procession of passing generations; and through Lorraine, the national collectivity of France. With that precise and beautiful social intuition of the French genius, this 'moi' of Barrès, unsatisfied with itself, reaches out and finds itself not an individual in a fortuitous collection, but a link in a great chain, a focus of innumerable rays of culture, tradition, and race. He recognizes that he 'represents a moment in the development of a race, an instant in a long culture, a gesture among a thousand gestures, of a force which preceded him and will survive him.' And with Lorraine as the text, a theme which at once calls to his own mind a rich treasury of tradition and stirs in the mind of the French reader the feelings of assertion and revenge, Barrès proceeds, after the insufficiency of the 'cult of himself' has been established in *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, and *Sur l'Œil des Barbares*, to a reconstruction of French nationalism. In *Au Service de l'Allemagne*, *Les Amitiés Françaises*, *La Colline Inspirée*, the virtues of his Lorraine — the pathos of its immemorial labor, the fidelity of its soldiers and priests, the design and balance of its city, Nancy, the sober order of its old society — all give a text for the exposition under a thousand forms of the French genius in its purity and vigor.

III

In his later articles and speeches, this exposition develops into a genuine philosophy of nationalism, — a nationalism which shall mean the defense and conservation of French art and ideas and manners as well as her military reorganization and defense; a patriotism which shall define a Frenchman as 'one who has come to a consciousness of his own formation,' 'who has put himself at the single point of view of the French life,' and feels within himself all the thousand strands of the past and present which make him what he is. He preaches a return of art to the old principles of clarity, balance, and design, the art of 'la continuité

française,' and a new catholicism, recognizing the social meaning of the 'communion of saints,' — the ideal collective life where the hunger of the 'moi individuel' is satisfied by the 'moi social.' And finally, a cult of France, symbolized in 'la terre et les morts,' — the land and its dead, — with its worshipers bound together in interwoven links of *amitiés*, a consciousness of a common background of living truth.

This is the nationalism which has called the youth of the rising generation back to a defense of 'l'esprit français,' and surely traditionalism has never been preached in such seductive terms! A traditionalism from which all the blind, compressing forces of the social groups have been withdrawn, so that one feels only the nourishing influences of a rich common culture in which our individual souls are steeped, and which each generation carries on freely, consciously, gladly, because of its immortal power to express the traits of the race's genius, — this is a gospel to which one could give one's self with wistfulness and love!

And to such an appeal, touching with a subtle and delicate style all the chords of the French soul, Barrès would have found the youth of France responding *en masse* during those early years of the nineties when his doctrines of nationalism were first taking shape, if the astounding drama of French thought had not provided an intermediate scene, which, bursting like a bombshell upon the nation in the Dreyfus affair, showed in its ugliest forms the actual obscurantism of these national institutions of church and army and race which Barrès was beginning to present in his lovely colors of idealization. The *affaire*, which seemed to the outside world simply a matter of the triumph of individual justice, was for France a colossal combat of ideas, and as a result the national storehouses of tradition were revealed as lodging-places for the basest of prejudices and blind injustices, rather than for the rich common culture of France. While the reconstruction of the national genius had been going on in minds like that of Barrès, an international socialism had been growing up by its side. The exiled Communards had been filtering back; industrial development had made the working-classes restless; Paris was reasserting her position as the cosmopolitan capital of Europe; and the blind fury with which the military and ecclesiastical circles pursued the unfortunate Jew threw all these new elements of internationalism and humanitarianism into one solid block.

The victory of the humanitarian party was so overwhelming that Church and Army were almost as effectually erased from the spirit of France as had been the revolutionary socialism after the sanguinary reprisals of the Commune. And in the *débâcle* of traditional institutions, this new spirit of nationalism, which Barrès had been so carefully constructing, went down. France entered upon a decade of secular democracy, a golden age of internationalist and socialist feeling. The middle-class political parties leaned toward socialist action, the syndicalist organization of the workers made rapid progress, the peace movement became popular, the Church was denationalized, the age of *l'Humanité* seemed to have come. The new nationalism had developed at a bound into internationalism.

The great prophets who emerged from the devastating conflict were Anatole France and Emile Zola. France, with his metaphysical skepticism and humanitarian socialism, seemed to combine that disillusionment and ardor which Barrès had preached in his 'cult of himself.' Zola, on the other hand,

satisfied the hunger for realism which represented the reaction against the dreamy symbolism of the poets who went down too in the wreck of traditionalism, while in his dogged battle for justice he struck a new and profounder sincerity into the hearts of the French youth. Together, these two writers seem to have held the field between them for more than a decade, expressing the wider aspirations of the time, and yet, in the case at least of Anatole France, not losing the delicate touch of irony and grace which is perhaps the finest and most subtle quality of the French genius.

IV

To the visitor to-day in France who asks what the younger generation is thinking and dreaming, it seems that that golden age has passed. The reaction has occurred, the nationalism of Barrès, checked by the *affaire*, has at last asserted itself, and the youth of France find their spirit called home to defend the national spirit against the enemies within and without. For suddenly the golden age was struck by the electrifying menaces of Germany at Agadir, and in a flash the whole situation seemed to be revealed. 'While you have been indulging,' reaction said, 'in these dreams of social Utopias at home and perpetual peace abroad, you have left the nation undefended, you have weakened her so that her hereditary enemy does not fear to flout her in the face of Europe.'

The old feelings began to be renewed, the burden of Lorraine began again to reverberate through the French soul. On top of Agadir came the great railway strike with its threat of syndicalist revolution. To the frightened bourgeoisie, alarmed at the power they had been giving to the workers, the golden age suddenly revealed itself as the criminal idleness of fantastic reverie. To-day, after four years, one finds the reaction in full swing. Military service, which had seemed a bitter and barely tolerable evil, is actually increased by one-half, and is hailed as the sacrifice which the youth of France must be prepared to make for the nation. The pacifist internationalism now assumes the guise of a chimerical dream, and the old national antagonisms loom again. The Church, whose fall was viewed almost with indifference, now begins to seem lovely in her desolation; her political and social power shattered, the thoughtful youth begin to respond to her æsthetic appeal. Even royalism, under the leadership of some of the most able intellects of the day, begins to raise its head, and to preach a cult of the crown as the symbol of the social order and spiritual cohesion, without which a true nationalism is impossible.

In the numerous symposiums of the journals, the 'social introspections' of the day, one sees the trend of these tendencies and the influence of Barrès, whose position, one is told, is almost without a parallel since Chateaubriand. Physically and spiritually the youth of France seem to be setting themselves to the defense of 'l'esprit Français.' The hard and decivilizing life of the *caserne* is accepted for its long three years as a necessary sacrifice against the threats of the foe to the east. Politically, a restlessness seems to be evident, a discontent with the feebleness and colorlessness of the republican state, and a curious drawing together of the extreme Left and the extreme Right, in an equal hatred, though from opposite horizons, of the smug capitalism of the day, — a *rapprochement* for the founding of the Great State, which shall bind the nation together in a sort of imperial democracy, ministering to the needs of all the people and raising

them to its ideals of splendor, honor, and national defense.

Spiritually one finds a renaissance of religious faith, — mystical and social, however, rather than dogmatic; for a new prophet, Bergson, has arisen to justify the intuitional approach to the reality of the life-force, unmediated by the cold concepts of science. Yet, while he shelters mystical appreciation, he seems to glorify the life of action, at whose service he puts the intelligence. So that the youth of the day, following him, are both more mystical than the realistic followers of Zola and the rationalistic followers of Anatole France, and at the same time more resolute and active, more eager for the combat with life, than were the humanitarians of the preceding decade. This taste for action finds expression in the new popularity of sports, and the expressed admiration which one finds for the individualism of the Anglo-Saxon. All these tendencies seem to mark the reappearance of a fusion of thought and action, of intelligence and feeling, which is the characteristic charm of the French genius. In the midst of what seems like reaction, this new spirit is searching for a national self-consciousness which shall clearly see, strongly feel, and sanely act. In the search for the *nationalisme intégrale* of Barrès, the youth of to-day, one feels, are seeking the nourishing qualities of the traditional trait, the richness of a common culture which, has a right to make traditionalism seem seductive and beautiful.

For this new cult of nationalism is a very different thing from what it would have been if it had succeeded when first preached by Barrès, unpurified by the humanitarian socialism of the golden age. The new national consciousness is not a mere chauvinism, but sounds deeper notes of genuine social reform at home. Social work, of the sort that is testifying to a generally awakened social consciousness in America, is attracting great numbers of the youth of both sexes in France to-day. The sociological philosophy has made great advances in the last decade in France, and is influencing an important younger school of writers, who call themselves *unanimistes*. Much of the more youthful writing of the day bears witness to the enthusiastic discovery of William James, and of our divine poet of democracy, Walt Whitman.

So, if the French youth of the present day, inspired by the traditionalist Barrès, are coming to know their own national genius anew, they are coming to a knowledge of it immensely enriched and fertilized by the liberation of those years of socialism and a broadly ranging humanism. A traditionalism, rich and appealing like that of Barrès, but colored by this new social and pragmatic feeling, seems the best of guaranties that the younger generation in France, no matter what the dread exigencies of national circumstance, will not go very permanently or very far along the path of obscurantism and reaction.

THE LAWYER'S CONSCIENCE AND PUBLIC SERVICE

BY CHARLES A. BOSTON

I

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1913, contrasted the professional standards of the lawyer and the physician, to the obvious discredit of the former. He expressed surprise that within two professions touching life upon matters of equal importance, — professions of ancient dignity and learning, and inviting to their service men of equal and rare ability, — there should in the same community be so different a spirit.

The inside daily workings of a profession are scarcely of sufficient interest to attract the attention of a magazine reader, or to merit their description in a magazine article, but when the profession is arraigned and attacked, then, after the manner of its system, it may justly be heard to reply. A reply, however, calls for a formulation of the charges, and, still following the fashion of the lawyer, in an endeavor to get at the substance of the charges, I find they can be summarized as inertia, technicality, faulty criminal procedure, neglect of duty to society, and unjust methods in advocacy.

But before I leave my text to launch out into an endeavor to state what a lawyer really is, and what his ideals not only should be, but are, let me point out that a contrast between physicians and lawyers is not either a sure or a safe way to detect or to correct a lawyer's faults. If we analyze the praise which in the article in question is meted out to a physician, and contrast it with the depreciation of the lawyer, we shall find that in essence the physician is commended for aiding his patient to escape the penalties imposed by nature, while the lawyer is condemned for aiding his client to escape the penalties imposed by man; nature's penalties are exact, and repentance and subsequent good works can do little to mitigate them, and the physician can counteract them only by aiding his patient to avoid them through others of nature's laws. Man's laws and penalties alike are uncertain, but the lawyer is condemned for aiding his client to escape their rigor by appeals to others of these laws, usually characterized by critics as technicalities.

Physicians utilize their knowledge of the habits of the human body to restore a disordered organism to efficient activity; anything which will do this is available for their use, and all they need to do to push forward their profession is to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge.

But lawyers can push forward their profession only by a more stupendous task, not of discovery, but of influence; having conceived the existing fault, they must first devise a means of correcting it, which will not in practice do more harm than good, and then they must induce the law-making power to accept it.

Lawyers have a much more difficult task as reformers than physicians. A single physician practices upon a single individual, and the success of his effort is the restoration of his patient. If we

should apply to the physician the duty measured by his larger obligation to society, conceived in the same spirit as the lawyer's larger duty of which we have read, we might easily proclaim that it is the physician's duty to kill his patient under certain circumstances in the interest of mankind. But we readily see the fallacy of this argument, because we can recognize that the physician's real duty to society is quite consistent with his duty to his patient, for his duty to each is the same. So it may also be with the lawyer in his relation to his client; it is not now, and never was, his social duty to abandon or betray his client; and the lawyer's duty to society, such as it is, is in nowise inconsistent with his being hired for his client's needs. Indeed, historically considered, it was the client's need, and nothing else, which gave rise to the brood of lawyers, and assigned them a recognized place in our judicial system.

If all men would settle their disputes amicably there would be little need of civil courts or judges; and if all men obeyed the laws, no need of criminal tribunals, and little need of lawyers. But before lawyers were, as an actual historical creation, men invaded rights and disobeyed laws; and before lawyers, and above them, were and are laws. And lawyers did not make the laws, but they must obey and observe them, and they must proceed as the laws require.

Laws may be divided into two great classes — those which concern rights, characterized as substantive laws; and those which concern the method of securing those rights, classed as remedial laws; and among remedial laws fall those which regulate the manner of procedure in the courts, and which, more frequently than substantive laws, give rise to what are commonly styled the technicalities of law.

II

It is possible, but not necessarily true, that lawyers could reform the laws of procedure. It is too true that many of them are satisfied with the existing defects of procedure, and merit the description inert, but this is certainly not true of the whole profession. The truth is, the profession alone cannot reform procedure, because it is crystallized in our law, and legislators or people, as the case may be, will not submit to change. For instance, taking pattern by, but improving upon, the English practice of a single court with separate branches appropriate for different sorts of work, and with rules of court, easy of change, to regulate and do away with most of the absurd technicalities of practice, a vigorous effort, inaugurated by lawyers, was made a few years ago in New Jersey to institute a model single court with necessary divisions, and with model and simple rules; but when the necessary changes in the state constitution to effect these results were submitted to the people, the people rejected them, largely because, as I understand, they wanted no changes suggested by lawyers. It is but fair to say, however, that I am also informed that there was no unanimity among the lawyers themselves. Since then the Legislature of New Jersey, acting on the initiative of lawyers, has utilized its power to make a simple and model body of rules which are designed primarily to eliminate much of the truly despicable technicality of practice. But this required legislative action, without which the lawyers were quite powerless to reform the practice.

For the United States courts sitting in equity, Congress enacted in 1842 that the Supreme Court should make the rules of practice; and the result is that there never were more than 94

rules, and these have recently been reduced to 81. Congress has never, however, permitted the Court to make rules for practice at law, but has enacted that the practice at law in the Federal courts shall follow the state practice in the several states, thus giving rise to 48 different systems or sets of rules or practice at law, and of these the New York Code of Civil Procedure alone now contains about 2800 sections. And it has contained 3441 sections. Now a committee of the American Bar Association, composed exclusively of lawyers, is urging Congress to do with the practice at law in the Federal courts what it has been content to do with the practice in equity for a century and a quarter, and let the courts make the rules of practice.

When the Supreme Court recently remodeled and simplified its rules in equity it was to committees of lawyers in each of the nine Federal circuits that it submitted the formulation of suggestions for simplification and improvement; and in New York, by the grace of the Legislature of 1913, a committee of five lawyers is now considering a plan to simplify into a concise system its monstrous Code of Civil Procedure. The lawyers, in fact, instead of being inert, are so far as I know the only persons who are really moving to introduce practical reforms of procedure.

Before we can properly compare physicians and lawyers, to the discredit of the latter, we must first imagine physicians under a state system of medicine, in which not only broad theories of general practice, but also specific remedies and regulated doses are prescribed by a law-making power beyond the control of the physician, and under which the patient is himself clamoring for the administration of the theory, the remedy, and the dose prescribed by law, and the physician is liable for malpractice if he makes any novel departure and fails.

If the lawyer should disregard all absurdity, anachronism, and formalism, and follow his highest concepts of ideal justice, he would be liable to encounter the technical attacks of an adversary, which, according to existing law, the judge under his official oath, must recognize. And, if judge, advocate, and adversary should all accept the same ideals, their disposition of the cause might be at variance with actual law.

The simple truth is that all men are not agreed; that no technicality, no anachronism, and no absurdity has its place in the law which did not in its origin appeal to some man as reasonable, or was not introduced into the law to promote some one's idea of justice. It is not lawyers who are at fault, but the law; and until lawyers are given the law-making power they should not be blamed for the faults of the laws.

III

The worst charge that can be laid at the lawyer's door, in respect to defective laws, whether procedural or substantive, is that, in the interest of his client, he takes advantage of the law as it is, or as he claims it is, instead of as it ought to be in the opinion of his critic.

It is always a serious question how far a lawyer may sacrifice the legal rights of his client to his own sense of right and justice; but as a possible result, I suggest that a lawyer who sacrifices his client's actual rights to his own ideal sense of propriety, which is at variance with the legal measure of those rights, may be liable in damages for the departure. With us in the United States it is not generally believed that a lawyer is bound to accept a client or a cause (as I understand an English

barrister, generally speaking, is), and to that extent he may refrain from prosecuting or defending a cause which he deems unjust; nor is he bound to advance any illegal proposition, nor to maintain any position which he deems to be untenable; but it is, probably, his legal duty to his client, having accepted his cause or defense, to insist upon every right, whether procedural or substantive, the waiver of which would be disadvantageous to his client.

In short a lawyer is not the free agent that his critic would have us believe; he, as much as any one else, is the victim of a system which he did not originate, and for which he is not solely responsible. And as a matter of fact, through such agencies as the American Bar Association, the lawyers, as a profession, are doing a great deal toward a reform of law, of procedure, and of legal ethics. But as a profession they have no authoritative means of expression. The American Bar Association is a purely voluntary association; so are most, if not all, of the various state and county bar associations, and while they may resolve and may advise, and may formulate canons of legal ethics, and recommend simplification of practice, and the abolition of legal absurdities, they are really powerless until they get legislators and governors and people to rectify what they point out; and this process needs time.

With a proper reform of procedure it is to be hoped that there will come, in a large measure, the disappearance of what is generally deemed absurd technicality. And lawyers, who are not in fact inert, are moving vigorously to that end. No lawyer is familiar with the practice in all of the states, and none can speak for all of the states; but as in England many of the absurdities of practice were abolished in 1873 upon the giving to the High Court of Judicature of the power to make and enforce its own rules, so, I understand, they have largely disappeared in Connecticut with the introduction of the simplified practice of 1879; and it is to be hoped that the same experience will follow from the model rules adopted in New Jersey in 1912, and by the Supreme Court of the United States for equity practice in 1913. And it does not seem too much to hope that a similar expectation may be founded on the efforts now making through the American Bar Association to induce Congress to allow the Supreme Court to formulate uniform rules of practice at law for the Federal courts, and on the forthcoming report to the New York Legislature of 1915 of the commission for the simplification of the New York practice.

IV

Criminal procedure is in another category. Lawyers as a class do not practice in the criminal courts except in the rural communities, and the criticism of criminal procedure does not arise from rural trials. It is from celebrated cases in urban communities, which receive widespread public attention, and wide newspaper notoriety, that we learn to suspect criminal procedure of its faults. But if we pause to analyze these fancied miscarriages of justice, we shall find that the blame attaching to lawyers or judges is really slight. I have yet to learn that any of our jails are empty. And when we learn of the escape from conviction of some celebrated wrongdoer, who is popularly supposed to be worthy of punishment, it is not the lawyer, but the jury, which has acquitted, after the prosecuting officer has had an opportunity to present his case, and the judge to expound the law impartially. And when, after conviction, the accused escapes on appeal, or secures a

new trial, it is usually because the judges are administering and applying a law which they did not make, but which the obligations of an oath compel them to enforce impartially.

One of the most widely exploited cases of this character was that in Missouri in which a conviction was reversed because of the absence of 'the' from an indictment; an absurdity, perhaps, in itself, but a mandatory requirement of the Constitution which the judges had no part in passing, and which they were sworn to support. And when in some celebrated case, and after a long trial, the jury convicts and the court on appeal confirms, then the most vigorous efforts are made, frequently by the critics of the courts themselves, to reverse their action by appeal to the pardoning power.

The defects of criminal procedure, such as they may be, are, like the defects of civil procedure, the faults of laws and lawmakers, and not of judges or lawyers. A lawyer may avail himself of them for the advantage of his client because of his conception of his duty to his client, but the defects which allow him to do this are not of his making. Here again, however, the question of ethical duty arises, whether he may or should avail himself, in behalf of his client, of some provision of law which somebody else, or even he himself, disapproves as tending to defeat the ends of justice.

This question affords me the opportunity to consider what the lawyer is, and by what rules he should be governed in seeking to utilize the law of the land in the interest of his client.

Was the office of lawyer instituted for the protection of society, as opposed to the individual? Is it an office, as alleged, which society maintains for its own benefit, as distinguished from the individual need of the man who hires the lawyer? In truth and as a matter of fact, no! Whatever may have been the origin, need, or history of lawyers in other systems of jurisprudence, in ours the office is derived with the courts directly from England. And in England, whatever may have been the limits which its incumbents must not transgress in fulfillment of their duties to society, the origin and concept of the office related distinctly to the needs of the individual. It was to meet individual needs, and not the needs of society (save as society is composed of individuals), that the office was inaugurated. Any one can be a student of laws, and proficient in his knowledge of them, but only one who is duly admitted to practice by complying with legal regulations can become or be a lawyer, in the official and the popular sense. And there was a time, in England, when in the official sense lawyers did not exist; they have a distinct, traceable origin, in which we can find the first germs of their official duty.

Fundamentally and historically a lawyer's first duty is to his client, though he may not lawfully transgress certain other duties in his misconceived fidelity to his employer; and the man who maintains that lawyers are instituted and maintained by society for its own benefit, rather than for the benefit of the clients who hire them, is merely applying to an existing institution his own theories of what it ought to be, rather than stating what in its origin it was.

In the United States a lawyer now exercises the threefold function of adviser, representative, and advocate. The office of attorney, in the English courts, is said to have originated in a royal ordinance of King Edward I, in 1295; and the reason for its creation is said to have been the hardship to the individual defendant of going personally from distant parts of the king-

dom to attend the King's Court. These attorneys appear to have been at the outset agents merely, standing in the place of their principals; and so fully was the agency idea recognized that it is said that at one time an infant or an outlaw might be an attorney. Starting from this basis, as an office, the function of the lawyer developed until now he must be of good moral character and learned in the law, and must be examined for competency, duly admitted to the bar, and sworn to support the national and state constitutions, and to administer his office to the best of his ability.

It is historical error, therefore, to liken a lawyer to a priest, or to treat a lawyer as if he were a development from the priesthood, or his craft a priestcraft, or his concept of law revealed truth. Even among those lawyers who are criticized as being backward, inert, or otherwise reprehensible (although personally honest), the real basis of criticism, as I perceive it, is a too great fidelity to the interests of a client, and a willingness to utilize the law as it is, or as they think, or claim, it is, to the advantage of a client, who employs them, when, if they were merely indifferent, and were speculating philosophically upon the true interests of society, or were themselves making law, they would act otherwise. But this relates wholly to the lawyer as advocate; and it eliminates that vast body of cases never coming to light, but infinitely greater in number, in which the lawyer is adviser.

Although the lawyer as advocate looms large in the public mind through the usually sensational account of his activities which comes to public attention through the press, and in urban communities where these activities are most frequently made known, they are relatively insignificant when numerically considered. For instance, in my own judicial district, comprising the Borough of Manhattan, in the city of New York, there are about 12,000 lawyers, while there are awaiting trial in the Supreme Court usually about 13,000 cases, an average of only two pending cases to each lawyer, allowing for two lawyers in each case; but of these only 2416 cases are disposed of by trial in one year; so that the business of advocacy can bring the average lawyer in my community into court for a formal trial only in one case in about three years. Yet, there is doubtless more litigation in the aggregate in New York County than anywhere else in the United States, though perhaps not so much per lawyer. It will be seen therefore, if this county be taken as a type, that, relatively considered, advocacy is necessarily a small part of the average lawyer's occupation. In fact, of course, some lawyers devote their attention much more largely to advocacy and are in the courts frequently, while others are never seen there; but I am speaking of the average.

V

Lawyers as a body are not without a code of honor, and though the laws have not defined this code, lawyers have to some extent done so, by their traditions and voluntary acts. One finds the same general outlines of ethical propriety in a lawyer's conduct expressed in the regulations of Rome, the Code of Christian V of Denmark, promulgated in 1683, the practices of the French Bar, the traditions of the English Bar, the oaths in the German States, the oath of office in the Swiss Canton of Geneva, the statutory oath of the State of Washington, the code provisions of several western states, and the recently formulated canons of ethics of the American Bar Association, adopted in 1908. While these dif-

fer in detail, in underlying substance and dominant principle they are always much the same, and they all alike advocate and enjoin a high ideal of conduct whose controlling motive is altruistic. And yet throughout the entire period opportunity has been neither wanting nor neglected for writers to point the finger of scorn at the practices of lawyers. I am convinced that so far as this has any basis in the traditions of the profession itself, it arises from superficiality and misunderstanding on the part of the critic.

This is leaving out of consideration those black sheep within the profession, who disgrace it by their abuses. Whatever may be said of them they are relatively few in number, and thrive, so far as they do thrive, merely because of the failure of those interested, or charged with the duty, to utilize the remedies against them which the law itself, as well as the traditions of the profession, afford. I am not discussing those who abuse their office by violating its recognized obligations, but only the profession itself and its traditional standards. These are actually high, despite what in ignorance may be said to the contrary, but they do not embrace what some modern and enthusiastic progressives think they do or should embrace. For instance, while lawyers as individuals have ever actually been foremost in public service, and notably so in our own country, and while they are especially well equipped for it through their knowledge of history and laws, there is no tradition of the profession that they are public servants in the sense that they owe any duty to the public to bring about change. Every substantial change for the better seems in fact to owe its permanent formulation to the activity of some legally trained mind, but I am not aware that it is recognized by any tradition of the profession that a lawyer as such owes any duty to society as a constructive reformer.

The most perplexing ethical questions arise out of his position as advocate or attorney; in his position as adviser and counselor he may be free to counsel or dissuade, according to the very highest or even the most quixotic ideals; but when he has accepted responsibility as an attorney representing his client's rights, or as an advocate to plead his client's cause, then he is, or may be, pressed between the upper and nether millstones of inclination and duty.

For instance, it may be of great importance to the community that the truth should be known respecting a disputed fact, and it may be that a client may have confided the truth to his lawyer; but, whatever a lawyer may be personally inclined to do in respect to the disclosure of this truth, and whatever he may advise or whatever course he may adopt by way of inaction or refusal to proceed after learning the truth, he cannot by any legal process be compelled, nor will he be permitted, if he desires, to disclose it in evidence without his client's consent. If it were his own secret, he could loudly proclaim it, but as it is his client's secret, the law will not permit him to disclose it unless his client first waives the personal privilege accorded to him.

Now, this is the law, and not the mere arbitrary tradition of the profession. And like all law, it has its foundation in reason.

And so sound has this reason seemed to be that there is a progressive legislative wave operative in the United States, which in many states has now extended the rule to priests and physicians, and in some to trained nurses, while the height of absurdity in the application of the principle appears to have been reached when it was urged

(but happily without success) in Iowa that the same secrecy should be observed and enforced in respect to the knowledge obtained by a veterinary surgeon in the treatment of a horse.

But, adverting to the principle itself, which imposes this silence on a lawyer, it has its foundation in the belief that the proper administration of justice requires that there should be the most complete freedom of exchange of confidences between lawyer and client, in order that the client may be induced to speak the truth and not to deceive his own lawyer; and it is assumed that with a knowledge of the truth the lawyer will be constrained to act properly, and justice will be more adequately served, than if through fear of enforced disclosure the client should deceive his own lawyer and set him on the wrong track.

But the honorable traditions of the profession will not permit the lawyer, as an ethical possibility, to use his knowledge of the facts actively to mislead.

One of the ethical problems which is endlessly discussed, but upon which lawyers appear almost without exception to be agreed, is the duty of the lawyer in defending one accused of crime, whom he knows, or has substantial reason to believe, to be guilty. In this one case lawyers as a class appear to be arrayed against a prevalent but superficial contrary sentiment in the community; they acknowledge and assert that such a defense may be properly undertaken. But even here, the proper ethical limits of such a defense are well understood.

A lawyer may not properly seek to divert suspicion from his own client, by pointing out another innocent individual as the offender, or by presenting false evidence in support of another theory; in each instance his only justifiable course is one of silence in respect to the actual facts, and of requiring the opposition to proceed to procure a verdict in strict accordance with law, and after sustaining the burden of proof which the law imposes upon the prosecution. In short, to act strictly upon the defensive. Yet it still may be asked why lawyers justify this course, when the interests of the community require conviction. Once again there is a reason, which appeals to lawyers as sound. In this view the peace and well-being of society, which is composed of individual units, depend upon the strict administration of criminal law. Its loose administration has, in time past, filled the world with unspeakable woe. The guaranty of due process of law, the writ of habeas corpus, the requirement of indictment by a grand jury, the privilege of counsel in criminal causes, and the right of trial by jury, are all remedies which bitter experience in the past with the loose or wicked administration of law, and particularly of criminal law, has demanded. The theory of the lawyer is really the theory of a constructive statesman, that the peace and well-being of society, as demonstrated by centuries of experience, make it desirable that criminal justice should be slow and careful, in order to prevent the sacrifice of innocent and law-abiding men. For, if the guilty cannot under the operation of the system be distinguished from the innocent, save by confession of his guilt, then, in order to relax the difficulties of conviction, requirements which are the actual safeguards of the innocent, and in reality of every man in the community who is liable to be suspected, are apt to be obliterated or weakened. Every precaution against wrongful conviction of an innocent man, which experience has demonstrated to be desirable to that end, is equally available as the right of a man who asserts himself to be innocent.

It must be remembered that the criminal law is only a crude device at best. It is man-made and not divine; it is not accurate; it does not measure moral guilt; only to a limited extent does it allow for provocation or temptation; it rarely allows for ignorance, and never for training, education, or environment; it is not necessarily tempered by mercy; mercy where allowed is usually optional with the individual judge; it makes no allowance for repentance; it is frequently cruel to the convict, not necessarily fitting the punishment to the crime or to the criminal; and it is always cruel to his dependents if he has previously met his obligations to them. And so considered, real justice may frequently be as well achieved by the sobering effect of a trial and acquittal, as by a conviction and punishment. It by no means follows that a man who has once committed murder may not become and be thenceforth a desirable citizen, if acquitted of his crime. Our present system succeeds to one much older which mercifully recognized a right of sanctuary and asylum for the guilty. We have abolished that right, except in the case of purely political offenders who have escaped to foreign lands. And the mere right to be defended by counsel and to be convicted by the due process of the law of the land, without personally or by counsel actively contributing to the result, is a meagre substitute, of which society itself, and its professed friends and spokesmen, have no right to complain until they reconstruct the criminal law along more accurately just lines, and impose upon the lawyer the duty of being the foe, instead of the friend, of his client.

But, in fact, this consideration of the duty of a lawyer in the case suggested is but an academic discussion, rarely of any practical application, because in actual practice the cases where it would apply are few, after we have eliminated those in which the lawyer has rejected a defense because it is not acceptable to him, or has advised his client to plead guilty and take the usually lighter consequences, because they both know his guilt and know that he is likely to be convicted; and after we have eliminated also the possibility that although guilty of some offense, it may not be the crime charged, and the other possibilities that the lawyer himself may not be fully advised, or that the client may consider himself guilty when in truth and under the law he is not.

In some cases the law itself gives no recognition to the plea of guilty, but requires a trial to take place at all events, to determine the degree of guilt. This is true in New York in respect to the crime of murder in the first degree.

Nor can a lawyer always escape the defense of a guilty man. A situation may arise in which he may be compelled to defend. It may be assumed, for instance, that if every counselor at a given bar voluntarily rejected the cause of an accused able to pay, he might appeal to the court to assign counsel for his defense, and that in such case, as well as in the more common one of the impoverished accused, it would be a duty to accept the assignment. In that event the counsel, though he might advise a plea of guilty, would have no right to enter it against the protest of his client, but would be legally bound to see that he secured a fair trial, and that, if convicted, his conviction should be upon the evidence, and in accordance with law.

So it may be seen that extreme cases may arise in which it is the legal duty of the lawyer to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty, and in which he has no option. But ordinarily he can escape such a predicament,

because in the United States he is ordinarily free to reject a case which is tendered to him, if its defense is distasteful or abhorrent to him.

When the lawyer's personal interest alone is considered, or he seeks to subvert the law to secure to his clients what is legally denied to them, then the traditions and common precepts of the profession lay out for him a true and narrow course. These traditions have been formulated in the canons adopted by the American Bar Association, as a purely voluntary statement of the more common precepts of professional propriety. Space does not permit their full enumeration here, but the following quotation is an excellent summary:—

'But above all a lawyer will find his highest honor in a deserved reputation for fidelity to private trust and to public duty, as an honest man and as a patriotic and loyal citizen.'

VI

Lawyers have always been and doubtless always will be condemned by those who picture to themselves a distorted type, examples of which unfortunately do exist and have existed, who use their knowledge of the law to impose upon or circumvent the innocent and ignorant. But this type is as much condemned by the profession itself as by the most severe critic; it is not in any respect representative, and where it flourishes it does so in spite of professional traditions, and because either of the secret manner in which it works, or of the absence of efficient machinery in the courts to follow up and punish professional misdeeds.

Lawyers themselves are also moving forward more actively than ever before to weed this class out of the profession. They come into it and stay in it for purely commercial reasons, and there ought to be no substantial difficulty in disbarring them when discovered. The members of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York have an active force of professional aids at work in the solution of this problem; the Committee on Grievances consists of volunteers who devote themselves to the work systematically throughout the year, meeting for the purpose of sifting complaints and taking evidence, on an average, more than one afternoon a week; its investigating and paid professional force, consisting largely of lawyers, costs the Association about $23,000 a year, every cent of which is contributed, in the first place, by lawyers, members of the Association, and only a small fraction of which is returned out of the county treasury in case of successful prosecution. The New York County Lawyers' Association, with much smaller resources, does a similar work. The first-mentioned committee entertained and investigated, in 1912, 927 specific complaints against lawyers, and 29 complaints respecting the manner of administering justice in the county; and, in 1913, 819 complaints against lawyers, and 8 matters involving the administration of justice. This is a sample of the voluntary and expensive work which lawyers themselves, in a single community, are doing to meet the criticisms which are leveled against members of their profession, and it is practical and efficient work, and in that respect differs widely from much ill-founded criticism.

Conservatism is not necessarily an offense against society; it is frequently the excellent brake which prevents or retards a too facile descent of a dangerous declivity toward disorganization and anarchy. The law represents order, and order abhors a noisy and ill-considered clamor for change. Substantive law is fundamentally, accord-

ing as its source is traditional or statutory, a formulated expression of the habits of the people as interpreted by the lawmakers, or else an effort by the latter to make a portion of the people change their habits and adopt those which appeal favorably to the legislators; the latter class of laws is a fruitful source of discord, for reasons which are psychological and human. Lawyers as a body are unquestionably conservative, but from the ranks of the profession have always come some of the most efficient of reformers, when the time was ripe for their reforms.

The duty of advocating change is, however, not a professional one. It might be desirable to find all lawyers in the front rank of progress, but it is no professional duty to be there, and as many men have many minds, it is not surprising that there are differences of view among lawyers respecting the true direction of the line of actual progress.

I have said little to confute the charge that advocacy takes from its practitioner the rounded view of his duty to the man who is not his client. Advocacy is one of the professional duties of a lawyer, although it is not pursued so frequently as might be supposed.

Advocacy, in its larger sense, includes the conduct of the trial and the supervision of the testimony elicited, as well as the final argument thereon. It is an advocate's right, and may be his duty, to raise a legal objection to the admission of evidence. The advocate who now observes the ideals of his profession does not make futile or unfounded objections, nor does he in argument contend for unreasonable hypotheses. The average critic conceives some crafty Sergeant Buzfuz as the typical advocate and properly condemns him; and occasionally one meets such a man in practice; but when an advocate resorts to such pettifoggery, it should be obvious to the court in respect to points of law, and to the jury in respect to matters of fact, and should, and I believe does, bring its merited reward of condemnation and failure. As for the tenets of the profession, however, its canon advocates candor and fairness in all such matters; and as for the opinion of the profession, it holds in greater contempt a successful pettifogger than does the layman, who either patronizes or praises.

From an intimate acquaintance with the activities of the profession, I am satisfied that in its ranks are the foremost of practical reformers of the law; that as a whole it is not inert; that it neglects no duty which it owes to society; that it deprecates unjust methods of advocacy; that it is not responsible for any faulty criminal procedure, or for the so-called technicality of the law; that its precepts are highly honorable and specific; that it commends to its members high standards of individual conduct; and that where it advocates or excuses behavior which appears to the casual critic reprehensible, such as the defense of one known to be guilty, it is for reasons of public policy, and with entire fidelity to the true interests of society. I am satisfied that the profession itself cannot be justly arraigned for any violation of duty, or of any obligation which society has imposed upon it, or which it owes to society. Where individual members of the profession have done reprehensible things, it has been in violation of professional standards, and not in conformity with them; and though lawyers as a body have not been alert at all times and places to detect and punish the shortcomings of their fellows, even here there is greater activity at present than ever before in the history of this country, as I could show in detail if I had not already transgressed the reasonable limits of this article.

THE USELESS VIRTUES

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

If all the good advice that has ever been given were to be brought together and compared, it would probably be discovered that every piece could be matched with a contrary piece given by somebody else. The world's practical wisdom does not form a consistent system. No one man could possibly believe all of it at the same time. For example, there is equally good authority for believing that woman is the tyrant of man, and for believing that she is his puppet. Victor Hugo tells us that 'men are women's playthings; woman is the devil's'; while another Frenchman, Michelet, tells us that 'nearly every folly committed by woman is born of the stupidity or evil influence of man.' But it may be argued that in this case it is the very paradox itself which is proverbial. Take the less familiar example of self-consciousness. There are the moralists whose primary maxim is the Delphic oracle, 'Know thyself.' 'We should every night call ourselves to an account,' says Seneca. 'What infirmity have I mastered today? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift.' This is accounted wise, and carries conviction to conscience. But so does the contrary preaching of Carlyle, with his tirade against the 'unhealthy state of self-sentience, self-survey, precursor and prognostic of still worse health.'

It is horrible to contemplate the volume of discordant advice that is poured from pulpits, platforms, and editorial columns into the ears of that hapless reprobate, the plain man. It is perhaps fortunate that so little of it is followed. For it is always one-sided. It is characteristic of most advice and exhortation that it is only a part of the truth. It is an exaggeration of that particular half-truth which the exhorter thinks is timely, and which he believes is going to be offset by contrary influences. It is a push against some existing over-tendency, an attempt to stem some tide that is running too high, and in the hope of securing that balance and moderation in which right conduct always consists.

This is my apology for appearing with an exhortation which on the face of it may appear to be strained or even absurd. For I propose, in a sense, to preach *against efficiency or success*. I do so not because I do not see their importance, but because I suspect that my reader will already know their importance well enough, and possibly even too well. Or if he does not, there are many who can proclaim that importance more eloquently than I. There is something abroad, an irresistible social impulse, which is tending to promote the useful virtues, to encourage thrift, initiative, industry, coöperation, civic pride, and all those qualities of mind and will that make communities sound and prosperous. But were I to join the general praise of efficiency and utility, I should be seeing only

half the truth. And I know that if I were to follow the line of less resistance and urge what everybody already wants, I should be forfeiting the greater opportunity of speaking a word for that half-truth which has difficulty in getting a hearing and needs the strong support of every teacher or preacher. I want therefore to make out as strong a case as I can for what may in a sense be called *the useless virtues*, for those qualities of mind and will which cannot be measured by the standard of efficiency, but whose very value is inseparable from the fact that they do not immediately contribute to practical success.

II

First of all it is necessary that we should reflect upon the meaning of a word that is perpetually in our mouths, the word 'practical.' It is not customary for us to reflect upon its meaning at all. It is supposed to express a finality. To call a thing practical is to praise it; to call it unpractical is to condemn it. It never occurs to us as a rule that practicality is a special kind of value. If that did occur to us, then of course we should be in the position of admitting that there is at least one other kind of value from which it may be distinguished. And this would be equivalent to admitting that when we call a thing practical or unpractical we have not, as is usually assumed, provided sufficient grounds for approving or rejecting it.

Let me select a homely example which will bring out what appears to me to be the meaning of practicality. Suppose a man to be driven to the roof of a burning building, while a crowd is gathered below to offer help or suggestions. Jones shouts, 'Get a ladder!' or indicates where one may be had, or gets one himself. Brown points out an adjacent roof by which the refugee may pass to a place of safety. Several Smiths fetch a blanket and hold it to break his fall. Socrates who has happened by, and who appears to be less agitated than the rest, remarks (largely to himself, for he can find few to listen to him), 'I wonder what the man really wants. He appears to be desperately anxious to save his life. But is his life after all so prodigiously important as to warrant all this excitement? Has he good reasons for wishing to save himself? And what a poorly organized community this is, that such a thing should be allowed to occur! Why are buildings not fireproof? What carelessness can have started the fire?' But before Socrates can proceed further with his ruminations he is roughly brushed aside. If he receives any consideration at all he will be regarded as a poor lunatic, or philosopher, or college professor.

Now which among these men is the practical man, and which the unpractical? I do not suppose that there can be the slightest doubt in any one's mind. The Joneses, the Browns, and the Smiths are the practical men, and Socrates (there is rarely even one such in any crowd) is theoretical, academic, a creature of mere intellect; harmless enough if he will only stay at home and write books which nobody reads, but very much in the way when there is something to be done.

But what is the precise difference between the Joneses, the Browns, and the Smiths on the one hand, and Socrates on the other? It appears to me that it comes down to this. The practical men accept circumstances as they find them; they take it for granted that the man wants to escape from the roof, and they regard the fire as an existing fact, which is not, for the moment at least, to be explained, but to be acted on. They do not go behind this concrete and present situation, except so far as

to assume on the victim's part the normal instinct of self-preservation. Taking these things for granted, without consciously reflecting upon them at all, they can devote all their faculties and energies to contriving a remedy. In so far as their minds are engaged at all they will be bent upon finding the means that will fit the situation. In this way the problem is enormously simplified, and there is strong likelihood of a prompt and effectual solution. If the crowd were made up entirely of Socrateses pondering all the whys and wherefores, life would be lost before any conclusions whatsoever would have been reached. To be practical, in short, is to confine one's attention to the effectual meeting of existing emergencies.

President Cleveland invented a phrase which is an almost perfect expression of the attitude of practicality. There is nothing profound about it, nor does it possess any striking literary merit; but it never fails to appeal, and has become a part of our common speech, so thoroughly does it coincide with the bias of common sense. He once remarked, as every one knows, 'It is a condition, and not a theory, that confronts us.' I do not remember what condition it was that confronted us; but the practical man is always confronted by a condition. I shall suggest presently that every condition does in truth involve a theory; but if so, the practical man ignores it. His practicality lies in confining himself to finding an act which will meet the condition. He has a family which must be supported, or an industrial plant which must be made to pay, or an examination which must be passed, or a game which must be won, or an office to which he proposes to be elected. His problem is the comparatively narrow and simple problem of finding the instrument to fit the occasion and achieve the result.

As a nation, we are commonly accused by unsympathetic Europeans of being excessively practical. We are supposed to specialize in practicality. Thus, when England wants a railroad system reorganized she looks to America for a manager; and when Germany wants to make a better record in the Olympic games she sends to America for a trainer. There is less demand in Europe for American poets and musical composers, and, I regret to say, for American philosophers. Now we may believe that this reputation is not deserved, or we may glory in it. But in either case we can afford at least to see just what it means. Consider for a moment the verdict of one of our harshest critics, Mr. Lowes Dickinson of Cambridge University. 'I am inclined to think,' he says, 'that the real end which Americans set before themselves is Acceleration. To be always moving, and always moving faster, that they think is the beatific life; and with their happy detachment from philosophy and speculation, they are not troubled by the question, Whither? If they are asked by Europeans, as they sometimes are, what is the point of going so fast? their only feeling is one of genuine astonishment. Why, they reply, you go fast! And what more can be said?'

Now no doubt this is a libel upon the American people, and might justly be resented. Or it might perhaps be proved that Mr. Dickinson's fellow countrymen are just as guilty in intent as we are; that they want to move fast, but, failing to do it, try to make out that the game is n't worth the candle, and that their rival's victory is hollow and fruitless, as a man who saw that he was losing a race might withdraw and try to persuade the spectators that it was a very childish and undignified proceeding anyhow. There would doubtless be a dash of truth in such a

retort, just enough to enable you to get the laugh on the other fellow. But it would be a shrewder thing to detect the truth in the criticism, learn one's fault, correct it, and leave the critic himself to stagnate in his own complacency.

Now Mr. Dickinson's criticism brings out cleverly enough the meaning of that practicality on which we pride ourselves, and which we hastily assume to be an absolute standard. Practicality means skill, energy, speed, quantity of performance, without reference to the profitableness of the result. Not that the result may not in point of fact be profitable — but the question is not raised. The profitableness of the result is assumed from the fact that everybody is mad about it. As the popular song puts it, 'everybody's doing it.' Whatever everybody is doing recommends itself without further justification. Whatever everybody's doing is 'the thing to do.' A man is willing to wear anything apparently, if his tailor says 'they're wearing them that way.' So we eagerly adopt the pursuits that we find in vogue; and apply ourselves to making a good showing.

Most people, perhaps, appear to be dividing their energies between three pursuits: making money, dancing, and playing baseball, or watching some one else play it. To make as much money as possible, to dance as well or as often as possible, and to defeat your opponent in sport, either personally or vicariously through a favorite team, — these tasks absorb the energies of the typical practical man. He does not adopt and follow a plan of life by conscious reflection, but he is constantly in a current of life, which flows now this way and now that, and sweeps him along with it. Or the practical man is like a man who finds himself in a great throng of athletes who are matching their skill and speed and prowess against one another. He goes in for this or that, spurred by emulation, and seeks to outstrip his competitors in some race without concerning himself with the direction of the course, and the place in which he will find himself at the end of the race.

There is a false proverb which teaches us that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. I call it false because it is so evident that there are some things which are only worth doing provided one is willing to do them ill. It is a part of practical wisdom to know what it is worth while to exert one's self about, and what may be done in a spirit of playful carelessness. But there is a more popular maxim which is so widely observed that it is never formulated — the maxim that whatever is done well is worth doing. This, I take it, is the maxim of the practical man. Do what the next man is doing, but go him one better. Make a record. There is a whole code of life in this passion for records. To make or hold a record means to excel everybody else in a precisely measurable degree. To excel everybody else in an activity in which everybody else would like to excel, *to hold the most coveted record*, this would represent the supreme practical success.

III

We should now be sufficiently clear in our minds as to what practicality means. But it is evident that our critics in judging us to be a peculiarly practical people mean to accuse us of a fault; and we shall not have understood the criticism until we have come to see wherein the fault lies. It is evident that Mr. Dickinson, for example, means to convey the idea that this question, Whither? which is said to trouble us so little, is an important question; and that we are making a serious mistake

in ignoring it. He would mean, I think, to go further, and assert that this question, Whither? is the *most* important question. When we examine the matter more narrowly, it appears to come to this.

The very same instance of successful effort may be glorious or ridiculous, according as the result is itself worth while or not. I remember an adventure of my own that is in point. I left Cambridge with a friend to catch a six o'clock boat for Portland, Maine. We had been delayed in starting and upon consulting our watches in the car we found that unless we adopted extraordinary measures we should miss the boat. So we leaped from the car and hailed a passing cab. We bribed the driver to whip his horse into a gallop. As we approached the dock we saw the boat moving. Jumping from the cab with bags in hand, we ran down the dock and leaped aboard, flushed with our triumph. We had exerted ourselves desperately; we had been quick-witted and skillful; and I suspect that we had created a record. We had certainly succeeded. But when our excitement and breathlessness subsided we discovered that the boat *was just arriving;* and that it would not depart for several hours. Then something very extraordinary happened to our triumph. It suddenly collapsed and shriveled into a sorry joke. We felt ashamed and ridiculous, and sought to hide our diminished heads in the impersonal throng of bystanders.

I wonder if there is any better definition of that most hateful of predicaments, which we describe as 'having made a fool of one's self,' than to say that it is *to have exerted one's self for an end that turns out to be worthless in the attainment.* Suppose a man to have devoted himself passionately to the accumulation of riches, to have spent himself, literally, in getting them, and to have prided himself on his skill and efficiency, only to find that the riches do not amount to anything when he has them; so that although he has been so extraordinarily busy in doing, he has in reality done nothing. Such a man might well feel in the flat and empty years of his ebbing life that he had played the fool; and that he might better have been less busy, if only he might then have taken a little time to think ahead and select some worthy goal before throwing himself headlong into the pursuit.

A moment's thought about the ends themselves, looking before you leap, curiously inquiring into the itinerary before joining the procession, a little cool philosophy before the heat of action, *disinterested reflection*, these are what I mean by the useless virtues — the unpractical wisdom of Socrates. Surely such wisdom has its place. You cannot make life up out of it altogether. Socrates in his most Socratic moods will not make an effective member of the fire brigade. There are times for action, and when they come the man of the hour is he who has no doubts, but only instincts and habits. Our instincts and habits, however, take care of themselves better than does our cool reflection. The mood of practicality is the vulgar mood; not in the sense of being debased, but in the sense of being usual or typical. For the individual it is the line of less resistance. Being usual, it sets the standards by which a man is judged by the crowd. It is favored by that popular prejudice called common sense. It requires no exhortation of mine in order to get a hearing. Therefore I urge, doubtless with some exaggeration, the value of the rarer but not less indispensable mood.

It would seem that practical efficiency and disinterested reflection might then divide life between them, each having its appropriate season, and

each requiring in society at large its special organs and devotees. But since we are for the moment the partisans of disinterested reflection, let us recognize a certain advantage that it has over its rival — the advantage, namely, of magnanimity. I mean that while disinterested reflection acknowledges the merit of its rival, practical efficiency in its haste and narrow bent is likely to be blind and intolerant. If I were asked, 'What, in the name of common sense, is philosophy?' I should be unable to answer. There is no answer. For amongst the categories of common sense there is no provision for philosophy. With a person wholly dominated by common sense, caught and swept along in the tide of practical endeavor, or wholly dominated by social habit, the philosophical part is in disuse and may be atrophied altogether. But if I ask, 'What, in the name of philosophy, is common sense?' I can find an answer — just such an answer perhaps as we are now giving. In short, disinterested reflection is more inclusive, and more circumspect, than practicality.

But I have not even yet exhausted the peculiar merits of the unpractical value of disinterested reflection. I have spoken of its importance as testing the value of ends, and so confirming or discrediting our more impetuous practical endeavor. But there is another point. I refer to the advantage of unapplied knowledge as giving man resourcefulness and adaptability, a capacity to meet novel situations. Let me attempt to make my meaning clear.

We praise science in these days, and most of us prefer it to poetry or philosophy, because we can see the *use of it.* It is characteristic of our practical standards that we regard such men as Watts, Bell, Morse, and Edison as typifying the value of science. The inventor, the engineer, is the man of solid achievement. Why? Because, again, he supplies that for which the need is already felt. We want light, communication, and transportation, and such men as these give us what we want. Therefore we are grateful. Similarly, the man who discovers a cure for cancer will be a hero among men. There is a powerful demand, an eager longing for that which he will have to give, and his reward will be ready for him when he comes. Now we need not disparage his glory. But this is perfectly certain: when the discovery is made, it will be due to the store of physical, chemical, physiological, and anatomical truth which has been accumulated by men who were animated mainly by theoretical motives. These investigators have devoted themselves to winning knowledge for which there was at the time no practical demand. This means that they had to be sustained by something else than the popular applause which greets the man with the remedy. Such men are sustained no doubt by the encouragement of their fellow investigators, or by the patronage of the state. But they rely more than the inventor or engineer upon the inward support of their own love of truth, and upon a certain just pride of the intellect, such as Kepler felt when he wrote in the Preface to his *Welthar-monik:* 'Here I cast the die, and write a book to be read, whether by contemporaries or by posterity, I care not; it can wait for readers thousands of years, seeing that God himself waited six thousand years for some one to contemplate his work.'

But I had not meant to be sentimental about it, or to claim a greater heroism for the detached investigator. Indeed there is a sense in which his conduct is less praiseworthy, in so far as it is often self-regarding or unsocial, lacking in that motive of service which we rightly require of perfect conduct. It is sufficient that we should see that

what he does is indispensable. It is through his efforts that man is put into possession of a stock of free and unappropriated ideas with which to meet unexpected and unpredictable emergencies, or on which to construct new hypotheses. It is this possession of an ample margin of knowledge over the recognized practical necessities, of *intellectual capital*, so to speak, that is the condition of progress. It is this which more than anything else marks the difference between man and the brute, or between progressive societies and those static, barbarian societies in which human energy is exhausted by the effort to preserve existence with no hope of betterment.

IV

It is now evident enough that what I have called useless virtues, or unpractical values, are not divorced from life in any absolute or ultimate sense. We may as well declare once and for all that there is no virtue or value whatsoever that is divorced from life in such a sense. That it is impossible that knowledge should be absolutely useless is self-evident. For to know at all is to know the world we live in; and to know it is to bring it within the range of action, pave the way to the control of it. The better we know our world the more effectually we can live in it. This holds unqualifiedly. But there is a very great difference between what we might more correctly call *long-range* and *short-range* practicality.

What we usually speak of as practical would correspond to what I here speak of as short-range practicality. It means a readiness to meet the immediate occasion as is dictated by the momentary desire. Such practicality is a perpetual meeting of emergencies. It is a sort of living from hand to mouth, an uninspired and unillumined opportunism. That which is ordinarily, or from this standpoint, condemned as unpractical, and which *is* unpractical from this *narrow* standpoint, may now be called long-range practicality. That is to say, it is that prevision, that thorough intellectual equipment, that wisdom as to the ultimate and comparative worth of things, without which there can be no security nor any confirming sense of genuine achievement. It is that which makes the difference between making a fool of one's self, however earnestly or even successfully, and living in a manner which would be able to endure the test of time, and would not appear ridiculous in the eyes of one who was a witness of eternity.

THE FLAVOR OF THINGS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

'Life is sweet, brother.' — MR. PETULENGRO.

THERE can be no doubt that for some people mathematics has flavor, even though for me it is as the apples of Sodom. I have known people who seemed to be in love with the triangles. Permutations and combinations and the doctrine of chances filled their souls with elation; they would rather wander over the area of a parallelogram than over the greenest meadow under heaven, collecting angles and sides as another would daisies and buttercups, and chasing the unknown quantity as another might a butterfly.

I envy these people this faculty which I can never hope to acquire. I used to try to work up a factitious enthusiasm for geometry by naming angle A Abraham, B Benjamin, C Cornelius, and so on; side AB then became Abrajamin, side BC Benjanelius, side AC Abranelius, and the perimeter Abrajaminelius, — the last a name of Miltonic sonorousness, mouth-filling, and perfectly pronounceable if one scanned it as catalectic trochaic tetrameter.

Although I never had the courage to introduce them to my teachers, I regarded the Abrajaminelian family with some affection until one day I tried to name the perimeter of a dodecagon, when I came to the conclusion that it would require less time to learn the proposition by heart than to learn the name; and from that day I gave up all attempt to infuse an adventitious interest into Legendre, and simply memorized him.

I have heard geometry described as a 'beautiful science,' but —

> If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be?

To me she was an obstacle in the path of knowledge, invisible, not hostile, but palpable and stubborn as the Boyg that gave Peer Gynt so much trouble. I tried in vain to squirm and wriggle past her. There is a possibility that I should still be blindly bumping that obstruction halfway up the Mathematical Mountains if my professor of solid geometry had not opportunely departed from college leaving no class-records behind him. I passed — by an intervention of Providence — and my days of pure mathematics were over; but I felt no undue elation, for applied mathematics remained. If I had impressed my instructors before as half-witted, here I was wholly witless. One cannot apply what one does not possess.

From a child I had had an obscure distrust of mechanism of all kinds. The people of Erewhon, you remember, feared it because they thought it had a soul: I feared it because it seemed to me to have none, until I discovered that its soul was mathematical, a new ground for trepidation. Even yet I cannot feel warmly toward a machine. I can gape with wonder as well as anybody as I watch the white paper fed in at one end of a press in, say, the Herald Building, and the Sunday Illustrated Supplement taken out at the other; but my wonder is only polite, merely intellectual; there is no heart

in it. My half hour spent thus has been instructive, it may be, but joyless.

This curious diffidence, amounting to a covert hostility, I felt also in the presence of the celestial mechanics. I had no sense of comfort in the company of the stars and planets. For a while I might be interested in the inhabitants of Mars, but Jupiter's satellites and Saturn's rings could arouse no emotional response in me. I irrationally found more to wonder at in a moon of green cheese than in a burned-out world.

Try as I may to overcome the aversions of my youth, I cannot help thinking of the quadratics and binomials of days long gone, whenever I look at a fly-wheel or a piston. Across the glories of the heavens I detect a shadow cast over my spirit when I tried on a college examination to explain parallax. At the time — for a day or two — I was rather proud of that explanation. Desiring, as usual, to get a picture of the thing, I used, I remember, the analogy of an umbrella. If it were raining, I said, and you had an open umbrella and you held it perpendicularly over you and then ran, you would get wetter than if you merely walked. Just what the connection was, I am — and doubtless was — unable to say; but it seemed very neat. I chuckled over it, and felt as if at last I was beginning to get ahead in astronomy. And then, briefly and coldly, the professor pronounced my analogy bosh, and the only glimmer of originality I ever evinced in his subject winked and went out.

If mathematics, pure and applied, had no flavor for me but an unpleasant one, I have no one to blame, I suppose, but myself, although, of course, I did blame my teachers. All through my boyhood I held the entirely unreasonable view that mathematicians were only slightly human, having, in fact, like their subject, no souls. Their subject as they presented it to me had a striking resemblance to the working of a machine, clean, precise, cold; it made me shiver. I felt for it the contempt of youth. Each science in turn I loved, as long as it had to do with things; but the moment mathematics entered, as it always did, soon or late, my love, as milk at the addition of certain bacteria, curdled and turned bitter.

Only the other day I listened to a lecturer on sun-spots expatiating on the enfranchising and ennobling power of his science, teaching as it does the majesty of God and his handiwork. I agreed, of course. Theoretically, I knew he was right; yet, as for myself, I could not help preferring to wonder at the hand of the Almighty in the creation of a dandelion, a sparrow, a flounder.

> The best that's known
> Of the heavenly bodies does them credit small.
> View'd close the Moon's fair ball
> Is of ill objects worst,
> A corpse in Night's highway, naked, fire-scarr'd, accurst;
> And now they tell
> That the Sun is plainly seen to boil and burst
> Too horribly for hell.

The poet speaks enthusiastically, as poets will; besides, he was a Catholic and may have been affected by doctrine; I cannot wholly ratify his sentiments, yet I can understand them and sympathize.

Botanist and biologist friends call upon me to admire a paramoecium or a spirogyra; they will grow quite enthusiastic over one, as you or I might over a dog or a baby. I can share their emotions, to a degree; these little creatures, as the same poet observes, 'at the least *do live*'; yet I find that I cannot love a paramoecium or a spirogyra, streptococcus and micrococcus arouse no friendly feelings, oscillaria and spirillum can never compete for my affections with a calf or a puppy. I can sympathize imaginatively with the

microscopist who watches the contortions of an amœba or a polyp, its table-manners and general deportment; I can sit much longer at the microscope than at the telescope, and feel more comfortable there (Gulliver seems to have been more at his ease among the Lilliputians than among the Brobdingnagians); yet, once more, the hour spent thus has been instructive rather than joyous.

When I was a little boy, I used to get a great deal of satisfaction out of stroking a kitten or a puppy, or crushing a lilac leaf-bud for its spring fragrance, or smelling newly turned soil, or tasting the sharp acid of a grape tendril, or feeling the green coolness of the skin of a frog. I could pore for long minutes over a lump of pudding-stone, a bean-seedling, a chrysalis, a knot in a joist in the attic. There was a curious contentment to be found in these things. My pockets were always full of shells and stones, twigs and bugs; my room in the attic, of Indian relics, fragments of ore, birds' eggs, oak-galls, dry seeds and sea-weeds, bottled spiders, butterflies on corks. All the lessons of the schoolroom seemed of no consequence compared with Things so full of intimacy, of friendliness.

All children love things in this way, because of their appeal to the senses; and I suppose that all older people do, too, though they may not know it. My teachers used to try to make me see that a bird's egg or a hornet's nest is unimportant in comparison with the pageant of history, the beautiful mechanism of arithmetic; but what child cares anything about matters of abstract importance? I had a fondness for the hornet's nest because I could feel of it, poke a stick in at the door, and picture the fiery little termagants flying in and out, chewing their paper-pulp, building their walls. What had Washington praying at Valley Forge, or even Lawrence refusing to give up the ship, to contribute comparable with this? Yet few even of my companions understood the ridiculous pleasure I found in carrying a crab's claw in my pocket, although they, too, after their own fashion, worshiped things. Their things were electric batteries and printing-presses and steam-engines.

My bosom-passion was for living things, — beast, bird, amphibian, reptile, fish, crustacean, insect, mollusc, worm, they were all one, if they were alive; and, wanting these, which could not well be carried in pockets or kept in bedrooms, I loved their reliques. While I was studiously collecting the *disjecta membra* of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, however, I did not realize that I was also laying up a store of memories that would in time make these seem about the only real things in the world. Here is the point. The common or curious but everyday objects of nature have for me a flavor so rich that they seem charmed, talismanic; they are my philosopher's stone, my quintessence, my One Thing which can charge the base metal of thought with the gold of feeling.

It is thus, I suppose, that poets and mystics are made, who see in the veriest stick or stone a symbol of one of the infinities. That I cannot do so, that I cannot make this passion the basis of a romanticism or a symbolism or a pantheism, is due, it may be, to my teachers who carefully discouraged any such nonsense. Practical people, they early taught me that 'life is real, life is earnest.' In church, too, I was duly informed that we are pilgrims and strangers traveling through a *barren* land.

Such instructions, running counter as they did to all I learned when left to myself, produced a curious state of anarchy in my microcosm. Belonging by nature to the class of the poetical and

by education to the class of the practical, I find myself torn between the desire to loiter and the desire to get on, passively to enjoy and actively to do. A practical conscience is fighting with a poetical unmorality.

I do not seem to be alone in this ambiguity. I see only an occasional person whom I could call completely practical, who treats things as if they were algebraic symbols, loving them only as they help him on in some enterprise or toward some goal. I find, on the contrary, the most hard-headed men and women collecting and cherishing books and prints and rose-bushes and tulips and stamps and coins and Colonial furniture and teapots and cats and dogs. Whether openly or secretly, brazenly or sheepishly, they are, nine tenths of them, addicted to the boy's habit of filling his pockets with inconsiderable nothings which he can finger and fondle. Nearly all of them defend their hobby on practical grounds, as educative, or restful, or cultural, or what not, yet one and all are really following an instinct. If you could get them to be honest, they would confess that from these useless objects they derive a satisfaction that they cannot explain but that has its seat, not in any motives of practicality, not even, as many think, wholly in a sense of possession, but in the things themselves as things. The things are rich in implications, adumbrations, of course, fully felt perhaps only by the possessor, yet, notwithstanding the accretions of memory and fancy, still things, appealing now, as in childhood, to the senses with warmth and friendliness, as only objects of sense can. They are charmed things. 'Every one of them is like the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling place of infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value.'

Macaulay here is speaking of the connotation of words, that which gives most of its flavor to literature. It seems to me, however, that words, wonderful as they are in their power to set the mind running, still lag far behind things. They are at their best only secondhand. The phrase 'an old rusty spade,' suggests little except an antiquated implement for digging; but as a thing, an old spade may call up thoughts of death and the grave, snow forts, green gardens, buried treasure, — all the digging and ditching since Adam delved and Eve span.

I cannot think that it is entirely mundane to make such a to-do about that which we are accustomed to call the material. Although it is becoming old-fashioned to confess to a liking for domesticity, there are still few honest people who do not become attached to a home if they live in it long enough. It may be filled with surprisingly ugly furniture, and pictures such as may jar upon the finer sensibilities of the visitor, yet the ugliest becomes lovely with time.

Next to the fellowship of the family, it is the furniture that makes the home, and old furniture is best. We become fond of a chair or a table or a bed almost as we do of a person, because, as we say, of its associations. Now, I look upon things as the furniture of the world, furniture that was there when we came into it and will be there when we go out, — veritable antiques with all the charm of age about them. Try to picture a world empty of things material and furnished only with mathematical formulæ, and with social theories, theological speculations, and philosophic systems. Try to imagine — But no. These matters 'must be not thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.'

Our forefathers had an interesting theory that swallows lived on air. Because the birds were observed to fly with their mouths open and never to come to ground, it was concluded that they must be classed with the knights of the Round Table and the chameleons as aerophagi. There are many aerophagi abroad in the land to-day, high-flying folk who live on airy *isms* and *ologies*, and who are scornful of those who long for less windy food. Why one man loves things and another theories, or why one loves things for their connotations and another for their use, or why one loves some kinds of things above all others, remains as inexplicable as why one cannot abide a gaping pig, why one a harmless necessary cat. It is all taste and temperament.

Yet there are times when I grow tired of socialism and industrialism and syndicalism and Nietzscheism and Bergsonism and feminism; times when I do not want to be a reformer or an uplifter or even a public-spirited citizen; when 'I do not hunger for a well-stored mind' and am tired of books, and of talking about them and urging others to read them. With much bandying-about these become unreal; one is filled with doubt about them, about their very existence, at least about their importance. It is in such moods that one longs for the kitten or puppy, the lilac leaf-buds, the bean seedling, the chrysalis, the frog.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SOME LETTERS I HAVE KNOWN

THE preservation of letters amounts to something like a mania with people who regard every scrap of a friend's handwriting as sacred and to be treasured as one of the heirlooms of the family. They give great trouble to those who come after them. In old garrets may be found bundles of letters, tied up in their faded ribbons, which, if posterity is wise, will be tossed without hesitation into the fire. Let us open one of them. The writer is in distress. Four cooks, all equally worthless, have come and have been dismissed in as many weeks. The roof has been leaking and a carpet upon an upper floor is *destroyed* (underlined). 'Poor Aunt Martha!' her niece had exclaimed as she read this 'chronicle of small beer,' 'her troubles have once more inspired her pen! The last time she wrote, we were loudly called upon for sympathy in the calamity of her new black silk dress which the dressmaker RUINED!' (doubly underlined and with an exclamation point).

Still, I recall the charming letters which occasionally came from an English lady to her friends on this side of the Atlantic, in about the year 1840. On the arrival of one of these letters we were invited to the reading. In the evening, after dinner, we assembled in the drawing-room, sitting around the table or by the fireside, with our needlework, and listened with rapt attention while a member of the party read these interesting letters. They were written on large paper of the foolscap size, in double columns, like the pages of a

magazine. Their style was picturesque, often poetical, not without an element of romance when she told of the marriage of her young niece, beautiful and accomplished, and going off to India with her brave young soldier bridegroom.

In contrast to these were the letters a dear old lady used to receive from her daughter, married and living in a New England town. They were in brief sentences reminding us of what the mathematical gentleman said of the Dictionary: 'This is all mere assertion, nothing is proved.' In an afternoon call we were told, 'I have received a letter from Harriet; would you like to hear it?' Of course we would, so it was brought forth and read to us with that slow precision which is adopted by many elderly people in reading handwriting which must be treated with respect, and not hurried over glibly as if it were merely printed matter. It was a neat little epistle, all the little '*i*'s' were dotted, all the little '*t*'s' crossed. At the top of the page the date was duly written, the day of the month, the year of Our Lord. Then it began:

My dear Mother:—

I received your letter two weeks ago yesterday. I was glad to hear from you. We are all well. Tommy has recovered from the measles. The housecleaning is finished. The garden looks very pretty. There are a good many roses. I have a new bonnet. It is of white straw; it is trimmed with pale green ribbon; it looks very neat. Mrs. Wilson called yesterday, she is very pleasant. I am coming to see you in August. I shall bring Tommy with me. I hope you keep well.

Your affectionate daughter,
Harriet L. Stebbins.

'Now, is n't that a good letter?' we are asked. Good indeed! Is not the mother told, concisely, all that she wishes to know about her daughter's welfare? Can we not see Harriet in her well-ordered house, taking strict care of everything; seeing that the housecleaning is thoroughly done; nursing Tommy through the measles; taking the pleasant Mrs. Wilson into the garden; cutting a bunch of roses for her? When the letter is finished it is carefully folded and returned to its envelope with a happy smile. 'What a pretty hand Harriet writes!' she says. Once we nearly lost our composure when, after regarding the envelope admiringly for a few seconds, the mother exclaimed rapturously, 'How true that stamp is put on!' Certainly Harriet *was* a paragon! She did everything well, even to the sticking on of a postage stamp. Has not genius itself been defined as 'the infinite capacity for taking pains'?

Of love letters much has been written. It is not necessary to expatiate upon the love letters of the man, who through long years of waiting and discouragement continues faithful to the end of his life. Nor yet upon the ephemeral love letters of the too ardent youth, who, after a few months have passed, devoutly wishes those letters never had been written. We shall speak only to the love letters of an Italian count, which diverted the inmates of a boarding house in New York City during a winter not many years ago. In the autumn there had arrived an old lady, unlovely in appearance, somewhat grotesque in apparel, lately returned from Italy, where she had met the goodlooking, but impecunious, young count, who, having been told that she was a rich American, made love to her and wrote her the most impassioned love letters. She did not let concealment prey upon her. Nearly every one in the house was taken into her confidence and shown the letters. One

evening, at dessert, she tossed an apple paring over her shoulder, and asked her neighbor at the table, 'Can you see what letter that makes?' 'It looks more like a "Q" than anything else,' was the reply. 'I wish it were a "G",' she said. The count's name was Giovanni. She wore an aspect of bland content, which, as the season wore on, gave place to a green and yellow melancholy. 'When have you heard from the count?' she was asked one day. 'I think he is offended with me,' she answered sadly. 'He wanted me to ask Mr. Carnegie to pay off the mortgage on his villa.' 'How much is the mortgage?' 'Seventeen thousand dollars. I could not go to see Mr. Carnegie. I wrote to him and asked him to come and see me, but he has never answered my letter.' After this, no more was heard of Count Giovanni and his love letters.

Letters, as well as money, have been known to remove an obstacle to a marriage. When I was a young girl my mother had a pretty young maid named Angeline, who had a follower, a young man whose position in life was a peg higher than her own in the social scale. His brother, a prosperous grocer, and his brother's wife, made ineffectual attempts to undo the entanglement, but the young fellow was faithful. He used to spend all his spare evenings in the kitchen with Angeline and take her out on Sunday afternoons, when she imagined that she looked like a lady, — for she spent all of her wages upon clothes, and, like a certain lady's maid, 'affected the latest fashions, but was a failure in gloves.' Despite the fact that he was so attentive, she had grave fears that he might prove inconstant. She was of a morbid temperament and confessed that she sometimes came downstairs in the night and hid the carving-knife, for fear she might do herself an injury, illogically concluding that she could not find it if she were seized with a desire to cut her throat. After one of these nights, she would appear in the morning with a countenance of gloom. 'Are you not well, Angeline?' she would be asked. 'Oh, yes, ma'am, I am very well, only I just feel as if I should n't never see Hen again.' 'Why, did you quarrel last night?' 'Oh, no, ma'am, we don't never quarrel!' 'Then what is the matter?' 'Nothin' ain't the matter, only I just feel as if I should n't never see Hen again.'

In spite of these dark forebodings, the evening visits continued, till one afternoon Hen came to say good-bye. He had suddenly decided to go to Chicago to seek his fortune. Then it was feared that the poor girl might indeed never see her lover again. It was not long, however, before a letter came to Angeline from Chicago, written in a sprawling hand, grammar and spelling cast to the winds. Hen was prospering. He described his boarding house as 'very *pleasant*, no *atention* is n't paid to *mear* form, like the big hotels.' As usual, the poor girl's happiness was overclouded by doubt and fears. How could she ever answer this beautiful letter? In her dilemma she appealed to my little sister, whose handwriting was remarkably pretty, and whose disposition was sweet and obliging. In the evening, after her work was finished, Angeline would come to my sister and the two together would compose the innocent little letters. Sometimes there would be a quotation from a song. I remember one: —

Never from memory will fade those bright hours,
(that is, the evenings in the kitchen)
So sacred to friendship and thee.

As may be supposed, words could hardly express the young man's emotion when he received these refined letters. His pride in his Angeline knew no bounds. The correspondence continued

at intervals till the next June, when the lover came back to be married.

'It was them letters as done it,' said the sister, Marthy, envious of what she considered Angeline's good fortune. Let us hope that they were happy ever after.

'Man was made to mourn' over the invention of the picture post-card, and 'countless thousands mourn' when they see it come, as it does, from every corner of the globe, sent forth broadcast by indolent and selfish people. They will not trouble themselves to write the letter which would have afforded comfort and relief to the hearts of parents and friends, pining for some definite intelligence of far-away children or relatives. It was not bad advice which the old lady, who had no use for adverbs, gave her daughter, who was embarking for six months travel in foreign lands. The barren brevity of her letters from school had too often brought disappointment to her mother's heart. 'Don't you dare,' said the old lady, 'to send me any of those trashy picture-cards. I can buy as many of them as I want from the Pyramid down at the corner. I don't want no view of the Coliseum (the *Colisyum*, she called it); everybody who goes to Rome sends me a Colisyum card. Foolish things — I just burn 'em all up. Why don't they wait till the building is finished? I suppose the contractors keep puttin' them off, as they did us when we was buildin'. No, don't you think you can put me off with none of them. Wherever you be, just set down and write me a letter, and write satisfactory, and write particular, and write explicit, and, above all, write comprehensible!'

Against the plain post-card no objection can be made. Its usefulness, in emergencies, is undeniable, and the amount of information which can sometimes be spread over its surface is surprising. There is a lady who conducts her entire correspondence through this channel. She reveals secrets supposed to be the most profound, relates misdemeanors and indiscretions with a reckless disregard of the consequences. One of her cards reads like the discourse of Jingle in the *Pickwick Papers:* for instance: —

'Dick Dawson dead — they say morphine. Flirtatious Julia Mitchell. Scandalous! Mrs. Dick resentful. Wore red dress at funeral. Beautiful summer. Roses and strawberries, profusion.'

Then, later: —

'July weather, great heat. Mrs. Dawson still resentful — has found Julia's letters to Dick — shown them about everywhere — says she will hound Julia to the day of her death.'

Her confidence is unbounded in the integrity of postmen and bell-boys, while the latter may be seen any morning, sitting on the doorsteps of apartment houses, making merry over the post-card correspondence.

Woe to the man whose conscience slumbers, seared with a hot iron, when letters come to him pleading, often pathetically, for the payment of debts. A poor French wine-merchant once confided to a gentleman the trouble he had with a man who had been long owing him for some wine. 'At last,' he said, 'I wrote to him. My God! he was very angry. He said I thought he would not pay. It was not that — I would not care if he did not pay for three years. It was the *silence*, you understand. When your letters are not answered, the first time you say, "He have not received them," the second time you say, "He is away," the third time you say, "He is *seeck*," the next time you say, "He wants to steal me that money!"'

It is related of another merchant that, impatient at the long delay of a customer in settling his accounts with

him, he said at last to his young clerk, 'Write to that man and tell him that I can wait no longer!' 'What shall I write to him?' the young man asked. The merchant was hurried and answered crossly and without thought, 'Something or nothing, and that soon!' In a few days a check came from the delinquent, paying the entire amount of his indebtedness. Surprised, the merchant asked his clerk, 'What did you write to that man?' 'Just what you told me to,' the young man answered. 'I did not tell you what to write.' 'Yes, you did; you said, "Something or nothing, and that soon." I wrote that.'

True, O Uncle Joshua, it takes some one more wise than a fool to 'compose a letter.'

ASYLUMS FOR THE HOPELESSLY SANE

THESE are courageous, intelligent days, when the world is taking itself in hand and studying its own wants, with the effect of divining some needs which our fathers crassly ignored. Our psychological development enables us more and more to look below the obvious surface of the demands of our civilization. Among other things, we are beginning to feel the necessity of erecting a few asylums for the hopelessly sane. The progress, if not the actual safety, of the commonwealth requires them.

Fortunately, there would never have to be many such institutions in existence; for sanity in its advanced stages is not a disease widely prevalent among human communities, and incipient sanity can generally be checked. But the demand might support a supply of one to every state.

What are the symptoms of sanity, and what are the dangers inherent in its development? Some of us know only too well. We have tried to deal with sane people. But others, more fortunate, have never felt the chilly blanketing of the malign influence, its distortion of the generous values of life, and they have to have their eyes opened to the thwarting peril.

Sanity holds such a wise equipoise among the conflicting forces of a none too sagacious world that it never gets pulled in any one direction more than in another. That sounds all right. Yes, the insidious nature of sanity is to sound all right. But some of the forces of the world are much better than others; some are so gloriously excellent that they should be yielded to utterly, followed without reserve to their extreme conclusion. What are such forces to make of a person who says, 'Ah, well, yes, that does all very well; but you go too fast and too far, you become undignified. I agree with you, cautiously, up to a certain point. There I draw the line.' Sane people are always drawing lines. That is one of the surest indications of their malady. As if the hard-and-fast lines of our human destiny were not already drawn close enough! As if, enlisted in a good cause, we had any business to set ourselves boundaries!

Sanity is Argus-eyed, and sees a great many sides to every question. That, again, sounds very well. Surely, a catholic disposition is all to the good. But it does not look deep enough to compare one side with another; for, if it did, its individual temperament would compel it to preference. The great organization that has monopolized the term catholic, has a single vision and emphatic preferences. But it may be that sanity dispenses with individual temperament, and so foregoes the very standard of choice. At any rate, by its wide tolerant recognition, it commits itself to a policy of passivity in an active world.

But is sanity tolerant? If it were, it

would at least be harmless, and there would be no need for the Sane Asylums. Unfortunately, like all its other characteristics, tolerance graces it only up to a certain point. Beyond that, a decided negation takes possession of it and makes it a grim force in the world.

One has only to study the history of humanity's greatest movements to see how this works out. The early Church went careering madly, bent wholly, fiercely, on righteousness, cutting off its hands, plucking out its eyes in every direction. The Kingdom might perhaps have come as soon as the disciples expected if that *élan* had continued. But then Constantine arose, at the same time giving the new religion its first organized chance and teaching it its first lessons in worldly wisdom. 'Very well; you have your good points; I will help you — especially since, if I don't, you seem likely to make things unpleasant for me. But you go too far. You must learn self-control. I will set you an example by deferring my baptism till the hour of my death.' Perhaps it is ungracious to criticize the first Christian emperor; but certainly since his day, the Church has ceased plucking out its eyes, and no longer succeeds in making things effectively unpleasant for anybody. It would speak volumes if some Tammany magnate, some iniquitous factory overseer, should feel the necessity of committing himself to baptism rather than suffer the slings and arrows of some outrageous religious denomination. Unhappily, it speaks other volumes that no one does.

Enthusiasm is too sensitive and spiritual an essence not to suffer from the shock and chill of encounter with prudence. It draws in its tentacles, contracts; and, when it recovers itself, finds itself a changed being in a hardening world. There is then nothing for it but to go slowly; for hard things require deliberate manipulation. Only things made molten by a fire of love and zeal flow swiftly into place.

One sees, then, how fatal the touch of sanity may be. It is not precisely contagious, for most of us — thank heaven! — have no germs of it in us; but it is very arresting. It interrupts the momentum by which many a good cause, if left to itself, would have carried all before it. When the world at last makes up its mind to become and to do that which it promised nineteen hundred years ago, it will have to begin by locking all its strictly sane people out of the way.

But if sanity is so thwarting, does it follow, on the other hand, that madness is the disposition which best suits human life? Natural selection seems to have found it so. Everybody is mad when he is most spontaneously, most effectively himself. For then he is literally beside himself, carried out of, away from himself, lost to his own recognition in the mighty sweep of his cause. He does not stop to weigh and consider, to balance expediencies; he lets himself go, and, almost without knowing it, accomplishes great things. He who is not mad when he is in love is a pretty poor kind of lover; and what are we all but desperate lovers of Heaven?

Madness is an attribute of youth, and sanity of maturity. That is the reason why a beneficent Providence has decreed that the span of human life shall be so comparatively short, and that nations and civilizations shall be so frequently dissolved and dispersed. Only when people and countries are young, do they make vigorous history. When they take to turning on themselves and asking soberly, 'Is this worth while? Are we not becoming ridiculous?' they have to be safely annihilated. Then the world-progress,

sorely interrupted and impeded, can gather itself together and go on again.

This is all quite too bad. For youth's inexperience is its serious handicap; and maturity's wisdom might stand it in good stead, if it were not taken in such over-doses that it becomes a poison. If people and nations could only conserve their madness through the whole course of their experimenting lives, learning the rules of the game while still devoting their passionate attention to the goal, they might end by making some really great and brilliant achievements.

Perhaps, then, sanitariums would be better than asylums for our sane. Instead of waiting till they become hopeless and then committing them permanently, it might be well to note the first symptoms and take them in hand. For the groundwork of human nature is so vital and healthy that, if it is encouraged, it can almost always throw off incipient sanity. The methods of such sanitariums would be interesting to devise. Patients not too far advanced in their malady would have a good time. They would be constrained to devote themselves recklessly to whatever they held most dear (provided the causes were approved worthy); they would be made to take risks, commit imprudences. By some ingenious arrangement of the daily curriculum, they would be constantly given the choice between that which is spontaneous, vital, and that which is reasonable; and, when they chose the latter, they would be hissed. A fine place, such a sanitarium! Stimulating, inspiring, invigorating. We should all of us want to go there, for very love of the standard, for very joy in the great contagion of enthusiasm. Sane and insane alike, we should look upon the experience as a sort of religious 'retreat.'

Ah! it is a desperate business, this life, to which we are so obscurely, so inexplicably committed. Our only chance with it is to take it desperately. It is infinitely greater than we are, it knows what it is about, its cosmic intentions endure. We are wise when we let ourselves go with it; we are very silly when we weigh and reserve our allegiance. So, then, the sane are the only insane? That is possible.

IN A TRAIN WITH LAMB

I WAS riding in a train with Charles Lamb — who never rode in one in all his shadowed life. I doubt whether he would have cared for it. When he went to Coleridge's or to Mackery End by coach there was a slowness of transit that did not forebode the putting of great distances between himself and his beloved London. But a train! — whizz and clang! and many miles away from Fleet Street in an incredibly short space of time! He would have fancied the impossibility of ever going back over such a distance. Of course, in reality, the going back would have been as swift; but Charles Lamb no more dwelt amid realities than did I reflect reality when I wrote of riding with him in a train. What I truly meant was that I had his essays with me; and as I was buried in "Schoolmasters New and Old" the subconscious contrast was in my mind between the coach of which he told — the leisurely and I hope comfortable coach — and my clanking train which was making a blur of all the beauty near at hand and leaving for the eye's delight only the more distant landscape.

It was in raising my eyes from the book for a second to look at the distant hills — misty, as I love hills best — that I brought about a longer interruption of my reading than I had intended. My own fault, of course, for deserting the page; one who wants to find the crock of gold should never allow his

eyes to leave the guiding fairy. But Lamb so vividly described the bore with whom he was riding in the coach that I forewent for a moment the delight of his page to reflect with sardonic and not sufficiently guilty pleasure on the boredom of visiting relatives whom I had escaped by a far from truthful story that I must make a journey into the country. Yet, 'a feller has to fish' — and as I laid my hand affectionately on the rod which stood beside me I reflected that the imperative in the line quoted afforded at least some salve for conscience. And it was with this feeling of stifled scruples that I was turning back to the volume when the man who sat between me and the window spoke.

I had no further noted him in taking my seat than to observe that he was bulky and left me none too much room. Now, as he spoke and I perforce looked at him, I saw that his face was mate to his body in its bulkiness, and that there was little in it to indicate companionship for me.

He pointed to a building of galvanized iron which was going up at the farther edge of a marsh over which we were traveling.

'Do you happen to know what that is intended for?' he inquired.

With politeness that denoted a total lack of interest I replied that I did not.

'I heard that big woolen mills are to be put up in this neighborhood,' he said, 'and I wondered if that could be the building.'

I did not know, I was sure. I lack the temperament which enables one to turn abruptly away from a bore — and although perhaps not encouraged, he was at least not sufficiently discouraged by my reticence to be prevented from saying, —

'There would be a fine opening for a big woolen mill here.'

I tried to think of something pat to the occasion — I could not; I saw something opposite in the form of a flock of grazing sheep, but was afraid that mention of them would make him further discursive, and depended upon nods and half-muttered negatives and assents to silence him. But this was not easy. He was interested in woolen mills and craved conversation about them. Then the recollection that a chewing-gum factory was to be erected in the neighborhood furnished a cud for his audible reflections to several minutes' extent. The wonder to me was that he could be so interested in these things, yet talk so stupidly of them. I am not one of the bookish sort who look upon books as the only worth-while topic of conversation; but one who cannot talk well upon the only things he knows, as was the case with this man, should talk only to himself.

I was becoming desperate when the delightful reflection came upon me that I was going through an episode such as had befallen Lamb on the stage-coach — that I had deserted an account of his distressing experience only to plunge into something similar. So absorbed did I become in dwelling upon the comparison that I ceased listening to what the man was saying till he leaned toward me and asked, —

'May I inquire what you are reading?'

I wanted to shout with laughter. It was with real effort that I suppressed at least a chuckle. What an opportunity! He should see the book — his attention should be called to the passage wherein Lamb drew the schoolmaster who must have been one of my neighbor's ancestors. With my finger ready to point to the passage as one especially worth reading, I extended the book to him.

'Lamb,' I said.

I had regarded him as a man who,

should a waiter say, 'Lamb, sir?' would look epicureanly reflective. What other application of the word could appeal to him?

But at my reply his heavy face grew all a-sparkle.

'Lamb!' he cried. 'I hope for your sake that you love him as I do. To know him is enough to make one happy for life.'

By this time he had the volume in his hand, and my changed heart was beating in sympathy with his.

He flipped the pages rapidly, slowly, glancing here and there, reading here and there, sometimes to himself with great inner rumblings, sometimes to me — until I impatiently but politely took the book from him and had my share of glance and comment. He liked some passages better than I did — I liked others better than he did. For some our admiration was equally shared.

'What a fellow!' he said. 'Remember his friend George! — what was his other name? Well, it does n't matter. But you remember, don't you, how he was leaving Lamb's house one night, and fell into the river; and Lamb and others fished him out, all but drowned; and how the soppy eccentric stood there and said, happy over his own perception, "Huh, I knew all the time that I was in the river"?'

What joy to meet a man who knows and loves your favorite story of all stories!

With equal gusto I reviewed Lamb's letter in which he wrote of his journey home from the doctor's party astride a friend's back — it having been a party of the sort that makes walking difficult for a true devotee of gin. So overjoyed was my new acquaintance at the reawakened memory of this letter that he thumped me heartily on the back to emphasize his delight. Now, I am sensitive about being thumped on the back, but on this occasion it seemed to be quite in keeping with the boisterousness of the doctor's party.

It was with real regret that I prepared to leave him at my journey's end — real regret until he said, 'Sorry you're going; we have n't had time to go through my favorite essay, "Schoolmasters New and Old."' Then I was rather glad that we had to part.

FLAT PROSE

Some time ago a writer in the *Atlantic* protested against the taboo on 'beautiful prose.' He asserted that the usual organs of publication, especially in America, reject with deadly certainty all contributions whose style suggests that melodious rhythm which De Quincey and Ruskin made fashionable for their generations, and Stevenson revived in the nineties. He complained that the writer is no longer allowed to write as well as he can; that he must abstract all unnecessary color of phrase, all warmth of connotation and grace of rhythm from his style, lest he should seem to be striving for 'atmosphere,' instead of going about his proper business, which is to fill the greedy stomach of the public with facts.

Unfortunately, this timely fighter in a good cause was too enamored of the art whose suppression he was bewailing. He so far forgot himself as to make his own style 'beautiful' in the old-time fashion, and thus must have roused the prejudice of the multitude, who had to study such style in college, and knew from sad experience that it takes longer to read than the other kind.

But there are other and safer ways of combating the taste for flat prose. One might be to print parallel columns of 'newspaper English' (which they threaten now to teach in the schools) until the eye sickened of its deadly monotony. This is a bad way. The average reader would not see the point.

Paragraphs from a dozen American papers, all couched in the same utilitarian dialect, — simple but not always clear, concise yet seldom accurate, emphatic but as ugly as the clank of an automobile chain, — why, we read thousands of such lines daily! We think in such English; we talk in it; to revolt from this style, to which the Associated Press has given the largest circulation on record, would be like protesting against the nitrogen in our air.

And who wants to bring back color, rhythm, beauty, a sense of the innate value of words, to the news column, or even to the editorial page! It takes too long to read them now.

Books and magazines require a different reckoning. The author is still allowed to let himself go occasionally in books — especially in sentimental books. But the magazines, with few exceptions, have shut down the lid, and are keeping the stylistic afflatus under strict compression. No use to show them what they might publish if, with due exclusion of the merely pretty, the sing-song, and the weakly ornate, they were willing to let a little style escape. With complete cowardice, they will turn the general into the particular, and insist that in any case they will not publish *you*. Far better, it seems to me, to warn editors and the 'practical public' as to what apparently is going to happen if ambitious authors are tied down much longer to flat prose.

It is not generally known, I believe, that post-impressionism has escaped from the field of pictorial art, and is running rampant in literature. At present, Miss Gertrude Stein is the chief culprit. Indeed, she may be called the founder of a coterie, if not of a school.

Her art has been defined recently by one of her admirers, who is also the subject, or victim, of the word-portrait from which I intend later to quote in illustration of my argument. 'Gertrude Stein,' says Miss Dodge, 'is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She is impelling language to induce new states of consciousness, and in doing so language becomes with her a creative art rather than a mirror of history.' This, being written in psychological and not in post-impressionist English, is fairly intelligible. But it does not touch the root of the matter. Miss Stein, the writer continues, uses 'words that appeal to her as having the meaning they *seem* to have [that is, if 'diuturnity' suggests a tumble downstairs, it *means* a tumble downstairs]. To present her impressions she chooses words for their inherent quality rather than their accepted meaning.'

Let us watch the creative artist at her toil. The title of this particular word-picture is 'Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia.' As the portrait itself has a beginning, but no middle, and only a faintly indicated end, I believe — though in my ignorance of just what it all means I am not sure — that I can quote at random without offense to the impressions derivable from the text.

Here then are a few paragraphs where the inherent quality of the words is said to induce new states of consciousness: —

'Bargaining is something and there is not that success. The intention is what if application has that accident results are reappearing. They did not darken. That was not an adulteration. . . . There is that particular half of directing that there is that particular whole direction that is not all the measure of any combination. Gliding is not heavily moving. Looking is not vanishing. Laughing is not evaporation.

'Praying has intention and relieving that situation is not solemn. There comes that way.

'There is all there is when there has

all there has where there is what there is. That is what is done when there is done what is done and the union is won and the division is the explicit visit. There is not all of any visit.'

After a hundred lines of this I wish to scream, I wish to burn the book, I am in agony. It is not because I know that words *cannot* be torn loose from their meanings without insulting the intellect. It is not because I see that this is a prime example of the 'confusion of the arts.' No, my feeling is purely physical. Some one has applied an egg-beater to my brain.

But having calmed myself by a sedative of flat prose from the paper, I realize that Miss Stein is more sinned against than sinning. She is merely a red flag waved by the *Zeitgeist.*

For this is the sort of thing we are bound to get if the lid is kept down on the stylists much longer. Repression has always bred revolt. Revolt breeds extravagance. And extravagance leads to absurdity. And yet even in the absurd, a sympathetic observer may detect a purpose which is honest and right. Miss Stein has indubitably written nonsense, but she began with sense. For words *have* their sound-values as well as their sense-values, and prose rhythms *do* convey to the mind emotions that mere denotation cannot give. Rewrite the solemn glory of Old Testament diction in the flat colorless prose which just now is demanded, and wonder at the difference. Translate 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine' into 'making the ocean red,' — or, for more pertinent instances, imagine a Carlyle, an Emerson, a Lamb forced to exclude from his vocabulary every word not readily understood by the multitude, to iron out all whimseys, all melodies from his phrasing, and to plunk down his words one after the other in the order of elementary thought.

I am willing to fight to the last drop of ink against any attempt to bring back 'fine writing' and ornate rhetoric into prose. 'Expression is the dress of thought,' and plain thinking and plain facts look best in simple clothing. Nevertheless, if we must write our stories, our essays, our novels, and (who knows) our poems in the flat prose of the news column, — if the editors will sit on the lid, — well, the public will get what it pays for, but sooner or later the spirit of style will ferment, will work, will grow violent under restraint. There will be reaction, explosion, revolution. The public will get its flat prose, and — in addition — not one, but a hundred Gertrude Steins.'

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DO OUR REPRESENTATIVES REPRESENT?

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

I

In a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an English writer sketches the political and social changes which have come over the British Isles within the last generation.[1] His survey is made with particular reference to the mooted point, how far representative government has been promoted or impaired by these changes; and at the conclusion of his article he goes to the bottom of the whole business by asking what, after all, is 'real representation.' In the United States, within the corresponding period, we have been experiencing changes as momentous as those in the mother country, and the same fundamental question confronts us as we glance over the fields in which they have occurred.

Representation, considered without special reference to domestic politics, may take any one of several forms. The envoy, for example, represents his sovereign in a manner quite unlike that in which the guardian represents his ward. The envoy must make himself as nearly as practicable the mirror and echo of his sovereign, whose idiosyncrasies and passing whims he must reflect with equal faithfulness, whether they appeal to his common sense or revolt it. The guardian, on the other hand, however well settled the terms of his appointment, and regardless of the share the ward may have been allowed in his selection, is clothed with a discretion for the exercise of which he is held to as strict account as for his honesty. Of alternative courses open to him in any instance, the one promising immediate profit and eagerly desired by the ward, the other presenting fewer superficial attractions but pointing to larger advantages in the future, he is bound to take that which, according to his own best judgment, will be for the ward's greater eventual benefit. Then, there is the representative relation of the attorney, who, though accepting the client's instructions with his retainer, is nevertheless subject to the higher obligations of professional ethics, and must be ever mindful that he is an officer of the court as well as a private practitioner. Finally, there is the familiar illustration of the stockholder in a corporate enterprise, who assigns to a proxy the right to vote in his stead on matters of vital importance, not only leaving to this representative absolute freedom of action, but approving and validating in advance every step he may take.

So it will be seen that representation

[1] 'England and Ireland,' by H. Fielding-Hall, in the *Atlantic* for December, 1913.

is a term not so easy to define as one might suppose, and especially difficult when we use it to describe the duty of a public servant. Does it mean that the man we put into office shall always do there just what we should have done if we had been handling the same affairs directly? Or does it mean that, in a crisis where his judgment and ours differ with respect to a large question which he has had a better opportunity than we to study at close range, he is to obey our orders in defiance of his personal conviction that to do so would make for our ultimate injury? Or does it mean that if the code of official ethics adopted and maintained for the common good stands in the way of his accomplishing some purpose on which we individually have set our hearts, he shall disregard it in the assertion of his representative character? Or does it mean that, when we put him where he is, we turned over to him every power, right, and privilege we possessed in the premises, and deliberately estopped ourselves from further interference in the business we intrusted to him?

II

At one time or another, and wholly or in part, representative government in the United States has passed through all these phases. In great emergencies, like that presented by the Civil War and its immediate sequelæ, the people with practical unanimity surrendered to the government at Washington all authority, to be exercised as might seem best on any occasion. It was the sense that they had done this, and were bound to stand by their bargain, that kept the country generally quiet in the face of repeated trespasses by the military power upon the civil domain, and permitted the piling up of the public debt, the resort to an irredeemable paper currency, the imposition of extraordinary taxes, the recruiting of the army by conscription, the unceremonious seizure and destruction of private property, the arbitrary creation and division of states, the wholesale emancipation of the slaves by executive proclamation, and many other measures which, under different conditions, would have been condemned as despotic. We have seen a senator sent to Coventry for voting his convictions at an impeachment trial, although he was doing only what he had solemnly sworn to do. We have seen a reëlection refused to one President because he told the truth, as he saw it, about the tariff, in pursuance of his constitutional duty to recommend to the consideration of Congress 'such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient,' and to another because he kept too strictly within the limits set by the organic law upon his jurisdiction.

The fathers of the Constitution had their own notion of what representation meant. With them, it was obviously the relation of guardian to ward; and their debates in the convention of 1787 showed that, in their opinion, the safety of the republic depended on avoiding an undue intimacy between the twain, by taking care that the ward should not have too much to say about the choice of the guardian. The proletariat were to have their welfare safeguarded, of course, but it was not for them to meddle with the machinery established for this purpose, since presumptively they would not know what was best for them. The right to vote ought to be restricted to the class who would use it wisely, and probably a property qualification would furnish the most effective gauge for separating that class from the others. When this proposition was before the Convention, Mr. Dickinson of Maryland spoke in favor of it. 'The freeholders of the country,' he declared, 'are the best

guardians of liberty, and the restriction of the right to them is a necessary defense against the dangerous influence of the multitudes without property and without principle, with which our country, like all others, will in time abound.'

'The time,' said Gouverneur Morris of New York, 'is not distant when this country will abound with mechanics and manufacturers, who will receive their bread from their employers. Will such men be the secure and faithful guardians of liberty — the impregnable barriers against aristocracy? The ignorant and the dependent can be as little trusted with the public interest as children!'

'Viewing the subject in its merits alone,' said Madison of Virginia, 'the freeholders of the country would be the safest depositories of republican liberty. In future times, a great majority of the people will not only be without property in land, but property of any sort. These will either combine under the influence of their common situation, or, what is more probable, they will become the tools of opulence and ambition; in which case, there will be equal danger on another side.'

And thus it went. Even Franklin, with all his unaristocratic antecedents, and his repugnance to the idea of conferring the ballot upon property while denying it to human beings, based his most powerful plea on what seemed a purely sentimental theory, that the possession of the elective franchise would of itself inspire nobility of character in the citizen. Considerations of prudence finally prevailed to turn the whole issue over to the states, letting them individually decide to whom, within their own borders, they would grant the ballot and to whom refuse it. In those days, so strong was the sense of the value of property as a means of grace for the administration of a public trust, that it was soberly proposed to require a certain degree of wealth of every one who aspired to an important office — that the President, for instance, should be possessed of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, a judge of fifty thousand, and a member of Congress of a fortune of proportionate size.

How slender was the faith of the delegates generally in the discretion and integrity of the masses of the people, is plain from the distinction made between the methods prescribed for choosing the members of the two houses of Congress, and between the lengths of their respective terms; from the confining of the consideration of foreign treaties to the indirectly chosen Senate; from the indirect process laid down for the election of President; from the power vested in the President thus elected to appoint the judiciary, and officers who represent the United States in dealing with other nations; and from the inclusion of the executive with Congress as a part of the law-making machinery. The direct share of the people in all this was narrowed down practically to the election of their representatives in Congress, who were to have the initiation of measures affecting taxation, and an equal share with the Senate in all legislation. In order that the great body of citizens should have a fairly frequent hearing for their views on public questions, the membership of the House of Representatives was to be completely renewed once in two years. This, it was believed, would provide for the prompt reflection of all changes of opinion among a constituency recognized as liable to fickleness; but, lest such changes should be too frequent for the country's good, there stood the Senate, free from immediate responsibility to the populace, and intrenched behind a fixed term of six years, ready to act as a steadying force.

The Senate's function of compelling

deliberation has been illustrated in many ways, but in none better than by one of the apocryphal stories of George Washington on which an earlier generation was brought up. He was said to have been asked at a friend's table, why we had aped the feudal institutions of Great Britain to the extent of having a select as well as a popular house in our Congress. His hostess had just helped him to a cup of tea, so hot that it was sending forth a cloud of steam. He poured a part of the tea into his saucer, and let it stand long enough to cool before drinking. 'This cup,' said he, 'is the House of Representatives. Its contents have come directly from the people, who may be in a state of great excitement. This saucer is the Senate, in which I can hold the scalding liquid till its heat has subsided enough to make it safe to drink.'

Carrying the same idea a stage further, the Constitution empowered the President to halt the enactment of a proposed law till he could set forth any reasons he might have for regarding it as ill-advised or inopportune, and thus procure its review in a calmer spirit. The restriction of all foreign negotiations to the President and Senate, also, was designed to put wholly outside of a volatile atmosphere the consideration of matters which might bring our government into collision with others. And with respect to the judiciary, the influence of popular passion and impulse was to be nullified by lifting the Federal bench out of the arena of politics, where the decision of a magistrate in some critical case might be more or less swayed by his dread of incurring the disfavor of his constituents.

III

All this was a century and a quarter ago. In the interval the population of the United States has risen from four million to nearly one hundred million souls, with a proportional multiplication of social and economic problems, particularly in the present generation, when the increase in the population has been more than equaled by the increase of its density around certain centres of industrial activity. What the fathers foresaw has come to pass: an enormous multitude of our people is without property, or with very little. Yet manhood suffrage prevails in almost all the states, and, in the few where any restrictions whatever are imposed, those restrictions are mostly educational tests of an elementary order. The property qualification which loomed so large in the minds of Dickinson and Morris and Madison, and which was widely adopted in the early days, is now everywhere obsolete or obsolescent. Large wealth has accumulated in the hands of a small minority of our people. Human nature meanwhile has remained human nature, and the class cleavage has followed financial lines rather than lines of ancestry or of worldly knowledge, with the result that the citizen with insignificant means or no means at all is set in antagonism to the citizen with plenty.

Class-consciousness manifests itself in politics, because politics furnishes the machinery for representation, and representation for legislation; and the whole trend of modern legislation has been in the direction of satisfying the demands of the masses for direct relief or enlarged opportunity. The primitive assumption that government is merely a form of organization to be supported by the people for their common convenience, with functions limited to the maintenance of order, the adjustment of controverted rights, and the protection of the persons and property subject to its jurisdiction, has been gradually working over into an assumption that it is the business of

this government, at least, to support the people.

For indications marking stages in such a process, read in the national statute-book the laws requiring a rigid inspection of meat products; penalizing the adulteration of foods and drugs; establishing a postal savings system to encourage thrift among the poor; compelling the use of special appliances on railroads to make the handling of trains less dangerous for employees; prescribing the length of a day's work in sundry occupations; creating bureaus to investigate, and incidentally to expose to public criticism, the methods pursued in privately owned industries and in the employment of particular classes of laborers; condemning to destruction a once profitable line of manufacture because its raw materials were unwholesome for its artisans to work with; making employers liable for injuries suffered by their workmen while on duty; excluding from our shores sundry classes of immigrants lest they underbid our citizens in the labor markets; constructing mammoth reclamation projects for the benefit of the farmers of the arid West; making war upon lotteries and the prostitute traffic; and for a score of cognate purposes entirely beyond the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution. These, indeed, appear to be but the initiatory features of a new epoch, if we believe that President Wilson will carry his anti-trust, agricultural-education, and farmer-loan programmes to success, and if we are prepared to treat seriously the efforts of certain members of Congress to commit that body to a policy regarding marriage and divorce, to the regulation of stock and produce exchanges, and to the exemption of labor organizations from the operation of the laws against monopoly.

These things are in addition to a heap of legislation enacted in the several states, some of which is consistent, while much is more or less in conflict, with the United States laws on the same subjects. In order to reconcile the discordant elements as far as may be, the boundaries which used to separate state from Federal jurisdiction are in process of being obliterated. Here is, of course, a radical departure from the plans of the Constitution-makers, who never lost sight of the origin of the republic as a mere union of independent sovereignties for the better assurance of their joint defense against domestic insurrection and hostilities from without. The national ideal is now invading every field of legislation, supplanting both the ideal of state sovereignty and the federal theory, and running parallel with the struggle for self-assertion among the masses of the people and their more and more clamorous insistence that the will of the numerical majority shall override all considerations of differences in intelligence, education, or social condition.

Whoever has watched the movement with a discerning eye must read in it, I think, the gradual transformation of a representative government under a thin veil of democracy, which we inherited, into a democracy with a few superficial insignia of representative government, cherished rather for memory's sake than for any faith in their virtues.

The Constitution is distinguished no less for its elasticity than for its strength. When circumstances have called into existence a public policy for which no explicit sanction could be found in its text, resort has been had to some clause which would stretch if pulled hard enough. Thus, when all state-bank currency had to be driven out of existence, a prohibitory tax was levied under the right of Congress to lay and collect taxes; when the great

carrying corporations seemed to need government oversight, the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the states was invoked; and when any novel demand could not be met otherwise, the 'general welfare' clause of the preamble and the first section of article one proved of timely convenience. Neither the eleven paragraphs added before the close of the eighteenth century to supply a few omissions discovered in the original text, nor the Twelfth Amendment, adopted in 1804 to make the electoral system more workable, affected the spirit of the Constitution as first promulgated; so it may be said with truth that the republic conducted its business for seventy-five years under a charter essentially unaltered. The far-reaching results of the Civil War made necessary the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments, but these were followed by more than forty years of quiescence.

IV

The purpose of this brief historical review is to emphasize the reluctance of the American people in the past to tamper with their Constitution, and hence the revolutionary significance of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth amendments, proclaimed in 1913. Both have in view the expedition of the democratizing process which has already been noted. The Sixteenth Amendment recognizes the increasing power of individual wealth throughout the country, and is designed to compel the assumption by the moneyed class of a larger share of the common burden. To this end it sweeps away state barriers, and authorizes the national government to impose a tax on incomes without regard to the distribution of population or representation. It clears the way for the capture of the possessor of great riches wherever found, and for calling him to the same account as his neighbor who has little or nothing — or, as it has worked out in the exemption provisions of the present act, to an account far more severe.

The Seventeenth Amendment, by which the choice of senators is transferred from the legislatures of the several states to the people thereof, was doubtless the outgrowth of a widespread distrust of legislatures. It recalls the answer of a notorious speculator who flourished in my youth, and whose ventures depended often on the success of his lobby work, to the question why he took so languid an interest in the preliminaries to an election impending in his state. 'It is cheaper to buy the legislature after election than the voters before it.' Whether the remark was earnestly made, or in cynical humor, it spread like wildfire, it was so at one with what was known of the character of its author, and comported so well with the sense of suspicion that lurked in the popular mind regarding the uprightness of law-makers of the rank commonly sent to the state capitals.

About this time, also, began a series of deadlocks in the legislatures which had senators to elect, and one or two of them occurred at critical junctures when it was important to a state to have a full representation at Washington. Finally, the indirect method of election, which kept the Senate always at arm's length from the people, and gave it the name of an American House of Lords, became more and more an object of notice and attack in the press. Some of the most censorious critics insisted that the Senate had outgrown whatever of usefulness it might once have possessed, and would better be discarded altogether; this brought a more conservative group of citizens to its defense, and a compromise between the two extremes of view was reached on the basis of letting the people of a

state express in some way their preference between senatorial candidates, as a guide to the legislature. And, while several plans of this sort were under discussion, came Tillman.

Long after the Civil War had ended Negro slavery, most of the South clung to its aristocratic traditions of public service with intense tenacity. Its leaders were not 'men of the people' either by descent or in sympathies. Their ancestors had been conspicuous figures in their respective States for several generations; they were scions of Revolutionary stock or of the navy of 1812, or sprung from families which had given governors, legislators, or judges to the community in trying times of old. All were well versed in American history, many had won local fame as orators, and there were few who had not both the ancient and the English classics at their tongues' command. The loss of their slaves and the deterioration of their plantations had left them financially stranded, and some salaried office seemed to the worshipful yeomanry around them to offer the best means of providing for their needs. So a stream of blue blood poured from the South into Congress, and especially into the Senate, from the hour that the Reconstruction bogey was exorcised from Southern politics.

The first break came when Benjamin R. Tillman, the head of an insurgent movement among the inelegant rustics of South Carolina, succeeded in getting himself elected Governor, and forcing the legislature to drop Wade Hampton and send John L. M. Irby to the Senate. A little later he came himself. A 'farmer' — not a 'planter' — by occupation, redolent of the upturned soil in appearance, manners, and speech, and accused by local gossips of having sat in a wagon in an open marketplace and sold the produce of his acres, it would be hard to imagine a sharper human contrast than was presented by this man and his immediate predecessor, Matthew C. Butler, every line in whose face bore witness to his pedigree, and whose voice and bearing were those of a well-bred citizen of the world. I remember the despairing comment of a South Carolinian of distinguished lineage who was in Washington when the news arrived that Tillman had defeated Butler: 'This means that the end is at hand!' He read the omen aright. The oligarchy which had ruled the South for more than a century by virtue of the strain of rulership in its blood, was facing everywhere a disaster from which there could be no recovery. The common people were learning their strength, and had begun to make use of it.

If doubt remained in any mind of the meaning of Tillman's election, it was dispelled with his first irruption as a debater in the Senate, when he said, 'I am the only farmer in this august body. Yet out of seventy million people in this country, thirty-five million are engaged in agriculture. If, then, one farmer has broken down the barriers and forced his way here, upon his head rests the responsibility of giving utterance to the feelings, the aspirations of his fellows. Before I get through, you will realize that I speak plainly and bluntly . . . the language of the common people; for I am one of them, and I expect to tell you how they feel, and what they think, and what they want!' And proceeding to discuss certain questions which he said had been threshed out by lawyers, and corporation magnates, and nearly everybody else, but had 'not yet been handled on the pitchfork of the farmer,' he laid about him savagely, particularly denouncing the Cleveland administration for having betrayed the Democratic party and surrendered the nation into the control of a plutarchy.

The 'pitchfork speech' was the sensation of the day; but whoever supposed that it was to remain a unique oratorical curio was destined to be speedily undeceived. Every slogan of revolt raised in national politics since then, from the nasal wails of Teller at St. Louis to the leonine roars of Johnson at Chicago, has had for its burden the same grievance that Tillman voiced: The clique in power represents not the masses but the classes! The men who hold the captains' commissions under its banner are not of the people, or in close accord with the people; whereas the candidates put forward by the remonstrants have this supreme excellence, that they come from the people, believe in the people, think with the people, and are prepared to obey the wishes of the people at every turn and to the last extreme. Economic and financial issues such as engaged the best thought and finest eloquence of the wise men who sat in the Capitol a generation ago, and through them captured the attention of their constituents, hold a secondary place in the popular interest now, the first place having been usurped by social and humane problems which formerly were regarded as outside the pale of governmental activity; and Congress has been steadily growing, as we have seen, more and more responsive to this latter-day bent of the public mind.

V

Thus, between the foundation of the republic and the present hour, the general conception of what Congress ought to be and do has passed from one pole to the other: from the theory that a member was to be chosen because of his superior antecedents and culture, his greater independence of spirit, his wider experience, and his larger stake at hazard than the bulk of his constituency, to a demand for a man who is 'no better than his neighbors,' and who consequently will not be above doing what they wish to have done, whatever his private convictions or inclinations may be.

Drop into the gallery of either chamber to-day, and you will hear your fellow visitors discussing men and measures on a more parochial basis than in the old times. Such personalities as enter into their conversation take the form of comments on Jim Smith's efforts to get an appropriation for a new postoffice building in his home town, with all the work and wages it would bring there; on the probable falling-off in Tom Jones's farmer vote now that his supply of free seeds is cut down; on Bill Robinson's genius as a hustler, demonstrated by his getting the Indian reservation in his district irrigated and then opened for homestead settlement. Spend a whole day in the gallery, and you will hardly hear a visitor boast of being a constituent of Henry Tompkins because he has earned the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, or framed the winning act for a revision of the navigation laws. In other words, despite the wider spread of the national spirit, what a Congressman does for the nation counts for less now with most of the people in his district than what he does for his immediate neighbors, albeit the one service is largely a matter of cleverness while the other calls for statesmanship. This is human nature, doubtless; perhaps, also, it accords with the well-cherished ideal of representation, that the unit should be as small as practicable.

As might have been foreseen, one effect of bringing Congress nearer to the people has been the elimination from the national legislature of many of its notable figures. A generation ago the Senate held a picturesque group of history-builders. It included Conkling,

who daily reserved his appearance in the chamber till the other senators were seated and the scene set, and whose majestic march down the middle aisle reminded one of the entrance of the king in a Shakespearean drama; Blaine, who had only to rise for a perfunctory motion in order to smite the galleries with a spell of expectant silence and capture the eyes and ears of his colleagues; Hamlin, in his old-fashioned swallow-tail coat, whose association with the memory of Lincoln seemed to draw the great war wonderfully near; Edmunds and Hoar, conserving, in their range of thought and speech, the best traditions of New England statesmanship; Hampton and Bayard, exhaling the flavor of the old South; David Davis, who twice had held the fate of the country in his hand; Chandler and Ingalls and Mahone, guerilla-fighters but powers in their way; Allison and Cockrell, Sanders, Gordon, Voorhees, Hawley, Hill, and a dozen others whose names and stories were household words from one end of the United States to the other.

In the House, during the same period, sat Reed, the despot, and Kasson, the diplomatist; Carlisle, the logician, and Morrison, the bludgeon-bearer; Blackburn, the fiery, and Wheeler, the spider-like; Kelley and Randall, the protectionist twins; Wilson, the polished, and Hepburn, the blunt; Alexander H. Stephens in his wheel-chair; Knott, the witty, and Holman, the frugal; Bland and Butterworth, Bragg and Curtin, Sherman and Mills and Reagan. Cannon, whose recent retirement about exhausts this strain, was then well past his apprenticeship. In their several fields, these were efficient workers. They had force, shrewdness, individuality; their modes of self-expression had a quality challenging to the attention and compelling to the memory. Their purely human characteristics were so pronounced and so well advertised that they were recognized wherever they appeared, even schoolchildren making their acquaintance through the cartoons. When they left the centre of the stage, something went with them out of our public life which may never be replaced. Whether they were, or were not, as truly 'representative' of their constituents as their successors are, they were unquestionably, as a rule, of a higher type than the average of the body politic; and however history may rank them as to their total value to their country, it is but just to say that they helped keep their generation steady, and lent color and spice to the contemporary chronicles.

Of course, I have not forgotten the presence in Congress, as I write, of a Root and a La Follette, a Champ Clark and an Underwood; but it is doubtful whether the most nearly unique personality in the present group can make the same impression on the minds of his countrymen that some of the old fellows made. Moreover, admitting whatever may be said of the increasingly representative character of recent Congresses, assuming representation to be another name for reflection, the question is pertinent, whether this is a virtue to be acclaimed under all circumstances. Are there not occasions when disobedience in the servant is worth more to the master than obedience? Where is the senator, trained in the rigorous school of representation so loudly commended by an impatient populace to-day, whom we could trust to snap party ties, turn his back on sectional claims, and defy the instructions of his state, as Lucius Lamar did when he voted against the silver heresy for conscience' sake? And where is the state that would respond now, as Mississippi did then, by reversing its own attitude in approval of the senator's

manliness? How many men sitting in either chamber of the present Congress should we look to see, if another crisis arose like that reached in the railroad strikes of 1894, stepping out of their party ranks to uphold the hands of a hostile administration in a struggle with mob violence over a labor question, like Cushman Davis of Minnesota when he came to the support of President Cleveland? In both Lamar's case and Davis's, popular sentiment seemed to press in one direction, while the judgment of the man elected to expound and enforce it pressed in another.

A man who stood 'closer to the people' and shared their desires more literally, or who, regardless of his own convictions, felt that the first duty of a representative was to represent the opinions of his principal, would not have taken the course of Davis or Lamar; and not only would a worthy cause have suffered, but the moral influence of such timely courage would have been lost to the republic.

VI

If space permitted, it would be interesting to inquire how much further the democratizing trend of the day is likely to go, in the elimination of indirection from our methods of selecting public servants. For example, we are already launching a presidential primary plan, designed to dispense with party nominating conventions, and, in theory at least, to come nearer to a popular designation of candidates. When we remember how shortly the senatorial primary plan preceded the adoption of a constitutional amendment for the popular election of senators, would it be strange to see another amendment soon started on its way, providing for the choice of the President by direct popular vote? We might also comment on the significance of the recent proposal to abolish secret sessions of the Senate. This project, certainly, is quite in keeping with the general disposition to hold the representatives of the people to a stricter account, for it means that no senator should take advantage of emptied galleries and locked doors to speak or vote as he would not have dared to do while in full view. Whether open executive sessions might not also tend to encourage demagogism, is apart from the main question.

This doubt, however, suggests a broader one: whether the popular revolt against all the old institutions is going to bring about the results directly aimed at. Are the people going to rule themselves any more under the new régime than they did under the old? Will not what is gained in one direction be equaled, or more than equaled, by what is lost in another? Most of mankind prefer following a leader to picking out a path for themselves, so long as they are permitted to cherish a few illusions of ultimate authority; and the leader who has acquired the habit of telling his fellow partisans what they had better do and then proceeding to the task himself, slips easily into a way of telling them what they must do and what they shall do. The People's Party, as will be recalled, was founded on the theory that the people were tired of being bossed. The convention at which it was organized was, for that reason, not a delegate but a mass convention; nevertheless, even as early as that, some of its prominent members quarreled among themselves as to who should steer its deliberations. A few years later I attended one of its national gatherings, where the presiding officer, a man of giant frame, strident voice, and commanding personality, took the whole business into his own hands. Towering above the babel, he would put motions into mouths which

had never so much as opened; call for votes, and declare them carried or lost as he saw fit; and adjourn a session, and set the hour for reassembling, with the utmost indifference to what anybody else might desire.

Walking with him to his hotel after one such monodramatic morning, I remarked, 'You seem to have your convention well in hand.'

He scanned my face keenly to discover whether I was serious or in jest, and then answered, with a broad smile, 'Well, you see, these people are mostly farmers. They don't know much about parliamentary forms. I understand pretty well what they want to do; and, with such a crowd to handle, the "short cut" is usually the best.'

Loud applause from many sides greeted the revolt against the rule of Speaker Cannon in the House of Representatives five or six years ago. Yet Cannon was not the only autocrat, or even the most notable, in the history of his place and era: he merely chanced to be reigning when the time arrived for an upheaval. Sometimes, indeed, the autocracy of a Speaker has been the salvation of a situation. Mr. Carlisle, famous as the fairest-minded and gentlest of the men who have filled the high chair in the House, obeyed an impulse of patriotism as opposed to the obvious preferences of a majority of his fellow members when, in the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, he held back the committee appointments till the Christmas recess, in order that the committee on coinage might be surely under control of safe men. As a specimen of bossism, this does not seem to fall far behind the course taken by his successor, 'Czar' Reed, when the Senate sent over an act for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and he refused to lay it before the House in the usual way, but privately referred it where it would be kept under cover till the sound-money members could mature their plans for dealing with it. How much of the present fine financial credit of the United States is due to the arbitrary domination of these two men during a crucial epoch, few persons realize who were not in the thick of affairs at the capital while the life-and-death struggle over the fifty-cent dollar was going on.

Even Tillman, the first Goth to scale the wall of a supercivilized Senate, has a record in the same line. He rose to eminence, as we have seen, as the champion of popular government against an oligarchy; but he made his second campaign for the governorship of South Carolina on the plea that he could not give his state a reform administration unless he could have control of its legislature. 'Turn out these driftwood legislators,' he shouted from every stump, 'and send me a legislature that will do what I say, and I'll give you reform!'

So we come back to the question: What is real representation? Is it representation of the intelligence, or of the obtuseness or folly, of the community? Is it responsible representation, or puppet-like? Is it what our fathers had in mind, or what we have got, or what our children seem destined to receive? Which is the better represented: the community which commits its interests freely to the keeping of an able, well-trained, patriotic man, who is too discerning to confuse right with wrong or individual privilege with the general good, and too self-respecting to be afraid of his constituents; or the community which insists on leasing the soul of its representative, as well as his hands and his brain, for the price of his annual salary, and dictating absolutely his conduct while in office? Or at what stage between these two extremes can it be said with most truth that our representatives represent?

THE REASONS BEHIND THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

THE ostensible cause for Austria's declaration of war against Servia lay in the alleged unsatisfactory character of the Servian reply to the Austrian demand for suppression of anti-Austrian propaganda and societies by systematic measures in which Austria should herself take an active part. Not only the nature of the demands, but the language in which they were couched, the circumstances of their presentation, and of the receipt of the reply, render it probable that Austria wished to force upon Servia the solution by war of an infinitely larger issue than that raised by the murder of the unfortunate Archduke and his wife. Indeed, the fundamental antipathies between Austria and Servia, already centuries old, the strength of national feeling, and the scope of national ambition, are significant among the causes of this war. To settle by peaceful means such a tangle of interests, racial, political, and commercial, in any fashion mutually agreeable, has so long proved futile, that this present war is tinged for the combatants with inevitability, and almost with divine sanction.

To Americans, far from the tramp of armies and safe from the aggression of covetous neighbors, such militant enthusiasm, such driving force of tradition and patriotism, is literally incomprehensible. And to explain a war begun in aggression, couched in the terms of arrogance, based upon the consciousness of vastly superior strength, to those who have not themselves experienced such emotions and ambitions, above all, to lend to it the color of inevitability which is so clear to Austrian and Serb, involves the explanation of many factors not at first obviously related to the issue itself.

II

To the Austrian, the war is literally a war of self-preservation. Austria has probably the least homogeneous population of all the great powers, and of that heterogeneous mixture the Slavs form a large and unruly part. In Southeastern Austria, in Styria and Carinthia, in Bosnia and Herzegovina are millions of men, racial cousins of the Servians so near them, who have long chafed under the Austrian yoke and as constantly dreamed of the glad day when they should be liberated by some great revolution of all Slavs together in the name of their religion and their nationality.

The creation from these Austrian subjects and their Balkan neighbors of a great monarchy has been more than an aspiration for many years, and for the last year or two much more than a hope. The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is old and the numerous conspirators in his dominions have believed that his death would afford an excellent opportunity for the great revolt and the dawn of freedom. The Hungarians, they believe, would not elect his successor king; the Bohemians would likewise decline to

choose him; the Poles, the Ruthenes, the Croatians and Slavonians would all cast off the yoke together and become simultaneously free and independent nations. So successful has this propaganda been, so wide is its support among all classes of the community, and so far-reaching are its ramifications, that the Austrians have believed their supremacy seriously imperiled and the continuance of the Hapsburg Empire in its present form almost a matter which superior force alone could decide in their favor.

Needless to add, in Servia these malcontents found their natural leader; there they found refuge, there they obtained funds. To believe that the Servian government would of its own volition do more than avoid official connection with these schemes was to believe that they would renounce their national ambition and play traitor to those who looked to them for leadership. The true inwardness of the Austrian demands is only too apparent: they were such as Austria knew in advance that the Servians could not and would not accept in the spirit in which they were made. Yet, a war which should crush Servia to earth, rob her if possible of political independence, of a quantity of men and treasure, and thus render her incapable of leading the malcontents in Austria's own domains, seemed at this crisis, with the Emperor at death's door and the Archduke dead, and an unknown quantity next in succession, literally the only chance of maintaining the Hapsburg monarchy and of securing it lease of life for another generation.

From the actual war the leaders expect great results. It will knit the various peoples together and give them a common object to strive for and a common victory to celebrate. Already the semi-official press at Vienna is exulting in the 'fact,' now 'apparent to Europe,' 'that Austria-Hungary is not only a political and constitutional entity, but also a national reality.' It is a war of self-preservation, a war to end once for all the attempts of Servia to disrupt the Empire; such is the official manifesto of the Emperor.

It is none the less a war of ambition and aggression. For centuries Austria has dreamed of dominating southeastern Europe, of ruling the Balkans, of possessing a sea-coast on the Adriatic and Ægean, where stately ships flying the Austrian flag and laden with the commerce of the world should lie at anchor. The economic backwardness of many of her provinces has been attributed to the difficulty and expense of communication overland with the rest of the world, to the fact that she is behind all the other nations save Russia. These nations buy and sell each other's produce rather than hers, and tax her produce heavily for transportation. A direct outlet to the world's trade, undisputed control of some really significant strip of sea-coast possessed of really fine harbors, are indispensable for development and expansion.

Much has already been attained: an outlet to the sea, possession of enough land to control access to it, but a coast whose extent is limited and whose approaches are in large measure dominated by other nations. Control of Albania and Montenegro would give the Austrians what they wish, but only the control of Servia can assure their peaceful possession of it. Servia menaces Austria's connections with Trieste, with the lower Adriatic through Albania; she controls the shortest and best roads to the Ægean at Salonika and to the ports of the lower Adriatic; a canal from the Danube to the Ægean is reported perfectly feasible but its route lies through Servian territory.

When to these facts we add the leadership of the malcontents in south-

eastern Austria, and the possible establishment of a strong Slav state in control of all Austria's present approaches to the Adriatic, and directly athwart the path of all her roads to the Mediterranean, we can begin to comprehend the significance that the present war has for Austrians. If on the one hand it is to preserve the Austria that is from disruption, it is on the other none the less certainly an attempt to insure the future of the Austria that is to be.

Short of Servia's virtual annihilation, Austria cannot rest. The protestation said to have been made to Russia that no accessions of territory were contemplated is probably true; the annexation of Servia would so greatly change the balance of power in the Adriatic as to menace decidedly Italy's interests and risk the rupture of the Triple Alliance. During the Balkan wars, Servia, despite her gain in prestige, suffered such great losses in men and resources that Austria scarcely risks failure in the military operations, and will certainly further weaken Servia in men and resources to a point which will very likely render her impotent for harm (even though independent and in possession of her present boundaries) for some generations to come. This result, however, clearly cannot be assured by negotiations or diplomatic pourparlers. War, destructive war alone, can accomplish the desired result; and upon that Austria has resolved.

III

It was obvious to the Austrians that these considerations were familiar to every diplomatist in Europe, and that in every foreign capital their motives would be only too completely understood. There were states, as powerful as they, whose interests would be much injured by the annihilation of Servia. Still, the Austrians thought that there was a fair chance that they might be allowed to deal with Servia unmolested. Not only would the fears of general European war make all other nations slow to interfere, but it seemed almost certain that the domestic difficulties of the Triple Entente would prevent England, France, or Russia from moving, while the striking advantages the Triple Alliance would obtain in its general position from Austria's control of Servia, and consequently of Albania and Montenegro, would insure the neutrality of Germany and Italy, her own sworn allies.

England has not faced in many, many years a problem as difficult of solution as the Ulster crisis. So absolutely equal in size have been the English parties for some years that neither can single-handed form a majority and control the House of Commons; each is dependent for ministerial existence on the support of the Irish Nationalists, some eighty in number, who hold therefore, literally, the balance in English politics. Realizing the helplessness of both of the great English parties, the Nationalists recently delivered their ultimatum to the Cabinet: they would support no government which did not actually propose and pass a Home Rule bill satisfactory to them.

No sooner, however, did the bill approach its final stages than agitation began in Ulster against it. Descendants of English colonists in Ireland, the titles to their lands the result of confiscation, Protestants in religion, Orangemen in 1798, they would not trust the Nationalist Catholics in the face of the accumulated religious and political hatreds, the legacy of Ireland's past. They declared that they would not accept Home Rule, and would make good their defiance in the field. A provisional government was set up; troops enrolled, armed, and drilled; money

subscribed; and for some weeks they awaited with scant patience the outcome of the negotiations at London.

The Nationalists, for their part, declined to allow the exclusion of Ulster. Ireland is poor at best; the new government would have a difficult financial problem to solve, even with the aid of English subsidies; and if Ulster, the richest and most important commercial centre of Ireland, were to be excluded, the experiment would become practically unworkable. Moreover, Home Rule predicated the existence of a nation in Ireland, and the Nationalists could not accept the Ulster doctrine, which contradicted the very premises of Home Rule. The Nationalists declined Home Rule without Ulster; the Ulster men were determined to accept nothing less than the complete exclusion of the Ulster Protestant area from the operation of the bill.

Neither party was willing to wait; both were armed; both clamored for an immediate end of the long suspense and the restoration of settled conditions. And now, when conferences and compromises had failed to break the deadlock, when the troops had fired on Nationalists in Dublin, when the probability of civil war in Ireland was growing nearer daily, Austria declared war upon Servia. If the Triple Alliance was awaiting a moment when England would be embarrassed at home, they certainly chose their moment well.

In addition, the House of Commons had manifested its hostility to the Budget and had found fault with the allocation to Mr. Lloyd George's social legislation of funds which many would assign to the army and navy. A cabinet crisis was impending, the government's majority was restless and uneasy over many things, and the Unionists seemed scarcely less divided. There had been complaints from influential quarters that the personnel of the navy was insufficient to mobilize the fleets England possesses. Recruiting had not been successful lately, and the quota of men was probably somewhat smaller than it should be. Naturally this reduced in Austrian eyes the apparent discrepancy between the size of the English and German fleets.

Then out of the difficulties Hindu emigrants had recently experienced in South Africa and Canada, had grown serious problems of imperial relationship. Canada declared she would not have Hindus in Canada at all; South Africa denied them equality of status; the Hindus demanded as British subjects freedom of emigration and equality of status in all British dominions. So serious a rift in the Imperial structure had not appeared for years. Hitherto, England had been able to yield and so relieve the tension; but to yield to the self-governing colonies at this time meant an agitation in India at a particularly critical period in world-politics, an agitation which would only too obviously lend color and weight to the anti-English movement, and might even be interpreted to demonstrate its inherent justice.

France, the Austrians saw, was also less fitted than usual to strike or resist. Recently most sensational disclosures of the bad condition of the army were made in the Chamber. The artillery, supposedly the best part of the French army, was frankly stated to be old or defective; the ammunition old and insufficient in quantity, or of the wrong size. Frontier forts in strategic positions dated from the Franco-Prussian War, and had not even been properly repaired, much less rendered efficient from the point of view of modern warfare. The aeroplane squadrons, on which so much reliance had been placed, were said to be only on paper: the number of machines very deficient; many of old and unstable types; the personnel

of the service much smaller than the peace footing required, to say nothing of mobilization; the landing places badly selected, and insufficient in area; the sheds too small and too large a proportion of them fixed. These charges the Minister of War was compelled to admit were in substance correct. Then, because of the ministerial crisis, the Caillaux scandal involving most of the Parliamentary leaders, and the strength of the opposition to the three-years' service, financial provision for the increase of the French army had not been completed, and the execution therefore of most of the provisions of the recent army law was hardly more than in a preparatory stage. The French President, the Premier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with other notables, and the two best units of the fleet, were also in the Baltic visiting foreign potentates on July 23, when Austria delivered her ultimatum. France was thus, Austria thought, in many ways estopped from taking prompt offensive action. And England's hands were tied!

Russia, the Austrians believed, had not yet recovered from the Japanese war and was not now capable of a serious, sustained effort at a time when her allies, France and England, might also be compelled to make a sustained effort. France, viewing with misgiving the magnitude of the expenditures on the army (even though the loan was eventually subscribed by the patriotic *bourgeoisie* forty times over), would view with great reluctance, thought Austria, the financing of Russia in the event of European war. England, with her own fleet to man and supply, would not single-handed be able to finance Russia, the Austrians concluded. Besides, the serious labor difficulties in Russia, and the imperative necessity of gathering the coming harvest, would cause the Russians to hesitate long before interfering on Servia's behalf.

The probable and natural allies of the Triple Entente were also particularly busy or otherwise incapacitated from action. The most powerful, if the most unlikely, the United States, without a really large modern army, was facing the possibility of trouble in Mexico which would unquestionably require all her efforts for at least a twelvemonth, and would also very likely cause the Americans to hesitate before joining in any European imbroglio. The Balkan States, long sworn enemies of Austrian expansion, were too exhausted from the two recent wars to be very dangerous, and Bulgaria, smarting from her humiliation at Servia's hands, might indeed actually join Austria in the event of a general conflagration, and could certainly be relied upon to remain neutral if the war were limited to Austria and Servia. Greece and Montenegro, who would very likely join Servia, the Austrians do not fear.

IV

Thus there was a reasonable chance that the Powers would not interfere to save Servia from chastisement. If they did, and a general European war resulted, there had not been in twenty years anything like as favorable an opportunity for the Triple Alliance or one as disadvantageous for the Triple Entente. The stake was so immense, the results of success would be so stupendous, so out of proportion, in the case of the Triple Alliance, with what they might lose, that the issue of war might even be courted with some assurance. Should they win, substantial accessions of territory, money indemnities, and a vastly increased prestige would be the least they could confidently expect.

The schemes of the Pan-Germanists indeed reach to the creation of a vast confederation of states including present Germany, Holland, Belgium, Den-

mark, Austria-Hungary, Italy, the Balkans, Turkey, and Asia Minor — a great belt of territory reaching 'from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean,' as one of their slogans has it. The Confederation would have all-rail connection with the Persian Gulf via Vienna, Constantinople, and the Bagdad Railway. It would give the trade of the East a route to the European markets far quicker and possibly cheaper than the all-sea route via Suez. It would be invulnerable to attacks from the English fleet, and would itself render the present English chain of communications with the Far East untenable.

Of this great scheme (supposing it to be, as many claim, the veritable secret policy of the Triple Alliance) the undisputed possession of the Balkans by the Triple Alliance is the most important single factor. If the Triple Entente did not interfere, Austria would crush Servia and make the Triple Alliance the dominant influence in the Balkans. If it did act, even if it acted promptly, Austria could surely occupy the Balkans quickly enough to render the position of immense advantage in the general war, for the Balkans cover the rear of the Triple Alliance.

As to a general assault upon the Triple Entente, the Triple Alliance has long seen two obvious methods, both in the opinion of many likely to be successful: the one, a long waiting game where the rapid growth of the population in Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the decline of the rate of growth in France, England, and Russia, would in time give the Alliance a real preponderance in numbers; the other, a short quick blow at some moment when the Triple Alliance could bring all its strength to bear and when the Triple Entente could not. The former meant, not improbably, many years of waiting, and in those years much might happen.

Thoroughly alive to the situation, the Triple Entente had already under execution the preliminaries of so vast an increase of offensive force, and showed such a determination to maintain a naval and military preponderance, that there would be no alternative but waiting, once these schemes were perfected. The French, and particularly the Russian, army was to be increased, not only in size, but in efficiency and equipment; and an influential minority in England, with apparent popular support, was agitating conscription. The English navy was to be much increased in fighting force by manning at war strength in the near future a much larger proportion of ships than ever before. Chiefest of all, the Russians were building in the Baltic a really formidable fleet, capable of contesting the Baltic with Germany and of threatening the rear of the German fleet in the Atlantic to such an extent that united fleet action in the North Sea would become an impossibility. This meant of course that the German fleet might lose its power of terrorizing England, for, once divided between the Atlantic and Baltic, it would not be large enough (under present legislation) to meet the English fleet, and certainly could not risk an attack from the English and Russian fleets in front and rear.

If they were to fight at all, they must fight now. Next summer might be too late. Now the actual offensive force of their rivals was proportionately less than it might be again for ten years, and their difficulties at home were collectively and individually greater than any of the three has seen for a generation.

So far as the fulfillment of the schemes of Pan-Germanism is concerned, the moment is more than opportune and will not return. Part of the objective of the Pan-Germanists is the control of the trade of the Far East and the lion's

share in the development of China, Africa, and South America. Already they threaten England's control of the Suez route, and, if a general action with Germany seemed likely in the North Sea, the English might so weaken the Mediterranean fleet to insure a preponderance in the Channel, that Italy, Austria, and Turkey might sweep the Mediterranean clear and take Suez. Then, assuming that all went at least not badly in the North, India and the East could be quickly overrun and control so firmly established that nothing short of a catastrophe in Europe could undo it.

One thing alone might stand in the way. The opening of the Panama Canal this coming year would provide the Triple Entente with another sea route to the East, through which third- and fourth-rate English ships could pass in sufficient numbers to dispose of any force which the Triple Alliance could spare from the Mediterranean. The results, even of victory for the Triple Alliance, will be limited to Europe, in all probability, once the Panama gateway to the Pacific is available.

Again, it seemed to Austria advisable to move before the Balkan nations had recovered from the physical and financial exhaustion of the recent war. Weak, they could easily be overrun and were of little advantage as allies to the Triple Entente; strong, they might become thorns in the flesh, constantly menacing the rear. Turkey on the other hand is not by any means so much exhausted by the war, and its army, just reorganized by the new German military mission, should prove, thought Austria, of sufficient account to keep Greece busy. Then, for the moment, the Turkish navy controlled the Ægean by virtue of the recent purchase from Brazil of a first-class battleship. Although the Greeks had just bought two battleships from the United States — of older construction to be sure, but still formidable — they would not be on the scene ready for action for some weeks.

For the nonce, factors at home were as favorable to the Triple Alliance as they were unfavorable to the Triple Entente. The new German army measures were practically completed; the Austrian and Italian armies strengthened and improved. The German fleet's efficiency had been enormously increased by placing all the modern ships on a war footing. No domestic difficulties of importance hampered the action of any of the three governments. They were, moreover, only too well aware that the situation was likely in the immediate future to change for the worse.

First and foremost, the age and ill-health of the Emperor of Austria made his death possible at any time, and even the partial disruption of his Empire would without question destroy the offensive (and perhaps the defensive) force of the Triple Alliance and provide the Triple Entente with a favorable opportunity for aggression which they would not be likely to let pass. The Hungarian plans for independence were no secret; the schemes for the creation of a third Slav monarchy out of Southern Austria were far advanced among the plotters, and had had support (as a necessary compromise) from influential statesmen in Vienna at one time or another. The murder of the Archduke was, it was feared, part of this scheme, and prompt action against the chief offenders was meant to postpone or prevent its execution.

From the accession to the throne of a complicated empire like Austria-Hungary — in a few years or perhaps months — of a young man, whose political capacity and training were certainly not above the average, little good could be anticipated. If he could

hold together this jumble of races and religions, this tangle of political and national interests, and keep the Dual Monarchy alive, he would accomplish the maximum that could be expected of him. No doubt there were in all parts of the Empire able and patriotic ministers who could govern for him, yet the personal ability and influence of Francis Joseph has alone harmonized these ministers' views and given Austria a consistent foreign policy and the aspect of a single nation in the world's councils.

Was it to be expected that a young and unknown man would be able to discharge duties which had constantly taxed the ability of a singularly capable and unusually popular monarch? In Austria, the Emperor really is sovereign, and must personally discharge functions requiring the utmost degree of intelligence, skill, tact, and information. Was it likely that the heir apparent possessed these? There was everything to gain, not only for the Triple Alliance but for Austria herself, if the war could be at least begun by Francis Joseph. Victory would insure the future of the monarchy, and if defeat were the measure dealt by the Fates, better far that Francis Joseph himself should tide over the first moments of humiliation and readjustment, and that he should have charge of diplomatic negotiations which could not fail to be of the utmost delicacy and consequence.

In addition to these grave apprehensions were the fears that the growing socialism in Germany, much of which would be elsewhere simple political discontent with autocratic government and the class system of voting, might force the rulers to share some of their power with 'the mob.' Never has militarism in Germany been as strong as it is to-day. Witness the white-washing and virtual acquittal of the offenders in the Krupp scandals and the Zabern incident, in the face of an overwhelming chorus of disapproval from every possible organ of public opinion. The moment was, from this point of view also, favorable.

These were the real causes of the Austro-Servian war: the disadvantage of the moment to the Triple Entente, its advantages to the Triple Alliance; the belief that the balance might before long swing so decisively the other way that action might become impossible and might even so decidedly favor the Triple Entente that the latter could take the field with almost complete assurance of success.

Let us beware of saying that Austria advisedly began a general European war or that Germany was anxious to fight. They have neither of them ever been anxious to fight for what they are determined to have, unless they can obtain it in no other way.

The crippling of Servia was, from the point of view of Austrian domestic politics, long decided upon; from the point of view of the interests of the Triple Alliance as a whole, it was highly desirable, and, if successful, would allow them to dominate the Balkans; but it was a movement of such a character, involving so great a change in the balance of power in Europe and affecting so gravely the interests of other nations, that it could not be undertaken, except at a time when the situation made the Triple Alliance willing to accept the issue of a general conflagration should the Triple Entente be also willing to undertake it. Properly speaking, therefore, the true causes of the declaration of war upon Servia by Austria lie less in the domestic relations of the two countries than in the general European situation in the fourth week of July, 1914.

'OUR LADY POVERTY'

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE last people to read the literature of poverty are the poor, and this fact may be cited as one of the ameliorations of their lot. If they were assured day after day that they were degraded and enslaved, it would be a trifle hard for them to cherish their respectability, and enjoy their freedom. If their misery were dinned into their ears, they would naturally cease being cheerful. If they were convinced that tears are their portion, they would no longer have the temerity to laugh. Indeed their mirth is frankly repellent to the dolorous writers of to-day.

A burst of hollow laughter from a hopeless heart

is permitted as seemly and in character; even the poet of the slums grants this outlet for emotion; but the rude sounds which denote hilarity disturb the sympathetic soul. One agitated lady describes with shrinking horror the merriment of the scrub-women going to their labor. All the dignity, all the sacredness of womanhood are defiled by these poor old creatures tramping through the chill dawn; and yet, and yet,— oh, mockery of nobler aspirations! — 'The scrub-women were going to work, and they went laughing!'

The dismalness of serious writers, especially if humanity be their theme, is steeping us in gloom. The obsession of sorrow seems the most reasonable of all obsessions, because facts can be crowded upon facts (to the general exclusion of truth) by way of argument and illustration. And should facts fail, there are bitter generalizations which shroud us like a pall.

> Behind all music we can hear
> The insistent note of hunger-fear;
> Beyond all beauty we can see
> The land's defenseless misery.

Mr. Percy Mackaye in his preface to that treatise on eugenics which he has christened *To-Morrow*, and humorously designated as a play, makes this inspiriting statement: 'Our world is hideously unhappy, and the insufferable sense of that unhappiness is the consecration of modern leaders in art. Realism is splendidly their incentive.'

This opens up a cheering vista for the public. If the dramatists of the near future are to have no finer consecration than an insufferable sense of unhappiness, we must turn for amusement to lectures and organ recitals. If novelists and poets are to be hallowed by grief, there will be nothing left for light-hearted readers save the study of political economy, erstwhile called the 'dismal science,' but now, by comparison, gay. No artist yet was ever born of an insufferable sense of unhappiness. No leader and helper of men was ever bedewed with tears. The world is old, and the world is wide. Of what use are we in its tumultuous life, if we do not know its joys, its griefs, its high emotions, its call to courage, and the echo of the laughter of the ages?

Perhaps the only literature of poverty (I use the word 'literature' in a purely courteous sense) which was ever written for the poor is that amazing

issue of tracts, *Village Politics, Tales for the Common People*, and scores of similar productions, which a hundred years ago were let loose upon rural England. The moral in all of them is the same, and is expressed with engaging simplicity: 'Don't give trouble to people better off than yourself.' The fact that many of these tracts had a prodigious sale points to their distribution — by the rich — in quarters where it was thought that they would do most good. They were probably read in the same spirit as that in which a Sunday-school library was read by two small and unregenerate boys of my acquaintance, who worked through whole shelves at a fixed rate, ten cents for a short book, twenty-five cents for a long one, — the money paid by a pious grandmother, and a point of honor not to skip.

The smug complacency of Hannah More and her sisterhood was rudely disturbed by Ebenezer Elliott, who published his *Corn-Law Rhymer*, with its profound pity and its somewhat impotent wrath, in 1831. England woke up to the disturbing conviction that men and women were starving, — always a disagreeable thing to contemplate, — and the Corn Laws were repealed; but the 'Rhymes' were probably as little known to the laborer of 1831 as was *Piers Plowman* to the laborer of 1392. Langland — to whom partial critics have for five hundred years ascribed this great poem of discontent — was keenly alive to the value of husbandry as a theme; and his ploughman came in time to be recognized as the people's suffering representative; but the poet, after the fashion of poets, wrote for 'lettered clerks,' of which class he was a shining example, his praiseworthy purpose in life being to avoid 'common men's work.' In the last century, *Les Misérables* was called the 'Epic of the Poor'; but its readers were, for the most part, as comfortably remote from poverty as Victor Hugo himself, and as alive to the advantages of wealth.

In this age of print, the literature of poverty has swollen to an enormous bulk. Statistical books, explicit and contradictory. Hopeful books by social workers who see salvation in girls' clubs and refined dancing. Hopeless books by other social workers who believe — or, at least, who say — that the employed are enslaved by the employer, and that women and children are the prey of men. Highly colored books by adventurous young journalists who have masqueraded (for copy's sake) as mill and factory hands. Gray books by casual observers who are paralyzed by the mere sight of a slum. Furious books by rabid socialists who hold that the poor will never be uplifted while there is left in the world a man rich enough to pay them wages. Imaginative books by poets and novelists who deal in realism to the exclusion of reality. All this profusion and confusion of matter is thrust upon us month after month, while the workingman reads his newspaper, and the working-girl reads *A Coronet of Shame, or Lost in Fate's Fearful Abyss*.

It was Mr. George Gissing who, in his studies of the poor, first made popular the invective style; who hurled at London such epithets as 'pest-stricken,' 'city of the damned,' 'intimacies of abomination,' 'utmost limits of dread,' — phrases which have been faithfully copied by shuddering defamers of New York and Chicago. Mr. John Burns, for example, after a brief visit to the United States, said that Chicago was a pocket edition of hell; and subsequently, without, we hope, any personal experience to back him, said that hell was a pocket edition of Chicago.

Americans have borrowed these flowers of speech from England, and have invaded her territory. Was it because

he could find no poverty at home worthy of his strenuous pen, that Mr. Jack London crossed the sea to write up the streets of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, already so abundantly exploited by English authors? Was there anything *he* could add to the dark pictures of Mr. Gissing, or to the more convincing studies of Mr. Arthur Morrison, who has lit up the gloom with a grim humor, not very mirthful, but acutely and unimpeachably human? Mr. Gissing's poor have money for nothing but beer (it would be a bold writer who denied his starvelings beer); but Mr. Morrison sees his way occasionally to bacon, and tea, and tinned beef, and even, at rare intervals, to a pompous funeral, provided that the money for mutes can be saved from the sick man's diet. He is the legitimate successor of Dickens, and Dickens knew his field from experience rather than from observation. The lighthouse-keeper sees the storm, but the cabin boy feels it.

In the annals of poverty there are few pages more poignant than the one which describes the sick child, Charles Dickens, taken home from work by a kind-hearted lad, and his shame lest this boy should learn that 'home' for him meant the debtors' prison. In vain he tried to get rid of his conductor, Bob Fagin by name, protesting that he was well enough to walk alone. Bob knew he was not, and stuck to his side. Together they pushed along until little Charles was fainting with weakness and fatigue. Then in desperation he pretended that he lived in a decent house near Southwark bridge, and darted up the steps with a joyous air of being at last in haven, only to creep down again when Bob's back was turned, and drag his slow steps to the Marshalsea.

Out of this dismal and precocious experience sprang two results,— a passionate resolve *not* to be what circumstances were conspiring to make him, and an insight into the uncalculating habits which deepen and soften poverty. Dickens — once free of institutions — wrote of the poor, even of the London poor, with amazing geniality; but it cannot be denied that his infallible recipe for brightening up the scene is the timely introduction of a pot of porter, or a pitcher of steaming flip. If we try to think of him writing in a prohibition state, we shall realize that he owed as much to beer and punch as ever Horace did to wine. Imagination fails to grasp either of them in the rôle of a water-drinker. The poor of Dickens are a sturdy lot, but they are jovial only in their cups. His wholesome hatred of institutions would have been intensified could he have lived to hear the Camberwell Board of Guardians decide — at the instigation, alas! of a woman member — that the single mug of beer which for years had solaced the inmates of Camberwell Workhouse on Christmas Day, should hereafter be abolished as an immoral indulgence. The generous ghost of Dickens must have groaned in Heaven over that melancholy and mean reform.

II

'To achieve what man may, to bear what man must,'—since the struggle for life began, this has been the purpose and the pride of humanity. We Americans were trained from childhood to believe that while, in the final issue, each of us must answer for himself, the country — our country — gave to all scope for effort, and chance of victory. This was not mere Fourth of July oratory, nor the fervent utterances of presidential campaigns. It was a serious and a sober faith, based upon some knowledge of the Constitution, some inheritance of experience, some element of democracy which flavored

our early lives. The mere sense of space carried with it a profound and eager hopefulness. Those of us whose fathers or whose grandfathers had crossed the sea to escape from more cramping conditions, felt this atmosphere of independence keenly and consciously. Those of us whose fathers or whose grandfathers brought up their families in an alien land with decent industry and thrift, were aware, even in childhood, that the Republic had fostered our growth. Therefore am I pardonably bewildered when I hear American workmen called 'slaves' and 'prisoners of starvation,' and American employers called 'base oppressors,' and 'despots on their thrones.' This fantastic nomenclature seems immeasurably removed from the temperate language in which were formulated the temperate convictions of my youth.

The assumption that the American laborer to-day stands where the French laborer stood before the Revolution, where the English laborer stood before the passing of the first Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws, shows a lack of historical perspective. The assumption that all strikes represent an agonized protest against tyranny, an agonized appeal from injustice, is a perversion of truth. The assumption that child-labor in the United States is the blot upon civilization that it was in England seventy years ago, denies the duty of comparison. If the people who write verses about 'Labor Crucified' would make a table of the wages paid to skilled and unskilled workmen, from the Chicago carpenter to the Philadelphia street-cleaner, they might sing in a more cheerful strain. If the people who to-day echo the bitterest lines of Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children' would ascertain and bear in mind the proportion of little boys and girls who are going to school in the United States, how many years they average, and how much the country pays for their education, they might spare us some violent invectives. Even Mr. Robert Hunter permits himself the use of the word 'cannibalism' when speaking of child-workers, and this in the face of legislation which every year extends its area, and grows more stringently protective.

There is a great deal of loose writing on this important theme, and it stands in the way of amendment. It is assumed that parents are seldom or never to blame for sending their children to work. The mill-owner snatches them from their mothers' arms. It is assumed that the child who works would — if there were no employment for him — be at school, or at play, happy, healthy, and well-nourished. No one even alludes to the cruel poverty of the South, which, for generations before the cotton mills were built, stunted the growth and sapped the strength of Southern children. They lived, we are told, a 'wholesome rural life,' and the greed of the capitalist is alone responsible for the blighting of their pastoral paradise.

There is no need to write like this. The question at issue is a grave and simple one. It makes its appeal to the conscience and the sense of the nation, and every year sees some measure of reform. If a baby girl in an American city, a child of three or five, is forced to toil all day, winding artificial daisy stems at a penny a hundred, let the name of her employer and the place of her employment be made public. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children can deal peremptorily with such a case. It is not even the privilege of parents to work a little child so relentlessly. If the pathetic story is not supported by facts, or is not in accord with facts, it is neither wise nor well to publish it. Why should a sober periodical, like the *Child-Labor Bulletin*, devoted to a good cause, print a poem

called ' A Song of the Factory,' in which happy children are portrayed as sporting in beautiful meadows,

> Idling among the feathery blooms,

until a sort of ogre comes along, builds a factory, drives the poor innocents into it, and compels them to

> Crouch all day by the spindles, wizened, and wan, and old,

earning 'his bread.' Apparently — and this is the gist of the matter — they have no need to earn bread for themselves. The accompanying illustrations show us on one page a prettily dressed little girl sitting daisy-crowned in the fields, and, on the other page, a ragged and tattered little girl with a shawl over her head going to the work which has but too plainly impoverished her. Hansel and Gretel are not more distinctly within the boundaries of fairyland than are these entrapped children. The witch is not more distinctly a child-eating hobgoblin than is the capitalist of such fervid song.

The sickly and unreasoning tone which pervades the literature of poverty is demoralizing. There is nothing helpful in the assumption that effort is vain, resistance hopeless, and the world monstrously cruel. The dominating element of such prose and verse is a bleak despair, unmanly, unwomanly, inhuman. Out of the abundance of material before me, I quote a single poem, published in the *New York Call*, reprinted in the *Survey*, and christened mockingly, —

THE STRAIGHT ROAD

They got y', kid, they got y', just like I said they would;
You tried to walk the narrow path,
You tried, and got an awful laugh;
And laughs are all y' did get, kid, they got y' good!

They never saw the little kid,— the kid I used to know,
The little bare-legged girl back home,
The little girl that played alone,
They don't know half the things I know, kid; ain't it so?

They got y', kid, they got y',— you know they got y' right;
They waited till they saw y' limp,
Then introduced y' to the pimp,
Ah, you were down then, kid, and could n't fight.

I guess you know what some don't know, and others know damn well,
That sweatshops don't grow angel's wings,
That workin' girls is easy things,
And poverty's the straightest road to hell.

And this is what our Lady Poverty, bride of Saint Francis, friend of all holiness, counsel of all perfection, has come to mean in these years of grace! She who was once the surest guide to Heaven now leads her chosen ones to Hell. She who was once beloved by the devout and honored by the just, is now a scandal and a shame, the friend of harlotry, the instigator of crime. Even a true poet like Francis Thompson laments that the poverty exalted by Christ should have been cast down from her high caste.

> All men did admire
> Her modest looks, her ragged, sweet attire
> In which the ribboned shoe could not compete
> With her clear simple feet.
> But Satan, envying Thee thy one ewe-lamb,
> With Wealth, World's Beauty and Felicity
> Was not content, till last unthought-of she
> Was his to damn.
> Thine ingrate, ignorant lamb
> He won from Thee; kissed, spurned, and made of her
> This thing which qualms the air,
> Vile, terrible, old,
> Whereat the red blood of the Day runs cold.

These are the words of one to whom the London gutters were for years a home, and whose strengthless manhood lay inert under a burden of pain he had no courage to lift. Yet never was sufferer more shone upon by kindness than was Francis Thompson; never was man better fitted to testify to the goodness of a bad world. And he did bear such

brave testimony again and yet again, so that the bulk of his verse is alien to pessimism,— 'every stanza an act of faith, and a declaration of good will.'

The demoralizing quality of such stuff as 'The Straight Road,' which is forced upon us with increasing pertinacity, is its denial of kindness, its evading of obligation. Temptation is not only the occasion, but the justifier of sin,— a point of view which plays havoc with our common standard of morality. When a vicious young millionaire like Harry Thaw runs amuck through his crude and evil environment, we sigh and say, 'His money ruined him.' When a poor young woman abandons her weary frugalities for the questionable pleasures of prostitution, we sigh and say, 'Her poverty drove her to it.' Where then does goodness dwell? What part does honor play? The Sieur de Joinville, in his memoirs of Saint Louis, tells us that a certain man, sore beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the Bishop of Paris, 'whose Christian name was William.' And this wise William of Paris said to him: 'The castle of Montl'héry stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which gentleman, think you, the King holds high in favor, the governor of Montl'héry, or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory, and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man.'

III

There are those whose ardor for humanity finds a congenial vent in the denouncement of all they see about them, — all the institutions of their country, all the laborious processes of civilization. Sociologists of this type speak and write of an ordinary American city in terms which Dante might have envied. Nobody, it would seem, is ever cured in its hospitals; they only lie on 'cots of pain.' Nobody is ever reformed in its reformatories. Nobody is reared to decency in its asylums. Nobody is — apparently — educated in its schools. Its industries are ravenous beasts, sucking the blood of workers; its poor are 'shackled slaves'; its humble homes are 'dens.' I have heard a philanthropic lecturer talk to the poor upon the housing of the poor. She threw on a screen enlarged photographs of narrow streets and tenement rooms which looked to me unspeakably dreary, but which the working-women around me gazed at in mild perplexity, seeing nothing amiss, and wondering that their residences should be held up to this unseemly scorn. They did not do as did the angry Italians of a New Jersey town, — smash the invidious pictures which shamed their homes; they sat in stolid silence and discomfiture, dimly conscious of an unresented insult.

It is hard to grasp a point of view immeasurably remote from our own; but what can we understand of other lives unless we do this difficult thing? Old women in the out-wards of an almshouse (of all earthly abodes the saddest) have boasted to me that their floors were scrubbed every other day, and their sheets changed once a week; and this braggart humor stunned my senses until I called to mind the floor and the bed of one of them (an extraordinarily dirty old woman) whom I had known in other years. Last winter the workers in a settlement house were called upon at midnight to succor a woman who had been kicked and beaten into unconsciousness by a drunken husband. The poor creature was all one bleeding bruise. When she was

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revived, her dim eyes traveled over the horrified faces about her. 'It's pretty bad,' she gasped, 'it's mighty bad'; and then, with another look at the group of protecting, pitying spinsters, 'but it must be something fierce to be an old maid.'

The city is a good friend to the poor. It gives them day nurseries for their babies, kindergartens for their little children, schools for their boys and girls, playgrounds, swimming pools, recreation piers, reading-rooms, libraries, churches, clubs, hospitals, cheap amusements, open-air concerts, employment agencies, the companionship of their kind, and the chance of a friend at need. In return, the poor love the city, and cling to it with reasonable but somewhat stifling affection. They know that the hardest thing in life is to be isolated,— 'unrelated,' to use Carlyle's apt word; and they escape this fate by eschewing the much-lauded fields and farms. They know also that in the country they must stand or fall by their own unaided efforts, they must learn the hard lesson of self-reliance. Many of them propose to live, as did the astute author of *Piers Plowman*, 'in the town, and on the town as well.' Moreover, pleasure means as much to them as it does to the rest of us. We hardly needed Mr. Chesterton to tell us that a visit to a corner saloon may be just as exciting an event to a tenement-house dweller, as a dinner at a gold-and-marble hotel is to the average middle-class citizen; and that the tenement-house dweller may be just as moderate in his potations: —

> Merrily taking twopenny rum, and cheese with a pocket knife.

Poverty, we are assured, is an 'error,' like ill-health and crime. It is an anachronism in civilization, a stain upon a wisely governed land. But into our country which, after a human fashion, is both wise and foolish, pours the poverty of Europe. Hundreds of thousands of immigrants with but a few dollars between them and want; with scant equipment, physical or mental, for the struggle of life; with an inheritance of feebleness from ill-nourished generations before them, — this is the problem which the United States faces courageously, and solves as best she can. What she cannot do is miraculously to convert poverty into plenty, — certainly not before the next year doubles, and the third year trebles the miracle-seeking multitude. She cannot properly house or profitably employ a million of immigrants before the next million is clamoring at her doors. Nor is she even given a fair chance to accomplish her giant task. The demagogues who are employed in the congenial sport of railroad baiting, and who are enjoying beyond measure the fun of chivying business interests into dusty corners, are the ones to lift up their voices in shrill appeal for the army of the unemployed. They refuse to connect one phenomenon with the other. The notion that crippling industries will benefit the industrious is not so new as it seems. Æsop must have had a clear insight into its workings when he wrote the fable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

The City of New York expends, according to a recent report of the Hospital Investigating Committee, more than a million of dollars a year for the care of sick, defective, and otherwise helpless aliens. It expended in 1913 nearly four hundred thousand dollars for the care of aliens who had been in this country less than five years. This is the record of our greatest city, the one in which the astute immigrant takes up his abode. The education she gives her little foreign-born children comprises for the most part manual and vocational training, clinics for the defective, schools for the incorrigible, free or

cost-price lunches, doctoring, dentistry, the care of trained nurses, and a score of similar attentions unknown to an earlier generation, undreamed of in the countries whence these children come. In return for such fostering care, New York is held up to execration because she has the money to pay the taxes which are expended in this fashion, because she lays the golden egg which benefits the poor of twenty nations. Her unemployed (reinforced hugely from less favored communities) riot in her streets and churches, and agitators curse her for a thing of evil, a city of palaces and slums, corroded with the

> Shame of lives that lie
> Couched in ease, while down the streets
> Pain and want go by.

The only people who take short views of life are the poor, the poor whose daily wage is spent on their daily needs. Clerks and bookkeepers and small tradesmen (toilers upon whose struggle for decency and independence nobody ever wastes a word of sympathy) may fret over the uncertainty of their future, the narrow margin which lies between them and want. But the workman and his family have a courage of their own, the courage of the soldier who does not spend the night before battle calculating his chances of a gun-shot wound, or of a legless future. It is exasperating to hear a teamster's wife cheerfully announce the coming of her tenth baby; but the calmness with which she faces the situation has in it something human and elemental. It is exasperating to see the teamster risk illness and loss of work (he might at least pull off his wet clothes when he gets home); but he tells you he has not gone to his grave with a cold *yet*, and this careless confidence saves him as much as it costs. I read recently an economist's sorrowful complaint that families, in need of the necessities of life, go to moving-picture shows; that women, with their husbands' scanty earnings in their hands, take their children to these blithesome entertainments instead of buying the Sunday dinner. It sounds like the citizens who buy motor cars instead of paying off the mortgages on their homes, and it is an error of judgment which the workingman is little likely to condone; but that the pleasure-seeking impulse — which social workers assign exclusively to the spirit of youth — should mutiny in a matron's bones suggests survivals of cheerfulness, high lights amid the gloom.

The deprecation of earthly anxiety taught by the Gospels, the precedence given to the poor by the New Testament, the value placed upon voluntary poverty by the Christian Church,— these things have for nineteen hundred years helped in the moulding of men. There still remain some leaven of courage, some savor of philosophy, some echoes of ancient wisdom (heard oftenest from uneducated men), some laughter loud and careless as the laughter of the Middle Ages, some slow sense of justice, not easy to pervert. These qualities are perhaps as helpful as the 'divine discontent' fostered by enthusiasts for sorrow, the cowardice bred by insistence upon trouble and anxiety, the rancor engendered by invectives against earth and heaven. No lot is bettered by having its hardships emphasized. No man is helped by the drowning of his courage, the destruction of his good-will, the paralyzing grip of

> Envy with squinting eyes,
> Sick of a strange disease, his neighbor's health.

THE REVELATION OF THE MIDDLE YEARS

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

DEAR PETER: —

Yesterday at luncheon, when you flourished your napkin and declared vigorously that you could n't see why anybody should care about living after forty, as, of course, 'one never had any new experiences after that age; it was just the same old things over and over,' — did you notice that none of your elders attempted to answer you seriously? Your mother was slightly shocked, your father grinned a little grimly, and I was so busy trying to remember whether I was nineteen or twenty-two when I made precisely that remark, also at luncheon, to a slightly shocked and slightly amused family, that I, too, let your declamation pass unchallenged.

Thinking it over to-day, remembering how terribly in earnest I was in my own young belief that everything of interest must happen before one was forty, probably even before one was thirty, and that the rest of life was a useless by-product, I began to wonder if it was possible to tell you anything about the real connotations of middle age. Can I say it so it will reach you? Can I 'get it across'? Perhaps not, but I can try!

Why try? you may ask disdainfully. You don't care a row of pins! A fellow of your age knows pretty well what he thinks about things, and it's as clear as mud that middle age is — well, just simply dull. Its eyes are on the sidewalk, and its nose to the grindstone. What is there in that to inspire a chap or make him look forward to it with expectation, not to say enthusiasm? Old age now — one knows a few pretty decent old fellows who seem to have got something out of the game and show up as fairly contented, but middle age —Oh bosh! Did n't that man Osler say there was nothing in it? That shows!

Well, Peter-boy, here's the point; you will learn for yourself in time what there is in middle age. Yet if you could understand it a little now, you would look forward to the forties and fifties with keen expectation. This, in itself, would cheat the thieving years of the one great thing they do often take away.

Did you ever notice in what consists the exact difference between a young face and a face somewhat older? The distinction was brought home to me with a shock in my girlhood. Visiting in a strange city, I was told by an acquaintance that I had a double there. 'Yes, she looks exactly like you. Older, of course, but awfully similar. She lives somewhere out on the Shelburne car-line. Have n't you ever seen her? Do look out for her! It's so amusing to see replicas of one's self. Don't you know the woman I mean?' This last sentence was addressed to my hostess who demurred. 'Ye-es, I've seen her, but I don't think there is such a startling likeness. Still, there is a little something —'

After that, of course, the girl that I was watched eagerly for her double, hoping possibly (the young do have these vanities!) to be a little flattered and a little inspired by the sight of her.

She might suggest new possibilities, constitute a fresh ideal.

Once that winter I encountered her on the Shelburne car-line, recognized her at once and — disapproved of her at sight! Yes, she was very like. The eyes, the chin, the shape of the face, were all as familiar as the looking-glass. What was it that was different and depressing? The girl sat in her corner while the car leisurely jogged down town, studying the face of the woman across the aisle. How did one know she was anywhere from seven to twelve years one's senior since, at that, she was still young? What betrayed it? Her skin was smooth, her color fresh. Yet something, certainly, was very different. Slowly it dawned upon the girl. The elder face showed no eagerness; it was no longer avid of life as was the face that met her own in the mirror. *It was done with expectation.*

'That,' said the girl to herself, 'is the real difference between us. That is what makes one grow old. But has it got to come? If there's nothing more to expect on earth, surely there's all of heaven left to hope for! Now, if one could get *that* into one's face —'

I am not defending this naïve young assumption that our eternal hopes are worth while as first aids to beauty. I'm only telling you that youth is expectation, and how I found it out.

Youth *is* expectation. In the more happily born and reared, it is expectation of experience; in earthy, less fortunate temperaments, it is expectation of pleasure. With their inevitable disappointments, we need not deal here.

You, Peter, think yourself clear-sighted in that you hope not to live beyond forty. Experience alone is so real and so dear to you that you can conceive of no value in life without it, and by experience you rightly mean such vicissitudes, such events, as throw light into dark places, enrich your inner life, increase your perceptions. You are of those who desire, above all things, to know.

An experience has two parts, the objective happening and the subjective reaction upon it. The wonder and delight of the latter gives value to the former. A real perception is a kind of act of creation. You seem to be coöperating with God when you perceive what He means. Your instinct that this is the priceless thing is surely right; as surely wrong is your naïve belief that thirty or forty years will drain you of the possibility of such reactions. Yet that belief is based, I make no doubt, upon the silence of your elders as to the actual content of life between thirty-five and fifty.

We hear much talk lately about the 'conspiracy of silence' in regard to sex. One might with equal truth proclaim such a conspiracy in regard to soul. And it would be quite as just to say a 'conspiracy of disbelief' exists among the young! I asked some of the wisest folk I know about the possibility of telling our juniors what chiefly endears middle-age to us who possess it, and they shook their heads. 'Yes, you can try. We all ought to try. But they won't believe it. One has to learn these things for one's self.'

What is growing older, anyhow? When you and your contemporaries think of it crudely, physically, it seems to you the wearing out of the body, baldness, wrinkles, obesity, a hardening of the arteries, a general stiffening of the members and the faculties, making responsiveness to life difficult or impossible.

Viewing it on a less material plane, you see in it a wearing-down of ideals, a crushing-out of the dreams, a loss of the glory.

As I see it, growing older is the process of the reconciliation of the spirit to

life. Living is simply getting acquainted with the world we live in. The real purpose of a body is that it shall be used up, worn out — and then thrown away — in feeding the spirit. Whatever happens to you in the outer world translates itself, finally, into such sustenance. That is what it is for, just as the purpose of food is not to look pretty on china plates, but to be transformed into blood and muscle. It is in the natural order of things that the body should be thus used and exhausted; the unnatural and horrible thing is that the body should be worn out and yet the spirit remain unnourished.

People chatter endlessly nowadays about 'teaching' the young this or that. The problem is not so simple. For, while you all accept unquestioningly the scientific facts and theories that are offered you, and build upon them, you also take ethical and philosophical statements with a certain reserve, waiting for the sanctions of your own experience. I am far from being a defender of logic, but this is surely illogical.

As a matter of fact, ethics is far more stable than physical science. The latter has recently had occasion to revise its whole theory of matter, while the theory of conduct remains unchanged. *The Origin of Species* is already out of date, and monumental undertakings like the *Synthetic Philosophy* are disregarded, but the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule remain intact and unassailable. They are being rediscovered daily, with much pomp, by those brilliant social investigators who were not brought up to accept them as basal.

How do we get our *obiter dicta* about life, you ask? My dear Peter, it is very simple; they are as much laboratory products as the rules about reagent bottles. Experience is the laboratory of the spirit — that very experience which you are already finding so precious that you assert that the years can have no value without it.

You can accept the statements of thoroughly qualified elders about what life is and teaches as absolutely as you accept the statements of your chemistry professor about the reagent bottles. But first you must make sure that they have passed their examinations and taken their degrees *summa cum laude* in the schools of experience.

You will not have much trouble in assorting people with reference to their ability as spiritual advisers. The thing sifts itself down finally to the pragmatic test, efficiency for the end desired. Will it work?

Thirty-odd years ago your grandmother employed a German laundress, a shrewd, devout, hard-working widow. By the toil of her hands at the current wages of a dollar and a quarter a day, she acquired a comfortable home with an orchard, garden-patch, and grass for the cow, and brought up four children to walk through life with self-respect and industry. As a child I used to hang about the steaming tubs to hear her talk of the eternal verities, — her favorite theme, — for I knew blindly, as children do, that here was the real thing. I can see now the exultation shining in her face as she told us about 'my Charley who went to Chicago,' and found himself up against that particularly unholy portion of this wicked world. 'But my Charley, he is a good boy. He goes straight. An' he writes me an' says "T'ank God we got a mudder who taught us for why we live an' for why we work."'

Her eyes were as those of one who says, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace,' for she had succeeded in passing her revelation on. Her children had seasoned their loaves with her leaven — and this is parental

success. She is living to-day, near ninety, an honored inmate in the home of 'my Mary who married the minister,' with grandchildren worthy of their blood.

When you find folk whose account of 'for why we live and for why we work' gets results that can be passed on in this way, it is perfectly safe to trust their *dicta*. Scrub-women or seers, they are masters of the only art that matters.

Few of us are so successful as this woman in transmitting knowledge. Daily there goes down to the grave unspoken wisdom enough to run the world a thousand years. Your fault, Peter, for how can we speak if you will not hear?

Think of the long procession of dull people that you pass daily on the street, noticing them only as the drab background for the young faces which, to you, shine out like stars. They seem unimportant folk, and you find them as stupid as babies do grown-ups — yet these are they who know the secrets of the Seven Stars and Plato's Year! They have solved the long problem of work; they have irrigated deserts, washed down hills, tunneled mountains, sailed strange seas, controlled vast engines. They have also fronted death fearlessly and been convinced of immortality. They have looked at Love aghast and found in themselves infinite springs of tenderness to quench the flames of lust and greed. They have created new bodies and new souls. Lying in king's houses or fouled in the mire, starved, gorged, scorched, frozen, lifted up to heaven, cast down to hell — from all this have they learned nothing?

Peter, the great process which is being completed behind these countless quiet faces is the same process which had begun in you when you told me shyly at fifteen that 'it was so interesting to sit still and watch your judgment being formed.'

This was your way of saying that a sense of the many-sidedness of things was already born in you, and that you were beginning to weigh those contradictory aspects and find pleasure in the process.

Later on, as your education grew more interesting to you, you confided to me the gradual growth of a cosmic theory that had begun to outline itself in your brain. In this, everything you learned seemed miraculously to find a place, as if it were a great picture-puzzle whose fragments were doled out to you one by one. You observed how physics and astronomy and chemistry and ancient history, and even mathematics, fitted into one another's corners. You got fleeting glimpses of other men's cosmic theories, not alone in books, where they are least convincing, but in real life. Your professor of physics accidentally betrayed a deep-buried hope that ether might be the very substance of the Eternal, inclusive of all things. You heard and remembered an ardent mathematician saying that his science was 'the shortest cut to infinity — and God.' The little assistant in geology, of whom you thought patronizingly, flashed out one day and gave you a glimpse of all creation groaning and travailing through endless prehistoric ages to find and bring forth Man — on whom is laid henceforward the everlasting obligation to show himself no less than spirit and worthy the age-long struggle of his making.

And so, by this and by that, the picture grew. It was as if the vast tapestry of the cosmos swung in great folds before you. Dimly you discerned a pattern that was above your seeing. Flashes of wonderful color, fragments of great design, tantalized your vision. They excited and uplifted you, rein-

forcing all that you would soonest believe as to the Star-Builder. Never completed, still unfolding, in the immensities of a space that your mind could conceive neither as finite nor infinite, the universe held you expectant. All knowledge and speculation were absorbed into this great dim pattern, that was still more than they. For no matter how daring and how comprehensive our cosmic theory, we fall short of the audacities and subtleties of God.

Into that far-hung cosmic pattern you also tried to fit your individual life and your mother's faith. You did not, perhaps, try very hard; for at the same time you found most sermons dull and most dogmas unintelligible. The forms in which Christianity was offered you did not suit the shape of your mind. So, you did not very definitely connect your religious instruction with these other things it was thrilling you greatly to learn. Healthy, contented, clean, and only normally selfish, you have not as yet very greatly needed a religion that will stand the strain of life. But I cannot give you any satisfactory account of the connotations of middle age without talking about such a religion.

Don't lose patience with me at this point, Peter, because my sentences are getting long and my enthusiasm is mounting high. It's not so easy as you might think to put the deepest things one knows into plain words — for it breaks a law of being that almost all men keep.

Let us go back to your desire *to know;* it does not mean that you wish to be either a philosopher or a scientist. Either is admittedly unsatisfactory from the point of view of that cosmic outline you are so keen about. Scientists must confine themselves to facts and, tentatively, to such theories as may best explain facts; philosophers have usually felt that they must be logical.

Because you are still at school to books, your respect for facts and logic is, deservedly, immense. But outside of fact and beyond logic there lies a domain of knowledge as irrefragable as the contributions of either to our consciousness, and more necessary to normal existence. There have always been things that the commonest man *knew.* When this knowledge is turned toward everyday matters we call it common sense, and it is the fixative that holds the charcoal sketch of civilization on the map; when it is turned toward the things of the spirit, it constitutes that natural religion which is the basis of all our supra-material life.

The common man has never based his life, his dogmas, his institutions upon anything told him by scientist or philosopher. He has based them upon these *things he knew,* these intuitions, these gifts of insight. There his heart is fixed.

These gifts of insight have had small philosophical recognition. However, you may now classify them under 'data of immediacy' if you like. In this guise they have recently acquired good standing. Bergson is officially best known as a philosopher by the romantic and exciting outline he suggests of a universe spinning its own future and its own God out of the perpetually changing stream of time-stuff, under the compulsion laid on it of a vital urgency. But one suspects that the real reason why *Creative Evolution* (which I recommend you to read and use as a basis for your speculations in a field which it does not enter) sold like a popular novel and was dipped into and tasted by thousands of readers usually indifferent to philosophy, had no connection with this exposition of duration. Its popularity is due, rather, to its rehabilitation of intuition, showing it

as equally authoritative with intellect. Bergson demonstrated the undeniable fact that our 'godlike intellect' is, after all, wrought out by the reactions of matter upon our perception, is built up, cell by cell, from our contact with the material world. It is, therefore, a wonderful instrument, indeed, but one which can be used to advantage only upon such stuff as it is wrought from. You may safely use logic upon matter, since matter shaped your thinking-machine. Upon spirit, it follows that you must use intuition, since only so is spirit apprehended.

At the back of his brain, the plain man has known this all along. Bergson, cogent and brilliant, has shown the philosophers that the plain man was in the right.

The common man is not born aware of all the things that he knows he knows. He stumbles upon them as he lives along. Typical experience runs in this fashion.

A youth is told that he has an immortal soul; that God made the world and cares actively for it; that a superhuman exemplar came to rescue man. He accepts this teaching tentatively. He is conscious of something that seems to be a soul and hopes it was not made to die. The universe seems to demand a Creator who is an indwelling spirit — but to believe that God is indeed a Father seems to savor of conceit. He recognizes the value of the Christ-example.

He goes ahead, trying to be a fairly decent sort, sometimes having spiritual illuminations of his own and sometimes not, sometimes approximating Christian standards and sometimes not, hoping that God, if there is a God, will see that he is trying not to impede the Universal Will.

Life does not let him alone. Sooner or later the big experiences come. Perhaps one loved by him dies. Beside that still figure he suddenly perceives that death is not what he thought it. The peace in that quiet face is so absolutely the peace of clay which a spirit has ceased to inform, that it is a revelation. *He is not here, he is risen!* cries the heart with such authority that the youth believes — because he cannot do otherwise. He no longer hopes that the soul lives, — he *knows* with a certainty that, once felt, is never shaken. Every human being who has undoubting faith in immortality came to it thus. There is no other road to that assurance.

So it goes through the years. Each successive experience is equally a revelation; each, perhaps, equally a reversal of what he expects; each undoubtedly discloses how the soul is enmeshed with the body, eternity knit into the web of time.

It is impossible to over-state the authority, the overwhelming validity of the great experiences of life. Death — love — birth — work — creative effort — pain, above all, pain! — each adds something definite, precious, enduring, to the soul's stock of treasure. These are the things that shall not be taken away. They are the bricks we build into the House of Life; they are the foundation-stones of our Eternal City.

The quality, the character, of conviction that the great experiences bring is of such a nature as cannot be foreseen or imagined. As it is impossible to imagine a taste or an odor never sensed, so it is impossible to forecast these gifts of experience. They impinge upon consciousness, poignant and wonderful. They pass, and leave you with a conviction as much deeper than an intellectual assent as the emotions are older than the brain.

To tell you what each one of these experiences makes clear would be too long a task. But the whole structure

of society is reared on them. Examine the Family, the State, the Church, and see this for yourself. Man has put the gifts of insight into institutions and put them into dogmas.

Each generation revamps the outer garment of these vital things a bit, to suit itself. There is bound to be some misfit apparent between the style of any age and the taste of its successor. Therefore to youth, which lacks entirely the basal experience, all dogma appears blind and most institutions appear faulty. Wherefore youth would discard old doctrines and make the world over rapidly, in utter ignorance of the stuff it is handling.

Forgive me, Peter, if I bore you by talking about dogmas for a few minutes. Since I learned what they are, they have interested me madly. Before that, I was as indifferent as yourself. A dogma is something cryptic, a big experience crammed into a few words. If you are willing to put into its unraveling half the enthusiasm of an Assyriologist translating a difficult inscription, or of a naturalist putting together fossil remains, you will have your reward. You will find out that, whatever words the fathers used, they meant what we mean, but meant it more intensely. They were more passionately spiritual than we, those old dogmatists, and less given to expression. So they packed each word fuller of expression than it would hold.

Says a recent essayist, 'Unless the words "salvation by grace" had at one time stood for the most powerful conviction of the most holy minds, we should never have heard the phrase.'[1] It would be possible to give you the exact equivalent of that doctrine in our modern spiritual life, but I will spare you — to-day!

I must not protract my preaching, but I would like you to know that something like this happens with reference to spiritual development: if you accept the fundamental statements of our religion in your youth, you will find life a long, painful and beautiful process of verifying and enriching them. If you put aside those statements in your youth and yet have the strength to live uprightly and deal justly, according to the moral code which Christianity has forced upon the world even as the sun forces spring on the earth, — in short, if you are a Christian in all but the name, and face life with an open mind, you will find it a long, painful, but wonderful process of evolving a religion which tallies in essentials with that which you put aside.

You may be willing to accept the religion that you make yourself; you may look askance at the claims of revealed religion; yet they are one and the same revelation. The Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world is no farthing candle but an illumination as steadfast as the sun.

Call yourself Christian or free-thinker, — your feet are within the Way while you accept life loyally and get out of it what it holds in trust for every man.

On this point Christ himself was explicit, and more liberal than his interpreters. 'If a man do the will of my Father which is in heaven, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true or false.' In other words, salvation may begin at the 'works' end or at the 'faith' end — it may be proved as readily from one approach as from the other by those 'men of good will' to whom the angels sang.

Intuition and experience have built up institutions as well as doctrines. For a single instance: man felt the sacredness of procreation, the veritable ties of blood. From these perceptions resulted marriage and family. Only

[1] John Jay Chapman: *Non-resistance.*

when you look at those institutions from the outside do you believe the babblers who declare that they will crumble.

Seeing marriage as it can be with the eyes of your youth, a union fair and firm and sweet, the tale of its historical evolution may revolt you. It will not, if you have the key. From savagery upward, through brutal ages, blind with lust, the race has still been groping to express that basal perception of an enduring alliance for a wonderful end. Perhaps it is still done clumsily at best, but the profound intent is there.

Needless to expound to you all doctrines or institutions as they show themselves to me. The thing to make clear to you is that, one by one, as you climb the ascent of the years, these illuminations arrive; one by one you will accept them and fit them into that cosmic picture you have already begun to build so enthusiastically out of the gifts of intellect. The completion of that picture demands the deepest insights of your spirit as well as the keenest energies of your intellect.

Take it from me, if you can, that, at long last, a time comes when we are suddenly conscious that we have 'gone observing matters' so extensively and to such purpose that we have a certain vital and dependable knowledge of the pattern of the tapestry so far as this earth and our human existences are concerned. This does not mean that it is clear to us — but that it is perceptibly less obscure. Out of the mass of detail emerge the great principles, the salient things, the things that make the pattern. We have watched the honest man across the street and the scoundrel next door so long that we have actually seen with these eyes righteousness rewarded and iniquity in torment. Where we have seen a son disappoint parents who had a right to expect much, we have also lived to see the grandchild who more than atones for his father's failure. The world begins to make sense.

This does not mean that if you have been submerged in the life of the senses for forty or fifty years, you will be rewarded by heightened perceptions of things spiritual. One finds what one seeks. It is the rule of the game that you must do your part. But if you question men and women among those roughly classified as right-living and right-thinking, you will find them aware of a time when their insight into all life is quickened and enlarged. The bread they have been casting on the waters begins to return. Harvest arrives. They not only see further into other lives, but they recognize that what has happened to themselves in the outer world has been but food for their spirits. They begin to see, also, that the events which have gone to make their life do not *in themselves* matter greatly. 'Cold and damp, are they not as rich experiences as warmth and dryness?' asks the sage. 'Richer!' replies the spirit that has learned the final lesson of wresting profit from pain.

Then — *then* the dry bones of the thousand axioms and platitudes which foretold these events arise, take on flesh, and go marching across the plains of life like a conquering army! It is a wonderful sight!

To read a face as you pass it; to predict the outcome of a life; to rest confidently in the moral order of things because you cannot disbelieve what you have seen, — the period when these perceptions begin to arrive is perhaps the most stimulating and exciting of our whole lives. For to most of us it is undoubtedly a surprise that the things that we have always believed are really true! We rub our eyes and look about us.

So — this is that despised and dreaded middle age! Even more than youth, it is the land of revelation. It is the Shining Country if you have chosen the better part that makes it so. I cannot exaggerate the wonder and delight of seeing things 'work out' as they inevitably do work out. This is the flowering of our slow years of struggle and of growth.

> I climb, that was a clod;
> I run, whose steps were slow;
> I reap the very wheat of God
> That once had none to sow.

Don't think me complacent if I tell you that the revelation of the middle years, 'knocking a window through to eternity' as it does, is a glory no less exultant than the glory of youth that you know so well. And to reach this point means that you immediately begin to look forward with confidence. There is restored to you that expectation which is youth's very heart.

With this in mind, do you see the import of what you said yesterday about not living after forty? You were unconsciously exhibiting the blind loyalty, even to the death, of young things to the conditions of their growth. If experiences indeed ceased just as you became able to interpret them richly, you would be justified in demanding that life, too, should cease. What happens is not that they cease, but that they pass more and more into the sphere of the life within.

Of those antiquated doctrines whose phraseology has become meaningless to us, the one I best understand is accounted the blindest of all — that of the Unpardonable Sin!

The common man is convinced from within of the foundations on which he builds him a world. All these data regarding God, the soul, the family, on which he builds, have been verified for him by the intuitions beyond price which accompany experience. In those intuitions he so clearly feels the touch of spirit on spirit that to deny them in action is to defile them, and works out for him as literal destruction. He 'goes to pieces' before our very eyes.

Thus the Holy Ghost is surely the still, small voice that bides forever in experience. We shut ourselves off from it only by denying the validity of our deepest insights, and thereby automatically condemn ourselves to cessation of growth — which is death and damnation. The unpardonable sin, then, is not, as we childishly supposed, some irrational wrath of an offended deity but a logical necessity. You cannot fill the cup if you shut the faucet. The universe cannot compel you to grow if you will not grow. The thing is in your hands. But your refusal is irretrievable. Thus, for those who would *know*, it is 'worth while to be good' because their payment comes in cosmic gold — in increased perceptions, in deeper insights.

In your own phrase, life is no 'tight wad,' Peter, nor is experience a niggard. The years may give you nothing else, neither homes nor friends nor gold nor lovers, but they are lavish with the stuff from which wisdom is distilled. I gather from this that wisdom is the one thing nominated in the bond between Creator and created.

Now — the sermon is over. Have I made you understand anything of the attitude that lies behind wisdom and the meaning of middle age? How can one tell if one has 'put it across'? Perhaps my words convey to you — just nothing. The phrases and formulæ that seem luminous to me may be as far from fitting your mind as those of the old dogmatists and mystics.

Out of all possible aspects of middle age, this most vital one is that which your elders most desire you to understand. And with all my doubts, I feel

one certainty. Those who would know shall be satisfied. I do not know your path, but I know your goal, — for each man goeth to his own place. Your cosmic tapestry, woven, thread by thread, from the facts of science, from the conclusions of philosophy, from the intuitions of the race verified by your own contacts with experience, will content you at the end.

Most fundamental in the pattern, most marvelous in color, most daring in design, will be such parts of it as are the gift of the plain man's insight. He has led the way. The dogmatists and mystics, the saints and seers, the preachers and teachers, are all merely aiming to express those things which the plain man knows but never tells. Sacred, unshared, unspoken, they lie at the core of being; they are the central flame.

HOW THE ARMY WAS KIDNAPPED

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

'Huzoor!' said the corporal of the Treasury guard in that ridiculously squeaky voice of his, as he saluted with an air of respectful apprehension; 'the men of the Nizam Bahadur are at the door.'

'Very good,' I answered. 'Are we all ready for them, Babu?'

'Quite ready, sir,' said Dinanath Babu, the Treasurer.

We were seated at the table in the Treasury chamber, which was abominably hot and stuffy, strongly smelling of spider-webs and bats; abominably hot, though it was still only the beginning of April, and the hot season had nearly three months to run, through the gamut of hot, hotter, hottest, before we got to the hot wet blanket of the greater rains. Stuffy and dingy and abominably hot; not in the least suggesting Oriental treasure or the halls of Aladdin. Merely a big, grubby, ill-lighted room on the ground floor, that looked as if it had been last white-washed in the days before the Mutiny of 1857; — and, by the way, it was in these very barracks, ever since given up to civil uses, that the great Mutiny began.

Nothing at all to suggest Oriental treasure. Never a bowl of rubies or a cup of gold. But we had plenty of treasure there, none the less. There were eight huge sea-chests around the room, each with two big padlocks of different shapes. One key I had, as Treasury Officer; Babu Dinanath Chatterji, as Treasurer, had the other. It was the same with the outer door. So neither of us could get into the room or the big sea-chests, unless the other were present; and as I was not very likely to assist Dinanath Babu to loot, and as Dinanath Babu was not very likely to assist me, the paternal government felt reasonably safe.

Yet we had, as I say, plenty of treasure, well worth any man's looting. For in each sea-chest, stacked around its

cavernous inside, were thirty columns of little bags, made of closely netted whipcord, ten bags to the column; and in each bag a thousand silver rupees, like white fish glinting in the net. Ten thousand rupees to the column; three hundred thousand — three lakhs — to the chest; and eight chests in all. Nor was that all. We had also a sheaf of high-denomination notes, and a bag of gold mohurs; say in the neighborhood of three millions. And the men of the Nizam were at the door, heavily armed with service rifles, and determined to carry off a substantial portion of our treasure.

The corporal with the shrill voice, was, as I have said, apprehensive. Dinanath Babu was perfectly cool. I was not; far from it. I was abominably hot, in spite of a very light suit of tussore silk. Hot, and decidedly uncomfortable.

Yet the cause of my discomfort was not the presence of these ferocious armed Moslems at the door, nor my certain knowledge that they would never depart empty-handed, although that might seem cause enough. What really fretted me was that visitation of Providence called prickly heat, deployed in loose order on my shoulders and spine. Truth to tell, in the face of that armed force I was as little disturbed as Dinanath Babu himself; and even the timidly saluting corporal was nervous from quite other reasons. Suddenly wakened on guard, he had forgotten part of his accoutrements, and had come into the presence incomplete.

Discipline must be vindicated.

'Corporal! Go and get your belt!'

He went, very shamefaced, and, returning, once more made the announcement, —

'Huzoor! The men of the Nizam Bahadur are at the door.'

We were, as I have said, altogether unafraid, even the corporal. We had expected them, and were prepared.

'Bid the Nizam's sergeant enter.'

The corporal saluted, withdrew, and immediately returned, escorting the Nizam Bahadur's sergeant, in his curiously irregular-looking uniform: dark green tunic, whitish trousers, and white turban with a green tassel. Long, pointed shoes and a sword-bayonet completed his rig.

The sergeant stood before the table and saluted the Treasury Officer with grave dignity. He was magnificent in his huge, fuzzy whiskers and dark, serious eyes. The Treasury Officer fitly responded to the salute.

'Huzoor!' said the sergeant. 'We have come for the money for the Nizam Bahadur.'

'Very good, sergeant. You have the paper?'

He fished it out of his breast pocket. The paper demanded so many thousand rupees in notes, so many thousands in silver, and a few score in coppers, annas and pice: twenty thousand rupees in all, which should go to the up-keep, for the term of one calendar month, of the Palace, the Nizamat buildings and College, the maintenance of many younger brothers, nephews, nieces, sisters, cousins, and aunts of the Nizam. It was, in fact, the pension of His Highness, duly payable under treaty between his family and the paternal government. We paid it to him on the first of each month.

The counting of the money was a ritual in itself. We began it in this way: Dinanath Babu, going to one of the sea-chests, already opened by its two several keys, heaved forth one of the network bags. Bringing it to the table, behind which sat the Treasury Officer, and before which stood the Nizamat sergeant, he untied and unwound the string that confined its throat, and, turning it about, poured a little pile of

silver rupees on the table. Thereon the Treasury Officer stretched forth his hand, and took, first, the paper which contained the history of that particular bag, duly signed by himself, and then a big handful of rupees. From these, with the right hand, he counted out little piles of ten, each time taking just five between fingers and thumb, until five little piles stood on the table, the sergeant meanwhile following with alert, serious eyes.

Then a big pair of scales was set on the table, splendid in nickel and brass, and into one scale I put the counted fifty rupees, to serve as a weight, pouring rupees into the other from a loose handful, until the scale-pan just moved and remained evenly poised. That made our first hundred, which was then used as a weight, against which nine handfuls were successively balanced, until the first thousand was completed. Satisfactorily, it came out exactly even, tallying with what was written in the bag.

So we weighed out the remaining thousands required to be in silver, added certain thousands in high-denomination notes, — hundreds and fifties, — and topped off with a box of mint-new copper annas and pice, the former sixteen to the rupee, the latter, four to the anna. There is a still smaller copper coin, a tiny piece called a pie; of these we added a quart or so, to be given in largesse to the needy; for the Nizam Bahadur has a charitable heart, and giving is still one of the cardinal virtues in India.

Then the sergeant and the Babu and the corporal, duly recalled to that end, heaved the whole twenty thousand in their arms, and we went outside to load it on the bullock-wagon. As we appeared in the blistering sunlight, the army rose to its feet from the grass and saluted, all ten of it, with admirable discipline and alacrity. Its uniform was like the sergeant's, lacking stripes and sword-bayonet, and with Enfield rifles and cartridge-pouches added. Altogether, an admirable little army, adequate to the responsible duty of convoying twenty thousand rupees up the long red road under the cocoanut palms to the Nizamat palace.

When the sergeant had signed the receipt in duplicate, with my own counter-signature and the Babu's pointed handwriting added in confirmation, the sergeant shouted, ''Tshun!' in his best English, followed immediately by 'Marsh!' and the bullock-cart, with five of the army on either side and the sergeant guarding the rear, set forth on its northward march, heralded by a frightful shriek from an ungreased axle; a horrid, blood-chilling shriek repeated with damnable iteration, though happily sinking to desperate feebleness through distance, as the bullock-cart swung around the corner under the big banyan tree and made its way along the Burra Lal Dighy, which is to say the Great Red Tank, red corresponding to the primitive ideal of beauty. I am well persuaded that, as soon as the civil station was out of sight, the whole army mounted on the bullock-cart, the fuzzy sergeant included, and that, thus arranged, the cortège crawled its leisurely way northward beneath the palm trees. I don't suppose the bullocks found this proceeding at all out of the ordinary, or to be resented. Their minds had never been disturbed by rumors of the Royal Humane Society.

As soon as things were fixed up in the Treasury, we turned the keys in our double locks; and, metamorphosed from Treasury Officer into Assistant Magistrate, I went off to another dingy room to try Abkari cases: prosecutions of blear-eyed, brown persons charged with distilling illicit rice-wine under the stark radiance of the Indian moon.

Tiffin made a pleasing interlude, and by five the day's work was done. Sundry malefactors were laid by the heels. Sundry others were let loose, and all was well.

I strolled over to the club, to watch the tennis, and found, to my joy, that the Collector Mem-Sahib was dispensing tea. A cup of her fine Darjhiling and a cigarette allayed the pang of mortality and even soothed my prickly heat, and, finding a cool seat on the veranda, I began a spirited flirtation with little Madge Paterson, youngest of the four Paterson maidens, and a particular friend of mine.

'Watch Molly!' she said. 'Is n't she playing splendidly! Golly! Look at that serve!'

Molly's partner was the little Maharaja of Ghorabazar, with sixteen summers to his credit, and a pedigree that went back to the Ramayana. We and the Colonnas and the O'Neills are all parvenus by comparison. A charming boy, with light golden skin, smooth as silk, beautifully formed hands, and bright, devilishly mischievous eyes. A ripping tennis-player, too, cool and quick and agile as steel. At receptions and parties he wore pounds of gold-lace strewn thick as treacle over his blue velvet tunic, with diamond buttons as big as filberts. But now he was in plain white, save for a jaunty little cap of cloth of gold.

He and Molly Paterson were knocking things about, all their own way. They were beating Jones, the Junior Police Sahib, and young Ali Mirza, a Nizamat nephew, into a cocked hat; and it was not the fault of Ali Mirza. In spite of his superb clothes, green satin trousers, scarlet satin jacket, and blue and gold cap, he was all over the court, a cross between a rainbow and a lightning-flash, but it was all no use. Young Jones — a conceited young ass, most of us thought him — fumbled every ball that came his way, and lost more points than even his many-colored partner could make up. Watching that party-colored set, I fell amusing.

Oh, most benevolent and wonderful British Indian Government, what a miracle of assimilation you accomplish here! — a Hindu prince whose family was old and splendid when Romulus founded Rome; one of the wild, conquering Moslems; a fine and haughty Briton like young Jones — a touch of irony here; and, fourth, a Eurasian girl. An awfully nice girl; everybody liked Molly; but a Eurasian. Her grandmother was a Bhootia woman; the dear old mother's high cheek-bones showed it; and Paterson too, with his nice gray whiskers and honest face, had at least 'a touch of the tarbrush.' Truly, a miracle of assimilation!

'I say!' Little Madge was speaking.

'Yes, Madge?'

'Don't they play well together? — Molly and the Maharaja, I mean. I say —?'

'Yes?'

Madge cocked her little, dark head comically on one side.

'Is n't it a pity he can't marry her?'

'Who can't marry who, Madge?'

'Why, I've just said! Molly and him, of course!'

'The Maharaja?' I was genuinely taken aback. What a fancy the child had!

'Of course!' she said; 'Molly and him. And then I'd be a princess, and live in a palace, and, oh, yes —'

'Well?'

'You could come and visit me, and — bring me sugar-plums.'

'Oh, but I could n't, Madge. For you'd be a Hindu princess, and you know they don't have visitors — except lady visitors, of course.'

'Yes,' Madge answered incisively.

'Is n't that such stuff! But Molly'd change all that. See if she would n't! And then you could come.'

'I've got an idea, Madge.' Madge, by the way, was ten.

'Yes?' she queried.

'I'm sure he's younger than Molly, and that, you know, would never do.'

'Oh, of course!' she answered. 'I never thought of that. As Shakespeare says, "Let the woman take —"?'

'Just so, Madge. Now, supposing you married him yourself, instead of Molly. You'd be a real princess, then.'

'Now you're talking rubbish,' said Madge, severely.

It could not be denied. I was.

The set ended and we all dispersed, the station folk going to dress for dinner, while the visitors drove off. The little Maharaja had a high English dog-cart which he drove himself, and he went off at a spanking trot behind a big Australian horse — a Waler, as our phrase goes, from New South Wales. We saw him whirl off into the twilight as we turned toward our bungalows, some of us walking, others driving.

II

We dined that evening, as it happened, at the Collector Sahib's. The whole station was there, including Paterson and Molly. Paterson, by the way, was our Civil Engineer, of Rivers and Roads.

I sat next Molly, and was talking to her about Madge; also about the other two dark little dots, Milly and Meg, aged eleven and twelve, when we heard a horse come thundering along the side of the square at a hand-gallop, and stop sharply, with a rush of scuffling feet, at the Collector Sahib's door. We all stopped talking, and looked at the Collector Sahib.

His head chuprassi came in and, bending down, whispered something to him in Hindustani. The Collector Sahib started.

'What?' he said. 'The deuce you say!'

The man repeated. The Collector Sahib rose, rather hastily for a man in general so cool and poised, and went out into the front room, a kind of informal office opening by wide doors on the veranda.

Two minutes later, he reappeared at the door of the dining-room. I caught his eye. He signed to me to come, and disappeared again. Hastily making my excuses to Molly and the Collector Mem-Sahib, I went to the front room, in no small wonder.

Was it a murder or a dacoity or an uprising? Anything may happen, anything may spring up to the surface of the still, dark river of Indian life that runs so unfathomably deep.

'I say!' the Collector Sahib ejaculated, in a voice for him very excited, though his tone was low. 'Here's a pretty pair of shoes! What do you think has happened?'

I ventured no guesses.

'The Nizam's pay has n't arrived! They waited two or three hours beyond the usual time, and then sent men out to look. Not a sign! So they've sent a fellow here.'

As Treasury Officer, I took that to heart. Short of the looting of the Treasury, nothing more serious could have happened.

'You got it sent off all right, did n't you? Who came for it?'

'The usual chap — Khoda Baksh, I think his name is. Yes, Khoda Baksh, the big up-country chap with the fuzzy beard.'

'I know. Well, he's gone. Sunk into the earth, and the whole Nizamat guard with him — to say nothing of the bullock-cart, and twenty thousand rupees. There were notes, of course?'

'Yes, about the usual amount.'

'Well, we must stop them at once. You can get the numbers first thing in the morning. But the silver — Better take my tum-tum and drive to the palace. See if you can find any traces — and reassure the old gentleman. I'll tell them to harness the tum-tum. Take these two chuprassis with you. Better take this, too'; and he drew a revolver from the drawer of the desk. 'Though it's inconceivable to me that there's been violence. You have your light overcoat?'

Within a quarter of an hour I was driving, as fast as the Collector Sahib's fine trotter could carry me, up that long road beneath the cocoanut palms, where the fateful bullock-cart had disappeared in the hour before noon. There was no moon, but the stars were gleaming in the purple night, big stars, like colored lamps, hanging down clear from the background of the sky. I drove almost directly toward the Pole Star, hanging low among the palm trees, covered, now and then, by a dark, waving frond.

It was an extraordinary drive. No one spoke. The bare fact I knew, and doubtless the Nizam's messenger had told it all, with such embellishments as might occur to him, to the chuprassis and syces. So we were all thinking about it tremendously, though no one spoke.

As I have said, short of revolution, nothing more catastrophic could have happened in that quiet district. Twenty thousand rupees gone in broad daylight! Even divided by twelve — allowing a share and a half for the sergeant, and a half-share for the bullock-driver — it would make the fortune of every man in the Nizamat army. Were they, with Khoda Baksh at their head, making their way across country, under cover of the night, toward the forests of the Santal Hills? But those high-denomination notes — no one in his senses would try to make off with those! And for the life of me, I could not think of Khoda Baksh as a highway robber; no, nor those honest Moslems of the army either. In the way of loot, yes. But when it was entrusted to them, never.

Then what the mischief could have happened? A raid of wild Hillmen from across the railroad? They used to raid, in the old days. But could a sufficient band conceivably get right into the very heart of the district, without our hearing of them? And the Nizamat guard was fully armed, good Enfield rifles, with ten or twenty rounds of ammunition each; I knew the details, for I made out their licenses 'to have and carry arms.' To knock out ten men, well armed with rifles, even if a surprise volley had been poured into them, would mean something of a battle. And a battle like that, in broad daylight too, could hardly take place without some echo of it reaching us; indeed, it would instantly start a wild panic, a tornado. Yet, until the Nizamat outrider came, not a sound, not a whisper even, on the stillness of the Indian night! The whole thing was astonishing, inconceivable.

So the thing stormed around the chambers of my mind, as I sent the Collector's trotter along that arrow-straight road; red brick, pounded and rolled, what we call a 'pukka' road; 'baked,' that is, the Indian word for anything matured and authentic. It stormed about my mind; yet I remember that, just as the quiet heavens with the big, silent stars, looked down on us, very serenely, so there was that in me that looked down on the turmoil of thoughts and guesses, very serene: 'Why all this stir, little man!'

I made a change of horses at the halfway stable, drove past the big, heavy gates of the little Maharaja's enclosed

courtyard and palace, and presently entered the big, imposing doorway of the Nizamat buildings.

I noticed that the guard-house was curiously empty and still. It suddenly flashed into my mind: 'Of course! The army is gone!'

It was about ten by that time. Lights were moving among the buildings, and, hurrying up the main stairway, I found the great reception room brilliantly lighted. On the ivory-rimmed sofas and in gilded chairs, dark gentlemen, brilliantly clad, were seated, — inwardly perturbed, outwardly calm. In the midst sat His Highness himself, grave as always, pensive, rather pathetic, and, to-night, palpably discomposed.

The words of Arjuna in the *Bhagavad Gita* flashed into my mind — it was not so long since my Sanskrit 'exams': — 'I behold fathers, sons, and grandsires, uncles, fathers-in-law, wives' brothers, kinsmen,' — the whole Nizamat family of the sterner sex. The sisters, cousins, and aunts, being zenana ladies, were naturally missing. Each gentleman, saving only the Nizam, had a little leather bag, like a Tyrolese tobacco-pouch, on his knee or in his hand. The scene was eloquent: they had come for their share of the monthly pay.

As I stood in the doorway, while, led by His Highness, they all ceremoniously rose, it suddenly flashed into my mind that I had been so busy guessing at the mystery, that I had not given a thought to what I was to say. It was, in effect, 'Do not be alarmed, gentlemen. You will get your money all right. Never fear!'

I was very much embarrassed in face of those serious dark gentlemen, the youngest of whom was several years my senior. And to this day I do not remember in what terms I made the explanations and assurances. One thing only emerged clearly: the army had not arrived; the twenty thousand rupees were gone.

Even before I left the civil station, the Collector Sahib had set the police in motion throughout the district, and had sent a runner to the nearest telegraph station, which was fifteen miles away, to notify the Calcutta Treasury and the Bank of Bengal. For the Collector, the thing was serious in every way. He was answerable for everything within the district, and particularly for the financial side of things. And twenty thousand rupees meant a full year's pay. But it was inconceivable — yes, of course! But still the money was gone. That fact there was no getting over.

III

I got back to the station after midnight. Early the next morning, I set forth to try to get on the track of the missing army, a thing impossible in the darkness of the night before. I found it a horribly embarrassing thing to do. Of course it was all very easy to drive leisurely up the red road beneath the cocoanut palms, carefully scrutinizing the road and its sides for traces of a scuffle, or for wheel-tracks going off into the jungle. Off the pukka roadbed the ground was soft enough; the ruts and footprints would have been very conspicuous. But they were not there.

That part of it, as I say, was easy enough. But when it came to knocking at the door of a Bengali notable, and asking him if he had seen the missing army; asking this, in a tongue one spoke haltingly, of people with keen, sarcastic eyes, — that was a job that made me squirm.

Fortunately, most fortunately, I had the Collector Sahib's head chuprassi with me. He had all the aplomb I lacked. He was a Moslem. Bengali notables did n't bother him. Indeed,

his assurance, his self-confidence, was superb. He hammered lustily on doors, and when they were opened, cleared his throat with a resounding 'Ahem!' and slapped the brass plate of office — the *chaprash* — on his red shoulder-sash, and, brow-beating and bullying, he told his errand; each time with the air of accusing his interlocutor of direct complicity, or at least criminal knowledge of the theft. When I add that his manner to me was humbly deferential, you can realize what a comfort that knavish chuprassi was.

Well, we went carefully over the road, up to the Nizamat palace and back, and found never a trace. Later, we beat the by-roads throughout the district, meanwhile anxiously awaiting news from up or down the railway line. But not a word! Not a sign! The whole thing was gone, cavalcade and buffalo-cart and twenty thousand rupees, leaving no more trace than a stone dropped into deep water. We had the ripples on the pool when the rider galloped up, that first evening. But after that, never a word or a sign.

It was getting very serious for the Collector Sahib, and serious also for the rest of us, including the Assistant-Magistrate-and-Treasury-Officer. So we very naturally set about our remaining tasks with uncommon diligence and zeal.

For weeks I had had a detail of work: a visit to the Ghorabazar Maharani, the mother of Molly's young tennis-partner, about a disputed land-title. I had to go up and take her evidence. That, among other bits of postponed work, was now brought hastily forth and pushed forward.

So, once more, I drove up the red road beneath the palm trees and, preceded by my brazen-faced chuprassi, made my way into the reception-room of the Maharani's palace, a huge, splendid room, with costly, quaint furniture and flat, highly colored Indian oil-paintings on the walls. A curtain hung across an alcove. There the Maharani was installed, it being etiquette that I might speak to her only through the curtain, not setting profane eyes upon her at all.

Even then, I might not speak to her direct. She might only whisper, and her son, standing half behind the curtain, caught her words, and repeated them aloud to me.

One of our Brahman deputy magistrates was there before me, to help out with the formalities, and we soon got to work, thrashing over the question of the disputed boundary. Her little ladyship, for so I judged her to be, by the moderate stature of her son and the mouse-like gentleness of her whispers, gave her evidence with astonishing lucidity, considering that she had never seen the outer world since the days when, a tiny maid of seven, she was married to the late Maharaja.

We had come to a halt, while I was writing down the details of her description, when, suddenly, above the squeaking of my quill, which was the only noise that broke the silence, there came the sound of a manly voice, muffled by distance, chanting some native song.

My ear caught it before my mind did, for I was wrestling with a difficult Bengali phrase, and I particularly did not wish to ask the Deputy Babu. It came again, that muffled war-chant, and I found myself associating it, in half-conscious thought, with the guard-house of the Nizamat palace.

The little Maharaja was watching me with half-closed eyes, his fine face as still as a god's; yes, just like a gold statue of Gautama Buddha. The Buddha, by the way, was a cousin of his ancestor's, so the likeness was natural enough!

Once more that muffled phrase of

song, and, as background, the mind-picture of the Nizamat guard-house. What the dickens did 'Barabareshu' mean in Bengali?

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, and looked the little Maharaja full in the face. His lips were slightly compressed. Otherwise he still wore the air of the Buddha in contemplation. Then, from behind the curtain, came the faintest, most ethereal giggle. The Maharani was laughing. My suspicions were confirmed.

'Prince,' I said rising, 'I am — greatly interested — in that song. Will you be so good as — to lead me to the singer?'

There was a little ripple of silvery laughter behind the curtain, and a sudden giggling whisper. The young Maharaja interpreted: —

'Sir, my mother says — my mother begs you — she says — it is only a boy's prank.'

'Come, please,' I said, trying not to smile. A prank, perhaps, but pretty serious.

We went along a passage and down a stairway, finally entering a huge hall, set with pillars, which seemed to fill the basement of the entire palace. It had no windows, and was dimly lighted by a few cocoanut-oil lamps, such as you might find in the tombs at Mycenæ.

There, on the straw that covered the floor, I saw — the whole Nizamat army, evidently fuddled, the sergeant, stripped of his green tunic, dreamily singing that Urdu war-song that I had heard once, as we drove past the Nizamat guard-house. The two bullocks were there, snuffling about in the straw; the bullock-wagon also; and on it, to my great relief, I saw the box of moneys, its seals unbroken, evidently untouched.

I looked at the little Maharaja with some severity.

'How did this happen, Prince?'

The Buddha-like serenity of his face suddenly broke into a charming boyish smile, and his eyes were full of luminous mischief.

'Well,' he explained, 'they were just opposite my gate when I overtook them, and — they seemed so thirsty — and tired. So I asked them to come in. — I could not ask my guests to go again!'

'But where are their rifles?'

'I had them put away, for safety, while the men slept,' he explained, again with that delicious smile.

'How did they come to be asleep?'

'I wonder,' he said. 'I fancy — do you know, I think it was the sherbet!'

Further investigation showed that he had been quenching their thirst on iced punch made of green Chartreuse. No wonder their wits had fled.

Well, we got that army on its feet again, and I accompanied it to the Nizam's palace, making what explanations I could on behalf of the little Maharaja.

The dear old Nizam listened to me in wonder, then chuckled, then burst out laughing: —

'Tut tut tut!' he said, 'to give liquor to my good Mussulmans!'

We had the little Maharaja up before the Collector Sahib, for a wigging, bearing in mind his little mother's plea. At first he was obdurate, his face firm as a gold statue.

'Did not his ancestors rob mine?' he asked, with good historic backing. Then suddenly the Buddha-face broke into that charming, irresistible smile.

'And besides,' he said, 'it was Saint April's day.'

PROSERPINA AND THE SEA-NYMPHS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

PROSERPINA

I TIRE of these embroideries.
Now I have gilded all my stars,
And plumed with light my ilex trees,
And made the moon and sun, there is
The sea to finish. Only this
Eludes my eager hand and mars
The beauty of my tapestry.
Which color of the changeful sea
Would she most love, my mother? Blue
Superbly shadowed like her hood,
Or blazing, like her peacock? — hue
Of dawn or wine, or purple silk
With foamy fringes white as milk?
There is a gray-green, much her mood
In early Spring. — Nay, I must go
And ask the sea-nymphs. They will know.

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING

Mother Ceres' daughter
  Straying down the shore,
Brings with her a beauty
  Never known before.
(Who had heard, until she came,
Such a ripple of a name?)

PROSERPINA

I hear them singing on the shore,
My little sisters of the sea!

Surely I can return before
The golden lonesome afternoon
Leans toward the dusk?
I shall come soon
And weave a miracle for thee,
My mother, out of showered light
Upon great waters: and to-night,
Give thee my tapestry of dreams,
And sing thee what the sisters sing.
— Too bright the sea! Unreal it seems,
And so aloof, I hardly know,
With all its glory changing so,
How I dare try embroidering —
Oh, they are there, all wet and cool
From out the foam, and beautiful!

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING

Is there any flower
Delicate as she?
Only tender-breathing
Sea-anemone.
(Maidens, was there ever heard
Such a little limpid word?)

PROSERPINA

Laugh, laugh again, for I so love
Your glittering laughter in the sun,
Like sudden wave-crests fashioned of
Bubbles and rainbows! Did you say
Nobody knew you came away?
Then I am not the only one
Truant along these yellow sands!
(How soft your little starfish hands!)
Now tell me, darlings, is it true
You travel far within the sea,
And drive the dolphins two and two?

And are there islands rooted deep,
That you must scale like mountains steep,
To find out what their names may be?
(*I* made an island, once, a shore
Dazzled with surf.) — Oh, tell me more!

SEA-NYMPHS

Fair the clustered islands,
  Deep the coral wells!
You who bring us flowers,
  Do you like our shells?
These, all jeweled, only grow
On an island that we know.

Who has felt its beauty
  Cannot go away.
It is like a crystal
  Irised in bright spray —
There is untold mystery
In the islands of the sea!

One is all a garden,
  One has sands of gold.
One is built of silver:
  One is very old,
Made of coral and most fair.
One conceals the GORGONS' lair.

Shells of many islands
  Blossoming from foam,
See, they make a necklace!
  Will you wear it home?
Asphodels are sweet, but ours
Are the everlasting flowers.

PROSERPINA

And I shall keep them evermore!
But in the April-colored mead
Beyond the crescent of the shore,
There are such lilies! Let me get
Enough of them, with violet
And hyacinth as I may need,
To make you each a coronal!
You will not have to wait at all,
They are so many, and so sweet!
Throw me your little dripping kiss!
Look, there are wings upon my feet,
Wait for me! —

(*Alone*) (*Now, you asphodels,*
Rose-lined and petaled like sea-shells,
Could any fate be strange as this —
The nymphs' green tresses to confine,
And plunge full fathom-deep in brine?)

I never thought to make them say
The wisest color for my sea!
Corn-flower blue it was to-day,
And veined with topaz — If I go
Much farther, now the sun is low,
The sisters will not wait for me.
But April only once a year
Comes true! — What loveliness is here —
These unknown flowers waxen-white,
That glimmer in a starry crowd
A-shiver with their own delight?
Mother must tell me. — Are they real?
Whence the sharp terror that I feel?
Dread Darkness — art thou god or cloud
Enfolding me?
My mother, oh,
Hear thou, and make him let me go!

SEA-NYMPHS SINGING, FAR AWAY

Do you see her coming?
  Did you hear her call?
There is sudden menace
  In the sky, and all
The bright waters have gone gray.
Little friend, we dare not stay!

THE FRIENDLESS MAJORITY

BY O. W. FIRKINS

In these days any one with a pity for outcasts cannot fail to sympathize with the friendless majority. Emerson with his epochal 'Self-Reliance,' Renan with his victorious 'Caliban,' Ibsen with his scornful 'Enemy of the People,' have made abuse of the majority a favorite — almost a *popular* — recreation, and able speakers to-day find no difficulty in proving the unworthiness of the larger human aggregates to the satisfaction of from two thirds to nine tenths of the responsive audience. Personally, I always disliked the majority, as long as the crowd was on its side, but I find that it tends to grow interesting, almost sympathetic, in the hour of its rejection and abandonment. I still like to hear our nobler youth urged to rebel against the despotism of social usage or political inertia, but, as philosopher, I suspect that, in the great cyclic process of man versus men, the verdict is sometimes given a little too hastily and absolutely for the plaintiff. When Mrs. Grundy herself is sent to Coventry, human nature cannot repress a smile, but society at large is a bigger thing than Mrs. Grundy, and the right of mankind to be heard in its own defense may be conceded by the most spleenful of individualists.

I wonder if the censors of the majority — commonly indebted to its homes, its schools, its churches, for the training of that intelligence and conscience with which they rake its institutions fore and aft — have ever stopped to imagine the consequences of the relaxing on all sides of that respect for the opinions of mankind which — let us frankly confess — so often obstructs and retards the progress of particular reforms. Genius would be liberated? Yes; if we are willing to compliment the majority to the extent of admitting its capacity to bridle even genius. But, conceding this capacity, let us remember that the fools would be liberated by the same act, and the proportion of geniuses to fools in this inequitable planet is not of a kind to confirm hope in the optimistic reformer. Open the doors of your penitentiary, and you may possibly release a Giordano Bruno or John Brown of Ossawatomie (though the

likelihood of such result is inappreciable), and you will very certainly cast out into the world some hundreds of forgers, embezzlers, and assassins.

If you wish to ignore that particular embodiment of social opinion which is called law and has clubs and gallows and electricity on its side, the case is quite as clear where the application of the social influence is merely psychological. Release a given social assemblage from adherence to the manners of the day, and, for one person in whom an original thought or generous act is set free, there will be fifty in whom the same license will unbind an act of greed, an ineptitude, a frivolity, or an impertinence.

These things are interferences with progress, obstructions to true life, and when we reflect that the normal effect of social disfavor is not to prevent but simply to defer the accomplishment of great reforms, it requires some courage to assert that the postponement of the good is too high a price to pay for the suppression of the evil.

Society need not follow the counsel of imbeciles. Granted: but the time lost in convincing them of the hopelessness of their projects is time that can be ill spared from tillage and shoemaking and leechcraft. You may be proof against the importunities of the sly agent, but if you had to walk to your threshold fifty times a day even for the purpose of shutting the door in his face, the consumption of your time would hurt your business. Nuisances are plentiful, in spite of all restraints; most of us would like to be 'cranks' if the social penalties were removed; and the one thing that keeps the breed from multiplying to ten times its present strength is the odium inseparable from the name.

The truth is that imitation, with the docility which is its source, secures to the dullards and the weaklings a virtual participation in the good sense and right feeling of the wiser few. Men are kept orderly, clean, and decent through the strength of this obsequiousness to social opinion which the prophets of individualism are in such haste to deplore. The social code no doubt always involves much inadequacy, much stupidity, some hypocrisy, and some wickedness; but, taken by and large, the average of its prescriptions has probably been higher in every age than the average of undirected and unfettered individual impulse. Many of the things embodied in that wide-ranging, multifarious thing called the sense of the community are undoubtedly right, since they were once the distinctions of heroic minorities or the discoveries of fearless individuals.

It is the poor scourged majority indeed that supports the right of free speech, in the strength of which its ungrateful assailants address themselves to the task of its flagellation. While reformers are hot in affirmations of its stupidity, the purblind thing almost justifies their censures by the absurd magnanimity with which it protects their lives, defends their property, counts their votes, or transports their diatribes against itself with unerring precision in its hospitable mail-bags. The majority learns slowly, it is true, and the minority feels in its presence the same impatience which the bright lad in the district school exhibits when the sturdy bumpkin at his side spells out his words with stolid persistence from the tattered reading-book. But the bumpkin has an excellent memory, and may be pardoned for a little honest bewilderment when his teachers change their mind.

Men fail to see the value of consolidation in a race, a nation, or a party. The Germans love music as a people, the French literature, the English liberty, in the same way; the nationality,

the solidarity, of the support accorded to the chosen ideal reinforces its grip upon every individual. The love of music, of literature, of liberty, is fortified in each instance by that much-decried but mighty force, the love of agreement. Even reformers are glad to touch men on what we may call their corporate or federal side. The abolitionist, the single-tax man, appeals to *common* justice, to *common* humanity; he invokes not merely the voice of the individual conscience, but the immemorial concurrence of men in high principles, in the support of which their wish to stand well with one another is inextricably bound up with their personal loyalty to right and justice.

What is the first act of a revolting minority? To organize; that is, to profit by men's wish to stand together; the very principle which, incarnate in the unsympathetic majority, is for the moment defeating their own project. Indeed, the closeness of the tie which unites the members of small sects is commonly the force that nerves them to endure their segregation from the people at large. It is a curious fact that, to persuade men to rebel, the first step is, necessarily, to render them docile. Men are opportunist even in their vilifications of majorities. What recognition has the reformer for the individualism that *opposes* his measure? What censures has he for the gregariousness which rallies ultimately to its support? The propagandists view the mental independence of their fellows in the same light in which the United States viewed the independence of Texas, — as the needful preliminary to annexation.

The solidarity of mankind lightens the task of the reformer by simplifying the argument of his opponents. Here are fifty million people, possibly, committed to the repression of socialism: but among all the fifty millions there are not more than half a dozen reasons and two or three feelings. It is clear that the paucity of objections greatly simplifies the intellectual problem of the socialist agitator. If there were fifty million reasons — the mind shudders at the possibility.

There have been periods in history such as the Stephen Marcel régime in France, the period of the Long Parliament in England, and the reign of Joseph II in Austria, when the bonds of precedent were relaxed and the facility and fecundity of reform were unexampled. What was the issue of this accelerated progress? The reforms disappeared with the celerity of a gamester's winnings. In these matters, you have to choose between the nail, hard to drive but practically irremovable, and the pin, yielding itself equally to insertion or displacement. The abolition of chattel slavery is fixed with adamantine permanence to-day by that very tenacity and solidarity of mankind which offered such stubborn resistance to its triumph. Cannot the opposition to the industrial slavery of the present hour well afford to undergo a similar probation in the foresight of an equal guarantee? Is not England, obtuse and obstinate but unshakable, better in these respects than France, responsive and plastic but unsure? Because removal from one dwelling-house to another is sometimes necessary and always troublesome, shall society live in a wagon? Do not be too impatient, O panting reformer, of the stupidity that postpones the victory of your plans; to-morrow it will be defending your conquest more effectually than your own wisdom!

There is another consideration which should temper the complaints which the meliorists direct against the inertia of society. In a social organism where all the parts were centrifugal, individuality would have no significance, no eminence, no prestige. The heretic should not cry out too savagely against

that orthodoxy which supplies him with a vocation. The leaven is more active than the dough, but it cannot decently complain of the dough, which provides both an occasion for its use and an advertisement of its power, without which indeed it would be nothing but an ineffectual and acrid ferment. If it objects that the dough is too tardy and backward in yielding to its solicitations, might not that good creature reply with some plausibility that this delay was the most caustic of comments on the effectiveness of the yeast? The kindlings are slow to ignite: may it not be the phosphorus instead of the shavings that is wet?

What is the inertness of the majority but a louder summons and more insistent challenge to the energy and constancy of the prophets of the truth? In an age of narrowing adventure and multiplying securities, would we remove, even if we could, any of those social rigors and asperities which constitute almost our sole remaining warrant that heroism shall not perish from the earth? Would we consent to obliterate at one stroke the long anguish and infamy of the anti-slavery conflict in the United States, if the act of effacement embraced in its sweep the memory of Garrison and Phillips, of Lovejoy and John Brown, of the Gettysburg Address, the 'Laus Deo,' and the 'Commemoration Ode'? Better obloquy with its attendant and compensatory glories than the listless neutrality which effaces both.

I am not fond of the companionship of majorities: they are massive, they are phlegmatic; in social intercourse they fail to shine. For personal delectation give me a rebel, — a species which I like well enough to feel kindly disposed toward the social conditions which insure his emergence and affirm his usefulness. I am angry with rebels only when they want to rebuild the universe on a plan which leaves no room in the edifice for their own accommodation. Look at the summary of the desiderata: namely, the virtual certainty of the ultimate success of any high cause, a virtual guarantee of permanence to that success, a degree of difficulty and delay which insures the elimination of those spurious reforms which fail to command the perseverance and fortitude of their adherents, and, lastly, a standing appeal to those capacities for heroism that lie dormant in mankind. What more could we ask, and what else do we have?

GRANDFATHER CRANE INVOKES THE AID OF SORCERY

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

I

GRANDFATHER CRANE sat beside the kitchen fire. It was a midsummer afternoon, but he was wrapped in a quilted double-gown of green and yellow chintz and wore a red bandanna handkerchief twisted about his head. His feet were encased in home-made moccasins of thick felt.

The walnut logs, piled high on the iron fire-dogs, blazed and sputtered merrily, filling the room with stifling heat. At one side of the fireplace a couple of eels hung from a stout hook driven in between the bricks. They were long, fat eels and, as they slowly roasted, they exuded drops of oil which fell into a skillet placed on the hearth beneath them. Every now and then Grandfather Crane leaned forward in his high-backed chair and turned the eels about.

'Hey, Ezry, what ye a-concoctin' now?'

A man thrust his body half-way through a window at the side of the room. He was a short, stout, elderly man with a ruddy, good-natured face. He peered at the skillet curiously.

'I'm a-tryin' eel grease fer my j'ints,' Grandfather Crane replied, moving his chair so as to face his visitor. 'I affairm I believe thet thar's vartue in it, Simyun.'

Simeon Sims raised his eyebrows.

'Land of Goshen, Ezry, I thought ye was rubbin' yerself with turkle ile,' he said. 'Moses Spicer's young ones told me, a spell ago, thet they was kitchin' mud turkles fer ye by the dozen.'

'They was, but I've gin the critters up,' Grandfather rejoined. 'The turkle is a cold-blooded animile, an' I affairm his juices was n't warmin' enough fer sech knees ez mine. I'm dretful stiff an' I need suthin' heatin'. I've jest begun ter try eels an' I think they're goin' ter prove some ben'ficial.'

Mr. Sims removed his hat and fanned his face briskly.

'By hicky, Ezry,' he ejaculated, 'ye're hotter 'n Apollyon's brimstun porridge in thar. I dunno how Leander stan's it arfter workin' out in the sun all day. I dunno how ye stan' it, yerself.'

'I ain't never warm,' Grandfather answered. 'I got a woolen weskit under this gownd. Ez fer Leander, he's got ter stan' it. I trained him ter respect the weakness of ole age. I never cal'lated ter let him ride over my head. I affairm I begun a-dis'plinin' him when his payrents died an' he come ter live with me.'

'Oh, of course Leander 'll put up with all yer notions,' Simeon responded. 'But hain't ye afraid there 'll be trouble when he gits married? Gran'darters-in-law ain't jest like gran'sons. They're liable ter up an' change things round.'

'I ain't skeered of bein' bothered by no gran'darters-in-law,' Grandfather returned. 'Leander is bound ter be a

bachelder. He comes of stock thet runs ter bachelders. Ye know yerself, Simyun, thet out of five brothers I was the only one thet did n't stay single. Ez fur back ez I kin trace there 's alwuz ben a mess of bachelders in our fambly. Whatever sot ye ter thinkin' of Leander marryin'?'

'Why, nothin',' answered Mr. Sims, 'only thet I heered how he keeps a-goin' ter Freetown every week.'

'A-goin' ter Freetown!' Grandfather repeated. 'Why should n't he go ter Freetown? I've got wood-lots over thar an' folks hez ben a-cuttin' hoop-poles off'n 'em lately. Leander goes ter look arfter my propputty.'

Simeon whistled softly.

'Wal, I s'pose ye know best, Ezry, but, 'cordin' ter what I hear, he's lookin' arfter suthin' besides timber when he's over thar. He spares time from contemplatin' trees an' breshwood ter visit thet Weeden gal at Assonet Four Corners.'

Grandfather suddenly sat erect.

'Weeden gal!' he cried sharply. 'What Weeden gal? I dunno nothin' 'bout her. None of ole Jed Weeden's stock is she?'

'Jed Weeden's gran'darter,' Mr. Sims replied. 'His son Rufe's darter.'

For a moment Grandfather remained motionless. Then he raised his clenched hands high above his head.

'He shan't marry her!' he shrilled. 'I won't hev nary one of Jed Weeden's breed in my fambly. 'T would be stoopin'! A wuthless tribe, all on 'em! Pore, an' lazy, an' shif'less! Leander hain't a-goin' ter throw himself an' my money away on no sech folks!'

'But r'port says this 'ere Lucreshy is ez smart ez the nex' one,' expostulated Simeon. 'I ben told thet she kin turn off more work in a day than ary other woman in Freetown.'

'I don't keer nothin' about what r'port says!' cried Grandfather. 'She's a Weeden an' thet's enough. She'd starve us ter death with pore victuals. Them Weedens never sot a decent table. They dunno what good fodder is. Ole Jed uster kitch skunks, in the fall, an' salt 'em down an' bile 'em with cabbage all winter fer his Sabbath-day dinners. Biled skunk hain't fit ter eat, even when it hain't corned. The right way ter cook a skunk is ter bake it. In my young days, we fellers uster hev skunk suppers at Swansea Village, an' the skunks was alwuz baked. Ye can't tell baked skunk from chicken. I hain't a-goin' ter let Leander git dyspepsy eatin' of salt skunk meat. He shan't marry her.'

Mr. Sims shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

'Lurdy, Ezry, I'm sorry I mentioned the gal,' he said. 'I should n't, only I kinder wondered ef ye knowed about her. I guess Leander won't thank me fer pokin' my finger inter his pie.'

'I hain't a fool, Simyun,' Grandfather retorted with some asperity. 'I hain't a-goin' ter let on ter Leander thet I'm knowin' ter his doin's. How long hez he ben a-sparkin'?'

'Oh, not sech a turrible long spell,' Mr. Sims answered. 'I only heered of it larst week. Now I would n't git all riled up ef I was you. Jest look at things ca'mly.'

'Oh, I'll be ca'm,' said Grandfather. 'Ca'm ez a hornet in winter. But I'll keep up a devil of a thinkin' all the time. I got considerble cog'tatin' ter do in the nex' few hours.'

Mr. Sims withdrew his body from the window.

'Wal, I did n't come over here jest ter peddle gossip,' he rejoined. 'I come ter borry a scythe. There's one in the barn. I kin hev it, I s'pose?'

'Take ary thing ye need,' assented Grandfather. 'The hull kit an' bilin' of tools ef ye d'sire 'em. I'm mighty glad ye happened in ter-day. Fore-

warned is forearmed. Ef ye hear any more news let me know.'

'Sartin,' answered Simeon.

He nodded a farewell and trudged away in the direction of the barn.

As he disappeared from view, Grandfather pushed his chair back to the fireplace and sank into a brooding silence. For more than an hour he sat there, only moving once or twice to turn the eels mechanically. It was not until the clock struck five that he roused from his reverie, his face suddenly illumined.

'Thet's the thing ter do,' he cried exultantly. 'Why did n't I think of Hitty Sharp before? There hain't nothin' airthly kin holp me! I've got ter git afoul of unairthly things ef I don't want my ole age made misserble!'

II

At six o'clock Leander came into the house to prepare supper. He was a tall, stalwart young fellow, with a bronzed face that was pleasant to look at. He uttered an exclamation of surprise as he perceived that the tea-table was already set.

'Why, Grandfather,' he said, 'you must be feeling more comfortable than you did this noon.'

'I affairm I've ben ez chipper ez a brown thrasher all the arfternoon,' Grandfather responded. 'Thet doset of eel grease I applied last night hez limbered me up a considerble. Ye done with the hay, Leander?'

'We got in the last load an hour ago,' the young man answered.

'I'm glad on 't,' returned Grandfather. 'I want ye should go ter Ta'nton fer me ter-morrer. I'm goin' ter put thet money I got fer thet ma'sh land at Touiset inter the bank thar. I hain't a-goin' ter d'posit any more money in the Prov'dence banks at present. It hain't a good plan ter put all yer eggs in one basket, I don't think. An' I want ye should do some tradin' fer me. I want some neckerchieves, an' some pins, an' some writin' paper, an' a mess of other things. I've got a list of 'em wrote down. An' I want ye should stop in Dighton, on yer way hum, an' call on Cousin David Jillson's folks. I ben hevin' some dreams 'bout 'em, lately, thet I don't like. I kinder think some on 'em is ailin'.'

'It'll be an all-day job,' said Leander hesitatingly. 'I was plannin' to mend the stone wall of the Gate Meadow to-morrow.'

'Thet wall kin wait a while,' Grandfather rejoined. ''T won't do ye no harm ter take a leetle ja'nt, Leander. Ye've ben stickin' ter work pretty clus all summer. I think ye look kinder peaked. An' I be worried regardin' them dreams. David Jillson is a-gittin' on in years. He's considerble older then I be.'

'Oh, of course I'll go,' Leander said hastily. 'Young Mose can do the chores, and I'll get Augusta to help you indoors. You must n't fret about your dreams, because —'

'I don't want Augusty Spicer in my kitchen,' Grandfather interrupted. 'She's slower then a snail, an' ez bunglin' ez a beetle. Ye speak fer Ann Julianna. Ann Julianna is a faculized young one. I want her ez airly ez she kin come.'

After supper Leander walked down to the Spicer farm, returning with the welcome intelligence that Mrs. Spicer would be able to spare Ann Julianna at six o'clock on the morrow.

Promptly at the appointed hour the following morning, Ann Julianna made her appearance in the Crane kitchen. She was a tall, bony child of eleven, with an elderly face and a soldierly carriage. Immediately after hanging up her sunbonnet, she charged upon the breakfast table and, in an incredibly

short time, had the dishes washed, wiped, and placed on parade in the closet. By eight o'clock every article in the house was under strict martial law, and Ann Julianna was seated on the porch steps grimly shelling beans as if she were moulding bullets.

In the meantime Leander had hitched the black colt, 'Yankee Doodle,' to the ancient, high-topped 'shay,' rarely used except upon the Sabbath, and, arrayed in his 'meetin' clothes,' now started forth on his journey. From the kitchen window Grandfather watched the venerable equipage until it disappeared from view. Then he summoned Ann Julianna from her task.

'I want ye should go up ter Sims's place an' tell Simyun ter fetch his team here ez soon ez he kin,' he said. 'Tell him my need on't is urgent. I'm obleeged ter make a journey.'

If Ann Julianna experienced surprise at this command from the invalid she evinced none. She sprang to her feet, saluted, wheeled about with a click of her heels, and stalked down the steps carrying her folded sunbonnet under her arm like a *chapeau bras*.

Grandfather chuckled softly.

'I'll outwit them two turkle-doves yit, ef I be an ole codger,' he murmured.

Three quarters of an hour later Mr. Sims halted his ox-team at the gate of the Crane barnyard. Presently Grandfather came across the yard, followed by Ann Julianna bearing a kitchen chair. Grandfather wore a thick brown shawl pinned over his double-gown. His bandanna handkerchief, folded corner-wise, was tied beneath his chin and surmounted by an ancient hat of white wool.

Simeon mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

'Cal'latin' ter make a v'yage ter Greenland?' he inquired jocosely.

'I'll tell ye where I'm goin' arfter we git started,' Grandfather returned. 'Set thet cheer clus ter the cart, Ann Julianna. No, Simyun, I affairm I kin manage ter h'ist myself in without yer holp.'

'Why Lurdy me, Ezry, I sh'd hope ye could,' responded Mr. Sims. 'Ye ain't ole enough ter be holpless quite yit.'

Grandfather paused, one foot in the chair, the other in the cart.

'Ain't ole?' he cried indignantly. 'I guess ye don't study yer Bible, Simyun. Thet tells ye thet the days of a man is three-score year an' ten. How fur off be I from thet age? Ain't I goin' on sixty-nine?'

'Wal, wal, don't less quarrel,' said Simeon. 'Ef ye want ter 'magine yer Methusaly's twin brother I dunno ez I hev ary p'ticler objection.'

The invalid made no reply, but drew his other foot into the cart and seated himself upon the chair which Simeon lifted up to him. Dismissed by a wave of his hand, Ann Julianna again saluted and marched back to the house, where she at once commenced a deadly onslaught, with soft soap and a very stiff scrubbing-brush, upon the porch steps.

'Wal, now thet thar female minute-man hez gone, mebbe ye'll tell me where ye want ter travel,' observed Mr. Sims.

'I want ye should take me over ter Hitty Sharp's house,' said Grandfather. 'I affairm, ef anybuddy kin break up Leander's match, it's Hitty.'

Mr. Sims surveyed his passenger with a dismayed countenance.

'Hitty Sharp!' he repeated. 'Why, she's one third Nigger, one third Injun, an' t'other third devil. Ef ye want ter c'nsult a witch, why don't ye go ter Rehoboth an see Poll Jinkins? Polly's a white woman ef she does hev dealin's with the Ole Harry.'

'I ain't goin' a-nigh Poll Jinkins,' Grandfather replied. 'She ain't wuth

a bean ez a witch. When the Fiske boys quarreled 'bout the ole man's will, Jerry hired Poll ter cuss 'Zekiel's farm. But, Lurdy, she could n't do it. Ev'ry bit of gardin truck thet 'Zekiel planted thet spring growed like pussley. Then Jerry went ter Hitty an' she done the job fer him. Thar warn't a durned thing on his hull place thet she did n't spile 'cept his onions. But Hitty owned up thet thar hain't no magic known powerful 'nough ter kill onions. I tell ye Hitty onderstan's her business. She kin do anything.'

'I know she kin,' Simeon responded dubiously. 'Ole Gineral Lyman, down ter Warren, asked her 'bout his brig, the Peggy an' Sally, which was overdue a fortnit, bein' she was becalmed in the horse lat'tudes. Hit tuk the figger of a bumble bee, an' off she went ter sea, raisin' a devil of a gale ter carry her along. Wal, the fust thing the crew of the Peggy an' Sally seen, arfter the harricane struck 'em, was thet monstrous insec' a-buzzin' in the riggin'. They reckernized Hit, ter once, by the whites of her eyes. She liked ter hev shipwracked' em with thet storm. When the brig got back ter Warren, Cap'n Hill tole the gineral thet he would n't sail fer him onless he'd promise never ter send Hit humbuzzin' 'round the Atlantic agin. Ef ye'll hear ter me, Ezry, ye'll keep clear of Hit Sharp. She's a dangerous critter ter hev dealin's with.'

'Ye start them cattle up, Simyun,' Grandfather said calmly. 'I hain't scart of Hitty. I know she's a powerful sorc'ress, but thet's the kind I need. Ef matches is made in heaven, it follers thet it takes considerble influoence from the other place ter break 'em up. Start them cattle along.'

Mr. Sims, with visible unwillingness, cracked the long cowhide lash of his whip and the oxen, obedient to the signal, began to move slowly down the winding road. Grandfather settled back in his chair and surveyed the landscape. He had not ventured beyond the limits of his farm for three months.

It was a typical July morning. The leaves hung motionless on tree and shrub. Bees hummed drowsily among the wayside flowers. In the distance a solitary crow cawed discontentedly. The white road glared in the scorching sunlight, and little puffs of dust rose under the hoofs of the oxen. Grandfather drew his shawl more closely about him. He was afraid of taking cold.

Simeon trudged along, swinging his whip, and occasionally uttering an admonitory 'Gee,' or 'Haw.' The cart creaked and groaned as it lurched over the uneven ground. It was a rather lonely road, and the turnout attracted considerable attention as it passed the few farms situated upon it. Men at work in the hayfields paused and, leaning on their rakes, exclaimed, 'I swan! Ef thar ain't Gran'father Crane!' A round-eyed urchin, swinging on a gate, called excitedly to his mother, 'Ma, Ma, Ole King Cole is a-goin' by, settin' on his throne an' drawed by oxen!'

From the Crane farm at 'Luther's Corners' to the home of Hitty Sharp at 'King's Rocks' was a distance of several miles. It was past eleven o'clock when Simeon brought his beasts to a standstill before the humble cottage of the sorceress. Grandfather descended from the cart to the chair, and from the chair to the ground, and walked stiffly up the quahaug-shell-bordered path which led to the house door. As he reached the steps the witch appeared on the threshold.

She was a little, strange-looking old woman, with keen, beady eyes and a mysterious smile. She might have been seventy years old, but appeared scarcely less than a hundred, so wrinkled was her dusky face, so bent and withered

her figure. She beckoned to her visitor with one claw-like hand.

'I viewed ye in a dream last night,' she said solemnly, 'and so I know ye be in trouble. But fear not. I can give ye aid.'

'I'm mighty glad ter hear ye say thet,' Grandfather replied in a tone of relief, 'fer I affairm, Hitty, I need yer holp the wuss kind.'

He nodded reassuringly to Simeon and entered the house, the witch carefully closing the door after him. Mr. Sims sat down beneath the shade of a spreading oak tree on the opposite side of the road. Presently a large black cat established himself on the cottage steps and fixed his great yellow eyes on the ox-team and its owner. Simeon grew nervous under the animal's scrutiny.

'Now I wonder ef he's a-plottin' deviltry,' he muttered uneasily. 'Lurd! I never seen sech a stuny stare. I b'lieve the critter knows thet I advised Ezry not ter c'nsult Hit.'

Mr. Sims tried to whistle carelessly and to become interested in the labors of a colony of black ants near by, but in vain. Like lodestones, the orbs of the cat drew his eyes away from other objects. For three quarters of an hour the man and the animal gazed at each other, the one sphinx-like and motionless, the other agitated and perspiring. Simeon was greatly relieved when, at last, Grandfather appeared in the doorway and the creature vanished around a corner of the house.

Grandfather bore a bottle in his hand. He shook it exultantly as he crossed the road.

'Hey, Simyun,' he cried. 'I got the stuff now! This'll stop the billin' an' cooin'.'

Mr. Sims looked suspiciously at the yellowish, transparent liquid with which the phial was filled.

'What's it made of?' he queried.

'I dunno what it's made of an' I affairm I don't keer,' Grandfather replied. 'It's a philter ter make Leander hate, instid of love, thet hussy over ter Freetown. Seven drops in Leander's coffee, three times a day, will do the job.'

'How d' ye know't won't p'ison him?' Simeon questioned doubtfully.

'P'ison be durned!' Grandfather retorted impatiently. 'Here, take a smell on 't.'

He drew out the stopper and placed the bottle under Mr. Sims's nostrils. Simeon sniffed at it hesitatingly. Then he sniffed again.

'Smells ter me like merlasses an' water,' he said.

'There is merlasses in it ter kill the scent of the other ingrejents,' Grandfather replied. 'I s'pose likely there's powdered toads, an' nightshade, an' sech stuff, but Hitty's fixed it so's it won't kill. Now less be gittin' hum. Ann Julianna'll hev a conniption fit ef them beans gits cold.'

He clambered into the cart, and Simeon cracked his whip loudly. The oxen immediately started off at such a brisk pace that their owner had difficulty in keeping up with them. They were young animals, not fully accustomed to the yoke. Moreover they were hungry and realized that their faces were turned homeward. Presently they began to trot. Simeon followed as rapidly as his heavy boots would permit, but he was quickly outdistanced, and his loud shouts only served to increase the excitement of the pair. Grandfather clung wildly to the sides of the cart as it lurched and bounced. Far ahead, the road made a sudden turn. On and on dashed the oxen, and, as they plunged around the curve, the chair and its occupant were hurled violently to the ground.

When Simeon, panting and terrified, reached the scene of the disaster, he found Grandfather seated by the road-

side. A comely, middle-aged woman and a fair-faced girl were bending over him. The woman was bathing his forehead with water, while the girl waved a fan of turkey feathers before his pale face. The oxen were nowhere visible.

'I affairm I hain't hurt a mite, Simyun,' Grandfather exclaimed. 'My gownd and shawl bruk the force of the fall. Whar them confounded critters be, I dunno.'

'It's nothin' less then a merricle,' declared the woman. ''T was his age saved him, I'm shore. Ef he'd ben an ole man he'd likely hev broke suthin'. Ole folks' bones is so brittle.'

'H'm,' said Grandfather. 'How be we a-goin' ter git hum?'

'You kin borry our hoss an' wagon,' the woman returned. 'Esther will hitch it right up. We live in thet house down yander.'

The girl dropped the fan and started off in the direction of the house indicated. Mr. Sims followed her. He was anxious to discover the whereabouts of his team. When he and Esther returned with the wagon, they found Grandfather regaling himself with a generous plate of apple turnovers and cheese. Another plate awaited Simeon, but he was too greatly agitated to feel hunger.

'I'm shore I can't tell how much obleeged ter ye we be,' Mis' Clapp,' Grandfather said as he climbed into the wagon. 'I'll send back yer team jest ez soon's possible. I shan't fergit what good S'maritans ye an' yer darter be.'

He looked back with a farewell smile as Simeon gathered up the reins and clucked to the ancient sorrel horse.

'Who be they?' inquired Mr. Sims. 'I heerd thet some women hed took the ole Dorman place.'

'She's a widder from Tiverton,' Grandfather answered, 'an' thet gal is her only child. Hiram Greene is a-runnin' the farm fer her on shares.'

'The gal's a mighty pooty little creetur,' observed Simeon.

'H'm,' returned Grandfather. 'I affairm the mother must a-ben some considerble harnsomer in her young days. A mighty pleasant-spoken, sensible woman.'

'Wal, she did n't take ye fer none of Methusaly's kin,' said Simeon dryly.

Grandfather made no reply to this remark, and Mr. Sims's thoughts reverted to his team.

'I swow I b'lieve thet cat of Hit's bewitched them cattle,' he suddenly exclaimed. 'He sot an' eyed 'em all the time you was parleyin' with her. I bet she sent him ter punish me fer talkin' agin her ter you.'

'Like ez not she did,' Grandfather assented. 'Injun blood is revengeful. But don't ye fret none. Ef ye s'tain ary loss on my account, I'll make things right. I affairm I'd ruther spend my larst dollar then hev Leander git spliced ter a Weeden.'

Mr. Sims's gloomy anticipations were, however, not destined to be realized. As he drove the sorrel horse into the Crane barnyard, Ann Julianna appeared, a stout cudgel, borne musket-wise, across her shoulder.

'They're down in the lane,' she said to Simeon. 'By the time they got here they was sorter tuckered out, so I headed of 'em off.'

'Is the cart broke?' Simeon asked anxiously.

''T ain't hurt a mite,' Ann Julianna responded.

'Wal, I snummy!' Simeon ejaculated. 'Lurd!' he said to Grandfather, as Ann Julianna withdrew, 'thet young one is more than a match fer Hit Sharp. The idee of her tacklin' a pair of crazy cattle!'

'Ann Julianna is sartainly faculized,' Grandfather responded.

After Mr. Sims had departed with his now docile team, Grandfather and his assistant had dinner. Ann Julianna ate like a true soldier, preferring a tin cup and plate to china ware. She swallowed her food hastily, as if she expected to be ordered to strike camp and march at any moment.

'I'm a-goin' ter do the dishes,' Grandfather announced when the meal was ended. 'I want ye should drive thet rig back ter Mis' Clapp's. Ye kin hitch ole Whitey ter the waggin an' ride hum on her. An', now I think on 't, I ruther guess we'd better not mention my journey ter Leander. He's liable ter worry ef he thinks I'm ja'ntin' 'bout, gittin' throwed outer teams, when his back is turned. An', Ann Julianna, ye kin carry a mess of rozbrys along with ye. Thar ain't nary rozbry bush on the Dorman place. An' be sure an' give my compliments ter Mis' Clapp.'

Ann Julianna, who had stood at attention while her commanding officer was speaking, now said abruptly, 'Husband's ben dead a year. Drinked himself to death. Folks says he was a good reddance.' Then, selecting a basket from a number hanging on the kitchen wall, she marched off to execute the commissions entrusted to her.

Grandfather began to clear the table. Suddenly he paused before a looking-glass that hung above the dresser. For some moments he surveyed critically the reflection of his face.

'Wal, I dunno ez I do look my full age,' he murmured as he turned away. 'I've got my front uppers and unders, an' e'en a'most the hull of my ha'r. I b'lieve the widder did take me fer a youngish sort of spark.'

Leander returned home late in the afternoon, bringing various purchases, and, also, news of cheer from Dighton. David Jillson was hale and hearty, and all the members of his family were enjoying the best of health.

'I declare, Grandfather, I believe it does you good to have me out of the way once in a while,' the young man said smilingly. 'You look twenty years younger than you did this morning.'

'Eel grease! Eel grease!' Grandfather returned. 'I hain't shore thet I shan't git ter be ez spry ez ever I was ef I keep on usin' of it. I affairm I might hev an'inted myself with turkle ile a year an' not got a quarter ez limber ez I be arfter tryin' eels these two days.'

III

A fortnight elapsed ere Mr. Sims again visited the Crane farm. Various things conspired to detain him at home. First his hired man was taken ill, next some relatives from 'down east' paid him an unexpected visit, then he was obliged to shingle his hen-house. When at last, one warm afternoon, he looked in at the door of Grandfather's kitchen, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses.

No fire blazed on the ample hearth. Grandfather's armchair was drawn up beside an open window, and Grandfather, in his shirt-sleeves, was softly whistling 'Money Musk' as he sat busily engaged in sorting gayly colored pins into little piles on the window-seat.

'Wal, dance my buttons!' ejaculated Simeon. He leaned against the door jamb overpowered by the spectacle before him.

Grandfather looked up.

'Hullo, Simyun,' he exclaimed cheerfully. 'I begun ter think thet Hitty's cat hed kerried ye off ter the infarnal rejins.'

'What on airth be ye doin'?' Simeon inquired. 'Goin' ter sot up ez a tailor?'

'I'm goin' ter fix a lemon fer luck,' Grandfather answered. 'My gran'-mother alwuz uster keep a lemon stuck

full of colored pins ter fetch her good luck. I affairm it's handy ter hev one on 'em in the house.'

Why, ain't thet charm workin'?' inquired Mr. Sims.

'Oh, Lurdy, yes,' Grandfather replied. 'Jest like a merricle. I hed n't gin Leander but three dosetins afore he up an' said thet he was n't goin' ter Freetown no more. Said he'd made 'rangements ter hev Tim'thy Lake, over thar, notify him ef them thieves cut down any more hoop-poles. I told ye Hitty'd fix things fer me.'

Mr. Sims opened his mouth and then suddenly closed it. Again he opened it, only to close it once more.

Grandfather surveyed his visitor's strange facial contortions with surprise not unmingled with impatience.

'What be ye champin' yer teeth that-a-way fer?' he demanded. 'I affairm I should think thet I was a mush-rat an' yer jaws was a trap a-tryin' ter kitch me. Hev ye got a jumpin' mill-tooth?'

'My teeth is all right,' Simeon returned in some embarrassment. 'I was goin' ter r'mark thet ye don't seem ter be any wuss fer yer upset.'

'Me wuss?' Grandfather chortled blithely. 'I'm a durned sight better 'n I've ben in twenty years. Eel grease, eel grease, Simyun! It's a-makin' of me young agin.'

'I'm glad 't is,' said Mr. Sims. He turned abruptly. 'Wal, good day, Ezry. I'm on my way ter the blacksmith's shop. Thought I'd stop an' see how ye was farin'.' Not waiting for a reply, he walked quickly away.

Grandfather shook his head as he looked after him.

'Should n't wonder ef he'd hed a slight sunstroke,' he murmured. 'Never knowed him ter act so durned narvous afore. Whar in tarnation is Ann Julianna? She's an almighty long time makin' the trip ter-day.'

Mr. Sims, after his hasty departure, did not return to the highway by which he had reached the Crane farm; but, passing through the barnyard, struck into a 'cross-lot' path which led him over a couple of meadows to a tract of woodland. As he reached the edge of this tract, he heard the sound of voices and, peering through the underbrush, beheld Leander and Ann Julianna standing side by side beneath a clump of pine trees.

Simeon was about to continue on his way when Ann Julianna discharged a volley of statements which, piercing his comprehension, held him transfixed with amazement.

'I jest come from Mis' Clapp's,' said Ann Julianna. 'Kerried her yer gran'-father's best snuff-box. The one with Gin'ral Washin'ton's picter on the kiver. Thet box was full of love-snuff. I got it, yisterdy, from Hitty Sharp fer him. Could n't git a chance ter tell ye 'bout it las' night.'

Leander bent forward eagerly.

'Did she accept it, Ann Julianna?' he demanded.

Ann Julianna gave a sniff that sounded like the snap of a trigger.

'Accept it? I ruther guess she did! Took a pinch of it ter once. She knowed what 't was well 'nough. Any woman, 'specially a widder woman, knows thet when a man gives her snuff it's gin'rally love-snuff.'

Leander knitted his brow thoughtfully.

'He probably won't pop the question till he thinks the snuff has had time to work,' he said.

'Hitty allowed 't would take a week ter git from the head ter the heart,' rejoined Ann Julianna. 'But bless yer stars, Leander, Mis' Clapp don't need no witch-work ter make her fancy yer gran'father. She's ben ready ter marry him ever sence them cattle dumped him an' his kitchen cheer head over

heels at her feet. Ter-morrer I've got ter go ter Hitty agin. This time it's fer a charm ter make ye fall in love with Esther. Yer gran'father's sot on hevin' her fer a step-darter an' a gran'-darter-in-law, too.'

Leander gazed at his companion in astonishment. Then he burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

'Sh-h,' cautioned Ann Julianna. 'I 've ben gone a long time an', like ez not, he's out lookin' fer me. I better go now.'

As she spoke she began to creep cautiously along a narrow foot path, peering through the bushes with the wary eyes of a scout. Leander smothered his mirth and, shouldering an axe that lay on the ground, strode away in an opposite direction.

Mr. Sims sank down on a fallen tree trunk.

'I knowed it!' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'I knowed thet ef Ezry hed ary dealin's with Hit Sharp she'd cut him a caper. I warned him, but he would n't hear ter me a secont. Massiful George! Ter think of him a-plannin' ter marry Mis' Clapp. Eel grease! Sweet ile of widder's tongue is the name of the rem'dy thet's made him young agin.'

He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

'What'd I oughter do?' he ruminated anxiously. 'I come nigh a-tellin' ter-day, an' I should ef I hed n't ben afeered Hit an' her cat might do me a harm. When I thought how mad they'd be, my tongue cluv ter the ruff of my mouth. An' yit, here's Ezry a-stannin' right afoul of a turrible dangerous pit, an' there don't seem ter be nobuddy ter yank him off'n the aidge but me. I dunno what I be a-goin' ter do.'

He rose heavily to his feet and again plodded on his way.

During the following week Simeon Sims was a very unhappy man. His appetite deserted him and sleep refused to visit his pillow. Mrs. Sims, considering that he had 'a tech of hypochondry,' brewed various doses of 'arb drink,' all of which he swallowed uncomplainingly, for not even to his wife could he unburden his tortured soul. But a reaction came, at last, as it usually does come. On the sixth morning, after a restless, nightmare-haunted night, he arose, pale and haggard, but with the exalted look of a hero on his face.

'I'm a-goin' ter tell him,' he exclaimed. ''T ain't neighborly, ner Christian-like, ter keep silunt. An', ef Hit injures me, I got ter stan' it like ary other martyr.'

Leander had just started down the road to pasture the cows when Simeon reached the Crane barnyard. Long before he opened the gate he was startled by the deep bass tones of Grandfather's voice as they boomed melodiously upon the still summer air.

'Ef a buddy meet a buddy
A-comin' thr-rough the rye,
Ef a buddy kiss a buddy
Need a buddy cr-ry?'

'Gosh all hemlock!' murmured Simeon, 'I'm afeered I'm too late.'

'Ev'ry lassie hez her laddie,
Nane, they say, hev —'

The ballad ceased suddenly as the spectre-like face of his visitor appeared before Grandfather's vision.

'Cricky!' cried the startled singer. 'What's the matter? Is your barn burnt down?'

Mr. Sims walked into the kitchen.

'Ezry,' he said solemnly, 'I think it's my duty ter tell ye suthin' thet hez laid like a stun on my mind ever sence I heered it. I tried ter tell ye las' week, but I was helt back from doin' it. Yer tryin' ter spark the Widder Clapp. Wal, the Widder Clapp is ole Jed

Weeden's youngest darter. She come here from Tiverton because she married a Tiverton man. An' her darter Esther is the gal thet Leander's ben a-wantin' all along. Folks said he was arfter Rufe Weeden's darter Lucreshy, but they was mistaken. He was runnin' over ter Freetown ter see this Esther who was visitin' Lucreshy. I proph'sied thet Hit Sharp would work more evil than good on ye, an' my proph'cy hez come true.'

Grandfather began to beat up some batter in a bowl that stood on the table.

'Much obleeged ter ye, Simyun, I'm shore,' he replied, 'but I knowed all this before.'

Simeon sat down in a chair suddenly.

'Knowed all this before!' he repeated. 'Knowed all this before!'

'Sartin,' said Grandfather calmly. 'Esther come an' told me four or five days ago. A mighty nice gran'darter-in-law I affairm she'll make. She see thet me an' her ma was kinder carstin' sheep's eyes ter one another, an' she knowed, from Leander, thet I did n't favior the Weedens none. Leander knowed I never had no opinion of ole Jed So she come over ter see me, on the sly, an' up an' out with the hull story. Would n't practice no deceit even ter kitch Leander.'

Simeon rubbed his bewildered eyes.

'An' yer a-goin' ter marry Jed Weeden's darter?' he cried.

'I be,' Grandfather answered, stirring the batter briskly.

Mr. Sims groaned.

'Ezry, yer bewitched,' he said huskily. 'Hit Sharp hez d'luded ye with magic. Bimeby ye'll be b'wailin' ter me thet she's made a fool of ye.'

'I'll resk it,' Grandfather responded. 'Clarissy — thet's Mis' Clapp, Mis' Crane thet is ter be — is ez fine a woman ez ye'll find in all Bristol County, or out on't. We're goin' ter hev a double weddin', an' I want ye should come, bein' ez ye hed a hand in makin' the match.'

Mr. Sims made a final effort to break the spell which he was convinced surrounded his friend.

'Ezry,' he said, 'what be ye a-goin' ter do ef yer wife should set out ter bile corned skunk?'

'Taste on't an' see how I like it,' Grandfather returned promptly. 'Clarissy says she thinks I'll relish it. Ann Julianna et some, once, an' she admired it.'

Simeon's righteous wrath burst forth.

'It's a true sayin' thet thar ain't no fool like an ole fool,' he exclaimed, springing from his chair. 'Hit, an' Leander, an' thet Ann Julianna hev all on 'em manoovered ye jest ez they wanted ter. Thet thar Ann Julianna is ez desateful a little critter ez ever I run acrost. Ye think she's ben a-workin' in yer in'trust, but I kin tell ye thet she was a-holpin' Leander along all she could.'

Grandfather chuckled.

'Ann Julianna is the most faculized young one thet I ever see,' he answered. 'I wisht I could send her over ter Europe ter tackle ole Bonnyparty. I ruther guess thet she'd out-gin'ral him. Ye don't onderstand her gifts. An', ez fer Hitty, ef she hain't fetched me good luck I dunno what —'

'I'm a-goin' hum,' interrupted Simeon grimly, 'an' the nex' time thet I mix er meddle in ary ole wid'wer's love messes ye jest lemme know it. I'm done with 'em.'

Grandfather followed him to the door.

'I affairm, Simyun,' he said, 'thet's the most sensible idee thet I've heerd ye advance this mornin'. Wal, goodbye. The weddin' is sot fer the fust day of October.'

LAISSEZ-FAIRE IN RELIGION

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

I

I HAVE been greatly interested in an article with this title in a recent magazine,[1] in which the writer seeks to show that there is a glaring logical inconsistency in the conduct of those who favor a large measure of social control in economic affairs, and are less disposed to submit to such control in matters of religion.

He points out that the change from mediæval feudalism to modern industrialism was a change 'from a social concept of life to an individualistic concept of life,' — in Sir Henry Maine's phrase, 'from status to contract.' With this was evolved the doctrine of Laissez-faire, enunciated by the economists of the first half of the nineteenth century. Parallel with this he discovers a similar tendency in religion. 'When the rest of thought became individualistic in this way, religion, as one who perceives the unity of life might expect, became individualistic, too. . . . The man who thought that he ought to be allowed by society to do as he saw fit, also, as a matter of course, thought that he should be permitted to believe as he saw fit.'

It may perhaps be questioned whether the tendency to individualism in religion was an outgrowth of the economic tendency. The Reformation considerably antedated the French Revolution, and it might be maintained that the movement in the world of thought was the cause rather than the effect of the movement in the industrial world.

Not to insist on this, however, it is true that both these movements were taking place simultaneously; that the individual found his importance greatly enhanced, in both the economic and the religious realm, at the end of the eighteenth century. It is also true that this has resulted, in the religious world, in a great multiplication of sects; but the report of this process which the essayist offers is not accurate. 'The one thing,' he says, 'which held people together was their devotion to a common fetich-book, the Bible. When at length modern scientific criticism had torn the Bible from its fetich-throne and restored it to its proper place, the state of religion became plain as a state of anarchy.' The historical fact appears to be quite otherwise. The devotion to a common fetich-book has been the principal cause of the multiplication of sects. They are all based on Biblical interpretation, and all assume Biblical infallibility. Since modern scientific criticism has begun to get a hearing, the tendency to division has been checked, and movements toward unity have been gaining strength.

It is also true that within the last quarter of a century this individualistic philosophy has been subjected to sharp criticism by economists and publicists, and that Laissez-faire has ceased to be regarded as a panacea for all social ills. It is becoming evident that the individual does not come to himself in isolation; that, in truth, he

[1] See the *Atlantic* for May, 1914.

lives and moves and has his being in the social group. The philosophy which makes him central is seen to be a defective explanation of the facts of life. For this reason there has been a movement toward a larger measure of social construction. That function of the state which in the preamble of our national constitution is described as the 'promotion of the general welfare,' has been greatly accentuated. In our closely packed urban populations the fact is recognized that not only health and education, but many of the economic needs of life such as water, light, and transportation, are common needs, and can best be supplied by the cooperative action of the community. There is, no doubt, a strong tendency to increase the amount of economic cooperation; this is the socialistic tendency. That there are limits to its successful extension is the belief of many; and if so, the great question of practical statesmanship is the question where the line should be drawn between social coöperation and individual initiative. But that the area of social cooperation has already been greatly extended, and is likely to be still more extended in the future, is not to be disputed.

This process is described as a reaction, — as 'a *return* to a social emphasis.' Is it a reaction? Is it a tendency toward feudalism? With Mr. Ruskin the revolt from Laissez-faire took that form; but is it true of those whose sympathies are with progressive or socialistic policies? I do not so understand it. I should doubt if the feudalistic state could rightly be characterized as putting a social emphasis on the facts of life. At any rate we are not going back to any such forms of social control as those which prevailed in Europe two hundred years ago.

The present social movement, as it looks to me, is not a reaction, but an advance. We are not going back to something we have left behind, we are going forward to something better than we have ever known. Are we not, indeed, proving the truth of the Hegelian triad, — of a progress from simplicity, through complexity, to unity? The status of feudalism has been broken up by the individualism of contract, and that is now being superseded by the higher unity of a true commonwealth.

It may be that there are those among the Socialists who would establish a collectivism so rigid that all individuality would be suppressed; that indeed is the peril to which all socialistic schemes are exposed. That would be practically a return to the status of feudalism. But we may be sure that such a programme as this will not succeed; we shall never relinquish the substance of the freedom we have won. Instead of going back to the uniformity which was secured by the suppression of the individual, we shall go forward, *through the realization of individuality*, to the unity which is won by consenting wills. And the only way in which that unity can be realized, is by the free consent of individuals. It cannot be established by any kind of pressure. Neither the militant suffragettes nor the Industrial Workers of the World can show us the way to it. Their paths lead us straight away from it. Their methods would, indeed, drive us back to the bondage from which we have escaped; but we shall not return.

II

Such seems to me the rationale of progress in the economic realm. Is there, now, any analogy between the movements in this realm, and the movements in the religious realm? It is urged that whereas these movements ought, logically, to go forward *pari passu*, they are in fact failing to keep

step; and that this implies, on the part of those who are trying to keep along with both of them, either muddle-headedness or insincerity. I hear it said that while in economics there is a decided reversion to the principle of social control, in religion that principle is flatly rejected. I read, for instance, in a late periodical, these sentences: 'The strange, the almost startling incongruity about our modern situation is that *the same people who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals economically, are the very ones who are loudest in their demands that the democracy control no individual religiously.*'

The italics are not mine. Let us consider this. I find myself correctly described as holding in substance both these sets of opinions, and yet I have been, hitherto, wholly unconscious of any incongruity between them, and was not aware that I was 'indulging in one of the most remarkable feats of mental gymnastics ever known in the history of man.'

I should desire, indeed, to phrase a little differently the demand first named. It may be that there are those who insist on the right of democracy to control all individuals in all parts of their economic action, but not many intelligent Socialists make any such demand. We all agree that the democracy shall control us all in some parts of our economic action. The democracy will insist on directing the methods by which some considerable part of our gains shall be spent. It will compel us to pay our taxes. It has always done so. We agree that it has a right to do so. And most of us agree that it may limit considerably the methods by which our gains may be made. It will not permit us to make money by counterfeiting or swindling, or highway robbery, or selling adulterated food.

It is true, however, that most of the action of the democracy referred to, which touches our economic interests, consists not so much in controlling or attempting to control our economic action, as in providing ways by which we may coöperate, — by organizing for us methods of economic coöperation. The democracy provides for us light, and water, and schools, and parks, and sometimes transportation, at a very reasonable expense; it does not seek to control us in the use of these things; we are free to take them or leave them. Our individual rights do not seem to be in any way impaired by such provision. We are taxed, as I have said, to pay for them; but the tax is only a fragment of what we should have to pay if we provided them for ourselves. *Control* is hardly the right word to describe the action of the democracy toward its citizens in such matters.

Still, I have admitted that the democracy does control and must control a considerable part of the economic action of all its citizens. And I also demand explicitly and stoutly 'that the democracy *control no individual religiously.*' And I am not conscious of standing on my head when I make this assertion; I rather suppose myself to be standing on my feet as solidly as I ever stood. Neither the democracy, nor the aristocracy, nor the monarchy, nor the hierarchy, nor any other power, in earth or heaven or hell, has any right or power to control any man religiously. The right of every man to give account of himself unto God is a right which is not restricted to Socialists or Progressives or Modernists, but is claimed by the vast majority of intelligent people in all Protestant countries. There are few, indeed, of the rulers of civilized lands who do not freely concede this right to all their subjects. They expect to control every man, more or less, economically, but the wisest of them do not expect to control any of them religiously.

'The State,' says Bluntschli, 'is an external organization of the common life. It has organs, therefore, only for things which are externally perceptible, and not for the inner spiritual life which has never manifested itself in words or deeds. It is therefore impossible for the State to embrace all the ends of individual life, because many, and those the most important sides of that life, are concealed from its view and inaccessible to its power. The natural gifts of individuals are wholly independent of the State, which can give neither intelligence to the fool nor courage to the coward, nor sight to the blind. The State has no share in kindling love within the heart; it cannot follow the thought of the student, or correct the errors of tradition. As soon as questions arise about the life, and especially the spiritual life, of individuals, the State finds both its insight and its power hemmed in by limits which it cannot pass.' [1]

That principle is firmly impressed on the thought of the age, and is not likely to be disregarded. Whatever the democracy may do or fail to do in the way of controlling individuals economically, it will not venture on the task of controlling them religiously. Nor will it be possible to convince any fairly well-educated democracy that this action involves any serious inconsistency.

III

It is assumed by those who make this criticism that there is also a 'demand for the abolition of dogma,' and that this demand is not consistent with the demand for an increased social emphasis. If by dogma is meant simply a coherent and exact statement of religious truth, it may be questioned whether there is any demand among rational people for the 'abolition' of it.

[1] *The Theory of the State*, p. 304.

Such statements are always desirable, and all thoughtful men are interested in studying and comparing them. Even statements which disagree with our own opinions are valuable as giving the points of view of those who think differently.

If by dogma is meant a formulary of religious belief which is imposed on us by authority, and which we are required to accept under pain of censure or condemnation, then indeed there are many who demand its abolition. The imposition, under penalty, of forms of religious belief, is a procedure which ought always to be resisted, in the interest of a sincere faith. The belief which has been produced by compulsion of any sort is of no religious value. No faith but a spiritual faith can be of any use to any man, and 'where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' The divine mandate is, 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' The dogma which comes saying, 'Believe me or be damned,' is an intruder in whose face we may well bar our doors. That is not the divine way of leading men into the knowledge of the truth.

If by dogma is meant a system of religious truth which is fixed, final, 'irreformable,' that, too, is a pretender whose rule we must defy. No such final formulations are possible in a growing church. More light is always breaking forth from God's holy Word, and God's wonderful world, and the creeds must always make room for it.

The one thing which no religious man is justified in believing is that God is making a failure in the government of this world. If He is not making a failure, then the ages as they pass are coming into a larger knowledge of his truth, and

> 'The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

And if this is so, then the present age is the one in which his will is most

clearly revealed. Surely we ought not to assume that all that could be made known concerning him was made known in the first century or in the first three centuries, or in the sixteenth century; dogmas which were fixed at any of those dates must need restatement.

It is hardly needful to argue this proposition; a mere glance through the tables of contents of the eight volumes of Harnack's *History of Doctrines*, will make it evident enough that the ages have been constantly modifying the dogmas of the church. There is not one of them which survives to-day with the same significance that it had in the early centuries. And a robust faith rejoices in this splendid development of Christian doctrine, and is ready to make the most of it, and to welcome new manifestations of it, as the years increase.

For the abolition of the dogma which is an iron rule, or a petrified corpse, there is, no doubt, a strong demand to-day. And there is no more general desire to return to the unmodified beliefs of the early centuries than there is to restore feudalism in the economic realm. But I think that in the religious realm, as in the economic, that same triadic movement is in progress, — thesis, antithesis, synthesis, — the movement of religious thought from a uniformity imposed by authority, through a period of individualistic skepticism and denial, to a higher unity of the spirit in which the separated bands will come together with rejoicing. This higher unity will never be secured by a reimposition of the dogmatic formularies of the past; the faith of the new day will find its own forms.

IV

Yet that higher unity will never be achieved by a repudiation of all the pieties of the past. The substance of the faith will be kept and cherished as a precious inheritance. The forms of the spiritual life change, but the fact abides. The generations are bound together by vital bonds. Radicalism without roots is fruitless. The modernism which has no use for the past is only a little less absurd than the traditionism which finds no revelation in the present. The man who does not know that God in times past spake unto the fathers, and who is not eager to hear the word that came to them, and to lay hold upon the truth which they treasured for us, is ill-prepared to take the truth which at the end of the days is spoken to us. To a mood so shallow and flippant no large revelation is likely to be made. A religion which lacks historical background is like a culture with the same defect; it is apt to be crude and conceited and undevout. The reverent mind is well persuaded

> That all of good the past has had
> Remains to make our own time glad;
> Our common daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine.

On the other hand the religion of the past can never be set up as the Procrustean bed to which the religion of the present must be adjusted. This is the purblind project of most of those who shape the policy of our conservative churches. Not content with gathering out of the past the good which it has saved for us, and letting it blend fruitfully with the good which the present is bringing, they insist on making the thought-forms of antiquity the norm and the gauge of all our thinking; and the symbols by which piety found expression fifteen hundred years ago the standards to which all our utterance must conform. It is pathetic that religion should be subjected to such a crippling regimen. The past is entitled to our reverence, but when it seeks to dominate our thought and life, we are compelled to remember that the pre-

sent and the future also have their rights which must not be ignored, and their gifts which must not be despised. We are heirs of all the ages, and must claim our heritage.

'Is it not time,' we are asked, 'for some hardy souls who fear not popular clamor, to insist that the only kind of religion which is scientific is dogmatic religion, and that the reason that dogmatic religion is scientific is because it is based on the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it?'

This last sentence brings the whole truth into plain sight. 'The experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or of any generation within it.' Nothing can be truer. The experience of the race surely includes the experience of the last century, as well as the first. If there are any who propose to base their religion wholly on the experience of the last century, ignoring those which have preceded it, they are not wise leaders; we need not heed them. But we may with equal wisdom turn a deaf ear to those who insist that the experience of the race was all gathered up into dogmatic formularies which were shaped many centuries ago. What is generally meant by 'dogmatic religion,' is a statement of belief which was fixed far back in the centuries, and ever since has been jealously guarded from change. In this crystallization of dogma the law of growth is ignored. The reason why what is commonly known as dogmatic religion is unscientific is that it sets at nought 'the fundamental human law that the experience of the race is vastly more important than that of any individual or any generation within it.' The experience of the race up to the time of Augustine or of Thomas Aquinas or Luther or Calvin was of great value, and we are fools to ignore it; but the experience of the race since the last of these men passed to his reward has been of profound significance, and we must find room for it in the statements of our faith.

It is out of the social consciousness, as this argument rightly insists, that our theology must come. It is in and through the social consciousness that God reveals himself. And while the social consciousness of this generation is not sufficient unto itself, and needs to be corrected by the experience of the past, it is yet both reverent and reasonable to say that it is quite as well worth searching for indications of the will of God, as is the social consciousness of the generation of Augustine. There have been great and wonderful disclosures of the truth and love of God in all the generations since that day. The ethical standards have been wonderfully elevated and purified. The ideas of right and wrong have been greatly revised. An ethnic morality has given place to a universal morality. Justice has a connotation unknown to the builders of the ancient creeds. Is it not evident that the theology which was framed by men to whom the Roman principle of the *patria potestas* was a familiar idea is likely to need restatement in this generation?

Yes, by all means, let us gather into our statements of belief the experience of the race. Let us make them express what God has revealed in the growth of compassion, in the enlargement of liberty, in the spread of democracy, in the realization of human brotherhood. We shall not be content with the forms which sufficed for earlier ages, though we shall treasure these as testimonies of the centuries which produced them, and seek to appropriate the truth they contain. Nor shall we be able to dispense with statements of our faith. We shall need to put our common beliefs

and convictions into forms of words, which we may repeat together, in which we may rejoice to express the unity of our faith. But they will probably be very simple forms, because such will be the demand of a generation whose face is set toward unity.

The creeds of the past have largely been weapons of polemics. They have recorded the differences between those who adopted them and those from whom they sought to withdraw themselves. The period of differentiation is past, the period of integration has begun. Henceforth the significant expression of religious endeavors after unity must indicate a purpose to include and harmonize, rather than to discriminate and divide. Instead of being treated as clubs to fight heretics with, they will be olive-branches to welcome believers.

Let no one imagine, then, that there is to be any reaction, in economics or in religion. In economics we are not going back from individualism to feudalism; we are going forward to the higher coöperations for which our training in individual initiative has prepared us. In religion we are not going back from individualism to mediæval dogma and sacerdotal control; we are going forward to the unity of the spirit, and to that accord of consenting minds which can be won only through liberty.

OUR CULTURAL HUMILITY

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

It was Matthew Arnold, read and reverenced by the generation immediately preceding our own, who set to our eyes a definition and a goal of culture which has become the common property of all our world. To know the best that had been thought and said, to appreciate the master-works which the previous civilizations had produced, to put our minds and appreciations in contact with the great of all ages, — here was a clear ideal which dissolved the mists in which the vaguenesses of culture had been lost. And it was an ideal that appealed with peculiar force to Americans. For it was a democratic ideal; every one who had the energy and perseverance could reasonably expect to acquire by taking thought that orientation of soul to which Arnold gave the magic name of culture. And it was a quantitative ideal; culture was a matter of acquisition — with appreciation and prayerfulness perhaps, but still a matter of adding little by little to one's store until one should have a vision of that radiant limit, when one knew all the best that had been thought and said and pictured in the world.

I do not know in just what way the British public responded to Arnold's eloquence; if the prophetic wrath of Ruskin failed to stir them, it is not probable that they were moved by the persuasiveness of Arnold. But I do know that, coming at a time when America was producing rapidly an enormous number of people who were

'comfortably off,' as the phrase goes, and who were sufficiently awake to feel their limitations, with the broader horizons of Europe just opening on the view, the new doctrine had the most decisive effect on our succeeding spiritual history. The 'land-of-liberty' American of the era of Dickens still exists in the British weeklies and in observations of America by callow young journalists, but as a living species he has long been extinct. His place has been taken by a person whose pride is measured not by the greatness of the 'land of the free,' but by his own orientation in Europe.

Already in the nineties, our college professors and our artists were beginning to require the seal of a European training to justify their existence. We appropriated the German system of education. Our millionaires began the collecting of pictures and the endowment of museums with foreign works of art. We began the exportation of school-teachers for a summer tour of Europe. American art and music colonies sprang up in Paris and Berlin and Munich. The movement became a rush. That mystical premonition of Europe, which Henry James tells us he had from his earliest boyhood, became the common property of the talented young American, who felt a certain starvation in his own land, and longed for the fleshpots of European culture. But the bourgeoisie soon followed the artistic and the semi-artistic, and Europe became so much the fashion that it is now almost a test of respectability to have traveled at least once abroad.

Underlying all this vivacious emigration, there was of course a real if vague thirst for 'culture,' and, in strict accord with Arnold's definition, the idea that somehow culture could be imbibed, that from the contact with the treasures of Europe there would be rubbed off on us a little of that grace which had made the art. So for those who could not travel abroad, our millionaires transported, in almost terrifying bulk and at staggering cost, samples of everything that the foreign galleries had to show. We were to acquire culture at any cost, and we had no doubt that we had discovered the royal road to it. We followed it, at any rate, with eye single to the goal. The naturally sensitive, who really found in the European literature and arts some sort of spiritual nourishment, set the pace, and the crowd followed at their heels.

This cultural humility of ours astonished and still astonishes Europe. In England, where 'culture' is taken very frivolously, the bated breath of the American, when he speaks of Shakespeare or Tennyson or Browning, is always cause for amusement. And the Frenchman is always a little puzzled at the crowds who attend lectures in Paris on 'How to See Europe Intelligently,' or are taken in vast parties through the Louvre. The European objects a little to being so constantly regarded as the keeper of a huge museum. If you speak to him of culture, you find him frankly more interested in contemporaneous literature and art and music than in his worthies of the olden time, more interested in discriminating the good of to-day than in accepting the classics. If he is a cultivated person, he is much more interested usually in quarreling about a living dog than in reverencing a dead lion. If he is a French 'lettré,' for instance, he will be producing a book on the psychology of some living writer, while the Anglo-Saxon will be writing another on Shakespeare. His whole attitude toward the things of culture, be it noted, is one of daily appreciation and intimacy, not that attitude of reverence with which we Americans

approach alien art, and which penalizes cultural heresy among us.

The European may be enthusiastic, polemic, radiant, concerning his culture; he is never humble. And he is, above all, never humble before the culture of another country. The Frenchman will hear nothing but French music, read nothing but French literature, and prefers his own art to that of any other nation. He can hardly understand our almost pathetic eagerness to learn of the culture of other nations, our humility of worship in the presence of art that in no sense represents the expression of any of our ideals and motivating forces.

To a genuinely patriotic American this cultural humility of ours is somewhat humiliating. In response to this eager inexhaustible interest in Europe, where is Europe's interest in us? Europe is to us the land of history, of mellow tradition, of the arts and graces of life, of the best that has been said and thought in the world. To Europe we are the land of crude racial chaos, of skyscrapers and bluff, of millionaires and 'bosses.' A French philosopher visits us, and we are all eagerness to get from him an orientation in all that is moving in the world of thought across the seas. But does he ask about our philosophy, does he seek an orientation in the American thought of the day? Not at all. Our humility has kept us from forcing it upon his attention, and it scarcely exists for him. Our advertising genius, so powerful and universal where soap and biscuits are concerned, wilts and languishes before the task of trumpeting our intellectual and spiritual products before the world. Yet there can be little doubt which is the more intrinsically worth advertising. But our humility causes us to be taken at our own face value, and for all this patient fixity of gaze upon Europe, we get little reward except to be ignored, or to have our interest somewhat contemptuously dismissed as parasitic.

And with justice! For our very goal and ideal of culture has made us parasites. Our method has been exactly wrong. For the truth is that the definition of culture, which we have accepted with such devastating enthusiasm, is a definition emanating from that very barbarism from which its author recoiled in such horror. If it were not that all our attitude showed that we had adopted a quite different standard, it would be the merest platitude to say that culture is not an acquired familiarity with things outside, but an inner and constantly operating taste, a fresh and responsive power of discrimination, and the insistent judging of everything that comes to our minds and senses. It is clear that such a sensitive taste cannot be acquired by torturing our appreciations into conformity with the judgments of others, no matter how 'authoritative' those judgments may be. Such a method means a hypnotization of judgment, not a true development of soul.

At the back of Arnold's definition is, of course, the implication that if we have only learned to appreciate the 'best,' we shall have been trained thus to discriminate generally, that our appreciation of Shakespeare will somehow spill over into admiration of the incomparable art of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson. This is, of course, exactly to reverse the psychological process. A true appreciation of the remote and the magnificent is acquired only after the judgment has learned to discriminate with accuracy and taste between the good and bad, the sincere and the false, of the familiar and contemporaneous art and writing of every day. To set up an alien standard of the classics is merely to give our lazy taste a resting-point, and to prevent forever any genuine culture.

This virus of the 'best' rages throughout all our Anglo-Saxon campaign for culture. Is it not a notorious fact that our professors of English literature make no attempt to judge the work produced since the death of the last consecrated saint of the literary canon,—Robert Louis Stevenson? In strict accordance with Arnold's doctrine, they are waiting for the judgment upon our contemporaries which they call the test of time, that is, an authoritative objective judgment, upon which they can unquestioningly rely. Surely it seems as if the principle of authority, having been ousted from religion and politics, had found a strong refuge in the sphere of culture. This tyranny of the 'best' objectifies all our taste. It is a 'best' that is always outside of our native reactions to the freshnesses and sincerities of life, a 'best' to which our spontaneities must be disciplined. By fixing our eyes humbly on the ages that are past, and on foreign countries, we effectually protect ourselves from that inner taste which is the only sincere 'culture.'

Our cultural humility before the civilizations of Europe, then, is the chief obstacle which prevents us from producing any true indigenous culture of our own. I am far from saying, of course, that it is not necessary for our arts to be fertilized by the civilizations of other nations past and present. The culture of Europe has arisen only from such an extensive cross-fertilization in the past. But we have passed through that period of learning, and it is time for us now to set up our individual standards. We are already 'heir to all the ages' through our English ancestry, and our last half-century of European idolatry has done for us all that can be expected. But, with our eyes fixed on Europe, we continue to strangle whatever native genius springs up. Is it not a tragedy that the American artist feels the imperative need of foreign approval before he can be assured of his attainment? Through our inability or unwillingness to judge him, through our cultural humility, through our insistence on the objective standard, we drive him to depend on a foreign clientèle, to live even in foreign countries, where taste is more confident of itself and does not require the label, to be assured of the worth of what it appreciates.

The only remedy for this deplorable situation is the cultivation of a new American nationalism. We need that keen introspection into the beauties and vitalities and sincerities of our own life and ideals that characterizes the French. The French culture is animated by principles and tastes which are as old as art itself. There are 'classics,' not in the English and Arnoldian sense of a consecrated canon, dissent from which is heresy, but in the sense that each successive generation, putting them to the test, finds them redolent of those qualities which are characteristically French, and so preserves them as a precious heritage. This cultural chauvinism is the most harmless of patriotisms; indeed it is absolutely necessary for a true life of civilization. And it can hardly be too intense, or too exaggerated. Such an international art exhibition as was held recently in New York, with the frankly avowed purpose of showing American artists how bad they were in comparison with the modern French, represents an appalling degradation of attitude which would be quite impossible in any other country. Such groveling humility can only have the effect of making us feeble imitators, instead of making us assert, with all the power at our command, the genius and individuality which we already possess in quantity, if we would only see it.

In the contemporary talent that

Europe is exhibiting, or even in the genius of the last half-century, one will go far to find greater poets than our Walt Whitman, philosophers than William James, essayists than Emerson and Thoreau, composers than MacDowell, sculptors than Saint-Gaudens. In any other country such names would be focuses to which interest and enthusiasms would converge, symbols of a national spirit about which judgments and tastes would revolve. For none of them could have been born in another country than our own. If some of them had their training abroad, it was still the indigenous America that their works expressed, — the American ideals and qualities, our pulsating democracy, the vigor and daring of our pioneer spirit, our sense of camaraderie, our dynamism, the big-heartedness of our scenery, our hospitality to all the world. In the music of MacDowell, the poetry of Whitman, the philosophy of James, I recognize a national spirit, 'l'esprit americain,' as superbly clear and gripping as anything the culture of Europe has to offer us, and immensely more stimulating, because of the very body and soul of to-day's interests and aspirations.

To come to an intense self-consciousness of these qualities, to feel them in the work of these masters, and to search for them everywhere among the lesser artists and thinkers who are trying to express the soul of this hot chaos of America, — this will be the attainment of culture for us. Not to look on ravished while our marvelous millionaires fill our museums with 'old masters,' armor, and porcelains, but to turn our eyes upon our own art for a time, shut ourselves in with our own genius, and cultivate with an intense and partial pride what we have already achieved against the obstacles of our cultural humility. Only thus shall we conserve the American spirit and saturate the next generation with those qualities which are our strength. Only thus can we take our rightful place among the cultures of the world, to which we are entitled if we would but recognize it. We shall never be able to perpetuate our ideals except in the form of art and literature; the world will never understand our spirit except in terms of art. When shall we learn that 'culture,' like the kingdom of heaven, lies within us, in the heart of our national soul, and not in foreign galleries and books? When shall we learn to be proud? For only pride is creative.

UNION PORTRAITS

IV. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

Good fortune seemed to wait on McClellan's early career. He graduated from West Point in 1846, just at the beginning of the Mexican War, and plunged into active service at once. In Mexico every one spoke well of him. He showed energy, resource, and unquestioned personal courage. He was handsome, thoroughly martial in appearance, kindly, and popular. After his return from Mexico he taught at West Point, took part, as an engineer, in Western exploration, then served as one of the government's military commission in the Crimea, and so acquired a technical knowledge much beyond that of the average United States officer. In the later fifties he resigned from the service and went into railroad management, which probably gave him practical experience more valuable than could have been gained by fighting Indians.

At the beginning of the war, in 1861, McClellan seems to have been generally looked upon as a most competent soldier. He was decidedly successful in his first campaign in Ohio and West Virginia, and when he was called to Washington to command the Army of the Potomac, it appeared as if a brilliant and distinguished future were before him. During more than a year he commanded that army, through two great campaigns. Then the President, anxious and impatient for more decisive results, dismissed his subordinate to the obscurity from which, as a soldier, he never reëmerged.

In studying the man's career and his character in relation to it, it will be interesting to begin by getting his own view. This is easily done. He was one who spoke of himself quite liberally with the pen, though reticent in conversation. In his book, *McClellan's Own Story*, he gives a minute account of his experiences, and the editor of the book added to the text an extensive selection from the general's intimate personal letters to his wife. The letters are so intimate that, in one aspect, it seems unfair to use them as damaging evidence. It should be pointed out, however, that while the correspondence amplifies our knowledge and gives us admirable illustration, it really brings out no qualities that are not implied for the careful observer in the text of the book itself, and even in the general's formal reports and letters.

What haunts me most, as I read these domestic outpourings, is the desire to know what Mrs. McClellan thought of them. Did she accept everything loyally? Was she like the widow of the regicide Harrison, of whom Pepys records, with one of his exquisite touches, 'It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his

coming again'? Or had Mrs. McClellan, in spite of all affection, a little critical devil that sometimes nudged her into smiling? I wonder. General Meade says that she was a charming woman. 'Her manners are delightful; full of life and vivacity, great affability, and very ready in conversation. . . . I came away quite charmed with her *esprit* and vivacity.' Remember this when you read some of the following extracts, and you will wonder as I do.

But as to the general and his view of himself. He considered that he was humble and modest, and very fearful of elation and vainglory. There can be no doubt that he was absolutely sincere in this, and we must reconcile it with some other things as best we can. How genuinely touching and solemn is his account of his parting with his predecessor, Scott, whom, nevertheless, he had treated rather cavalierly. 'I saw there the end of a long, active, and ambitious life, the end of the career of the first soldier of his nation; and it was a feeble old man scarce able to walk, hardly any one there to see him off but his successor. Should I ever become vainglorious and ambitious, remind me of that spectacle. I pray every night and every morning that I may become neither vain nor ambitious, that I may be neither depressed by disaster nor elated by success, and that I may keep one single object in view — the good of my country.'

The self-denying patriotism here suggested is even more conspicuous in McClellan's analysis of himself than humility or modesty, and again no one can dispute that his professions of such a nature are absolutely sincere. However one may criticize the celebrated letter of advice written to Lincoln from Harrison's Landing, it is impossible to resist the impetuous solemnity of the closing words. 'In carrying out any system of policy which you may form you will require a Commander-in-Chief of the Army — one who possesses your confidence, understands your views, and who is competent to execute your orders by directing the military forces of the nation to the accomplishment of the objects by you proposed. I do not ask this place for myself. I am willing to serve you in such position as you may assign me, and I will do so as faithfully as ever subordinate served superior. I may be on the brink of eternity, and as I hope forgiveness from my Maker I have written this letter with sincerity towards you and from love for my country.'

It is necessary to bear these passages — and there are many similar ones — in mind, as we progress with McClellan; for the leadership of one of the most splendid armies in the world through the great campaigns of the Peninsula and Antietam fostered a temper that often seems incompatible with modesty and sometimes even with patriotism. We must remember that he found the whole country looking to him with enthusiasm. We must remember that he was surrounded — to some extent he surrounded himself — by men who petted, praised, and flattered him. We must remember that in the war, from the first, he never had the wholesome discipline of subordinate position, but was one of the few generals who began by commanding an independent army. We must remember especially the fortunate — or unfortunate — circumstances of his earlier life. As Colonel McClure says, he would have been a different man, 'had he been a barefoot boy, trained to tag and marbles, jostling his way in the world.'

The explanation of many things is well given by a passage in one of his earlier letters. 'I never went through such a scene in my life, and never expect to go through such another one.

You would have been surprised at the excitement. At Chillicothe the ladies had prepared a dinner, and I had to be trotted through. They gave me about twenty beautiful bouquets and almost killed me with kindness. The trouble will be to fill their expectations, they seem to be so high. I could hear them say, "He is our own general"; "Look at him, how young he is"; "*He* will thrash them"; "He'll do!" etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.'

Doubtless there are cool and critical heads that can stand this sort of thing without being turned, but McClellan's was not one of them. Even in his Mexican youth a certain satisfaction with his own achievements and capacity can be detected in his letters. 'I have work enough before me to occupy half a dozen persons for a while; but I rather think I can get through it.' In the full sunshine of glory this satisfaction rose to a pitch which sometimes seems abnormal.

Let us survey its different manifestations. As the organizer of an army it is generally admitted that McClellan had few superiors. He took the disorderly mob which fled from the first Bull Run and made it the superb military instrument that broke Lee's prestige at Gettysburg and finally strangled the Confederacy. In achieving this his European studies must have been of great help to him, as setting an ideal of full equipment and finished discipline. Some think his ideal was too exacting and involved unnecessary delay. He himself very sensibly denies this and disclaims any desire for an impossible perfection. In short, praise from others as to his organizing faculty would be disputed by few or none. Yet even on this point one would prefer to hear others praise and not the man himself. 'I do not know who could have organized the Army of the Potomac as I did.'

It has a strange sound. And this is not a private letter, but a sentence deliberately penned for posterity.

II

And how did he judge himself in other lines of military achievement? What was McClellan's opinion of McClellan as a strategist and thinker? From the beginning of the war he was ever fertile in plans, which, as he asserted, would ensure speedy success and the downfall of the Confederacy, plans involving not only military movements but the conduct of politics. He sent these plans to Scott in the early days, and was snubbed. Later he submitted them to Lincoln, and the last was snubbed, by silence, even more severely than the first had been. McClellan worked out these plans in loving and minute detail. Every contingency was foreseen and every possible need in men, supplies, and munitions, was figured on. As a consequence, the needs could never be filled — and the plans could never be executed. The very boldness and grasp of the conception made the execution limited and feeble. And the plans were so exquisitely complete that in this stumbling world they could never be put into practical effect. I have seen such men. And so have you.

On the other hand, the fact that the plans were never realized left them all the more attractive in their ideal beauty. 'Had the Army of the Potomac been permitted to remain on the line of the James, I would have crossed to the south bank of the river, and while engaging Lee's attention in front of Malvern, would have made a rapid movement in force on Petersburg, having gained which, I would have operated against Richmond and its communications from the west, having already gained those from the south.' Oh, the

charm of that 'would have,' which no man can absolutely gainsay! Or take a more general and even more significant passage: 'Had the measures recommended been carried into effect the war would have been closed in less than one half the time and with infinite saving of blood and treasure.' What a balm is in 'would have' for an aching memory and a wounded pride! And there is comfort, also, in repeating to one's self — and others — the acknowledgment of courteous enemies, 'that they feared me more than any of the Northern generals, and that I had struck them harder blows in the full prime of their strength.'

Well, a general should be a leader as well as a thinker, should not only plan battles but inspire them. How was it with McClellan in this regard? Those who fought under him have some fault to find. Without the slightest question of their commander's personal courage, they think that he was too absorbed in remote considerations to throw himself with passion into direct conflict. 'He was the most extraordinary man I ever saw,' says Heintzelman. 'I do not see how any man could leave so much to others and be so confident that everything would go just right.' With which, however, should be compared Lee's remark: 'I think and work with all my power to bring the troops to the right place at the right time; then I have done my duty. As soon as I order them forward into battle, I leave my army in the hands of God.' But McClellan himself had no doubts about his leadership. There can be no question but that his grandiloquent proclamations spoke his whole heart. 'Soldiers! I have heard that there is danger here. I have come to place myself at your head and to share it with you. I fear now but one thing — that you may not find foemen worthy of your steel. I know that I can rely upon you.'

In his belief that he had the full confidence of his men, McClellan has the world with him. They loved him and he loved them. One of the most charming things about him is his deep interest in the welfare of his soldiers, his sympathy with their struggles and their difficulties, though some think he carried this so far as to spare them in a fashion not really merciful in the end. When he is temporarily deprived of command and his army is fighting, he begs passionately to be allowed at least to die with them. When he is restored to them, he portrays their enthusiastic delight in perhaps the most curious of many passages of that nature. 'As soon as I came to them the poor fellows broke through all restraints, rushed from the ranks and crowded around me, shouting, yelling, shedding tears, thanking God that they were with me again, and begging me to lead them back to battle. It was a wonderful scene, and proved that I had the hearts of these men.'

The most singular instance of McClellan's excessive confidence in his own judgment is his perpetual, haunting, unalterable belief that the enemy were far superior to him in numbers. No evidence, no argument, no representation from subordinates or outsiders could shake him in this opinion. Send more men, more men, more men, the rebels outnumber me, was his unceasing cry. The curious force of this prepossession, as well as the man's characteristic ingenuity, shows in his reply to Lincoln's suggestion that as Lee had sent away troops, it must be a good time to attack. Ah, says McClellan, in effect, can't you see that if he has troops to spare, his numbers must be too prodigious for me to cope with?

This illusion as to numbers naturally made negative success seem triumph, and magnified really great things into even greater. The general

writes during Antietam, 'We are in the midst of the most terrible battle of the war — perhaps of history. Thus far it looks well, but I have great odds against me.' In fact, Lee's force was far less than McClellan's.

All of the general's undeniably great achievements are thus made much of, until impatient critics are strongly inclined to depreciate them. He announces that he has 'secured solidly for the Union that part of West Virginia north of the Kanawha and west of the mountains.' No doubt he had; but — Of the battle of Malvern Hill he says, 'I doubt whether, in the annals of war, there was ever a more persistent and gallant attack, or a more cool and effective resistance.' And again, 'I have every reason to believe that our victory at Malvern Hill was a crushing one — one from which he [the enemy] will not readily recover.' The last words McClellan wrote were a laudation of the Army of the Potomac — and its commander — in reference to the retreat from the Peninsula. 'It was one of those magnificent episodes which dignify a nation's history, and are fit subjects for the grandest efforts of the poet and the painter.' Hooker — to be sure, a somewhat prejudiced witness — says of the same event: 'It was like the retreat of a whipped army. We retreated like a parcel of sheep; everybody on the road at the same time; and a few shots from the rebels would have panic-stricken the whole command.' Finally, of his last battle, Antietam, the general says, 'Those on whose judgment I rely tell me that I fought the battle splendidly and that it was a masterpiece of art.'

I ask myself how the witty and vivacious woman who charmed Meade received such words as these. Did that little critical devil nudge her, or did she loyally 'expect his coming again'?

A commander who took this view of what he had accomplished almost necessarily developed an extraordinary sense of his importance to the cause and to the country. McClellan was important. We should never forget it. Only, perhaps no one was so important as he deemed himself to be. His deep sense of responsibility is delightfully blended with other marked elements of his character in a brief telegram to Lincoln, shortly before Antietam. 'I have a difficult task to perform, but with God's blessing will accomplish it. . . . My respects to Mrs. Lincoln. Received enthusiastically by the ladies. Will send you trophies.'

Over and over again he repeats that he has saved the country. 'Who would have thought when we were married, that I should so soon be called upon to save my country?' 'I feel some little pride in having, with a beaten and demoralized army, defeated Lee so utterly and saved the North completely.' And in the solemn preface to his book he proclaims to an expectant world: 'Twice at least, I saved the capital, once created and once reorganized a great army.'

The most striking example of this self-exaltation, amounting almost to mania, is the letter written to Burnside, in May, 1862. 'The Government have deliberately placed me in this position. If I win, the greater the glory. If I lose, they will be damned forever both by God and men.' And the tone in which he continues shows that his situation had taken hold of him with an approach to religious ecstasy: 'I sometimes think now that I can almost realize that Mahomet was sincere. When I see the hand of God guarding one so weak as myself, I can almost think myself a chosen instrument to carry out his schemes. Would that a better man had been selected.'

It is no wonder that the bee of dictatorship buzzed in a brain so feverishly

overwrought. That it entered and was considered, if not entertained, there can be no question. Flatterers urged it, and circumstances, viewed as McClellan viewed them, seemed to suggest it. 'The order depriving me of the command created an immense deal of deep feeling in the army — so much so that many were in favor of my refusing to obey the order, and of marching upon Washington to take possession of the government.' The general is said to have remarked to one very near him, 'How these brave fellows love me and what a power their love places in my hands! What is there to prevent my taking the government in my hands?'

The man's own fund of native common sense was there to prevent it. But it is evident that he lovingly considered the possibility. Only, we must remember that such consideration was not prompted by personal motives, but by genuine patriotism. He says so and we must believe him. If no one else but he could save the country, it was his duty to save it. 'I receive letter after letter, have conversation after conversation, calling on me to save the nation, alluding to the presidency, dictatorship, etc. As I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspiration. I would cheerfully take the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country was saved.'

III

All this time there was a government in Washington — existing chiefly to annoy him, so McClellan thought. The worst effect of the general's serene — or perturbed — self-confidence was that it bred an entire disbelief in the judgment of others. He was impatient with his subordinates where they differed from him, — did not seek their advice or trust their ability. 'In heaven's name give me some general officers who understand their profession,' he writes in the early days. With his superiors — his few superiors, Halleck, Stanton, Lincoln — and with the government they represented, he endeavored to be civil, but he felt that they knew nothing about war, and where they could not be coaxed, they must be disciplined. Among Lincoln's many difficulties none, perhaps, were greater than McClellan. The president argued patiently, remonstrated gently, reproved paternally, submitted to neglect that seemed like impertinence, kicked his heels like a messenger boy in the general's waiting-room, declared, with his divine self-abnegation, that he would hold McClellan's horse, if that would help win victory. In return, the general patronized his titular commander-in-chief, when things went well, satirized him when they went doubtfully, — 'I do not yet know what are the military plans of the gigantic intellects at the head of the government,' — and when they went ill, uttered unequivocal condemnation: 'It is the most infamous thing that history has recorded.'

Ropes's analysis of McClellan's attitude in this connection is so penetrating and so suggestive that I cannot pass it by. 'There are men so peculiarly constituted that when they have once set their hearts on any project, they cannot bear to consider the facts that militate against their carrying it out; they are impatient and intolerant of them; such facts either completely fall out of their minds, so to speak, as if they had never been heard of, or, if they subsequently make themselves felt, they seem to men of this temper to have assumed an inimical aspect, and, what is worse, inasmuch as it is impossible for any man to get angry with facts, such men instinctively fix upon certain individuals whom they associate in some way, more or less

remote, with these unwelcome facts, and whom they always accuse, in their own thought, at least, of hostility or deception. Such a mind we conceive to have been that of General McClellan.'

It is only thus that we can explain the extreme bitterness of a nature otherwise kindly and generous. The perturbed and anxious spirit saw enemies everywhere, magnified real hostility and imagined hostility where there was none. Political opposition becomes malignant hatred. 'You have no idea of the undying hate with which the abolitionists pursue me, but I take no notice of them.' Anger with Halleck and Stanton was perhaps natural. Many men got angry with Halleck and Stanton. It is not the place to judge either of them here; but it will be generally admitted that their different ways of dealing with subordinates were not such as to inspire a happy frame of mind. Certainly they did not in McClellan. Yet it may be questioned whether either Stanton or Halleck considered the general an object of personal spite or quite deserved the fierce abuse which he showered upon them freely. 'Of all the men I have encountered in high position Halleck was the most hopelessly stupid. It was more difficult to get an idea through his head than can be conceived by any one who never made the attempt.' And to Stanton, 'who would say one thing to a man's face and just the reverse behind his back,' was addressed probably the most impertinent sentence ever written by a soldier to his military superior. 'If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.'

But the same bitterness was manifested toward men much less deserving of it than the commander-in-chief or the secretary of war. Few of the Northern generals were more hardly used by Fortune than McDowell, and impartial judges declare him to have been a soldier and a gentleman. McClellan tries to treat him well, but finds it hopeless. 'He never appreciated my motives, and felt no gratitude for my forbearance and kindness. . . . I have long been convinced that he intrigued against me to the utmost of his power.' Burnside, again, was McClellan's devoted friend and admirer, until, apparently against his inclination, he allowed himself to be forced into McClellan's place. This is what he gets for it. 'I cannot, from my long acquaintance with Burnside, believe that he would deliberately lie, but I think that his weak mind was turned; that he was confused in action; and that subsequently he really did not know what had occurred and was talked by his staff into any belief they chose.'

To such an extent can a sturdy confidence in self poison minds of a really noble and magnanimous strain.

IV

So we have examined carefully McClellan's own judgment on his own career and achievements. Now let us see what others thought of them. If the discrepancy at times is startling, we can remember the remark of Lee to a subordinate who was trying to draw him out about another subordinate. 'All I can say is, if that is your opinion of General ——, you differ very widely from the general himself.'

Not all critics agree in their judgment, however, in this, any more than in other cases. McClellan has many admirers who speak almost as enthusiastically of what he did and what he might have done, as he could. The less discreet of these are not perhaps always very fortunate in their commendation, exonerating their favorite at the expense of others whom we do not care

to have abused. Thus, George William Curtis asserts that 'from the President down, through the various ranks of politicians and soldiers by whom he was surrounded, all knew in their hearts that the only reason why McClellan had failed to reach Richmond, and been obliged to execute his flank movement to the James, was because McDowell had been arrested by express orders from Washington on his march to effect a junction with McClellan's right.' And Hillard declares that 'General McClellan's communications to the President were generally in reply to inquiries or suggestions from the latter, whose restless and meddlesome spirit was constantly moving him to ask questions, obtrude advice, and comment on military matters, which were as much out of his sphere as they were beyond his comprehension.'

But McClellan has defenders of more weight. The Comte de Paris, influenced no doubt partly by social relations, but clear-sighted in all his judgments, holds decidedly that his friend would have achieved far more if the government had not thwarted him. Lee, a generous adversary, declared with emphasis that McClellan was the best of the generals to whom he was opposed; and an impartial judge of the highest standing, von Moltke, is said to have remarked that if the American commander had been supported as he should have been, the war would have ended two years sooner than it did. Best of all friendly judgments are the sober and discriminating words of Grant. 'It has always seemed to me that the critics of McClellan do not consider this vast and cruel responsibility — the war a new thing to all of us, the army new, everything to do from the outset, with a restless people and Congress. McClellan was a young man when this devolved upon him, and if he did not succeed, it was because the conditions of success were so trying. If McClellan had gone into the war as Sherman, Thomas, or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose that he would not have won as high distinction as any of us.'

Even those who are inclined to find fault, find much to praise. As to the general's organizing faculty there is but one verdict. Only genius of the highest order in this line would have made of the Army of the Potomac the magnificent instrument which others were afterwards to use so effectively. Further, both Ropes and Henderson, though feeling that McClellan accomplished much less than he should have done with the means at his disposal, are inclined to agree with him in the belief that he was unduly hampered and thwarted by the Washington authorities; and Palfrey, who, beginning with enthusiastic admiration, was forced in the end to recognize his chieftain's many faults, yet declares that 'there are strong grounds for believing that he was the best commander the Army of the Potomac ever had,' and that 'a growing familiarity with his history as a soldier increases the disposition to regard him with respect and gratitude, and to believe, while recognizing the limitations of his nature, that his failure to accomplish more was partly his misfortune and not altogether his fault.'

It will be observed that most of the praise is in the form of apology and lacks entirely the trumpet tone with which McClellan proclaims his own feats of arms. Much of the criticism of him has no flavor of apology whatever. Nor is this confined to the later reflection of cool military judges. At the height of his popularity, when the army and the country idolized him, outsiders like the grumbling Gurowski refused to believe in his gifts, or his

judgment, or his future. W. H. Russell, meeting him in September, 1861, foresaw, with singular acuteness, that he was not a man of action or not likely to act quickly, and felt that he dallied too much in Washington, instead of being among his troops, stimulating them in victory and consoling or reprimanding them after defeat.

Among the general's own subordinates there was anything but a concert of enthusiasm about his person or his achievements. Fighters like Kearny and Hooker were naturally dissatisfied. The latter did not hesitate to express his opinion freely at all times, telling the Committee on the Conduct of the War that the Peninsula campaign failed simply because of lack of generalship in the commander. While Kearny wrote, in August, 1862, 'McClellan is the failure I ever proclaimed him. He will only get us into more follies — more waste of blood — fighting by driblets. He has lost the confidence of all. . . . He is burnt out.' And Meade, a far saner and more reasonable judge, expresses himself almost as strongly. 'He was always waiting to have everything just as he wanted before he would attack, and before he could get things arranged as he wanted them the enemy pounced on him and thwarted all his plans. There is now no doubt he allowed three distinct occasions to take Richmond to slip through his hands, for want of nerve to run what he considered risks.'

This contemporary judgment of Meade's may be said, on the whole, to anticipate the conclusion of nearly all historians. Some dwell more than others on what might have happened if McClellan had met with fewer difficulties; but there is general agreement that the result of his efforts is as disappointing when viewed now calmly in the light of all known facts as it was to Lincoln and the country in 1862. Swinton, certainly no personal enemy of McClellan, sums up the matter in fairly final fashion. 'He was not a great general; for he had the pedantry of war rather than the inspiration of war. . . . His talent as a tactician was much inferior to his talent as a strategist, and he executed less boldly than he conceived.'

So we recur to the remark of Lee. 'Well, if that is your opinion of General ——, all I can say is that you differ very widely from the general himself.' For what is of interest to us is not McClellan's generalship, but McClellan's character.

V

Thus, after our review of criticism and hostile judgments, we ask ourselves, what impression did all this make on the subject of it? He heard the criticism. He was well aware of the judgments. Did they produce any effect on him? Did he say to himself, after all, I may be mistaken; after all, I may have blundered? Did he have strange doubts and tormenting anxieties, as to whether, possibly, a great opportunity may have come to him and he may not have been equal to it? I have read his writings carefully and I find nothing of the sort. There were moments of trouble, as when Cox noted that 'the complacent look which I had seen upon McClellan's countenance on the 17th [of September] . . . had disappeared. There was a troubled look instead.' There were moments of anguish. 'Franklin told me that McClellan said to him, as they followed Lander's corpse, that he almost wished he was in the coffin instead of Lander.' Moments of self-distrust there were not, or they left no traces.

It is true, as Mr. Rhodes points out, that with adversity McClellan's letters, even to his wife, grew somewhat humbler and less assured; yet in his

book, written twenty years later, the tone is much what it was at first. It is true that in many places he recognized generally that he was human and that humanity is always liable to err. He even goes so far as to admit — generally — that 'while striving conscientiously to do my best, it may well be that I have made great mistakes that my vanity does not permit me to perceive.' But as to particular action in particular circumstances, he cannot feel anything but thorough contentment. His much-complained-of delays he justifies entirely. 'Nor has he [the general is using the third person], even at this distant day, and after much bitter experience, any regret that he persisted in his determination.' His most singular error, that as to the numbers of the enemy, was probably never shaken, to the end. In short, one brief sentence sums up his complicated character in this regard with delightful completeness: 'That I have to a certain extent failed I do not believe to be my fault, though my self-conceit probably blinds me to many errors that others see.'

Not satisfied with impugning McClellan's generalship, his enemies went further and attacked his loyalty. His known dislike of radical abolitionism, and his long-cherished hope that the war might be ended with little bloodshed, constantly suggested charges of indifference to Union success. It was said that he delayed purposely. It was said that he showed traitorous friendliness to Southerners. It was said that he did not wish the war to come to a too speedy close. Lincoln himself, in a moment of despair after the second Bull Run, said to a member of his household, 'He has acted badly towards Pope; he really wanted him to fail.' And the sum of all these charges is given in the remarkable scene between President and general which has been recorded for us by McClellan himself. On the 8th of March, 1862, McClellan was in the President's office and Lincoln intimated in very plain terms that he had heard many rumors to the effect that the general was removing the defenders from Washington for the purpose of giving the city over to the enemy. The President concluded by saying that such a course would certainly look like treason.

Lincoln must have been deeply moved indeed when he took such a step as this, and no one can blame McClellan for resenting it bitterly and demanding an instant retraction, for we know, as well as he did, that the charge was utterly and preposterously false. Whatever dispute there may be about McClellan's generalship, however one may question the wisdom and even the propriety of his conduct toward his superiors, no one who has read his intimate letters can doubt for a moment that he was thoroughly and sincerely patriotic, desired only the welfare of his country, and worked in the very best way he knew for the complete and speedy restoration of the Union. His way may not have been Lincoln's way, may not have been the best way; but such as it was, he was ready to give his life for it. 'The unity of this nation, the preservation of our institutions, are so dear to me, that I have willingly sacrificed my private happiness with the single object of doing my duty to my country. When the task is accomplished, I shall be glad to return to the obscurity from which events have drawn me.'

VI

Such words have been written by others, not always with entire sincerity. But the whole tenor of McClellan's life bears witness to his truth in this matter. He was not only a patriot, he was a man of singular purity and elevation of character. He was not only ready to

talk about great sacrifices, he was ready to do what is far harder, make little sacrifices without talking about them. Even discounting the enthusiasm of a biographer, we must recognize the force of such testimony as the following: 'Of all men I have ever known McClellan was the most unselfish. Neither in his public life nor in his private life did he ever seek anything for himself. He was constantly doing something for some one else; always seeking to do good, confer pleasure, relieve sorrow, gratify a whim, do something for another.'

His unfailing courtesy toward high and low is universally recognized, and it was not the courtesy of indifferent ease, but was founded on genuine sympathy, a quick imaginative perception of the situation of others, and a desire to adapt himself to that situation so far as was compatible with greater needs and duties.

In short, the man's life throughout was guided by fine feelings and high ideals. That, as a candidate for the presidency against Lincoln, in 1864, he was influenced by no thought of personal ambition is difficult to believe. If so, it was probably the first and the last case of the kind in the history of that office, Washington perhaps excepted. But I do believe that McClellan sincerely thought that the country needed him and his political convictions, and that he would never have surrendered one jot of those political convictions for political success. In his later years he became governor of New Jersey, and in that office so carried himself as to win the respect and esteem of persons of all parties. A competent and impartial critic remarks that 'A study of his messages and other State papers will show that the vital questions he ever held in mind were those connected with the welfare of the people, while those relating to his own political future were absolutely non-existent.'

Also, back of all these admirable qualities was a religious faith as simple as it was sincere. Russell thought the general's extreme anxiety for Sabbath observance in the army a little inappropriate, if not a little puerile. But no one can call puerile the high ideal of Christian restraint in warfare set forth in the Harrison's Landing letter to the President. 'All private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited, and offensive demeanor by the military towards citizens promptly rebuked.'

It is undeniable that Sherman, working on the 'War is hell' plan, accomplished more immediate results, but there were after-effects, also, of a less desirable character.

The charm of McClellan's personal religion, as it appears casually in all his writing, is very great. Perhaps it is nowhere greater than in the simple and touching letter written to a friend in later years.

'I fancy, Sam, that we will never reach that land where it is all afternoon in any ship built by mortal hands. Our fate is to work and still to work as long as there is any work left in us; and I do not doubt that it is best, for I can't help thinking that when we reach that other and far better land we shall still have work to do through the long ages; only we shall then see as we go on that it is all done for the Master and under his own eye; and we will like it and never grow weary of it, as we often do here when we don't see clearly to what end we are working, and our work brings us in contact with all sorts of men and things not pleasant to rub against. I suppose that the more we work here, the better we shall be trained for that other work which after all is

the great end towards which we move or ought to be moving.'

These are winning words; they show a winning and a simple soul, the soul of one who was assuredly a fine type of the Christian — and we are proud to add, of the American — gentleman.

I say 'winning' advisedly; for as yet I have dwelt little on McClellan's wonderful power of winning men. As a fighter he may have failed. As a leader, at least so far as the faculty of gaining absolute devotion goes, he assuredly succeeded. It is true that not all his officers were faithful to him. In his treatment of them he was led astray by flattery and by the intoxicating influence of his overwhelming position. But his power over the common soldier of the Army of the Potomac, even after comparative failure, is so wonderful as to be hard to believe and so touching as to be impossible to resist. No general in the war, on either side, unless Beauregard, who curiously resembled McClellan in many ways, evoked such instantaneous and entire enthusiasm.

The subtle causes of this would be difficult to trace. Perhaps the love of popularity counted for something; but human sympathy and kindness assuredly counted for much. As to the effects there can be no dispute. 'Let military critics or political enemies say what they will, he who could so move upon the hearts of a great army as the wind sways long rows of standing corn, was no ordinary man,' writes General Walker. And one who witnessed the passionate outburst of the troops when their leader was temporarily restored to them in September, 1862, describes it in a way never to be forgotten. 'The climax seemed to be reached, however, at Middletown, where we first caught sight of the enemy. Here, upon our arrival, we found General McClellan sitting on his horse in the road. . . . As each organization passed the general, the men became apparently forgetful of everything but their love for him. They cheered and cheered again, until they became so hoarse they could cheer no longer. It seemed as if an intermission had been declared in order that a reception might be tendered to the general-in-chief. A great crowd continually surrounded him, and the most extravagant demonstrations were indulged in. Hundreds even hugged the horse's legs and caressed his head and mane.

'While the troops were thus surging by, the general continually pointed with his finger to the gap in the mountains through which our path lay. It was like a great scene in a play, with the roar of the guns for an accompaniment. . . . General McClellan may have had opponents elsewhere; he had few, if any, among the soldiers whom he commanded.'

This magnetic power over the hearts of men is something great leaders — Wellington, for instance — have often lacked. It is something the very greatest leaders must have, if they would retain their hold. What a pity that McClellan, having it in such abundant measure, should not have been able to employ it for his purposes; that possessing such a great instrument, he should not have been able to use it to great ends. He himself attributed his failure to circumstances. This we cannot do. Others have wrung fortune out of far more unfavorable circumstances. Let us say, rather, that he was a man of really great ability given an opportunity too great for him. As an able soldier, a true patriot, and a loyal gentleman, he did what he could.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

Is there any efficient substitute for religion in character-building? If so, what is it?

These questions have more to do with current fiction than casually appears. For the upheaval in the foundations of faith that affected many people between thirty and forty years ago is just beginning to show its appropriate results in literature. Character-building is quite as interesting and even more necessary than formerly, but it is not considered, in fiction at least, so directly a matter of divine concern. The struggling soul, like a drowning man, clutches at this and at that for support, at times laying hold of things fixed, at times of things floating.

This is vividly exemplified in three of the better new novels, one American, one English, one, to all intents and purposes, French: *Home* [1] by George Agnew Chamberlain, *The Business of a Gentleman* [2] by H. N. Dickenson, and *The Making of an Englishman* [3] by W. L. George. Attacking the problem from standpoints differing as the nations differ, these three books furnish three apparently diverse solutions of the ancient question: What shall a man do to be saved? Each writer seems quite unconscious of any universal solution to this problem, which each works out in his own way.

Says the author of *Home*, in substance, 'Let him be born of good stock, preferably the old stock that laid the foundations of our nation; let him be reared in an old home in the country, one of those homes that have grown with the growth of generations and fitted themselves to the habits of a family. Then, though he wanders in many a far country and lies with swine and feeds on husks, in the end the blood of his fathers will speak, the house of his fathers will call, and he will arise and go home, saved by the decencies that were bred in the bone.'

The book is a study in prodigals. Alan Wayne and Gerry Lansing, whose stories are most prominent, are sons of the Connecticut Valley. But to make the application broader there are others, notably an embezzler from Pennsylvania and a cowboy from New Mexico. The embezzler builds him a palace in Pernambuco which he fails to enjoy because for fifteen years he has been remembering the lay of the woodpiles and the color of the wallpapers at his father's house. The cowboy, who starts out to look for the 'pu'ple cities' that are the haunts of dream, takes to orchid-hunting and learns that ''cept-in' in a man's mind, the' ain't no pu'ple cities. What a man's got to find ain't pu'ple cities but the power to see one when he's got it.' '*Home*' says the exiled embezzler, struggling with that loneliness which seems to blot out one's very being, '*is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go Home.*' Wayne and Lansing, being more highly sophisticated, do not phrase the conclusions of their bitter wanderings so tersely, but at the end their souls drop anchor in the desired haven. They can do no better than to be what their fathers were, and dwell where they also dwelt.

[1] *Home.* By George Agnew Chamberlain. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *The Business of a Gentleman.* By H. N. Dickenson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] *The Making of an Englishman.* By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In *The Business of a Gentleman*, Sir Robert Hilton, better known as 'Bobby,' is fully saved before he is born, because he is born on land that his ancestors have tilled before him for generations, and held for generations as a trust. After the moderate percentage of Bobby's income necessary to pay his taxes and keep up his house in a comfort adequate to the dignity of the demesne was spent, the rest of it went back to the estate 'in whatsoever manner best increased the amenity and productivity of the land from which all drew their living and for which Bobby was responsible to his own honor.' His grandfather taught him that he had no right to his own dinner unless all the people on his land had their dinners in peace and comfort. He believes himself responsible for his own people, and the author believes fully, and perhaps truly, that he took much better care of them than they could take care of themselves.

His unformulated creed is not to flinch from the strong, or trouble the weak, or turn from a dependent or a friend. He finds it creed enough to keep him busy, especially after his wife inherits a manufacturing plant and he is thereby brought into direct contact with industrial unrest, riots, labor agitation, selfish fomenters of class-hatred, and social theorizers of all kinds. He applies the old principles to the new problems with results which are, at least, better than those obtained by other methods. Perhaps the author is not wholly fair to those 'intellectuals' who stick a finger into everybody's pie in the name of social justice. Surely they cannot all be as pestiferous and desolating as Miss Baker, Mrs. Hope, and Mr. Trevannion. The agitator-woman, Miss Baker, tells Bobby, 'If you had made your sacrifices in the days of the great Mr. Cobden, we should have had no Mr. Cobden then and no Socialists to-day. But you missed your opportunity, and now your class has rotted and you will keep the sheep no more. . . . Ichabod, your kingdom has passed to those who have the brains to govern.'

'I thought the kingdom was passing to people with votes who have n't got brains at all,' said Bobby.

'No — it is passing to people like myself.'

All of which is entirely true, though generally unobserved as yet.

The Making of a Englishman is an extraordinary and brilliant performance, though it is safe to say there are few English writers who would care to be responsible for it. Lucien Cadoresse, the hero who tells his own story, is a French lad, son of a shipbroker of Bordeaux. With his dawning intelligence there develops in him a passionate enthusiasm for England and the English. After military service Lucien becomes a clerk in the London house his father founded, and the rest of the book consists in the reactions of England upon a vivacious and perfectly Gallic mind immensely predisposed in favor of that country. The English are power and order to this youth; they are dignity, reason, restfulness; they are sanity and generosity. 'You are the splendid people of the earth for me!' he cries. 'You're the handsomest race. You're strong and yet gentle. You never swerve from your purpose. You never know when you're beaten, yet when you're beaten you take it well. You're truthful, honourable — I want to be like you!' In comparison, his own people with 'their perpetual French talk' seem to him futile marionettes.

We are shown the whole inner life of a typical temperament conscious of its racial defects and desiring to replace them by the weightier virtues of a more substantial nation. Lucien begins with hats, boots, neckties, for he

would resemble his Sacred People in all things. He accepts hints from Hugh Lawton, who is Apollo and Galahad in one. Certain things 'are not done' and Lucien strives to leave them undone. He too will be 'silent, self-reliant, purposeful, in brief, Olympian.' He learns to take chaff without offering a duel; he gets a glimmer of the value that may be set upon physical purity as well as cleanliness. Hugh Lawton tells him that 'a man can't be big unless he's straight.' It does not occur to Lucien, as it well might, to correlate this with his own clear perception that the sensuous French are merely revolutionaries, never being creative save in art, while the English are fundamentally constructive. However, he perceives that Hugh's ideals have a value, 'the samurai began to struggle with the voluptuary in his heart' and sometimes triumphed, for, he asked himself, 'what's the good of being an Englishman unless you can be an English gentleman, too?'

The book is brilliant because it is written by one for whom, in Gautier's well-worn phrase, the visible world exists. Everything that is seen at all is seen with immense lucidity and described with immense vigor; the book is also extraordinary because it actually does set forth the English qualities entirely from the outside. This keen and perpetually coruscating perception applied to an alien people, strongly suggests Taine. Had he written fiction instead of criticism it would have been silkier and more suave, indeed, but otherwise might have resembled this.

Lucien is a clear-cut personality, essentially Gallic throughout. He is especially so in dealing with his intrigues, his intimate degradations, when he falls into the gutter after he is rejected as Edith Lawton's suitor. The English gutter has found its de Maupassant at last. It has never been described, analyzed, criticized after this fashion. Simply, 'it is not done' in English fiction. Lucien masters the problems of English neckties and hats, English business and politics, but the English reticences will remain forever a sealed book to him, — yet give him credit for what he achieves. To Lucien Cadoresse, the man who would be saved must become an English gentleman. Confessedly this Lucien has no religion, no ideals, and few principles save this of being as good an Englishman as he can; but because he holds this one desire with passion, it does work out; it does produce salvation of a sort.

I said that these three books furnish apparently diverse solutions of the problem of salvation for the man who has no religion. But careful scrutiny shows that these solutions are finally identical. The author of *Home* throws his characters back upon their good inheritance for rescue; the author of *The Business of a Gentleman* exhibits a man so entirely redeemed by ancestral virtues that he needs no further help; the author of *The Making of an Englishman* shows a youth so obsessed by the virtues of an alien race that they re-create him. All derive their virtues from those stronger ones who have gone before. But, the reader asks, what made strong those Puritans on whose blood the Lansings and the Waynes of to-day rely? What shaped those honest English squires who were Bobby Wilton's forbears? What, finally, gave the English people such ideals of chastity, endurance, and uprightness that the mere contemplation of them sows the seeds of these qualities in a man of different race?

Perhaps it would be still more to the point to ask — for how many generations can we be redeemed by dilutions of our fathers' faith? How long will salvation by legacy endure? Is the modern world, which boasts of having

everything, so truly poor that it can work out no salvation of its own?

Certainly there are no faintest traces of anything like salvation in such a typically modern character as *The Titan*.[1] In this book Theodore Dreiser pursues the history of Frank Cowperwood, introduced to us in *The Financier*. The latter was absorbing and indubitably great; its continuation is neither. One does not make out whether this is partly Mr. Dreiser's fault, or wholly that of his hero. *The Financier* was kinetic. Cowperwood developed before our eyes from a shrewd lad into a financial magician. He rose, then fell, melodramatically, into prison, only to rehabilitate himself again. The author scorned the element of contrast, and gave us no character to admire or love, but he took infinite pains to show the zest of youth and crescent experience. What feeling the book contained was genuine and strong, though lawless and primitive.

The Titan is static. Here Cowperwood is an established magnate, an established libertine. He but adds million to million and seduction to seduction. In both cases the details are infinitely dreary. Like taking candy from a child is the process of diverting other men's gains to his own purse, while the wives and daughters of his associates are such easy captives of his magnetism that it becomes nauseating. Were there, then, no virtuous women or able men in Chicago? As Cowperwood becomes less and less human, the reader becomes more and more impatient. The framework of the story rises to an appropriate climax, but the reader's imagination refuses to rise with it. We are asked to believe that Cowperwood at fifty conceives so disinterested a passion for a young girl that he considers her an *objet d'art* and is willing to house and provide for her indefinitely as such. After living for some years upon his bounty she chooses to come to him with the offer of her heart and life in the hour when he has just met his most serious financial defeat.

Here is sentiment, not to say sentimentality. Probably Balzac, with the French genius for 'slush,' could have made us feel the situation sympathetically. But Mr. Dreiser is not in such thorough accord with his hero as to be able to do this. He knows perfectly that Cowperwood's heart has by this time about the freshness and value of a sucked orange-peel kicking about the dusty street, and he knows readers do not yield sympathy to sucked orange-peel. Therefore he does not, perhaps cannot, try his hardest to convince. What he tells may be entirely true to fact, but it also fails entirely of that deeper reality which alone holds our interest. So we come back to the query — is Cowperwood or Dreiser to blame?

On the one hand, Cowperwood's historian is certainly a little afraid lest he be caught moralizing, or deviating from a tolerant, man-of-the-world attitude toward his subject. Now, the artist must not be moralist first or chiefly; nevertheless a failure in moral perception is ultimately a failure in both psychology and art. No writer, realist or not, can afford this.

On the other hand, could any writer possibly make the middle age of a Cowperwood appetizing? The inner life of the strong man who takes for motto '*I satisfy myself*' lacks that element of struggle which the dullest audience demands in its drama. How make a hero of a monster? Here is no success other than the success of a gorged animal in obtaining its prey. However, *The Titan* is only the second volume of a proposed trilogy. It is too soon to speak with finality either of Cowperwood or his chronicler.

[1] *The Titan*. By THEODORE DREISER. London and New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Dreiser may refuse to the end to draw ethical conclusions — it is his right if he cannot see life as ethic — but there are others more clear-sighted, even if less able and painstaking. The author of *Horace Blake* [1] does not lack spiritual insight and acuteness, and her book is remarkable in that it presents a thoroughly bad man and a genuine religious experience. These simple phenomena, once so popular, have entirely lost favor of late years, and few writers have any longer the courage to affirm or the skill to depict them. Mrs. Humphry Ward's first success was based upon her able handling of the second element, but one hardly knows where to turn for satisfactory rendition of the first. In *Horace Blake* Mrs. Wilfrid Ward courageously assails both propositions at once, with a success the more remarkable because the workmanship of the book does not always escape mediocrity.

Horace Blake is a dramatist — reared in the Roman Church. Under the influence of his father-in-law, a high-minded, well-balanced materialist, he frees himself not only from his early religion, but from all moral or even decently human restraints. He breaks all laws, blaspheming as he breaks them. The reader never doubts for a moment that this most unpleasant person is thoroughly a genius and thoroughly bad.

Through it all his wife remains devoted and loyal, serving his genius, in which she believes fervently. Facing death at last, he offers her the final insult by going away to die without her, and takes with him the illegitimate daughter whom Kate, the wife, has brought up as her own. She had so feared the influence of his debased mind and character upon this girl that she had, long before, claimed his promise to let his child entirely alone. However, there is no convention she will not violate for his sake; so Horace, Trix, and Roberts the nurse, settle themselves in Brittany, where Blake with one tremendous effort finishes his last and most sacrilegious drama. After this comes reaction,—physical torture, mental anguish and, finally, strange peace before death in the church that shaped his early years.

This may sound like the crude outline of a Sunday-school book, but the tale itself seems invincibly real. Blake, repentant, writes commanding his wife to burn the play which he sent her to publish, but she, believing him to be mentally weakened and played upon by priests, pays no heed to the order.

Some months after his death there is sent her a notebook in which he made entries during the final weeks of his life. The objective account of his conversion as it appeared to his daughter, the nurse, and the *curé*, was perfectly convincing of its kind, but these few pages where the keen mind analyzes itself and its experiences, rehearsing point by point the subconscious preparation it underwent for the final mutation of spirit, constitute a wonderful piece of writing. How Mrs. Ward arrived at it, or acquired it, one can only guess. It is no more invented than any of the world's great confessions. It has the ring of the veritable human document. We see a man marshaling, piece by piece, the evidence that proves to him that a greater Spirit has sought to touch and salve his own. This is breathless action, *this* is drama, if you like!

If Mrs. Ward had seen the other characters as clearly as she saw Horace Blake and Providence, this would have been one of the religious novels that break all records. For the reading world is not weary of religious experiences. Only it will have the real thing or nothing. And small blame to it!

[1] *Horace Blake.* By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The foregoing are distinctly serious-minded books, and there are yet more of them. Reformers all are the authors of *The Flying Inn*,[1] *The Goldfish*,[2] *The Congresswoman*,[3] *Idle Wives*,[4] *Vandover and the Brute*,[5] and even *What Will People Say*.[6] Each assails the thing that to him is anathema with such wit and adroitness as his brains allow. One is bound to say it seems a good sign that a third of these books are directed against unwise reform. If you ever sicken, as you sometimes must, of national prohibition, woman suffrage, Montessori, vegetarians, white slavers, eugenics, and the simple life, take refuge in Chesterton's delicious diatribe, *The Flying Inn*. Shall not a man take his ease in his inn? There are those, it seems, in England, who would abolish the ancient friendliness of that institution by making it a place where man may no longer gossip over his mug of stout. Chesterton's quiver is full of arrows. Pseudo-Buddhists (under the thin guise of Mohammedans) and vegetarians receive a few of the flying shafts. G. K. C. is for roast beef and brown October ale forever. As usual when he argues, he talks like an angel from Heaven and an imp from Hades; he coos and roars, chortles and cajoles, argues, storms, laughs, blasphemes. Also, he sings, and it is impossible to be sad when he sings such drinking-songs as that ascribed to Noah in flood-time:—

> I don't care where the water goes, so it doesn't get into the wine!

The problem of alcohol is more acute in our own country, where the question is one of entire prohibition. The average citizen feels confusedly that cocktails tend to combativeness and highballs to a red nose; he has read *John Barleycorn* and Dr. Williams on alcohol and efficiency. But he also knows how lobster Newburg should be made and has experienced the inconvenience of living in a dry town and smuggling in the family invalid's alcohol-rub and the brandy for the mincemeat. His attitude may not seem heroic when he says, 'Well, it 's blamed uncomfortable sometimes, but if it 's for the good of the race, I'll try to put up with it.' Yet this and no other is the attitude that may eventually make national prohibition possible. This meek acceptance of the entire elimination of alcohol is perfectly compatible (so illogical are all really good citizens) with glorying in Chesterton's raid on temperance sharps! It is a gallant raid, and as for the raider he is gorgeous beyond description. While G. K. C. is left to literature and humor to humanity, this world cannot become wholly a museum of cranks and quacks.

Its gentle humor is one of the pleasures of *The Congresswoman*, a peculiarly satisfying story of woman in public life. Cynthia Pike, who succeeded in going to Congress, but failed both in politics and home-making while in Washington, returns to Oklahoma to marry a man who ran for Congress five times without success but has the incomparable gift of making any old house feel like home. This sane and diverting tale should be carefully studied by all the clubs in the General Federation.

There is no humor in *Vandover*. Written when Frank Norris was a college boy, it is little more than a medico-moral treatise of the school of Brieux. In its present shape it is too mediocre to be efficient or interesting, save as

[1] *The Flying Inn*. By G. K. Chesterton. London and New York: John Lane Co.

[2] *The Goldfish*. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *The Congresswoman*. By Isabel Gordon Curtis. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co.

[4] *Idle Wives*. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Co.

[5] *Vandover and the Brute*. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[6] *What Will People Say?* By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.

showing the writer's bent from the beginning.

Neither is *Idle Wives* humorous. There are strong evidences that Mr. James Oppenheim has a perfectly good talent for something, but it does not seem to be novel-writing. Yet this is a clearer-cut and better-written novel than his first. The 'idle wife' deserts her husband and family to do rescue work in the slums, chiefly because she is jealous of the influence of the nursery governess over the children. There might be a woman so foolish as to discharge herself from her own job under these circumstances, instead of ousting the governess and caring for the children herself; it is conceivable — you can imagine anything about human nature especially when you aim to reform it — but it is too improbable to make good reading except for the artless.

The Goldfish concerns the disadvantages of wealth. The anonymous author says he is a New York lawyer who finds living on $70,000 a year impossible, though he admits that more than half this sum adds nothing to comfort. 'The economic weakness of the situation lies in the fact that a boiled egg only costs the ordinary citizen ten cents and it costs me its weight in gold.' The book is crammed with common sense, though one may politely doubt if it is autobiography. For one thing, by the time Midas, or near-Midas, has impaired his health and spirits so that he finds his 'only genuine satisfaction' in the first flush of his afternoon cocktail and the preliminary courses of his dinner, he usually becomes inarticulate from fatty degeneration. Autobiography or not, the book presents squarely the fact that you can buy more life and joy for seven thousand or less than for seventy, if only you know how. This doctrine is not exactly new — see the Greek myth of Midas and the Hebrew Proverbs — but *The Goldfish* brings it down to date with vigor and veracity. It ought to make converts — and yet, imagine *The Goldfish* preaching to *The Titan!* Nothing doing there, one knows!

Mr. Rupert Hughes as a reformer is clever, almost diabolically so. His book, *What Will People Say?* is all about a popular young woman who refuses to give up the prospect of diamonds, automobiles, yachts, at the call of love and a young lieutenant with 'two thousand a year, and forage.' But love proves stronger than she had expected, and the degenerate husband whom she married for money is ultimately justified in killing her with the carving-knife at the dinner-table. Now Mr. Hughes is in earnest as a preacher. He believes that one should scorn worldly considerations in marriage and mate for love when love's hour strikes, and his sermon is forcible and up-to-the-minute. But of what avail is it to preach if the tempted do not listen? Obviously none. So he proceeds to rival Robert Chambers in setting forth the emotional possibilities of luxurious philandering. As he is really sincere in his sermon, he 'catches them coming and going,' as the vernacular has it. For the sternest moralist cannot say that he is not in earnest, or that he does not hit from the shoulder, while the frivolous will find a distinct pleasure in having tango-teas and similar amusements of last winter so fully interpreted to them at the same time that they are reading a novel with a moral that smarts.

This is fighting the devil with fire. As a reformer, Mr. Hughes doubtless settled the advisability of this with his conscience before he began, and no one who has noticed the type of interest aroused by *What Will People Say?* will aver that his sermon did not reach its proper audience. Nevertheless — the author is obviously capable of per-

formances so much finer that the judicious are entitled to grieve a little over this one.

Robert Herrick also may be numbered among the reformers. If he did not so despise so many imperfect institutions, — American education, private property, and human nature among them, — he would be more efficient. Nevertheless *Clark's Field*,[1] a tale of unconsidered acres on a city's edge, is very good work indeed. It might count as the author's best if it were not for his perceptible reluctance to be interested in the fate of individuals. Adelle Clark, a strong, simple, self-willed character, overcomes her creator's prejudices against folks long enough to engage our interest in her salvation. Clark's Field saves her from poverty; unhappiness saves her from riches — and these are the great salvations. In the end, like Bobby Wilton, she gives her time and her money to 'those who live upon her land.' One hopes that Mr. Herrick notices how strongly his story implies that only the individual will ever really help other individuals.

By way of a change from reformers, it is good to consider *The Women We Marry*[2] and *Burbury Stoke*.[3] Mr. Hopkins's pleasant, leisurely stories have more than one charm. They whimsically persuade the reader to use his own imagination, and they never introduce him to any one who, by any remote possibility, can need reformation. This latter virtue is especially grateful after prolonged saturation in, say, *The Titan*. To feel one's self in a world where the Titan could never come is, for the hour, enough of happiness! And Mr. Pier's characters inhabit the same world. It is true that the 'women we marry' do, superficially and gingerly, lay finger upon the same temptation that brings Rupert Hughes's heroine to the carving-knife, but one is not disturbed for an instant by this approach to peril. Their characters so attenuate the temptation that it is powerless. They would be hopelessly out of it in any kind of misdoing, and will never be guilty of anything so alien. They are well drawn, with the faintly humorous affection that suggests Howells's mastery of the same attitude.

The Precipice[4] is another careful study of women, this time of very modern type. Given as heroine one of the dozen women of a generation who are doing work that counts for social betterment in a large way; given as hero a man with work of his own; let her work lie in Washington and his in Colorado, and what is the answer? Shall the woman, as heretofore, follow the man? Mrs. Peattie's characters are fine, energetic, human people who need each other and know it; therefore they compromise. Kate will put the 'Bureau of Children' on its feet at one side of the continent, while Karl, unless he gets sent to Congress, will struggle with mining problems in the Rockies. They will meet when they can, and look forward to one roof and fireside when their careers admit. With this decision the story ends, but it needs a sequel, for the process of putting such a compromise through would surely be more illuminating than the process of reaching it.

Perhaps our readiness to accord Kate and Karl the importance they have for themselves is due to the writer's skill in handling the subsidiary story of Honora Fulham, an adorable girl with a clever mind who marries a rising biologist and sinks herself in his work. They live in the laboratory and all the

[1] *Clark's Field*. By Robert Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] *The Women We Marry*. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *Burbury Stoke*. By William J. Hopkins. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[4] *The Precipice*. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

house is chilly and austere, save only the nursery where a competent woman mothers the twins. Honora neglects clothes, coquetries, and domestic atmosphere to help David win the Nobel prize. Comes a cousin of Honora's own physical type who does not overlook these matters. Presto! Honora is a deserted wife and David an exile. Honora has the insight to see and the courage to say that it is all her own fault. The undeniable, though often denied, fact that woman is man's complement, not his supplement, could not be shown more precisely. Mrs. Peattie holds no brief for or against the modern woman, but she knows that some things can, and some cannot, be done. This simple fact is entirely overlooked by the feminists.

There is much agreeable matter for those who would take their reading more lightly still. For instance, Booth Tarkington has 'come back.' *Penrod* [1] is about a real boy, and it is unremittingly funny from first to last. For light-hearted people who desire to remain so, it is perhaps the best book of the summer.

There are numerous open-air stories, and you can choose the summer climate that suits you best. *The Light of Western Stars* [2] portrays the deathless lure of the great Southwest. *Overland Red* [3] does the same thing for the eternal charm of California, not the California of towns and cities and smug boulevards, but the real California of the ranches, the canyons, the hills. Besides this, Overland is a 'two-gun man' scrapping with sheriffs and shooting up towns. *Cross-Trails* [4] has to do with a Hudson Bay Company's logging-camp, and *The Forester's Daughter* [5] dwells among the untrodden ways of the great Colorado peaks. The author of *North of Fifty-Three* [6] is haunted by the free, unpeopled spaces of British Columbia. We meet improbable folk in some of these tales, but they all breathe oxygen, which is more than can be said for the characters in most realistic novels.

There is something about oxygen in the atmosphere that makes otherwise insignificant books acceptable. Conversely, the work of the wise and talented is often spoiled by the reader's consciousness that the writer has breathed too much soot and smoke, and walked too long on dull, depressing streets. Cities may stimulate talent, but they no longer nourish it. Rather, they poison the finer perceptions and check creative effort. It is slightly aside from the point, but I know a man who avers that if all editors were compelled by law to sleep in pure country air, the debasing sensationalism which has tainted all but the staunchest of American magazines in the last two years would be utterly impossible.

English authors are especially subject to city-dweller's melancholia. One suspects that many of them make the fatal mistake of writing in London. Miss Sinclair, for instance, who is always conscientious, sincere, and highly intelligent, is of late depressing with the depression born of too many urban contacts. *The Return of the Prodigal*,[7] her new book of short stories, is interesting, for Miss Sinclair could not be otherwise, and full of acute perceptions, for the same reason; but it is far from helping one to feel better about

[1] *Penrod.* By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] *The Light of Western Stars.* By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

[3] *Overland Red.* New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[4] *Cross-Trails.* By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Bros.

[5] *The Forester's Daughter.* By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

[6] *North of Fifty-Three.* By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[7] *The Return of the Prodigal.* By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

life. Uplift, of course, is not what we are entitled to demand of those who pleasantly tickle our intellects, but certainly we have the right to ask that the mental stimulus they give shall be such that we forget for the time being that we have other needs. The best work of Henry James invariably does this for the entranced reader, and most of Mrs. Wharton's short stories have a like power.

A perfect short story must be so good that it does n't matter in the least what it is about! Miss Sinclair's present deficiency in this magic may be partly because her talent needs space, needs room in which to turn, a thing the short story does not provide, but one is also obstinately sure that it needs more sun, and dew, and country air. See what a long vacation has done for Arnold Bennett! *The Price of Love*[1] has not the impressiveness or bulk of the *Old Wives' Tale*, but it has more of the zest and therefore the captivation of that book than anything the author has since produced.

On the other hand, the atmosphere of *The Duchess of Wrexe*[2] is absolutely devitalized. We have a delirious vision of the unfortunate author, like a mouse under a bell-glass in the popular experiment, spinning and gasping for air. He has conceived the big idea of incarnating the Victorian era and the twentieth century and setting them to hate one another in his pages. In order to carry this out, it is rather necessary to know what the Victorian era was and what the twentieth century is, and to vitalize both. With all respect for Hugh Walpole's ambition and for his talent, he has not succeeded in a task at which better men might well fail. Such a book needs ten years of brooding study, and then oxygen — and more oxygen.

An idea strikes me — can it be not so much London smoke as the shadow of H. G. Wells that glooms depressingly over the work of the younger Englishmen? Wells is gradually working his own way out of the gray cloud that cloaked so much of his earlier work, but it still lowers over his pupils, who probably admire him for his defects — as pupils have a trick of doing. Wherever in a young writer you meet mention of the 'hinterland' of our consciousness, or much talk of 'muddle-headedness,' you may know it is the brand of Wells on his brain.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan is another more-than-promising talent quite shrouded in what a Celt might term The Gloom. But about his work there is a definite maturity and independence both of conception and execution that forbids one to hope that he will cast the gray cloud aside. His new novel, *Old Mole*,[3] is strikingly conceived and very cleverly produced, for Mr. Cannan's ability to write is unquestioned, but — but — well, it will never find any man where he lives, because so few men live on that street! If the average reader finds anything human alien to him, that thing is probably the inner life of an agnostic *intellectuel*. The audience of Old Mole's story not only will not be very large, it will not be very enthusiastic. The book will arouse enthusiasm only in other agnostic *intellectuels*, most of whom are too busy writing books of their own to care much for this careful, competent study of one of themselves. The present critic's feeling about this admirable piece of work is clearly crude, but comes to this: Cannan's characters do not live. This seems to be because they have no souls. One does not know what the author can do about the matter.

[1] *The Price of Love.* By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *The Duchess of Wrexe.* By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[3] *Old Mole.* By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Probably nothing, as he obviously suspects souls of being a Victorian superstition. But they are, still, a necessary ingredient in compelling fiction. For there is a deep-rooted instinct in every reader that says to claimants for his attention, 'If you are n't going to live to-morrow, what do I care how you behave to-day?' In other words, the appetite for serious fiction is, really, rooted deep in a conviction of the fundamental significance and permanence of Man.

If Old Mole's hemoglobin is below seventy, that of Joe Munta in *Storm* [1] is one hundred plus. He once runs amuck for more than an hour with a hole in his skull the size of a half-dollar. The picture we get of a dark, troubled, slow-moving mind poisoned by a rage slowly mounting to white fury, is a little diffused but very impressive.

The theme is such a one as Joseph Conrad used to delight in. *Chance* [2] indicates that the latter is now choosing subjects somewhat closer to everyday life. He has been turning out admirable fiction for the last eighteen years or so, and is only now coming into his reward. Popularity tarried, because at first he wrote of elemental passions and strange lands with the psychological acuteness and complex style of Henry James. People who wanted adventure stories shied at his style and his psychology; people who wanted style and psychology shied at his elemental stage-settings, supposing them appropriate backgrounds for melodrama only. But the elect read him and rejoiced. It has just occurred to his publishers to advertise his new novel inside a halo of quotations showing what the elect think of him. The result is so satisfactory from the counting-room standpoint, that one wonders they did n't think of it long ago. *Lord Jim* was a more astonishing piece of work than *Chance*, yet the latter is subtle, deft, and strong. It also takes the reader into the novelist's laboratory and shows him how the trick is turned. The myriad acute deductions from a few observed facts remind one of the sublimated guesswork of *The Sacred Fount*, but unlike that masterpiece of intangibility, they do not make one's head swim. The author's place is high among the half-dozen novelists of the era who offer intellectual stimulus rather than emotional relaxation.

The publication of *Vain Oblations*,[3] Mrs. Gerould's first collection of tales, marks the formal entrance into our literature of a new and striking talent. The book demonstrates anew the extraordinary American gift for the short story as well as the author's personal facility in that difficult art. Not since Mrs. Wharton's first appearance in this field have we had anything so wholly satisfactory. Mrs. Gerould's style has the same carefully wrought complications, all tending to full and final illumination, which we note in Mrs. Wharton. That is to say, her work belongs to the school of Henry James, but it has great precision, definition, brilliancy. The brilliancy of Henry James is that of 'indirect lighting,' it is diffused and mellow; the author of *Vain Oblations* flashes the electric lantern of pointed phrase here and there upon her subject, picking out its saliencies with vivid lightnings. As yet her perceptions are largely ironic. One says 'as yet' because, while many writers begin there, few of the first order cease their explorations of the universe in that particular frame of mind.

Mrs. Gerould's themes range from

[1] *Storm*. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *Chance*. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[3] *Vain Oblations*. By Katharine F. Gerould. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

the bitter ironies of fate to the hideous malignancies of warped human nature. Stripped of their graces of style, her themes sound melodramatic enough. In one, a woman, hidden and remote, gloats over the headlines detailing the trial and execution of her hated husband for alleged murder of herself. In another, a man who romantically marries a woman that he may assist in her pious search for the grave of a *fiancé* killed in an African expedition, stumbles upon the lover still alive, just as the relations between his wife and himself have become vital. In the title-story, the ironic horror is too great to handle in any sentence of description. One might say that jungles obsess Mrs. Gerould's imagination: the actual jungles of Africa with their terrors for the body; the unillumined jungles of Chance with their fatal pitfalls; the impalpable jungles of the spirit where the hideous things of human nature lurk. Such subjects require sanity and balance in handling, and these our new artist has in such large measure as to quiet all apprehension concerning the satisfactory evolution of her talent. She has, if she so wills it, come to stay.

Another new writer whose work has the finer and more lasting qualities is Miss Margaret Lynn. *A Step-daughter of the Prairie*[1] is not fiction. It is biography touched with just that quality of perception which transforms the personal and fleeting into the universal and enduring. We have in it the picture of a prairie-child who despised her familiar prairies, looking elsewhere, as children will, for romance and interest. All the little incidents of childhood, amusing and adequate in themselves, fit into the development of her final consciousness of her life as springing from the prairie, colored by it, belonging to it, although that prairie disappears beneath the plough and exists no more forever on the face of earth. This is the way Nature makes the child her own; this is why the country child has stamina and character that the city child will always lack. Out of her own early experiences Miss Lynn develops a fundamental race-truth delicately and delightfully. It is not an easy thing to do.

Merely as an educational measure, is there no way of compelling young novelists to read one another's books? It is well known that usually they have n't the time and don't care to take the trouble, yet, granted a certain patience with one another, they could thus accumulate really priceless information. Here, for instance, is a heap of tales — *The Milky Way*,[2] *Gray Youth*,[3] *The Salamander*,[4] *The Masques of Love*[5] — whose writers might advantageously confer together. All these books are about what used to be called in the middle eighties 'the revolting daughters.' We thought we knew something about them then, these bachelor-maids, these damsels-errant who scorn domestic duties and set forth to see life for themselves, like their brothers; but thirty years ago they were namby-pamby, unenterprising, level-headed creatures compared with their sisters of to-day. At that time no publisher's reader would have passed favorably upon *The Milky Way*, not because the heroine is so daring but because she is so foolish.

Out of respect for that much-written-about object, The Child, Miss Viv Lovel, wandering artist, picks up a stray one, casually, — in a boat-accident to be exact, — and tucks it under her

[1] *A Step-daughter of the Prairie.* By Margaret Lynn. New York: The MacMillan Co.

[2] *The Milky Way.* By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[3] *Gray Youth.* By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[4] *The Salamander.* By Owen Johnson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

[5] *The Masques of Love.* By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Bros.

arm as she travels. In the same casual way she annexes a 'pal' named Peter Whymperis, and a half-witted maid. The maid is necessary because as 'Viv' must wander hand-in-hand through Provence with the 'pal,' making sketches for a book he is to write, some one must occasionally wash the adopted baby's face. The half-wittedness is equally necessary, as an ordinary intelligence would find itself painfully out of place among these light-hearted reformers — for they are all social theorizers of course.

Now, if Miss Tennyson Jesse could have read *Gray Youth* before writing *The Milky Way*, she might even have left it unwritten. Oliver Onions knows a surprising number of things that are really true, none of which have yet occurred to this very, very young great-grand-niece of Tennyson — to whom be dreamless peace in his deep grave! For instance, he knows that people who talk too much, especially art-students, 'end by not knowing a word they have been saying,' and by becoming unable to do any work worth mentioning; 'word-sodden' is the way he describes this alarming and rather prevalent condition.

Perhaps also if Owen Johnson had read *The Masques of Love* before writing *The Salamander*, he might have realized, for he is quick and clever, that he was not representing the heroine of that sensational story as she saw herself, even when intending to give her point of view. The two books present, one a masculine and one a feminine view of a girl who seeks to go on the stage because she wants to 'taste life.' Mr. Johnson, while admitting in his title and his preface that his heroine goes through fire unscathed, concentrates upon the fire, how hot and how red it is, how nearly it scorched her and how passing wonderful it is that she emerges, like the three Children of Israel from the fiery furnace, with no smell of smoke upon her garments. The author of *The Masques of Love* has very little to say about the fire. She gives a pleasant story of a nice girl who gets some hard knocks and a good deal of enlightenment, but it remains a pleasant story of a nice girl throughout. In tasting life she takes only ladylike bites, though her behavior at times is rather unconventional. In comparison Mr. Johnson's Doré seems to gobble and choke. And yet one suspects that if a real Doré told her own story instead of having it told for her by an outsider, a mere man, she would not represent herself as a sensational Salamander, but rather as a twin to the heroine of *The Masques of Love*. For it is precisely because she sees herself as a nice girl that any Salamander walks through furnaces unscathed. That is the amulet, that is the shield. So long as the nice girl cannot see herself otherwise, she cannot be otherwise, and it is greatly to be hoped that she will retain that vision through all her scorching experiments.

People who know what they think about the world may excuse themselves from reading any of these tales; people who don't know what they think may be helped to illumination by *Gray Youth*. Mr. Onions is not only the cleverest, he is also quite the most advanced of the younger English novelists. He sees that the next step forward is a long step back. For most talk is futile, and most theories are trash. The Conventions, and Duty, and Goodness, all those Victorian notions, are due to come in again. They will shortly be the mode in moralities, the very latest thing. If there were no other reason, — but the author of *Gray Youth* knows all the reasons, — they are absolutely essential to a colorful and interesting life, and youth without them is drab indeed.

LIFE'S NON-SEQUITURS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

THAT afternoon over the teacups we talked of the first foreign phrases which had imposed upon our vernacular, and an amusingly incongruous assortment was let loose. Only a few, we felt, were authentic, most of them being offered because of lack of time to recall the actual from the misty deep. The *je vous aime* of our first valentines, family and school mottoes, some phrase mother or nurse had sung, were however, interrupted by one given in no uncertain inflection, — '*Non-sequitur.*'

'It does not follow!' we translated in chorus.

'Does n't it!' was the speaker's retort. 'Try it and see!'

She had risen and pulled on her gloves as she launched that laughing challenge, and would neither expatiate nor be detained; and by a curious turn of fate none of us ever saw her again. It followed as the night the day that as the phrase had (as we afterward found) punctuated and influenced her whole life, so it could not fail in some small way to sway ours. My own vocations had more and more drifted into the gentle and devious streams of inconsequence, but now I deliberately sent my thoughts questing into quiet pools of literature and sparkling eddies of conversation, over the shallows of the merely ridiculous, down the foaming rapids of life, trusting for an outlook at last over the ultimate sea. You must therefore bear with me (a pretty non-sequitur!), with me and my *vade mecum*, for it is not paradoxical to claim that what did not follow might cannily accompany me. So would have borne with me the good New England woman who was heard to thank her Creator for placing all the great rivers beside the great towns; so would the sympathetic soul who, hearing of a man having the small-pox twice and dying of it, begged to know if he died the first time or the second; so would Wackford Squeers, whose injured legs prevented his holding a pen; so would the curate whose voice was so thin that it was good only to read fine print; so would the man who got into the theatre without a ticket by the simple process of walking backward, which made the ticket-taker believe he was going out.

The non-sequitur that I know myself, — so inevitably does it follow that the phrase becomes a substantive, — admits only a collateral kinship with the muddle-headed. I may not act according to logical sequence or the law of reason; I may defy the reasonable inference; I may be, I certainly am, illogical, unreasonable, inconsequent, irrelevant; but I have no doubt in my own mind that I shall arrive. This the muddle-headed person seldom does. Instance the woman who pitied the people living before the Christian era because of the inconvenience they must have had in being obliged to count the years backward. The distinction is fine, I admit, and beg Stevenson to help me: 'How I arrived at his conclusion I do not know. A man with a cold in his head does not necessarily know a rat-catcher.' The opening words show that Stevenson got

there. Little Tommy was not muddle-headed when he said that if the fire alarm had struck four the fire would have been in his district. He went to the crux of the matter as directly as did Mrs. Carlyle when she declared that *Frederick the Great* was a terrible piece of work and she wished that Frederick had died when a baby.

I brush, in passing, a third class, far too clever to be dubbed muddle-headed, far too forthcoming to be non-followers, — unless by their superlative quality of non-sequiturness they lead the procession, like many another leader, from the rear. This class expresses the opposite of what it says. Bergson cites one instance: 'My dear boy, gambling on 'Change is very risky, you win one day and lose the next.' — 'Well then, I'll gamble only every other day.' Variations which occur on every comic page include the man who being assured that with a certain kind of stove he could save half his fuel, decided to buy two stoves and save it all. The expressions of defeat on the face of the father and of the stove merchant testify that the respondents were not of the illimitably inane. The incursion of these actors into this leafy maze thrusts home upon me the fact that the non-sequitur is no passive but an active non-follower. Sidney Lanier, exasperated by the strange methods of a brother poet, said that as far as he could make out, 'Walt Whitman's argument on Democracy was that because a prairie is wide therefore debauchery is admirable; and because the Mississippi is long therefore every man is God.' A clear conviction of what to avoid necessarily influences the wanderings of even the most unarriving non-sequitur.

The twentieth century is responsible for the rise of many a vagary, but the quality of non-sequiturability is not one of them. Eighteen centuries ago Seneca wrote, 'There are inconsequential studies as well as inconsequential men. Didymus wrote four thousand books wherein he is much concerned to discover where Homer was born; and some people are very anxious to know how many oars Ulysses had. Am I the more just, moderate, valiant or liberal for knowing that Dentatus was the first man who carried elephants in procession?' Juvenal laughed at those who affect the principles of the Curii and live like Bacchanals. They have their counterparts, however, in the French of to-day who, Rolland assures us, are too clever to bring their literature into practice. 'These Diderots are in private life honest citizens.' Many of us know women of the hour whose ruthless feminist theories combine, in Conrad's happy phrase, with a blameless conventionality in domestic practice. One of the most remarkable non-sequiturs in history is the case of Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources hitherto unsuspected, and yet himself fulfilled all the loftiest demands made by the morality now preached among us.

'What! You a hare and hunting for game?' runs the old Latin proverb. Decidedly, yes. I have come, like my friend over the tea-cups, to watch eagerly for this subtle something 'which does not follow,' never quite content till it appears and can be used as a conservative working factor in the subsequent proposition. When I catch Shakespeare nodding, — why, — that proves it is Shakespeare and not some smaller artist racked with the insomnia of omniscience. When I see the historian lingering intently over events and characters which are only supposed to have happened or wrought, I know that with a seer's eye he has discovered what has influenced and will truly influence men and nations. When I begin Montaigne's essay on Lame People, and find it a dissertation on miracles,

I am diverted but not surprised. When I see parents seeking for their daughters the best educational advantages and then launching them no less eagerly into a life that discounts intellectual endeavor, the contented heart and clear-eyed perception of values; or when I hear fathers 'citing Polonius to their sons and calling it Shakespeare,' I am surprised but not diverted.

Rabindranath Tagore, after hours of brooding and remembering that his life had once a different shape, said: 'Many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my Playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him, and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence,' — and from his wisdom, in my most perplexed moments, I take heart of expectancy.

The current idea of evolution is that it has taken place not continuously but by jumps. Many of us attained our stature so — for years just up to mother's shoulder and then, in a few months, above her. The salvation of children is that parents cannot make of them just what they wish ('another you? oh, no: one is enough!'). Our most valuable chemicals are the unexpected combinations and residuums of the experimenter; our finest hybrid plants the sport-work of bees and humming birds.

Chicago promotes a great drainage canal to rid itself of noxious sewage; then suddenly the scientist says, 'Give me this sewage, and I will return you yearly the superior milk of a hundred thousand cows.' But the antecedents of the two conclusions were the same, — the desire for the health and wealth of the city community. Is the soot wasting from a million chimneys the sequitur or the non-sequitur of commercial conservation? Perhaps every proposition has two legitimate conclusions which nevertheless contradict each other. That two and two make four is undisputed till some child puts her block figures side by side and proves to us that the result is twenty-two. When some one in Parliament sneered at Goethe's statement that the beautiful is higher than the good, John Stuart Mill broke the silence to offer his own interpretation that the beautiful is the good made perfect. It was he who begged us to be indulgent to the one-eyed: the votary of life's little non-sequiturs claims the same indulgence for even the two-eyed who see double.

If the years teach us any one lesson more than another, it is that we must not be dogmatic about results. We cannot say with impunity 'do this and that will follow: here is the theory, there the life, hence' — we laugh and turn away. 'What! is it done?' the much-belated wife of the minister asked him at the church door. 'No, my dear, it is said: it remains to be done.' Evolution, said and done, is gainsaid, yet ever doing. Inevitable old age is itself but a kind of non-sequitur in that it so often assumes a new and charming attitude toward the facts and problems and solutions of life.

We cannot confine so elusive a thing as a non-sequitur to a formula. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon; there is one season of the northern hemisphere and another of the southern. It is a provision of nature for leaves to fall, platitudinizes the oak; the pine tosses its head and laughs aloud. Sleep, we say, is a natural thing. Some one has asked us to contemplate the consternation of a visitant from a sleepless sphere at seeing the whole world lie down dead for a third of its time. A young wife in China writes me that native Christians who saw her husband kiss her before a brief separation, gave the matter prayerful consideration

and finally begged him, for the sake of the cause, to desist from such practice, for 'if he does it to his wife what would he not do to other women!'—the only possible sequitur from the Oriental point of view.

Livingstone led some natives of the interior of Africa on a toilsome march to the sea. When they came in sight of the ocean the men fell on their faces to the ground. 'We were marching along with our father,' they reported afterward to their people, 'believing what the ancients had told us, that the world had no end. Then all at once the world said to us, "I am finished: there is no more of me."' In such unsophisticated but lofty words, they expressed their conscious impotence before the unknown conclusion. We, to whom the sea is but a feature of the landscape, know that it is but a new point of departure for other *terra firma*. Other non-sequiturs that still frighten us may be but the simplest of axioms to the great initiated: harmonious, inevitable resolutions of earlier dissonances.

What influence do the non-sequiturs of life, whether they strike us on the funny bone, or pat us on the heart, or lead our thoughts to the shore of the infinite,—what influence do they exert over us? My earliest perception of them was as though I had been driving along a straight road and suddenly realized that the horse had wandered off into a meadow, and stopped beside a frisky little brook with everything around unfamiliar and delicious. Of course it was crazy, my getting there: I ought to blush; but oh, the fun of it! The digression was, as Sterne said, like sunshine. Somehow, just so my later non-sequiturs have become points of departure for golden dreams and silver realities: just so have I sometimes reached obscure souls on their secret paths.

If nothing more, the non-sequitur teases one into thinking it out, or into trying to think it out; the endeavor being more operative than the solution sought. Some one has said that the ten commandments are not authoritative because they are commanded, but because they are true. So, if the non-sequitur be true, it is both authoritative and influential.

Breasting the stream of the irrelevant is quite a different thing from the swimming in some folks' heads to which Socrates attributed the flux of the world. No one could play with words like Socrates, yet he laughed at Euthydemus's anger at himself for exacting precise statements where he had thought to catch the philosopher in a shower of words. 'When do you think, Theætetus,' Socrates might have asked that charming youth, 'when do you think the non-sequitur becomes the sequitur?' And how smilingly he would have led him along to some such conclusion as this: 'Set out vaguely for the non-sequitur, and the logical sequitur is bound to follow; while with a goal clearly proposed and manfully sought, the result, however seemingly syllogistic, will somehow prove a beneficent non-sequitur.' If we have watched over and cultivated and restrained body and mind and soul, their combinations, like those of a kaleidoscope, may astonish but can never humiliate us. If we have worked persistently toward certain results, our efforts may be no guaranty that we shall reach those particular results, but the non-sequitur will be odds in our favor.

How then shall we greet this inevitable non-sequitur in our lives, this illogical sequence of our former studies, of the influence of others, of environment, of circumstance, of the flux of the world? Be sure that we welcome it with a shout, interrogate it, react on it, do something to it. It may, as in

cat's cradle, come back with the next change of hands, to a familiar position with which we know how to deal, the little episode having served to lift the horizon for us; or, if not, lo, a chance to learn the solution of a new combination full of endless possibilities! Our principal business with the non-sequitur, as I see it, is just the grace to use it. Not to rebel and cry out for

> unruled stars and a truth untrue,

but to accept the eternal law, finding therein a firm if unexpected

> footing for the soul;
> Discern a height beyond all heights
> A depth beyond all depths. —
> For these, despair is like a bubble pricked.

It does not follow? Does n't it? Well, as my friend said over the teacups, try it and see.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY FLORENCE T. HOLT

MOTHER and child! Though the dividing sea
Shall roll its tide between us, we are one,
Knit by immortal memories, and none
But feels the throb of ancient fealty.
A century has passed since at thy knee
We learnt the speech of freemen, caught the fire
That would not brook thy menaces, when sire
And grandsire hurled injustice back to thee.
But the full years have wrought equality:
The past outworn, shall not the future bring
A deeper union, from whose life shall spring
Mankind's best hope? In the dark night of strife
Men perished for their dream of Liberty
Whose lives were given for this larger life.

MEDITATIONS ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

THERE is an illuminating expression that is used now and then — 'When I come to think about it.' It is generally used when a controversy is over or an unwelcome truth at last admitted, and there is nothing more to be done about it. A person has had a very decided opinion and has expressed it with great vehemence. All his efforts have proved unavailing and the thing against which he protested has come to pass. Then, in a sudden burst of common sense, he resolves to sit down and think about it.

Why he did not adopt this meditative method in the first place he cannot exactly explain. Perhaps it is because in the struggle for existence man is compelled to be an active rather than a reflective creature. Thought is apt to come in the form of an afterthought. Wisdom is essentially retrospective.

The process of thinking things over in advance would save us from a great many antagonisms. Reflection has a soothing effect upon the mind if it is properly managed. We talk of Time as the great reconciler. This is true only when time is taken for fruitful meditation. The man described in the first Psalm, who was accustomed to meditate on the law of the Lord day and night, must have avoided many irritating conflicts with his neighbors. He had better things to think about. Marcus Aurelius, who was much given to meditation, saw that it was folly to 'Cæsarize.' Most emperors waste a great deal of time in Cæsarizing.

Meditation has an advantage over discussion. It takes two to carry on a discussion, whereas any one who is so disposed can meditate. Moreover in a discussion we are limited. We cannot contemplate the whole subject, but we must take one side while our opponent takes the other. We cannot look at the facts as they go about their ordinary business in the actual workaday world. They must be mobilized. They leave their peaceful avocations, hurriedly put on a uniform, and flock to the colors. When we review them we think of nothing but their fighting value.

However conscientiously we choose sides, we must reject or ignore some fact which in other moods we should recognize as having significance. We must sacrifice everything to efficiency. Sometimes we must assume something which is quite doubtful, for the sake of the argument. To change sides is an awkward and perilous manœuvre, like changing seats in a canoe. In order to preserve the equilibrium of the discussion we must keep our original place.

But in meditation we are free. We can consider one side and then the other without embarrassment. If we change our opinion because the weight of evidence has shifted, there is no one to exult over us and make us ashamed. If we recognize that we have been mistaken in our assumptions, there is no one to say, 'I told you so.' We quietly make the necessary adjustments to ever-changing reality, and go on with our business of thinking. We are not required to reach any predetermined

conclusions. We have no nervous anxiety to catch any particular train of thought, as we are traveling on our own feet, and are willing to put up wherever the night finds us. Hence it is that, while discussions go on with great vigor, and few are convinced except of the righteousness of their own cause, meditation often brings unexpected results. When we meditate we sometimes change our minds. This is a beneficent achievement, for it renders it unnecessary for us to spend all our strength in attempting to change the order of the universe and the whole direction of human progress, in order to get a sense of the fitness of things.

It sometimes happens that by relaxing our minds, and especially our wills, we get at possibilities of harmony between elements which seemed to be in hopeless antagonism. A contemplative attitude allows us to see the general direction in which things are going. On the evening of a national election we are more apt to get the news by staying away from our own party headquarters, where only one kind of news is promulgated.

Few subjects have of late been more vehemently debated than the extension of the right of suffrage to women. It seems to offer peculiar enticements to controversialists. So much can be said for and against it, and so easily. Moreover it is a debate which is peculiarly adapted to those of regular habits who do not care to go far afield in search of opponents. It can be carried on uninterruptedly in the home circle.

Persons who love to discuss the different ways in which civilization is about to be ruined, and who evoke the various perils that threaten, are often embarrassed by the difficulty of visualizing the dangers that impend. The Yellow Peril, the Slav Peril, Pan-Germanism, Pan-Islamism, and the rest, are foreign in their nature, and need the historic imagination to realize them. But a citizen who gets the notion that the Woman-Peril threatens to overwhelm all things holy, may see it smiling at him across the tea-table. It is no figment of the imagination that confronts him. And the Peril can always talk back when he cries Avaunt!

But while there is a great amount of serious—and less serious—discussion, there seems to be a lack of meditation. There is the strident cry of 'Votes for Women!' which is answered by negative voices not always as gentle as one might expect. There are the exaggerations which always accompany partisan discussion.

It would be a counsel of perfection to ask any one to meditate on Votes for Women with the same detachment with which one might meditate on the Passage of Time, the Beauties of Nature, or the Vanity of Human Greatness. But a certain amount of meditation is possible even to the most earnest. Meditation dwells on the obvious, on broad aspects of the subject that always form the common background of every discussion.

There are things so obvious that clever people never mention them: they 'go without saying.' It is, however, necessary now and then to say them just to remind ourselves that they are still going. Some of these obvious considerations may be suggested as profitable for some leisure hour when we are not anxious to convince any one, but only to clear our minds of prejudices which disquiet us.

II

That women have existed since the beginning of the human race, and have always taken part in human development.

This is a fact which seems to be ignored rather than contradicted by

eager disputants. Yet in reality it is very important and comforting.

In reading certain feministic literature one suffers from a nervous shock, such as comes when the fire-engines rush up to put out a fire in the kitchen stove. In fact there are two shocks — first, that which comes from the thought that there is a great conflagration, and then that which comes from the discovery that nothing has happened out of the ordinary.

There is an urgency as of some new and unheard-of power that has just come into the world. Heretofore this has been a man's world arranged for his convenience. Now Woman has appeared, open-eyed and armed, and all things are to be changed. Religion, the State, the Family, are to be reorganized according to a strictly feministic plan. If the ultimatum is not at once accepted we may look for that dreadful catastrophe, a sex war.

No wonder that the honest citizen awakened by the loud cry is not in the best of humor. And when he is called opprobrious names, like Victorian and early-Victorian, he is inclined to be surly. It is all so sudden. It appears that all the ideals of womanhood that he has revered are to be overturned and trodden under foot by cohorts of Amazons shouting, 'Down with the Home.'

Now, the honest citizen loves his home as he loves nothing else, and does not take kindly to the idea that it should be destroyed. There is a certain vagueness about the threats. Just exactly what the new plan is, he does not know. The only thing in the programme of revolutionary Feminism that he can get hold of, and that lies within the sphere of practical politics, is the demand for the ballot. Here is a limited battle-ground where the friends of the Home and of Christian marriage can make a stand. They can put up a stout resistance till they can know what it is all about.

If the home-loving citizen would sit down and think about it, he would realize that this is a false alarm. The entrance of woman into the sphere of human action is no new thing. She has always been here, and has always been influential. Such civilization as we have is largely of her making. If civilization itself is a crime she has been accessory both before and after the fact.

We cannot treat half the human race as an altogether unknown quantity. That women can fight is no new discovery. Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite knew how to wield a hammer for her cause. Let any one who is alarmed at the advent of women in industry meditate on the business woman described in the book of Proverbs.

'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . . She bringeth her food from afar. She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good. . . . She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle. . . . She maketh herself coverings of tapestry. . . . She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.'

Having taken over the woolen and flax industry with the business of spinning and weaving, having engaged in agriculture and dealt in merchandise and real estate, she superintended the general charities. 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.' There was nothing left for her husband but to sit at the gate and praise his wife.

Nothing in the modern situation is quite so one-sided as this ancient description of the sphere of women. But somehow men have survived.

I suspect that this bit of Feministic literature represented an ideal that was not always realized. It was the exceptional Hebrew woman rather than the average.

As to the present-day Feminism, we must remember that it represents a literary cult. It is a descriptive term like Realism, or Romanticism, or the Lake Poets.

When you attempt to read the literature of the Futurists you are not alarmed about the future. There is no danger that it will be like that. When the future comes, the present-day Futurists will seem not weird but only quaint. And when you read a Feminist book with its astonishing programme, you need not fear that that is what women will do when they get the vote. You are only reading what one woman thinks they would do if they were all as clever as she is.

You say that you are glad that they are not. You prefer the common sense and domestic feeling of the average women to these literary vagaries. Perhaps you are right. You may be interested in a simple little device by which the opinion of the average woman might from time to time be ascertained.

III

That while men and women have been a long time on the earth, it does not follow that new types may not be developed from time to time.

Though Feministic theories must not be taken too literally, they are yet suggestive of changes that are taking place. The essential thing is that many women are becoming conscious of what some women have always felt, that some of the limitations which have been accepted as natural are in reality only conventional, and so can be removed.

The only way to determine what is natural and what is conventional is by the method of experiment. By pushing against every barrier women can force those barriers that are artificial to give way. In this struggle for freedom there must necessarily be evoked a challenging spirit which is not very gracious.

In a miracle play a veiled figure is introduced and walks across the stage. It is explained that this is Adam as he goes to be created.

Always among the completed characters that crowd the stage is the inchoate figure of the creature that is on the way to be created. The Old Adam is a well-known character, but the New Adam is an enigma. In each successive generation there is a conversation like this:—

'How do you do, Adam?'

'I do not do. I am not a creature. I am The About-to-be-Created.'

'I wonder how you will turn out when you are created?'

'I don't know,' growls Adam, 'but I do not intend to be like you.'

This is ungracious and does not tend to endear the new candidate for existence to those whose self-esteem is wounded. But when the New Adam has been created there is more family resemblance to the Pre-Adamites than he is willing to admit.

The New Woman is inclined to scout all the ideals of womanhood that have gone before. She intends to be absolutely different. This is because she is on her preliminary walk across the stage. After the New Woman has been created the newness will gradually wear off and the ineradicable womanliness will come out. We may be quite sure of that.

IV

That theories are sometimes several sizes too big for their practical applications.

When John Knox was in the thick of his fight for religious, or rather for Presbyterian, freedom, he found that the fiercest opposition came from a few royal women. Margaret continued in the Netherlands the persecution which Isabella of Castile had carried on in Spain. Mary Stuart and her mother were implacable foes of the Presbytery, and Mary Tudor sat on the throne of England.

It was no wonder therefore that the fiery reformer made a sweeping generalization and identified feminine influence with Popery. He remembered the conflict of Elijah against Jezebel, and he blew the First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.

But before a second blast could be blown 'Bloody Mary' died and Elizabeth came to the throne. Knox was too good a Scotchman to give up a doctrine which he had once promulgated, but on the other hand he was too good a politician to insist on strict construction under the changed circumstances. He remembered that Jezebel was not the only woman mentioned in the Bible. There was Deborah who ruled Israel wisely. Of course Deborah was an exception. Elizabeth was a second Deborah, and therefore a second exception.

The predicament of Knox is that of all eager controversialists. A decent respect for the opinion of mankind induces us to put our contention on some broad grounds which mankind can appreciate. Issues that are in reality local and limited are discussed as if they involved the whole universe. There is always a satisfaction in believing that the stars in their courses are fighting for us. We try to identify the stellar orbits with our plan of campaign.

Suppose the question arises whether it is expedient that women should vote in the state of Connecticut. This is really a finite proposition. But when it becomes a subject of debate it expands into the infinite. It takes on a cosmic character. The biologists, the anthropologists, the physiologists, and the animal psychologists, all are called to give expert testimony. Even the botanists take a hand, in that their science also takes cognizance of the differences between male and female. Dire prophecies are uttered in regard to the race-degeneracy which would follow an unscientific amendment to the constitution of Connecticut.

The trouble with these scientific arguments is that they prove too much. If the analogy of plants and insects, and even of the higher mammals, is followed, the female of the species should not vote. Neither should she play bridge, or read a newspaper, or attend church, or play the piano. These activities are all without warrant from sub-human experience. It is doubtful if any of them are particularly good for the health.

The fact is that mankind has broken so many precedents, and taken so many risks, for the sake of moral and intellectual improvements, that it is inclined to go its own way. It asks what is right for human beings under civilized conditions. If animals and savages were not able to live in this way, so much the worse for them. The next step in advance is always dangerous. It involves a new adjustment, and the exercise of powers that have not been used. But the only thing to do is to meet the conditions as they arise, and keep as cheerful as possible while doing it.

V

That equal suffrage is not the first step in an impending revolution, but only a necessary adjustment to a revolution that has already happened.

During the last generation some things took place which were really revolutionary. The entrance of women into the colleges and universities, and into business and the professions, marked an advance of great importance. This was a new departure, at least in our modern world. Those who believed in a definite 'sphere' for women had reason to be alarmed at this new departure. It involved many social changes. But these changes did not involve political action, and so were quietly acquiesced in.

Now that the revolution has taken place, multitudes of educated women are in influential positions, moulding public sentiment and directing large institutions. All the functions of citizenship they actually exercise except that of voting at certain elections. We no longer find anything amusing in the term 'strong-minded' applied to a woman. What are colleges for if not to strengthen the mind!

And when our daughters come back from school and college, where their minds have been strengthened and broadened by modern discipline, they naturally seek to use the power they have acquired. Why not?

VI

That the lawless acts of certain English militants only prove that some women are no wiser than some men.

Some men are fanatics, and so are some women. Fanaticism has always accompanied progress, but this does not prove, as some people imagine, that it is the cause of it. Railroad accidents accompany railroading, but do not add to its profits. From the manager's point of view, a train on the track is worth two in the ditch.

Every cause has had its fanatics, persons who in their zeal are willing to sacrifice all other interests to it without regard to the ordinary demands of justice and good fellowship. They demand 'direct action,' which usually means action that disregards the rights of neutrals. No one can tell when a fanatical turn may be given to a movement that has gone on peacefully. The question of the right way of administering the Lord's Supper has been the occasion of most cruel wars. The Anabaptists of the sixteenth century held views which most people in these days would think harmless enough, but then they became the occasion of all sorts of anarchistic outbreaks. There are multitudes of law-abiding people who look forward to the second coming of Christ, but in the meantime go quietly about their business. But there was a time when this expectancy took on a militant form. Wild-eyed Fifth Monarchy men proclaimed the reign of King Jesus, and to bring it in by direct action sought to take London and kill the Lord Mayor. Then it was time to call out the train-bands.

Usually these militant outbreaks can be accounted for, less by anything in the nature of the cause which is fought for than by the general temper of the times. They are evidences of a dangerous nervous tension.

We are able to understand the so-called militancy in England better than we could a short time ago. We see its relation to the movement for suffrage to be more or less accidental. Now that a great war has come, we see how feverish was the condition of the peoples who looked forward to it with suppressed passion and vague foreboding.

Not knowing just whom they were to fight, but feeling that fighting was inevitable, they conceived of everything in militant form.

There were to be wars, not only between Slav and Teuton, but between Celt and Saxon, class wars and industrial wars without number. Even the efforts in behalf of the public health were conceived of under warlike imagery. There were wars proclaimed against the fly and the mosquito and the germs of tuberculosis.

Earnest women, perceiving that they had been denied civil rights, and accepting the prevalent philosophy, imagined that when they were breaking windows and destroying works of art and setting fire to unguarded buildings they were making war. It was supposed to be that appeal to force by which all human rights have been won. Then suddenly, to those who were playing with fire, the great conflagration came. War grim and relentless is upon the world. All make-believe militancies shrink into insignificance.

Those who, carried away by a misleading analogy, thought that the suffrage for women could be obtained by threats, and by sporadic acts of lawlessness, must perceive that their tactics are not now effective. Nations which are fighting for their lives are not likely to be coerced by what are only petty annoyances. When the history of our time comes to be written, militancy will be seen to be a symptom of a disturbed state of the public mind, which preceded the great and terrible war. That women yielded to the nervous strain and for the time lost their balance is not to be wondered at. Men did the same.

VII

That a voter does not vote all the time, but is allowed a number of days off in order to attend to his private business.

This is a consideration that seems to be overlooked by those who insist that if a woman exercises the right of suffrage she must neglect her duties in the home. There is a certain force in this argument. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and we are told that if the conscientious citizen would outwit the machine politician and make good government to prevail he must always be 'on the job.'

But this counsel of perfection must be interpreted in the light of actual circumstances. The citizen who desires good government must also make his living, and to do this honestly requires considerable effort. There must be a reasonable compromise between public and private duty. The citizen cannot spend all his time voting on every question that comes up, for if he did there would be no one to earn money for taxes. So he makes use of various labor-saving devices, and selects persons to do most of his voting for him. This is the very essence of representative government.

Before representative government was invented, the objection just mentioned held. Popular sovereignty — which rests on the principle of limited liability — being unknown, one who exercised sovereignty had to give up all other business.

In the days of the Judges, Jotham shouted from the top of Mount Gerizim a pungent parable. 'The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them.' The useful trees declined the office because it interfered with their proper business. 'The olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"' The fig tree would not leave his figs, nor the vine his wine 'which cheereth God and man.'

The representatives of the better elements having refused the nomina-

tion, it was offered to the bramble, who enthusiastically accepted, and announced his policy, which was at once to destroy the cedars of Lebanon.

If the trees had formed themselves into a republic instead of accepting a monarchical form of government they might have escaped from their dilemma. They would have planned some way by which the olive tree and the fig tree, while still bearing their proper fruit, might participate in the government of the grove, and safeguard their common interests. They might have no time to 'wave to and fro over the trees,' but they might do their share in more solid work.

It is along this line that improvements in government have been made. We must have a certain number of persons who give all their time to highly specialized forms of public work, but there is opportunity also for the private citizen to make his influence felt. Government by the people means that the man of science who cannot leave his researches, the artist who is loyal to his art, the farmer who will not leave his lands untilled in order to talk politics at the village store, all have a chance to influence the policy of their country. If they can find time for nothing else, they can at least vote for the party that comes nearest to their own ideas.

The home-keeping woman's business may make great demands upon her, but the demands are not greater or more insistent than those which come in other businesses in which public-spirited citizens are engaged. Housekeeping is not an absolutely continuous performance, and neither is voting.

VIII

That women in expressing their opinions should be allowed to be as modest and unobtrusive as men.

One cannot meditate always, one must sometimes consult the dictionary. The dictionary informs us that the word vote comes from the Latin *votum* — a vow, a wish, a prayer. The word suffrage has a similar religious meaning, as is indicated by ecclesiastical usage. The suffrage in connection with the Litany indicates the petition to the Good Lord to hear us.

The vote is therefore a kind of petition; it is an expression of personal desire and preference. In this primary sense there is nothing which the most careful person would object to as unbecoming in a woman. As a matter of fact, women always have expressed their preferences, often in the most decided manner.

But it appears that there is a secondary meaning. A vote is the method agreed upon by which a preference or desire may be expressed, as by voice, show of hands, balls, or ballot. It is to the expression of opinion in this orderly way that objection is made. Here we come to the taboo.

A woman may express her opinion in any way that is personal and obtrusive. She may write for the press, address public meetings, organize parties, canvass from house to house, or preach from the pulpit. She may make herself conspicuous as the advocate of any cause she adopts. In all this she is within her rights.

But one method she must not use — the secret ballot. It must be remembered that it is the secrecy of the ballot which distinguishes the voting of the present day from that of previous generations. The elections which Dickens describes were noisy affairs. Each elector had to declare his choice before the crowd. It was a trying performance for a quiet man who might find it hard to resist the pressure put upon him.

It was argued that the man who had

not the hardihood to stand up and declare his preference in the face of a howling mob, or under the scrutiny of his employer, did not deserve to have his opinion considered. But now it is admitted that the quiet man has his rights that must be safeguarded. He is allowed to express his opinion on public matters in an impersonal way and in absolute privacy. The polling booth is his castle, and no one need know how he marks his Australian ballot.

And it is the secrecy and the impersonal character of it that gives it its power. The one thing which the politician is afraid of is the 'silent vote.' After the shouting is all over, and after all those who have ostentatiously 'stood up to be counted' have been counted, there is anxious waiting for another verdict. What do the quiet stay-at-home people who do no shouting think? The decision of great issues rests with them.

The woman who does not object to ostentatious methods has already ample opportunity to make her opinions known and her influence felt. But there are great numbers of women who are thoughtful but who shrink from publicity.

Why should not the quiet stay-at-home women have the same means of expressing themselves which are allowed to quiet stay-at-home men?

SCHOOL

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

Illness broke in upon the beginning of Harold's academic career. He did not get fairly under way until he was seven years old and over. That was not so long ago but that we can easily recall the warm flush of pride with which we received the formal notice that our son Harold had passed his Entrance Examinations for the Second Grade and was now qualified to take up the reading of ordinary numerals to 1000 and Roman numerals to XX, with addition through 9's, and the multiplication table to 5×9, not to mention objective work in simple fractions and problems. The notion of Harold's 'entrance examinations' amused Emmeline intensely. At least, she took occasion during the next two weeks to read the certificate out aloud to visitors, laughing almost spontaneously. But when visitors were not about she would sometimes pull out the printed card and look at it quietly, still smiling, but with no evident signs of hilarity. She said that mornings, after nine, it was very quiet in the house nowadays. It was delightful but strange.

If school brought any spiritual crisis to Harold he gave no sign of it. An extraordinary calm in the face of exceptional circumstances is one of the traits I envy him. Possibly this may be because nobody or nothing that presents itself to him from the outside can ever approach in interest the things that are

going on inside of him. He will be shy before strangers, but I am inclined to think that the Dalai Lama of Tibet would leave him unruffled. Kings and emperors have a logical place in Harold's world of ideas, whereas an ordinary visitor in the house needs to have his presence explained.

Harold's self-possession was shown in the manner in which he conducted himself during his entrance examinations. The questions were oral. He had just been asked to name the days of the week when he noticed that one of his shoe-laces had come loose. He stooped, adjusted his shoe-lace, and gave the days of the week correctly. The operation on his shoe was not completed when he was asked how much is three and four. He solved the problem while still in a semi-circular position. When Emmeline heard of his behavior during the test she was in despair. She foresaw the blasting of Harold's educational career at the very start. She was of a mind to call up the school authorities and let them know that the boy did not usually answer questions from the vicinity of his shoe-tops, and that probably it was nervousness. But the school authorities evidently knew better. They probably discerned in Harold an equanimity of the soul, a Spartan calm, which it is one of the main purposes of pedagogy to develop.

Harold's self-possession is never more conspicuous than during the two hours which intervene between his getting out of bed and his departure for school. The flight of time does not exist for him. He goes about his toilet with exquisite deliberation. If anything, he dresses and washes with greater leisureliness from Monday to Friday than he does on the other two days of the week. It is not an aversion for school. It is not even indifference. Harold does not creep like a snail to school. He goes cheerfully when we tell him that he is ready to go. But while the business of getting him ready is under way he views the process objectively. It is as if some strange little boy were being washed and combed and urged through his breakfast until the moment when, everything being done, the spirit of himself, Harold, enters that alien body and propels it to school. As sailing master of his soul it is not for him to bother with loading the cargo and battening down the hatches. Only when the hawsers are ready to be cast off — it is ten minutes of nine and Emmeline's nerves are on edge — does the master ascend the bridge. Once outside the door of Belshazzar Court he makes excellent speed. I have warned him repeatedly, but he always trots instead of walking, and his manner of crossing the avenue gives us some anxiety on account of the cars and the automobiles.

Sometimes I think that Emmeline and I assume the wrong attitude towards Harold's leisurely ways between seven and nine in the morning. In our behalf it must be said, of course, that getting a boy washed and dressed and fed, with only two hours to do it in, is a task that calls for expedition. But in our anxiety to get Harold off to school in time we are sometimes tempted to overlook the boy's extraordinary spiritual activity during these two hours. It is then that the events of the preceding day pass in swift procession through his mind. At the dinner table the night before Harold has been silent as usual, and apparently indifferent to the conversation. Nevertheless, my remarks about the general European war have been caught and registered for fuller investigation. At the dinner table he is too busy balancing the books of his own daily concerns. In the morning he is a bottomless vessel of curiosity. In the morning, while brushing his teeth or over his egg-cup, he will demand a

detailed statement of the causes behind the present European situation. A stranger watching Harold in the act of pulling on his stockings might suppose that the boy is imperfectly awake. But I know that his stockings get tangled up because he is pondering on the character and motives of the Kaiser and other problems, which must be immediately referred to me who am busy before the shaving mirror.

On such occasions I confess that I frequently dispose of the European situation with a display of summary authority which President Wilson would never tolerate in a Mexican dictator. Or else I describe the Kaiser in a few ill-chosen and inadequate phrases such as naturally suggest themselves to one in a hurry before the shaving mirror. Later I feel that we are unjust to the boy, and neglectful of the educational opportunities he affords us.

If the secret of pedagogy is to find the moment when the child's mind is in its most receptive state, and to feed it with the information which at other times involves effort to absorb, it seems a pity that at 7.30 in the morning I should be busy with my razor and the boy should be driven back on his stockings and toothbrush. I have seldom encountered a human being so eager to be instructed as Harold is at twenty minutes of nine, with his glass of milk still before him. Some day an educational reformer will cut the ground from under the Froebelians and Tolstoïans and Montessorians by devising a system of bedroom and bathroom and breakfast-table education. Under such a system all the instructor would have to do would be to follow the child about while he is getting ready for school, and answer questions. Fifteen minutes with Harold while he is lacing his shoes would give his instructor all the mental spontaneity and spiritual thirst he bargained for.

II

Our knowledge of what happens to Harold at school between the hours of nine and one is fragmentary. From the school syllabus we learn, of course, that besides being engaged upon the art of reading numbers up to 1000 and Roman numerals to XX, supplemented by the multiplication table as far as 5×9, Harold is being instructed in English Literature, in Language, in History beginning with Early Life on Manhattan, in Nature Study, in the Industrial and Fine Arts, in Music and Physical Training. We have, too, occasional reports from the schoolroom regarding Harold's backwardness in concentration and penmanship, as opposed to his proficiency in Language and History.

Then there are mothers' meetings. But either such information is too theoretical to enlighten us concerning what actually goes inside of Harold at school, or else, as in the case of his deficiency in concentration and penmanship, it is too specific. Of the boy's mental growth in the round we have no way of judging except as he reveals himself spontaneously. And Harold reveals very little. His school life falls from his shoulders the moment he steps out into the street. If there were no syllabuses, mothers' meetings, and occasional reports, and we were left to find out the nature of Harold's curriculum from what he offers to tell, our ideas would be even more fragmentary than they are.

What we are compelled to do is to piece together stray remarks at table or while the boy is dressing or undressing, delivered with no particular relevance, or else, if relevant, uttered in a matter-of-fact tone, as having no very intimate relation to himself, much as I might throw out an item from the evening paper to fill up a blank in

conversation. Thus nonchalantly, spasmodically, and some time before I was impelled to consult the syllabus to find out what Harold is supposed to be doing at school, I did find out that he models in clay, that he sews his own Indian suit for the Commencement pageant, that he does practical gardening and folk-dancing. I am not sure about basket-work and elementary wood-carving. We know that he writes, because there has been some complaint about his lack of neatness, which his teacher is inclined to explain as arising from the broader defect of inadequate attention.

You must not suppose that Harold is an indifferent scholar in the sense of being a poor student or devoid of the sense of duty. Of his ambition I am not so sure. The fact remains that he passed his entrance examinations easily, and that at the end of the year, in spite of a month's absence on account of measles, he was promoted to Grade III. Harold is indifferent only to the extent that he does not bring his school away with him as I bring my own work home with me, to worry over. Harold's reticence is partly due to his highly developed sense of the sanctity and sufficiency of his private thoughts. Partly it is due to the capacity of every child to live in the moment and let it drop from him when he passes on to the next interest, whether it be from school to lunch, or from lunch to play, or from play to supper.

But on the whole I consider Harold's lack of conversation about school as in the highest sense a tribute to the efficiency of his teachers, and as evidence that he is happy with them. School has fitted so well into his scheme of life, has been accepted by him as so much a matter of course, that he no more thinks it necessary to refer to school than he would to the fact that he has enjoyed his supper. You have seen children of Harold's age at the shore, rolling like little porpoises in the surf, as happy as it is given to us to be happy here; but I should never expect Harold to join in the porch comment on the temperature of the water and its effect on his appetite or his sleep. Because the truest happiness is that about which we do not babble, I assume that Harold is happy at school. He is helped to that by the fact that he is a normal child, armed against tribulation by a well-seasoned conscience and a sense of his own rectitude.

In conversation at table, Harold's teacher will come up with a sufficient frequency to show that she is a factor in his life. The mention of Harold's teacher will sometimes irritate Emmeline because the boy is in the habit of citing teacher as an authority on elementary truths which Emmeline has been at much pains to inculcate. By way of nothing in particular — Harold's disclosures of his school life are nearly always by way of nothing in particular — he will declare that his teacher said that to bolt food without chewing is bad for the digestion. Inasmuch as Emmeline has devoted several years to training Harold in that important physiological principle, she is rather vexed that a single statement by teacher should have assumed an authority which prolonged instruction on her own part has failed to attain. Or there will be a somewhat harassing dispute as to whether it is time for Harold to go to bed. The next morning while pulling on his stockings, Harold will declare — incidentally, Harold is always in a mood the morning after to confess that he was in the wrong the night before — will declare that his teacher said that boys who did not sleep enough had something or other happen to their chests and shoulders which prevented them from playing football when they grew up. I do not

mean to say that teacher's word will count as against Emmeline's. But it hurts to have the boy look outside for sanctions for a code of behavior in which he has been drilled at home. I imagine that it is in such moments that Emmeline feels the first pangs of a child's ingratitude. But it is a trait which has value and significance. When Harold, who has been drinking milk with his meals since infancy, observes that his teacher said that milk is good for children, it occurs to me that he is only experiencing that need for an external prop for useful habits which is at the basis of religion.

Not that there is in Harold's attitude to his teacher anything of religious awe. She is simply the exponent of the laws of his environment, laws which the boy knows cannot be violated as can so many of the laws enunciated at home which are subject to suspension and modification. To every child, I imagine, school is the place where the rule prevails, and home is the place where exceptions to the rule may be safely invoked. Here is the fallacy in so much modern speculation concerning parents and teachers which would confound the functions of the home and the school by injecting the rule of affection into the school and the rule of discipline into the home. If the home is to remain a little isle of peace for its members I fail to see why Harold should be less entitled than I to invoke its asylum. If I find in the home a refuge from the hard competitive conditions of my business life, Harold should rightly find there a refuge from the fairly rigid rules without which school is inconceivable. I disagree with the prevalent theory in being not at all sure that women who are mothers make the best teachers. And I am not sure that women who have taught children in class make the best mothers. In the externals of method and discipline they may have the advantage. But it is absurd to suppose that the principles which guide a woman in charge of the little community of the classroom are the relations which should subsist between the mother and the handful of children of her own body.

III

An exceedingly complex subject, this question of the freedom of the child. I am not sure that I understand it. Neither am I sure that the militant advocates of the freedom of the child understand it. At any rate, in so many arguments concerning the rights of the child, I find a lurking argument for the rights of the parents as against the child. The great implication seems to be that the modern way for a mother to love her children is to have the teacher love them for her. The modern way to train the child is to deny him the indulgences which he, as the victim of several tens of thousands of years of foolish practice, has learned to expect from his parents. The freedom of the child seems to demand that he shall be restrained in the desire for personal communion with his parents which may interfere with the latter's freedom to realize themselves in their own adult interests; whereas at school the child must not be restrained in going about the serious business of his life. There must be method and discipline in the matter of a child's sitting up after supper to wait for father from the office; but he must be allowed the utmost freedom in learning to read numbers up to 1000 and Roman numerals up to XX. No fetters must be imposed upon Harold's personality when he is studying the date of the discovery of America, but there are rigorous limitations on the number of minutes he is to frolic with me in bed or to interrupt me at the typewriter when I am engaged in

rapping out copy which the world could spare much more easily than Harold's soul can spare a half-hour of communion with me.

Am I wrong in thinking of the reorganized child-life *à la* Bernard Shaw as a scheme under which the schoolboy with shining face creeps unwillingly home and little girls do samplers saying, 'God bless our School'? Home, a phalanstery of individuals, mature and immature, with sharply defined rules against mutual intrusion. School, a place with no rules of conduct save those working secretly, — an anarchy saved from complete chaos by a concealed benevolent despotism *à la* Montessori. The advanced child-culturists puzzle me. In life they just adore self-realization in the face of adverse circumstances. In life they believe that character-building is attained by man's knocking his head against his environment, and love for liberty is nourished only under despotism. Why not apply the same logic to the child in school? What sort of mental and moral fibre is developed by having the child in conflict with nothing in particular? How can any one, child or adult, revolt against the mush of the super-Froebelian, super-Montessorian methods of pedagogical non-resistance?

I know that I am now skirting the edge of the familiar argument that Latin conjugations are not an end in themselves but a discipline. But I am not interested in that mental training which the modern individualists of pedagogy are inclined to dismiss as of little value, but in the formation of character which they are so intimately concerned with. If it is character reactions that they demand, how, I repeat, can a child react in the absence of opposition? It is Mr. Shaw's grievance against the English public school that it made him forget a good deal of the Latin he knew before he entered school. This is, of course, a fatal argument. Any system which would have filled Bernard Shaw with Latin to the exclusion of the qualities which have given us Shaw, would stand condemned. Whereas a scholastic system which set up in the boy exactly the same kind of Shavian reactions which are set up by the present social system in the author of *Fanny's First Play* obviously does not stand convicted of crushing the child's individuality.

So I reassert my suspicion that much of this clamor for the freedom of the child arises from the desire to be spared the trouble of regulating the child. We are more sensitive than the English parent who hands his boy over to the boarding-school, yet we are not prepared to shoulder the trouble of keeping the boy at home. So we still send him away, but insist that his school shall be home, that he shall receive from his schoolmaster the love we deny him, and that respect for his individual soul which it is impossible for any mass institution to realize, and which only the concentration of love and sacrifice in the home can develop.

Incidentally, I am disconcerted by the broad exceptions I am asked to allow to the epoch-making generalizations of the revolutionary educationists. If you will recall that Mr. Shaw, in his discourses on Parents and Children, demands a reconstruction of schools, of homes, and of parents, — in other words, a new world-order, — and all in the name of education, it is a setback to have one of his disciples remark that the master's statements are much more true of England than of America, where children are not whipped and are not so frequently sent off to boarding-school at the age of six. But what becomes then of the universal nature of the Shaw argument? After a powerful indictment against human and social relations, we are reminded

that the indictment will hold only for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The thought occurs that the trouble may not be with human nature but with the United Kingdom, and that instead of revising the home and parenthood and sex relations, we might revise the British educational system. It is as if I were to arise with uplifted arms to heaven and cry out, 'Make a clean sweep of the past, O my brethren; away with the superstitions of family and church and courts and the school. Substitute love and reason for law and reticence, and a glorious new age shall dawn for the people of the Twenty-second Assembly District in the County of New York!'

IV

I should be more vehement against the complicated and expensive machinery of Montessorians and Eurythmicians if I believed their methods to be really as efficacious as people would have me believe. I should then protest against the refinements of an educational system which were within the reach only of the privileged few. I am enough of a *sans-culotte* to grow angry at the thought of all those beautifully balanced systems of pedagogy, of education through music and the dance and rhythmic physical development, which demand elaborate plants, expensive teachers, and a leisureliness which the state and the city can never supply to the children of the masses. If I were a revolutionist of the ardent type, I should be content to make education difficult and expensive, and then insist that all children have it. But I am not a revolutionary optimist, and until the modern state is prepared to spend on its schools fifty times as much as it does to-day, I resent the tendency toward a double system of education, one of joyous and harmonic development for the children of the rich and one of mechanical routine and hard practicality for the other nine children out of ten.

That is, I don't resent it. What I mean is that I should resent it if the advantages of the costly individualistic system of the Montessorians and Eurythmicians were really superior to the ready-made-store-clothes education offered to the children of the democracy. The expensive educational systems are not a cause but an effect. Any system adopted by the rich for the education of their children will result in the bringing up of sanguine, self-assertive, harmoniously developed thoroughbreds. As between the graduate of the Eurythmic schools of Jacques Dalcroze and the graduate of Public School No. 55, Manhattan, I admit that the former will approach much nearer to the Hellenic ideal of free-stepping, graceful, masterful individuality. But it is not Montessori and Dalcroze who make the child of the income-tax-paying classes a superchild. It is the habit of paying income tax that produces superchildren. The mediæval methods of Eton and Harrow have been turning out precisely the ideal product in the shape of the English gentleman, if poise, a rich appetite, and the assumption of one's own supreme worth are what you are striving for.

I am enough of a *sans-culotte* to have been rather cast down when it was decided to send Harold to a private school. There were reasons enough. The boy's health, upon experiment, was not equal to the strain of a school-day from nine till three in the afternoon (actually, Harold's school-day began at eight in the morning because of the part-time system enforced by the overcrowding of the classes, which Montessori will have to take into consideration). Harold's day now is from nine till one, with a brief recess for play and

an intermission for lunch if desired; and a schedule of physical training, nature-study, clay-modeling, basket-weaving, and pageant rehearsals hold out the promise that there will be no overtaxing of the child's mind. (Once more I fall victim to my antiquated prejudices, when I imply that modeling in clay and sewing Indian costumes do not involve a strain on the mind. I know that the newer psychology and the newer pedagogy have shown that there is more cerebration involved in cutting out paper patterns than in memorizing the multiplication table. But I am slave to the old vocabulary. The reader forewarned will make the proper deductions.)

Nevertheless I did feel a pang at separating Harold from the public school. Emmeline laughed and asked whether I was afraid that Harold would turn out a snob. Perhaps I was a bit afraid of that, but at bottom it was not fear that Harold would go to the bad in the private school, but that he would do very well there. In other words, it was the feeling I have just expressed, whether it was fair that Harold should be put into the way of having a very delightful time at school, with light hours under splendid hygienic conditions and work reduced largely to play, while so many children of his age cannot afford such advantages. That is, not advantages. As I have said, Harold will probably not get more out of his small, carefully guarded classes than the other children will get out of the overcrowded classes in the public school. But as a sign of social inequality the thing offended me. If you will, you may call this a gospel of envy. But in my heart I could not help taking sides with the children of the disinherited against Harold as a representative of the exploiting classes.

As to the fear of Harold's turning into a snob, that has long been shown to be completely unfounded. On this subject Harold's itinerary from his school to Belshazzar Court is illuminating evidence. I have said that in the morning Harold trots to school. In the morning Harold probably gets to school in five minutes. Returning, it takes him half an hour. Emmeline has questioned him on the subject. It appears that in returning from school Harold maps a course due north by west by east by south, so as to cover every local bit of topography which comes within his knowledge during the play hours of the afternoon. He tacks around unnecessary corners. He beats his way up a hill in the park which is a favorite tourney place for the marble-players of the vicinity. He skirts the shore of several window-displays, to the contents of which he has turned the conversation at home on several occasions. For five minutes at a time he is totally becalmed against some smooth expanse of brick wall excellent for hand-ball practice, or on a sheltered corner for a bit of preliminary knuckle exercises with his agates and his 'immies.' The White Wing flushing the pavement engages Harold's attention for as long as the work may seem to demand. Then, having assured himself that the world at one-thirty in the afternoon is very much as he left it at six o'clock the night before, he hastens to his lunch.

No, there is little danger of the boy's growing up an aristocrat. The fierce democracy of the Street has him in its grasp. He chooses his playmates by preference from the lower classes. He is like Walt Whitman in the way he singles out the dirtiest little boy in the block and says to him 'Camerado.' He takes the world of his fellow men as he finds it. When Harold was first sent off to school Emmeline was concerned to find a nice little boy for him to play with. She found one in a classmate of Harold's. We invited him to the house

and in half an hour a considerable portion of the wall-paper in Harold's room was hanging in fringes. But in spite of a common basis of taste and temperament the two boys were not much together, for the very reason, I presume, that their friendship had been to some extent imposed on them from above.

No; Harold's tastes go down straight to the foundations of our social structure. Without recognizing class distinctions, he would rather play marbles with the son of a retail tradesman than with the son of a college professor, with the son of a janitor than with the son of a store-keeper. If the janitor is a Negro so much the better. The Negro boys have an advantage over Harold in the matter of tint at the beginning of a game of marbles. But within half an hour Harold has overcome the handicap. If anything, his is the deeper shade of brown, though his color is not so evenly distributed. In such a guise I can recognize Harold by a sort of instinct. But the only way in which a stranger could tell the child of Caucasian descent from the child of the Hamite would be by measuring Harold's cephalic index.

V

It is a serious problem — the profits of democracy and the price we must pay. There are the obvious advantages: the boy's education in the sense of human fellowship without regard to caste and color; his education in the rough and ready but fairly equitable laws of the street; his gain in self-confidence and self-restraint in play; not to mention the extremely beneficent effect on his appetite and his digestion. I have watched the boy at his marbles in the park, more eager, more drunken with the joy of existence, than he is at school or in the house. I have seen him sprawl down on his knees and with the pad of his palm and four outstretched fingers measure off eight or ten horrible hand-spaces in the dust from the hole to his opponent's marble. I have seen him rise from the earth like Antaeus, triumphant but horribly besmirched, with the blue of his eyes gleaming piratically through the circumjacent soil; I have watched him and rejoiced and had my qualms.

The price that Harold pays for democracy is in a slovenliness of speech which I find offensive and Emmeline finds utterly distracting. It seems a pity to have his school drill in phonetics and the memorizing of good literature vitiated by the slurred and clipped syllables of the street. Harold says, 'It is me,' and frequently he says, 'It is nuttin'.' The final *g* of the participle has virtually disappeared from his vocabulary. He sometimes says, 'I ain't got nuttin'.' While Emmeline is distracted I am merely offended, because I recall that there is a great body of linguistic authority growing up in favor of Harold's democratic practices in phonetics and grammar. When Harold says, 'It is me,' Professor Lounsbury should worry. By the time Harold grows up it will probably be good grammar to say, 'I ain't got nothing.' By the time Harold grows up, the Decalogue, in its latest recension, will read, 'Thou shalt not have none other gods before I,' and, 'Thou shalt not bear no false witness against none of thy neighbors.' I must not forget that whereas I was brought up on Matthew Arnold, De Quincey, and Stevenson, Harold is growing up in the age of John Masefield. If literature is to be racy of the soil — and for that matter if not only our speech and our literature, but our morals and our social outlook are to be racy of the soil — if in every section of life the cry is to be back to the land, to the primitive, to the unashamed, sex-education, untram-

meled art, democracy at its broadest, if — well, what I mean is that in any civilization based upon close contact with the soil Harold will not be lost. Soil is right in his line.

I am less concerned with the effect of the street upon Harold's vernacular because the boy seems gratefully immune against the more sordid aspects of the open-air life. His phonetics and grammar are deteriorating, but there is no trace of foulness in his speech or in his thoughts. The reason is that Harold's open-air activities are confined entirely to play. His democracy centres about the ball ground and the marble pit. His absorption in games is so complete — too complete to judge by the nervous exhaustion it sometimes brings — that it leaves no leisure or inclination for idle speech. His technical vocabulary of the game is complete. I sometimes marvel at the ease with which he has mastered the *patois* of sport — those cabalistic words which, shouted at the proper moment, signify that Harold prefers to let his marble rest and have his opponent shoot at him, or that he has chosen to mark off so many hand-spaces in the dirt and shoot at his opponent. But once the game is done he comes upstairs. He does not share in the peripatetics of the gang, and he knows absolutely nothing of the premature intimacies of street childhood with the bitterness of life. On the whole I find the balance is in favor of marbles and democracy.

Harold in the open air is an exceedingly important factor and a badly neglected one in present-day discussion of the child. The talk is either of the school or the home. If play is taken into account it is the regulated play of the school-ground. Yet the street, as the citadel of the liberties of the child, is overlooked. Take the actual question of hours in Harold's day. He spends nearly twelve hours in bed, from seven to seven. He spends two hours, almost, at his meals. He spends four hours at school. He spends five hours, at least, in play. Under such an arrangement all talk about the despotism of school and the despotism of parents loses meaning to me. I have shown that the boy's school-life is happy. But even if it were not, even if his body and soul were subjected to the tyrannies Mr. Bernard Shaw calls up, those twelve hours of sleep and five hours of play are a reservoir of physical and spiritual recuperation which would make life more than tolerable to Harold. On the whole I think I am not less sensitive than Harold to pain and oppression. But if my employer were to let me sleep twelve hours in the twenty-four and play five hours and spend two hours at table, I should consider myself a very happy man.

I have reserved my confession for the very last. I find it difficult to take school at Harold's age — or for that matter at any age — seriously enough to grow extremely agitated over its problems. Montessori or Dr. Birch — the difference is not vast. Naturally I do not go as far as Mr. Squeers. School is just a ripple on the surface of the ocean of young life and feeling, and whether the ripple shapes after the Froebel pattern or the Montessori wrinkle, makes little difference to the depths below. I can make the assertion with confidence about Harold without any very precise knowledge of what are the depths in him.

ITALY'S POSITION

BY GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

I

THE Italian declaration of neutrality in the present war, coming as it did most unexpectedly, was received with varying emotions in the chancelleries of Europe. Germany and Austria, who had evidently counted on the active support of an Italian army, scarcely veiled their disappointment in an urgent although correctly worded protest made by their ambassador at Rome, while England, France, and Russia were almost hysterically delighted on receiving the news that they had one less enemy to deal with.

While the exact terms of the Triple Alliance have never been publicly announced, the German-Austrian protest was predicated on the assumption that under them any two of the allies were required to defend the third in the event of an attack upon the latter. Although Germany had declared war against France, it was held that certain alleged acts of aggression committed by France constituted an attack upon Germany within the meaning of the treaty of alliance.

To this protest the Italian Foreign Minister, the Marchese di San Giuliano, replied that the acts complained of had unquestionably been offset by similar acts on the part of Germany, and that, petty incidents aside, the vital fact remained that Germany had declared war against France, which in the judgment of the Italian government absolved Italy from taking any part in the war as a member of the Triplice. Signore Giolitti, the former Italian Prime Minister, went even further than this, and was quoted by the Italian newspapers as saying that in his judgment Italy would have been perfectly justified as a member of the Triple Alliance in remaining neutral, even had Germany or Austria been actually and openly attacked.

Apart from the purely academic discussion as to what possible benefit to its members the Triple Alliance could have afforded under Signore Giolitti's interpretation, the chief interest of those concerned in Italian affairs has been confined to speculation on the probable cause of Italy's action. The present Italian government has on the one hand been accused of selfishness, and on the other hand has been praised for its patriotism and statesmanship. As a matter of fact both critics and admirers are partly right and partly wrong.

To any one familiar with Italian affairs and recent Italian political history, the underlying causes of the action of the Salandra ministry have been more or less obvious. Signore Salandra and his colleagues declared the neutrality of Italy because they believed such action to be for the best interests of their country, and because circumstances allowed them no option in the matter.

To understand their reasons, it is necessary to understand Italy's original attitude toward the Triple Alliance, which has probably been ended forever by the declaration of universal war.

More than fifty years ago Massimo d'Azeglio said, 'We have made an Italy, it now behooves us to make Italians.' The effort to make Italians, in other words to transform Italy from a geographical expression into a nation, has been the life-work of almost every government since the time of Cavour. Depretis and Minghetti, during their long years of power, kept Italy in the straight path of economic development, free from the entanglements and cost of world-politics. Crispi, who succeeded them, inspired by his Sicilian imagination, dreamed of making Italy a first-class power, the equal of the great nations of the earth, regardless of the fact that she was then only a poor and weak community, as yet not united into the Italian nation she has since become.

The immediate results of Crispi's policy were the Triple Alliance, organized just a quarter of a century ago, and the disastrous war in Abyssinia, which cost him his political life. The ultimate results were an ever-increasing burden of taxation for the army and navy, which her allies required Italy to maintain as the price of their support, and a disastrous panic.

The financial and commercial panic of 1887 was followed by a period of industrial depression which in its turn was followed by similar periods ten and twenty years later. Until quite recently the efforts of Signore Crispi's successors have been directed to furthering national development at home by means of industrial and commercial progress, rather than by political advertisement abroad.

The Triple Alliance was renewed when it expired, and in support of it a large army and navy were maintained at really great national sacrifice. Italy had assumed the obligations of a great power, without a great power's resources; but like a family of moderate means associating with millionaires, she was ashamed to confess her poverty and find friends in her own class. She preferred to make every sacrifice at home, to pinch and skimp in her housekeeping, so as to make a more or less impressive appearance among her rich associates.

That Italy's wealth is rapidly increasing is undoubtedly true. During the last ten years her progress has been really extraordinary, and given another quarter of a century of peaceful development, she will undoubtedly become in fact the first-class power that many Italians already imagine her to be.

During the last decade her imports have increased steadily year by year, from Lire 1,813,416,108 in 1903, to Lire 3,637,770,589 in 1913; her exports from Lire 1,493,028,188 to Lire 2,503,913,622 in the same period; or an increase in both exports and imports during the decade of Lire 2,835,239,915, — 85 per cent. During the same decade the circulation of her banks has increased from Lire 1,236,030,000 to Lire 2,283,509,000, their reserves from Lire 862,629,000 to Lire 1,661,379,000, and their discounts from Lire 2,368,537,000 to Lire 3,899,857,000; while the amount on deposit in the Postal Savings Banks has increased from Lire 869,224,123 to Lire 1,948,561,882, and the number of depositors from 4,969,588 to 5,780,010. During the last seven years her railways have increased their passenger receipts from Lire 154,944,000 in 1906 to Lire 218,619,000 in 1913, and their freight receipts from Lire 246,115,000 to Lire 331,881,000; while from 1902 to 1912 her merchant marine increased from 68,876,772 tons to 113,724,221 tons.

In 1903, 275,339 Italians emigrated across the seas, while ten years later the number of trans-oceanic emigrants had increased to 444,780, of whom 23,835 went to Brazil, 107,048 to the

Plata, 310,991 to the United States, and 2906 elsewhere. It has been estimated that the Italian emigrants annually send back to the mother country some $50,000,000, of which probably $35,000,000 comes from the United States, while another $25,000,000 is annually spent in Italy by foreign tourists.

Though the sulphur industry has not recovered from its collapse of some years ago, and is in a far from flourishing condition, the production of the lead, silver, and zinc mines has increased 50 per cent in ten years. Manufactures are in a most prosperous condition generally, showing large increases in the last decade. The output of silk has remained almost stationary, but the production of chemicals, beet-sugar, spirits, and beer, has more than doubled. Italy's lack of coal has been largely compensated by the development of her water-power, the number of ettowatt hours having increased from 454,634,034 in 1903 to 1,826,740,838 in 1913, or over 300 per cent.

Three years ago Signore Giolitti, the Prime Minister, deeming Italian economic conditions sufficiently satisfactory for his purpose, resolved to put the finishing touches to the structure of Italian nationality so carefully erected by his predecessors. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of the Italian-Turkish War, its underlying reason was undoubtedly the desire of the Italian government to complete the work of national unification by means of a fervid appeal to the patriotism of the people in calling upon them to fight for Italy. For the moment Signore Giolitti's policy seemed triumphantly successful. With Tripoli and Cyrenaica Italian colonies, Italians began to picture themselves embarked upon a career of world-conquest and of empire beyond the seas, with the glories of Imperial Rome reincarnate under the ægis of the House of Savoy. But the enthusiasm of victory and the dreams of military prowess were soon forgotten in the dull reality of paying the costs of conquest.

II

While Italy had been developing toward nationhood a revolution had been quietly taking place on Italian soil, which, scarcely noticed and hardly understood, had completely changed the form of Italian political life. Until recently, modern Italy, like all self-governing countries during the last half of the nineteenth century, had been ruled by a middle-class aristocracy, a bourgeois ruling caste, composed of merchants and shopkeepers, lawyers, physicians, and other professional men, who, by means of a limited franchise, were able to exclude the vast majority of the people from any share in government. But the proletariat, so long dormant, at last awakened to self-consciousness, and to a realization of its power, and the last Giolitti ministry was forced to grant universal manhood suffrage. The first election under the changed conditions was held last year, and inaugurated a new era in Italian history.

Despite the growing prosperity of Italy, the burdens of taxation have been constantly growing. The cost of the Triple Alliance has progressed greatly during the last ten years, and has made Italy one of the most heavily taxed countries in Europe, in proportion to her population. In 1890, the first year of the existence of the treaty, the total revenues of the kingdom were Lire 1,540,001,000, the total expenditures were Lire 1,617,241,000; twenty-five years later (1912–13) the revenue had increased to Lire 2,528,874,000 (about 40 per cent), and the expenditures to Lire 2,536,488,000

(about 37 per cent), while from 1901 to 1911, the population had increased only 6.6 per cent.

The increased cost of living, due to many causes other than increased taxation, coupled with a disproportionately small increase in wages, spread a spirit of great discontent throughout proletarian Italy, which found its first opportunity of effective expression at the first election held under universal suffrage. Dissatisfied Italians are nothing if not thorough in the means they employ in the effort to redress their grievances. There are four political parties in Italy which are frankly revolutionary and seek by varying methods to overturn the House of Savoy and the constitution. The Republicans and Socialists took part in the last election with the avowed purpose of using the present constitution for its own undoing: in other words, with the expressed intention of bringing about the social revolution by peaceful and quasi-constitutional means. The anarchists and syndicalists declined to go to the polls, preferring to follow a policy of propaganda by act; in other words, they seek to overturn society by any unlawful means, such as the general strike or open and active violence. These four revolutionary parties work in sympathy and harmony with one another, and probably include a large majority of the Italian proletariat.

III

At the meeting of the first Parliament elected under universal suffrage Signore Giolitti found himself confronted by a Chamber of Deputies containing more than a third of Socialist and Republican members, supported outside by a large, well-organized, and enthusiastic constituency, composed of all the revolutionary elements, and a constitutional majority composed of several minority groups held together in a 'bloc' by the force of Signore Giolitti's personality, by gratitude for favors already given, and by the hope of favors yet to come.

Signore Giolitti is the most experienced, the most resourceful, and the ablest politician in Italian public life. He has been four times prime minister, and during the intervals between his ministries he has made and destroyed governments almost at will. For fifteen years he has been the dictator, or rather the 'boss,' of Italy. When he came back to power after the general election the problem before him was peculiarly difficult. His hold upon the Chamber, and therefore upon political life, was more precarious than ever in his career. For the first time he was confronted by a well-organized and uncompromising opposition, which refused to be pacified and declined to be bought. His own followers were frightened by the strength of their opponents, and like all middle-class politicians were inclined to compromise with the proletariat on the first trial of strength.

Two questions gave him the greatest cause for alarm. The first was the demand of the admirably organized union of the employees in the state railways for an increase in their pay, amounting to nearly Lire 15,000,000. The second was the necessity of meeting the deferred payment of the cost of the Turkish War.

It was generally recognized that the railway employees were pitifully underpaid; but with a deficit in the budget, and with the highest passenger and freight rates on earth, the problem of granting the demand of the men presented very serious difficulties.

The question of paying the price of victory over the Turks was even more delicate. Signore Giolitti's friends had made the boast that the war in Tripoli

was fought without borrowing a penny, and without increasing taxation. The statement was at the time generally believed, and Signore Giolitti acquired much fame as a remarkable financier. He naturally dreaded the repercussion upon his own fortunes of the discovery of the actual state of affairs. He and his supporters insisted that the sacrifice entailed by membership in the Triple Alliance had been more than compensated by the complaisance of Germany and Austria in keeping the ring while Italy and Turkey fought. These financial sacrifices in the past were, they claimed, the only cost of the Turkish War. As a matter of fact, while the Giolitti ministry borrowed no money abroad, it did borrow money at home by the issue of treasury notes to the amount of about Lire 250,000,000, which of course, have had to be redeemed. There has been a general impression among Italians that by some mysterious financial magic the Turkish war was paid for out of economies. It actually cost, from the beginning of hostilities up to December 31, 1913, Lire 1,149,758,000, or, roughly, $230,000,000. In addition to this the new colonial budget, including the cost of the desultory war, which still requires the presence of 100,000 men in Africa, amounts for the present year to Lire 84,000,000, making the increase in the army budget for this year, in a time of nominal peace, the sum of Lire 250,000,000.

Signore Giolitti is no longer young, his health was not of the best, and he was tired of office. The problems before him, problems of his own creation, were more than he cared to attempt to solve, and quite unexpectedly he resigned. He shifted the burdens of power to the shoulders of Signore Salandra, a deputy, who had held office in a previous government. Signore Salandra retained three members of the last Giolitti cabinet, including the Marchese de San Giuliano as Foreign Minister.

The Salandra government began its career by dodging responsibility wherever it was possible. The grievances of the railway servants were referred to a commission, with the promise to the men that some increase would be made in the rates of pay, while the increases in the budget were laid at the door of Signore Giolitti and his colleagues.

Signore Salandra was beginning to dream of a quiet and uneventful official career when the syndicalist general strike of last June rudely awakened him. The general strike disclosed the fact that the anti-dynastic and revolutionary forces in Italy are so well organized and so powerful that no government can afford to ignore them. For two days all Italy, and for a week Romagna and the Marches, lay at the mercy of the mob.

Speculation as to how a man of blood and iron might have dealt with the situation is of little interest in comparison with actual events. Signore Salandra appears to have been so fearful of losing his majority in the Chamber of Deputies that he permitted the strike to run its course, until the strike leaders in their own good time brought it to an end.

On the adoption of the budget, Parliament was prorogued and Signore Salandra, somewhat weakened in public estimation by his handling of the general strike, turned his attention to repairing the damage to his political reputation caused by a week of lawlessness.

IV

It was fortunate for Italy that when her two allies, Germany and Austria, went to war without consulting her and with an unexpectedness that has no parallel in history, she had at the

head of her Department of Foreign Affairs one of her few statesmen. The Marchese di San Giuliano is a Sicilian, the head of an old and wealthy family, whose estates are near Catania, on the northern slope of Etna. He was trained by Francesco Crispi, and has had wide experience in the Chamber of Deputies, in diplomacy, in the Department of Foreign Affairs, and in the Senate, where he now sits. More than almost any man in contemporaneous Italian public life, he has the faculty of gauging public opinion and of understanding just how far government can go with popular support. He has unquestionably been of the most vital service to his country, and to his chief, in solving the crisis precipitated by the declaration of war.

The problem which confronted the Salandra ministry was two-fold: first, what was its duty to the allies of Italy? second, what was its duty to Italy herself?

The first branch of the problem was of comparatively easy solution: neither Germany nor Austria-Hungary had been attacked, in fact they had deliberately and in cold blood brought on the war. Italy as a faithful ally was therefore left free either to join them or to remain neutral; and for reasons that will presently appear she chose the latter course.

The second part of the problem was far more complicated, but nevertheless was capable of only one possible answer, for the objections to her joining the allies were quite as obvious as were the advantages of neutrality.

The objections were sentimental, economic, and political. The Triple Alliance has never been popular with the Italian people. It has, to be sure, flattered their pride to feel that their friendship has been sought by two of the great nations of the earth; and when Crispi concluded the Triplice, Italians, closing their eyes to realities, deluded themselves with the belief that membership in the alliance necessarily made them the equal of their allies. It was, however, not long before they found a disposition on the part of their two associates, and especially on that of Germany, to treat Italy, not as their equal, but as the junior partner in the firm.

The losses of the tariff war with France, which deprived Italy of her best market for wine, and which was the indirect outcome of the Triple Alliance, were never made good by her connection with the two Teutonic powers; so that years ago Italians had begun to ask themselves whether the loss of French commercial friendship, and the sacrifices they were obliged to make in supporting a great army and navy, were not too large a price to pay for the German and Austrian alliances.

The act of good will which permitted Italy to fight Turkey without fear of outside complications scarcely made amends for what the Triple Alliance had cost her in direct expenditure and in indirect loss. But most potent of all the reasons for the unpopularity of the Triple Alliance is the racial fact, which from the beginning of all time has made it impossible for the Latin and Teuton either to understand or like each other. Added to this is the more recent but more intense hatred of the Italians for the Austrians. Every Italian believes that the Trentino and Trieste ought to belong to Italy. The spirit of nationality will not down, and so long as the Austrian Italians call to their brothers across the border to come and deliver them from the Austrian yoke, the spirit of Italia Irredenta will dictate the reply. Were the matter to be left to a vote of the Italian people, they would far rather march against Austria for the liberation of their brothers than

with Austria for the conquest of the world.

Economically the risk of war was greater than any possible gain. For the first time in the history of modern Italy she finds herself on a really sound industrial basis. With expanding manufactures and commerce, with agriculture flourishing, and with a general and marked increase in prosperity, she has at last definitely emerged from economic mediævalism into the new and modern conditions of contemporaneous Europe. She is already holding her own with her industrial rivals in many fields of endeavor, and given a few more years of successful effort, she ought to be able to appropriate for herself a large share of the world market in directions which she is rapidly making peculiarly hers.

It is not surprising that the capitalistic and industrial classes of Italy saw no allurement in the suggestion of gambling the certainty of economic prosperity against the possibility of military glory.

V

Strong as were the sentimental and economic objections to following the fortunes of the Triple Alliance, the political objections were even more insuperable.

For sentimental and economic reasons the Salandra ministry felt that they ought not to go to war, for political reasons they felt that they could not. Under certain conditions it might have been possible sufficiently to overcome the anti-Teutonic prejudice of the Italian people, so that they would have given a half-hearted support to the Triplice; it might even have been possible to reconcile the bourgeoisie to the necessary economic loss involved in an unpopular war; but it is extremely doubtful if Signore Salandra could have obtained the support of the proletariat in a war waged against another Latin nation.

The general strike of last June, revealing as it did the marvelous organization and discipline of the Italian proletariat, demonstrated beyond peradventure the existence of an Italy within Italy, of which until then the rulers had been absolutely ignorant.

The Italian proletariat have other fish to fry than foreign conquests. They are engaged in the effort to overthrow the existing form of government at home, peacefully if possible, forcibly if necessary. They have no sympathy either with the desires of the Hapsburgs or with the ambitions of the Hohenzollerns, regarding both as the natural enemies of laboring men in general and of Italians in particular. The only inducement which would cause them to throw their influence on the side of the war, would be some strong appeal to their passions or their imagination. They generally supported the war with Turkey, while it lasted, as they were inspired by the hope of a renewal of Italian world-power. When Tripoli had been conquered and the proletariat discovered that they were no nearer greatness than before, they forgot their disillusionment and the hope of foreign conquest, and once more turned their thoughts to the social revolution within the boundaries of their own country.

The natural impulsive chivalry of the Italian nature would undoubtedly cause the proletariat to sink their domestic differences, and fly to arms were their national or racial sympathies awakened. No government would have the slightest difficulty in carrying with it the vast majority of the Italian people in a war against Austria in defense of the Italians of Trieste or the Trentino, or against Germany in behalf of the Latins of France. But no govern-

ment would find it possible to unite the country in a war of aggression against nations of the Latin race, or to count on the support of the Italian masses in any war, unless their sympathies or passions were aroused. There can be no question that Signore Salandra realized that a declaration of war against Russia or France would have been the signal for a general strike in Italy, which might have resulted in the fall of the dynasty.

Manifest as were the objections to war, the advantages of neutrality were equally so. During hostilities Italy is in a position to lose less than any other neutral. It is almost inconceivable that her neutrality should be unintentionally violated, while it would be to no power's advantage to violate it intentionally. Happily surrounded by sea on all sides but one, she is protected on the north by the natural barrier of the Alps, reinforced by the buffer neutral state of Switzerland between Germany and a part of Austria and herself. On the northwest she touches southeastern France, and on the northeast, southwestern Austria, — in both cases belligerent territory, it is true, but far removed from the scene of war. None of the belligerents wants her sword thrown in the scale against it, while all know that, failing her active support, her neutrality is of vital importance. She is in the delightful position of being feared and courted by all, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by her neutrality.

So long as the war lasts Italy must necessarily be one of the chief sources of supply for both sides, as her ports are open and her shipping, so much as there is of it, is free to carry freight and passengers to and from all parts of the world. Her manufactures, her commerce, and her agriculture will be greatly stimulated, and should hostilities last for any time, will receive an impetus which will endure afterwards. No matter who wins she must profit, for she is like a broker in an active market, who makes his commissions, no matter whether prices rise or fall.

Should Germany and Austria conquer, on the dismemberment of France which will follow conquest, Italy will probably fall heir to Nice and Savoy, taken from her by Napoleon III over half a century ago, as the price of his friendship in her quarrel with Austria; not that Germany loves Italy, but because, in dismembering France, it will be necessary to take Nice and Savoy from her, and Italy is the only power to whom they can be given. Whereas, if Germany and Austria lose, the Trentino and Trieste with the control of the Adriatic, and possibly Albania, will very naturally be the payment for Italian neutrality.

Both victor and vanquished will emerge from the war in a greater or less degree of exhaustion, while most of the neutrals will have suffered severely from the cost of defending their neutrality. Italy, if wisely guided, will, on the other hand, find herself on the conclusion of peace more prosperous than ever, with her people more united than at any time since the beginning of the Turkish War, with her dynasty more popular than in years, and with discontent, for the moment at least, somnolent; more respected and honored among the nations; more powerful, — in short, appreciably nearer the realization of her dream of becoming a first-class power.

Of course, the plans of the Salandra ministry may at any moment come to nothing. Some utterly unexpected event may completely upset the calculations of the government. The sympathy of the Italians for the French, and their growing sympathy for the English, together with their antipathy to the Teutons, may cause an uprising

of the people on behalf of France and England, should Germany crush them. While on the other hand, the disgust of the Austrians at Italian neutrality may at any moment precipitate a crisis which will lead to hostilities.

It does not, however, seem probable that Italy will depart from the course she has set herself. The costs and difficulties of war and the advantages of neutrality are both so great that Italy will undoubtedly prefer to be ruled by national self-interest rather than by any passing emotion.

It may be urged, as it has been by the Germans and Austrians, and also by a section of the French and English press, that in remaining neutral Italy has been influenced entirely by selfish motives. The German and Austrian newspapers have called upon her to remember her treaty obligations and declare for the Triple Alliance; the English and French newspapers have urged her to listen to the call of old friendships and declare for the Triple Entente. Both, however, ignore the fact that a nation's first duty is to itself, and that no government has the right to allow sentiment to interfere with the duty it owes its own people.

In proclaiming neutrality, the Salandra ministry strictly adhered to the letter and the spirit of the Triple Alliance. To have fought with Germany and Austria would have been quixotic; to have fought against them would have been wrong. Neutrality was, in every way, not only the best policy that Italy could have followed, but as we have seen, it was probably the only course open to the government at the time.

There is, moreover, in Italian neutrality a moral advantage to the world at large that ought not to be ignored. If it is strictly maintained, when the proper time comes she will be able to offer her services as mediator to both sides, with more prospect of success than any other neutral could possibly have.

It may very well be that in this war of extermination one side or the other will win so conclusively that mediation will be out of the question. Should the Teutons conquer overwhelmingly, the destruction of France will be inevitable; while, should the Teutons be crushed, the dismemberment of both the German and the Austro-Hungarian empires will follow as a matter of course. In either event the victor will scarcely tolerate the services of the peacemaker.

But should the war result in the general financial and physical prostration of both combatants, — and such an outcome is not impossible, — our very civilization will be menaced unless a satisfactory peace can be concluded. Any arrangement for the cessation of hostilities that is not conclusive will result in a renewal of the war at the moment that either side has sufficiently recovered to take the field once more. Under such conditions a lasting peace can be brought about only by a neutral power, and of the neutrals hardly any is likely to be of use. The smaller powers, including those of South America, do not carry sufficient weight, while there is a jealousy of the United States and a prejudice against us in certain quarters which would doubtless make our services unacceptable.

Italy, on the other hand, would probably be least objectionable to the largest number of powers. Her influence is important, and her strength is great. If she can preserve even the semblance of the friendship of the belligerents, she will be in the best possible position to assist them in the settlement of their differences, whenever conditions may arise which will make such settlement possible.

VI

The early history of the Salandra ministry did not give promise of very great strength or of much capacity. It was openly opportunist, inclined to disingenuousness, and, to say the least, neither vigorous nor particularly courageous. It followed a policy of postponing action whenever possible, and of shifting responsibility to the far broader shoulders of its predecessors. Its course in reference to the demands of the railway servants, the increased military budget, and especially its handling of the general strike, gave faint hope to any friend of Italy that it would be capable of rising to meet a really great emergency.

But to the surprise of Europe, from the moment that Austria served her ultimatum on Servia an entirely new spirit seemed to dominate the Italian government. It set itself a definite objective which it has pursued unswervingly ever since. Weakness gave place to strength, hesitation to fixity of purpose, and with a tact, a courtesy, and a firmness worthy of the best diplomatic traditions, it has gone about its business serenely, unmindful alike of the abuse of Germany and Austria and of the blandishments of England and France.

It can scarcely be unfair to Signore Salandra to credit the change in the conduct and character of his government to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it can safely be assumed that the Marchese di San Giuliano is responsible for the transformation of Italian policy from vacillating weakness and failure into what seems to be complete success.

The very difficult task of preserving neutrality could not have been begun with more sagacity or a greater display of wise statesmanship. Whether the Marchese di San Giuliano is to succeed or fail time alone can tell. If he fails he will at least know that he has failed in a good cause, while if he succeeds the world will appreciate that he has not only saved Italy but has done much for the civilization of our time.

THE KAISER AND HIS PEOPLE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

[Striving to maintain our impartiality in the face of what seem to us arguments of incontrovertible strength, we have invited the following paper from Professor Francke. — THE EDITORS.]

WHOEVER or whatever may have been immediately responsible for the terrible cataclysm, which in the midst of harvest time, like a Doomsday of nations, has befallen Europe and all mankind, there can be no question that German ascendancy of the last half century has been its ultimate cause. It therefore behooves Germans above all others, with fear and trembling, but without flinching or subterfuge, to search their hearts and to ask themselves whether they can really go into this conflict with a clear conscience and with trust in the justice of their cause.

Whether German diplomacy under the régime of the present Emperor has been equal to its task, whether its efforts to guard and to increase the Bismarckian legacy of 1870 have always been guided by Bismarckian foresight and Bismarckian sense of the attainable, is a question that only history will be able to decide. Certain it is that the guidance of German destiny since the retirement of the great Chancellor has been confronted with well-nigh insuperable difficulties. On the one hand, a people brimming over with physical and intellectual vitality, flushed with military and industrial success, eager for activity in every field of enterprise and in all parts of the globe. On the other hand, a formidable array of obstacles against the peaceful and natural expansion of this people: France, unwilling to forget her national humiliation, unequivocally refusing to acknowledge the settlement of 1870 as final, incessantly preparing for the day of revenge, persistently attempting to form threatening alliances against her hated foe; England, nettled by German business smartness, alarmed by German naval strength, trying to isolate and check and hem in the upstart in his every move; Russia, deeply resentful of the setback received at the Berlin Congress in her march to Constantinople, determined to use the Slav upheaval in the Balkans as a means of pushing forward to the Adriatic, and thereby throttling German influence in the East. These are the international difficulties under which the new Germany has had to struggle onward.

What has been the consequence of this oppressively difficult situation? How has Germany met it? What intellectual and moral forces has this situation brought into play?

No unprejudiced observer of German affairs, I believe, will deny that it is this very difficulty of maintaining her national preëminence which has given to contemporary Germany a feeling of solidarity and of public responsibility, an eager earnestness, a concentrated will-power, a sweep and momentum of constructive imagination such as no other nation of to-day possesses. After centuries of national weakness and obscurity, the German could at last feel again that he was a part of a great and progressive empire. Wherever he

went abroad — as farmer, as business man, as colonial administrator, as sailor, as scholar and teacher — he felt behind him this new empire, surrounded by rivalry and unfriendliness, but steadfastly holding its own, steadfastly working at the enrichment of its resources, the improvement of its social conditions, the strengthening of its manhood. And when he returned to his native land, he would see with joy and gratitude that not only in military organization, but in every kind of public and private activity, in city-planning, in care for the poor, in industrial coöperation, in scientific farming and forestry, in research of every kind, in every form of popular instruction, in literature and the fine arts, Germany was striding ahead of the rest of the world.

Seldom has an individual been so perfect an embodiment of a national movement as Emperor William II is of this new Germany. All his acts and utterances have been inspired by the one desire of developing German character to its utmost. It is impossible to go through the four volumes of his 'Speeches and Addresses' without being profoundly impressed with the indomitable striving for national greatness incarnated in this man. Richard Wagner's Parsifal and the Nietzschean Superman seem combined in him. Every phase of life appeals to him; and in every phase of life he wants his Germans to excel.

He admonishes schoolboys to think of what their country will need of them when they are men, to abstain from alcohol, to strengthen their bodies and minds by hard work and hard sport, to strive after that harmony of life which the Greeks possessed and which 'is sadly lacking to-day.' He appeals to school-teachers to make their pupils above all at home in the things nearest at hand, to make achievement rather than knowledge the goal of instruction. He holds up to university students the spiritual heroes of the German past, from Walther von der Vogelweide to Schiller and Goethe, and warns them 'not to waste their strength in cosmopolitan dreams, or in one-sided party service, but to exert it to make stable the national idea and to foster the noblest German thoughts.' His own sons he urges to labor incessantly to make themselves true personalities, taking as their guide Jesus, 'the most personal of all personalities,' to make their work a source of joy to their fellowmen, — 'for there is nothing more beautiful than to take pleasure jointly with others,' — and where this is impossible, to make their work at least contribute something useful. Upon his officers he impresses the extreme necessity of firmness of character; for 'victories are won by spiritual strength.'

Addressing the large mine-owners of Prussia, he insists that it is the duty of the State to regulate 'the protection which the workingman should enjoy against an arbitrary and limitless exploitation of his labor; the limitation of child-labor with reference to the dictates of humanity and of the laws of natural development; the position of woman in the house of the laboring man, which is morally and economically of the greatest importance for the family life.'

Speaking to the professors of the University of Berlin, he points out the need of 'institutions that transcend the limits of a university and serve nothing but research, free from the demands made by instruction, although in close touch with the university.' At a gathering of German sculptors and painters he proclaims that 'art should be a help and an educational force for all classes of our people, giving them the chance, when they are tired after hard labor, of growing

strong by the contemplation of ideal things. Attention to ideals is one of the greatest tasks of culture, and all our people must work at it, if we are to set a good example to the other nations; for culture, in order to do its task well, must permeate every stratum of society. But it cannot do this if art refuses its help and pushes people into the gutter instead of elevating them.'

The need of human fellowship and mutual forbearance for national purposes he impresses upon a Westphalian audience by reference to personal experiences: 'During my long reign I have had to do with many people, and have suffered much at their hands; often they have hurt me unconsciously, but often also, I regret to say it, very intentionally. When in such moments my anger threatened to master me and I was tempted to avenge myself, I have asked myself, how best can wrath be stilled and charity grow strong? I have found only one answer, and that was based on the observation that all men are human and even if they hurt us, they have souls given them from on high, whither all of us wish to return. Thanks to their souls, they too carry with them parts of the Creator.' And at the Prize Singing Contest at Frankfort, for male choruses, instituted by him, in the presence of thousands of singers of all classes of society he extols the simplicity of the good old German folk-song against the artificiality and affectedness of modern tone-paintings, and he thanks among the singers particularly the 'men of the brawny hand, the large number of men who have come from the hammer, the anvil, and the forge. They must have sacrificed to this work the sleep of many a night.'

Perhaps the most impressive, however, of all these utterances and the one most characteristic of contemporary German feeling, is a passage from a speech delivered soon after the Emperor's return from Palestine. 'During my stay in that foreign country, where we Germans miss the woods and the beautiful sheets of water which we love, I often thought of the lakes of Brandenburg and their clear sombre depths, and of our forests of oaks and pines. And then I said to myself, that after all we are far happier here than in foreign lands, although the people of Europe often pity us. Surely, many and varied experiences of an elevating nature I have had in that country, partly religious, partly historical, and partly also connected with modern life. My most inspiring experience, however, was to stand on the Mount of Olives, and see the spot where the greatest struggle ever fought in the world, the struggle for the redemption of mankind, was fought out by one man. This experience induced me to renew on that day my oath of allegiance, as it were, to God on high. I swore to do my very best to knit my people together, and to destroy whatever tended to disintegrate them.'

These are the utterances of an individual. But they are typical of what millions of Germans feel, what Germany as a nation feels. Nothing could be more erroneous than to think that German ascendancy of the last generation has been merely industrial and commercial. A new idealism, a substantial enthusiasm for good government, for social justice, for beauty and joy, for fullness and richness of individual character, have accompanied it.

Can there be any doubt that Germany to-day is the best governed country of the world? How utterly absurd it is to speak of the present conflict — as many American newspapers do — as a conflict between military despotism, represented by Germany, and peaceful democracy, represented by the strange partnership of

Russia, Japan, England, and France. How sad it is to see men like Bergson and Maeterlinck so hopelessly deluded as to invoke their countrymen against 'the German barbarians, the enemy of mankind.' Where in Germany is there a parallel to the travesties upon justice to which the decisions of French courts and juries, from the degradation of Dreyfus to the acquittal of Mme. Caillaux, have accustomed the world? Where in Germany is there — or at least has there been until this dreadful War engulfed her — a brutalized proletariat such as is the spectre of London and Liverpool? Where in Germany is there anything comparable to the astounding corruption of official Russia, made manifest in the Russo-Japanese war? It is certainly not an accident, that neither Syndicalism, so rampant both in France and England, nor Anarchism, the terror of Russian autocracy, has gained any foothold on German soil. The enthusiasm for good government, shared alike by Liberals, Conservatives, Clericals, and Socialists, has prevented it. Indeed, the Emperor on the one hand, the Socialist party on the other, are the two most unimpeachable witnesses to the passionate German zeal for good government.

The German Socialists of to-day are something entirely different from what they were thirty or forty years ago. They have ceased to be revolutionary; they have become a party of constructive reform. They contain the intellectual and moral élite of the German workingmen. They are performing a most valuable service in raising the standard of life and the level of citizenship of the whole laboring class. They are devoting their energy, not to Utopian dreams or, as the I. W. W. are doing in this country, to the propaganda of destruction, but to practical tasks of economic organization, such as the establishment of vast coöperative societies and the introduction of compulsory life-insurance for all union members, and to educational enterprises of all sorts. As members of the city councils in all the larger German towns, they are exerting a strong and wholesome influence upon city administration all over the Empire, and as the strongest single party in the Reichstag they take an important part in national legislation, mostly with the opposition, but not exclusively so. For it will be remembered that the Socialist party voted for the extraordinary tax bill of 1912, needed to carry out the military reform of that year. And it seems most probable that the assertion of the German Chancellor that the Socialist party in the present catastrophe is loyally standing by the national defense, is literally true. Indeed, it was a member of the Socialist party who, at the special Reichstag session of August 4, moved the adoption of the government's bill for a war appropriation — a motion which was carried without a dissenting voice.

Only in one point have the Socialists unflinchingly and unrelentingly arrayed themselves against the present governmental system, and in doing so they are laying bare the one grave defect of imperial Germany: the arrogance and overbearing of the military and bureaucratic class. Closely allied as this defect is with the sterling rectitude and splendid efficiency of German military and civil officials, it is an anomaly in modern Germany. One effect of the stupendous sacrifices to which the entire nation is now being summoned, will be to sweep away the artificial barriers which until now have prevented Germany from reaping the full fruit of her otherwise unequalled methods of government.

But it is not only in good government and social efficiency that Ger-

many during the last forty years has outstripped most other countries: German ascendancy has also manifested itself with striking rapidity and massiveness in the things that make for beauty and joy and the adornment of life. While Paris architecturally still retains the stamp of the second Empire, London that of the Victorian era, and while in the French provinces and the smaller English towns building proceeds at a slow pace and along old lines, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Cologne, Kassel, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Nuremberg, Munich, not to speak of many other German towns, have undergone veritable revolutions during the last generation: new city halls, theatres, opera-houses, museums, university buildings, hospitals, railway stations, department stores, stately mansions and model cottages, have arisen everywhere, and in it all a new and typically German style of architecture seems to be developing. Much of it is heavy. But there certainly is not any longer that academic imitation and formal eclecticism of pseudo-Gothic and pseudo-Renaissance memory; there is abundant evidence of original and powerful imagination, and an unmistakable striving for stateliness, proportion, symmetry, and sweep of outline. And a similar reaching out toward high goals is to be found in the other arts.

What country is there in which the drama, the opera, and the orchestra exert as deep and noble an influence as in Germany, with its multitude of princely or civic theatres, its careful training for the theatrical and musical professions, its well-informed and reverently receptive audiences? In what other country could have happened what Professor Max Friedlaender of Berlin University told me happened to him some years ago? He was invited by a club of workingmen in the Krupp iron works at Essen to deliver to them a lecture on some musical subject. He accepted the invitation, and held an audience of more than a thousand workmen and their families — most of them undoubtedly of socialistic persuasion — for over an hour listening attentively to his presentation of Johann Sebastian Bach. These men are now in the regiments that have been hurled against the forts of Liège and Namur.

Finally. Is it a presumption to say that there is more honest striving for fullness of individual character in Germany than in other countries? I believe that there is; and I believe that this also is a part of that eager contest for ascendancy in which Germany has gradually outdistanced her neighbors — outdistanced, but not threatened.

Is she now to be made to pay for all her efforts at self-improvement? Have these efforts not been more than merely national achievements? Have they not been a gain to humanity at large? Must she defend these achievements against a world in arms? If this desperate situation has been brought about by the very best there is in German character, then it must be accepted as part of the tragedy of human greatness; and the only help left to Germany and her Emperor is to cling to the Horatian, —

> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HINDSIGHT

SUPPOSE that those having the administration of affairs in Germany had thought more of future generations than of present glory and prowess and might, and suppose that they had been of a disposition to look at things from a philosophical standpoint, with minds open to the truth, — they might, until July, 1914, have reasoned thus: —

The great need of Germany is more territory. Its population is very dense, its people industrious, and it needs a larger field for development. While it manages its own affairs with consummate ability, it has not been wholly successful in ruling foreigners. For forty-three years it has administered Alsace-Lorraine, but it has not established contentment among its people. On its eastern border the Poles under its rule are not satisfied despite the best German methods of government that have been applied to them, and a similar discontent and unrest prevails among the Danes in the north in Schleswig-Holstein. On the other hand, the German people are peaceful and law-abiding; except for the heavy burden of military duties, they are as well content as any others, and it would appear that so far as the Germans themselves are concerned, the methods of government and rule are sound. In other words, they might have said, 'We Germans are good housekeepers at home, but are less successful abroad. Additional proof of this is the constant trouble that neighbor Austria has in governing Slavs and Italians. They are never out of difficulties over there. So instead of trying to convert foreigners into Germans by force, let us let foreigners work out their own salvation — and raise more Germans. If foreigners want to immigrate and become Germans, they shall be welcome; but instead of conquering them against their will, — in which event they do not seem to develop into German patriots, — we shall accept them only when they want to come.'

This is not a royal idea, nor is it in accord with Prussian traditions; but the great gifts of the German people to the world, their ideals, their philosophy, their science, their music, and their poetry, have not been developed under royal or imperial decree, nor are they the outcome of Prussian traditions.

The philosophical ruler and his cabinet whom I am imagining would have observed that the available earth is largely in the hands of strong powers, and that the cost of gaining by the sword sparsely settled and fertile land near-by is too severe a burden upon future generations to be considered until every other effort has failed. War kills off the best human breeding-stock no matter which side wins. So the proposal to trade would naturally present itself. The Germans are masters at trading. In looking over available territory near-by they could not fail to observe that the northern strip of Africa, comprising parts of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, is the very best part of the world now open to settlement. The desirability of this region has long been in German minds, as we have occasionally been reminded by the incident at Agadir and by other signs. But since the foreign office of the Empire has been in Berlin rather

than in Cologne, Darmstadt, or Frankfurt, the only method considered has been force, and until the outbreak of the war this has failed.

Now, suppose that the suggestion had been made to the French authorities, with no ultimatum involved and with no reference to the royal and imperial grandfather of the present Kaiser or to anything else save the business in hand, that Alsace and Lorraine, despite over forty years of German rule, still remained largely French in sentiment, and that it had been borne in upon the German government that the French people were evidently desirous of obtaining possession of them again. The German government might have added that it believed that if these provinces were to come under French rule again, this might occur without abuse to the people living there. Germany's new policy being German rule for German people, and these provinces persevering in their French sentiments, they might well have been ceded back to France in consideration of other territory and a right of way to reach it. The land for which these provinces might have been exchanged is that to which we have referred on the border of the Mediterranean in Northern Africa, now under French rule. Its extent and area could have been determined by agreement. This was at one time the garden-spot of the earth, is rich in minerals, and Germany has enough people to inhabit it and develop it. With all cause of war between the two nations removed, the means of reaching the Mediterranean from Germany should not have been an impossibility.

My impression is that the French would have accepted such a proposal from the Germans, would have been generous in giving up a large share of their North African possessions, and that they would have fallen upon the Germans' necks and embraced them, instead of shooting them as they are doing now. Germany and France would have been a pair of nations working together in entire amity. There might have been a little difficulty with England, but with France and Germany united in friendship, and the new slogan of German rule for German people, with no desire to control foreigners, in full effect, the sting would have been taken from their development. So far as the Arab tribes of that part of North Africa were concerned, German civilization would not have been acceptable to them, and they would have had to move away in time. It would have been a little trouble instead of the great trouble now.

The plan would not have found favor with the Court at Vienna, but we are now thinking less of dynasties than we are of the German people. The Austrian methods of imposing German rule upon Slavic peoples would not have found favor in Germany, where the people, minding their own business, would have seen no Muscovite menace. It would not be the first time that Germany and Austria have disagreed. Indeed, in course of time, the German part of Austria might have preferred to be a part of a great, strong German empire, rather than to persevere in the unsuccessful attempt to turn unwilling Slavs into Germans.

Then there would have been no war, — no great war. In Eastern Europe the Hungarians and the Slavs might be blowing bugles and killing one another, but the Germans would have had nothing to do with it. They would have said, 'It is their affair, let them rule themselves. Our work is to raise the best Germans for the future. And we have some military work to do in North Africa.'

Then Germany would have become really great. Other nations would have

cut down their armament as she cut down hers, and the Peace of Europe would have prevailed. Belgium would not have been violated. And all about the East, both far and near, German merchants and German ships would have been welcome, and her thousands and thousands of young men, the flower of her youth now rotting in unmarked graves with grief as their only legacy, would have begotten their kind, and a new and great race of people would have arisen to enjoy the good will of the world. Now the cowards and the inefficient and the weak will beget the next generation — after their kind.

All this might have been, for the Germans are very amenable to suggestion from their rulers. It might have come to pass if, under the imperial crown, there had been as much philosophy and welcome to the truth as there were dreams of prancing horses and waving plumes and the smoke of battle.

LE NOUVEAU PAUVRE

From olden time it has been the privilege and the pleasure of humanity to deride the newly rich; comedy, satire, and other forms of expression, literary and unliterary, have borne witness to the desire to point out the lack of standard, the ostentation, the selfish gloating over individual possession, of those who have been robbed by swift prosperity of a sense of values. Even in our new country, with its sudden fortunes, we know well how to punish by gibe and jest those whose recent wealth gives them an undue sense of their own importance, resulting in undue display. We make great sport of *le nouveau riche;* who is there to laugh at *le nouveau pauvre* and put him in his place?

Under the impact of new thought in regard to social rights and wrongs, and our large sense of responsibility in the matter of earth's unfortunates, we are developing a new type, very limited in number, and, I fancy, limited in geographic distribution, — I should not think of offering these reflections to any but a New England magazine! — of those who flaunt a new type of recent wealth. That old boasting in regard to one's material possessions has given place, in these, to new boasting in regard to what one has not. I can almost imagine a seventeenth-century writer of character-portraits sketching the type as follows: —

'He is of a demure sadness, and goeth poorly clad' — or it might even be she; — 'his countenance weareth ever a look of mild reproof, and ever he watcheth to detect extravagance in his neighbor's apparel; his right hand moveth nervously lest his left know that which it doeth; he walketh as one who would fain keep step with his fellows, yet is ever apart, wrapt in a sad separateness.'

Standards of value alter; there are riches and riches. It is not mere difference in local conviction; time as well as space has something to do with the change; but surely I detect nowadays among the chosen few, new causes for self-congratulation, a new vainglriousness. I cannot be mistaken in remembering in the atmosphere about my far-off childhood, pride in worldly goods, in glossy horses, in ruffled gowns of silk and lace; unquestionably I remember a reverential tone in speaking of the rich, deepening to awe in speaking of the very rich. Now, how different! We look with pity upon the multi-millionaire; a suggestion that he is no better than he should be is in our very way of saying his name. A shrug of the shoulders, a lifting of the eyebrows at the mere mention of great riches, betrays our inner standards.

Doubt as to whether even honesty, let alone other virtues, could be his has been instilled into our minds by all that we have read concerning him and his kind. We act, somewhat prematurely, as if we were already within that kingdom of heaven whose entrance is so needle-hard for the rich. In all this we are a trifle over-assured, for the fact that we lack the plutocrat's wealth is no proof that we have those other, more precious spiritual possessions whose absence we scorn in him.

But human nature is human nature always, in rich folk and in poor; the sources of inner vanity are perhaps over-quick to reflect the possibility of changed standards. Many of us are growing a bit ostentatious in our poverty. Do we not point with pride at the clothes we do not have, the pleasures we forego, the luxuries in which we would not for any consideration indulge? We wear again the old street suit, and loftily remark to our friends that we cannot afford to be tailored anew every winter. We sit upon platforms at meetings wherein the problems of the poor are discussed, tricked out in ancient garments, worn a trifle histrionically. There is a touch of moral snobbery in our attitude as we tell how little we spend on ourselves, how frugally we lunch, in what Spartan fashion we dine, with an ensuing silence suggestive of the long list of good causes that we are helping on. Vulgarly rich in convictions, airily intolerant of those who have not as great possessions as we, we flaunt our wealth, with a certain lack of good taste, in the faces of those less opinionated than ourselves. We are a bit self-conscious in displaying the evidences of this shameless monopoly of virtue, and wear a gentle air of patronage toward our less fortunate fellows. Can it be, — surely it cannot be that the old warning could apply here, and that this air of superiority may prove more of an obstacle than the camel's hump at Heaven's gate!

That look of reproof on the part of some of the leaders of modern social endeavor toward those who do not hold their convictions, is full of danger. Humble-minded self-indulgence is perhaps better than this; here, at least, one is one with one's fellows. The situation is full of irony; endeavoring to share more generously our worldly possessions with the poor, perhaps even considering the possibility of common ownership, we hoard in more than the old individualistic manner these new virtues which our fellows have not yet acquired. Human progress is notoriously full of contradictions; here is one that gives pause for thought. In moving toward that era of more fully realized human brotherhood, we are perhaps losing as much as we gain: that old sense of kinship with man as man, breaking under the strain and stress of newly-discovered conviction which many fail to understand or to adopt. Proud spiritual walls are just as prone to keep one's neighbor out as are high-piled walls of brick and stone, even with glass on top. How a sense of moral superiority locks its possessor in, cuts him off from his kind! At the stern mention of a new creed one can often hear a sound as of a key turning in a lock, and one knows that here is another soul condemned to solitary imprisonment in its own virtue, until some friendly imp of failure or transgression sets it free.

Humble, as it behooves the poor to be, in the presence of those rich in theory, many merely watch and wait. Each theorist is sure that his wealth is the only real wealth; each, that his panacea will cure all social ills. But, aware of the complexity of human ailments, the many-sidedness of human wrongs, what is one to do? Keeping

step with one agitator, we lose step with another, — perhaps lose step with simple humankind in keeping step with either. Alack, and well-a-day! Meanwhile, one yearningly recalls that instinctive human sympathy, antedating social convictions, based on the ordinary experiences of the threshold and the hearth. This also has its fine uses; it may be the most precious thing there is: this sense, below difference of faith, of oneness with one's kind, of common destiny in this common predicament. In this dim path whereon we struggle, groping our way, it is well to keep in touch with our fellows, no matter what the differences between us in worldly or in moral rank or station.

As for these new riches of professed poverty, we stop to ponder. They may not all be real; shall we gloat before we are sure? Many a fortune of dollars or of nuggets or of ideas proves to have sandy foundations and melts away. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, those who have had their wealth long enough to forget it are no longer self-conscious enough to gloat. Those whose interest in their neighbors is too recent to be human instinct, whose discovery of a common humanity is too fresh to seem part of them, who cannot care for their fellows and forget that they are caring, who cannot feel kindliness without flaunting it, who cannot sit in the presence of their kind without implying that their kind has no such wealth of love for humanity, are assuredly lacking in spiritual good breeding. My lady, newly rich, proudly conscious of her priceless furs and jewels, is perhaps less vain than my lady newly poor, proudly conscious of her priceless convictions and habits that make her not as others are. Tradition has delivered to our laughter, for just chastisement, the newly rich; shall not the newly poor, for similar reasons, be delivered to the laughter of the world?

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE BEND

I WONDER if other wayfarers through New England greet, as I do, with special affection the old house on the bend of the road? It is so characteristic of an earlier civilization, so suggestive of a vanished epoch — and withal so picturesque! Even if you are unfortunate enough to 'tour' in a motor-car, which of course is far from the ideal way to savor the countryside, still you cannot miss the old house on the bend, even though you do miss the 'feel' of the land, the rise and dip of the road, the fragrance of the clematis by the wall, the already fading gold of the evening primroses when you start off after breakfast.

Even for a motorist, however, the old house on the bend stands up to view, especially if you are on the front seat with the driver. The car swings into a straightaway, lined, perhaps, with sugar maples and gray stone walls. Between the trunks are vistas of the green fields and far hills. But the chief vista is up the white perspective of the road, which seems to vanish directly into the front door of the solid, mouse-gray house on the bend.

The ribbon of road rushes toward you, as if a great spool under your wheels were winding it up. The house rushes on with it; grows nearer; details emerge. You see the great square chimney; the tiny window-panes, six to a sash, some of them turned by time, not into the purple of Beacon Hill but into a kind of prismatic sheen like oil on water; the bit of classic egg-and-dart border on the door-cap; the aged texture of the weathered clapboard; the graceful arch of the wide woodshed entrance, on the kitchen side; the giant elm rising far above the roof. You rush on so near to the house, indeed, that the car seems in imminent

danger of colliding with the front door, when suddenly the wheels bite the road, you feel the pull of centrifugal force, and the car swings away at right angles, leaving an end view of the ancient dwelling behind you, so that when you turn for a final glance you see the long slant of the roof at the rear, going down within six or eight feet of the ground.

Such is the view from a motor-car. If you are traveling on foot, however, there is much more to be observed, such as the great doorstep made from a broken millstone, the gigantic rambler by the kitchen window, the tiger lilies gone wild in the dooryard, and above all, the view from the front windows. Since the house was visible far up the road, conversely a long stretch of the road is visible from the house. Standing in front of it, you can see a motor or wagon approaching a mile away, and from the end windows, too, can be seen all approaching vehicles from the other angle. Moreover, if you lived within, you could not only see who was coming, but you could step out of your door a pace or two and converse with him as he passed. The old house is strategically placed.

When it was built, a century or even a century and a half ago, no motors went by on that road, and not enough of any kind of traffic to raise a dust. The busy town to the south, the summer resort to the north, were alike small villages, given over to agriculture. There were no telephones, no newspapers even. Fortunate indeed was the man whose farm abutted on a bend, for there he could set his house, close to the road, viewing the approaches in either direction, and no traveler could get by him, or at any rate by his wife, without yielding the latest gossip from the town above or below, perhaps from the greater world beyond. The high-road was then the sole artery of commerce, of communication, of intercourse of man with man.

How neighborly was the house on the bend, shedding its parlor-candle rays like a beacon by night down the mile of straightaway, or flapping its chintz curtains in the June sunshine! What a testimony it is, in its present gray ruin, to the human hunger for news and gossip and friendliness!

The old order has changed, indeed. We no longer build on the bend. We don't have bends if we can help it. They are dangerous and hard to maintain. A house on one would be uninhabitable with the dust. We do not seek the neighborliness of the road, but retire as far as we can to the back of our lot, with our telephone and newspaper. The old house on the bend halfway between Lenox and Stockbridge now stands deserted. From country estates dimly seen in their remote privacy of trees and gardens, the stone highway leads to other estates equally remote and scornful of publicity. Between them the motors rush. The old house on the bend is dusty and deserted, and every passing car kicks up some bit of crushed stone into its tangled dooryard. It looks pathetically down the road with unseeing eyes, the last relic of a vanished order.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1914

RAB AND DAB

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

I

Peaceville, Sept. 22. Went down to Casa Bianca to rouse the hands to action to-morrow, for we are to begin cutting Marshfield. I found the boy who blew himself up with gunpowder two days ago, in great suffering. Dressed his face and hands, using a feather to cover them with oil. He is a distressing object.

I gave orders that every man, woman, and child should be in the field early to-morrow, and promised to be down early myself.

Sept. 23. Just as I was getting into the wagon very early this morning, carrying linen rags and olive oil to dress Nero's burns, and lunch for myself, and a few pears and things to give the hands, I saw a pitiful little black figure standing at the foot of the steps. It was Jonadab, the little black pock-marked pygmy who has been coming all summer to beg for kitchen scraps, and old garments, and anything I would or could give. He stutters fearfully.

'What is it, Jonadab?' I asked; 'I am in a great hurry to-day, so you must talk quick.'

After what seemed to me a long time and many convulsions of his little frame, he shot out, 'Ma bery sick. 'E bad off, en 'e baig yu fuh cum.'

I told Jim to drive to his mother's house, which I knew was not far off in the pine woods, but just how far I did not know, for though I had sent things to her constantly, I had never been to her house myself.

The road was well-nigh impassable for the wagon, and Jim, being provoked at this interruption, drove very fast and, it seemed to me, recklessly. At last I said to him, 'Stop; and I will walk the rest of the way with Jonadab.' The pine forest shimmered and glittered in the slanting rays of the early morning sun. Every blade of grass was laden with dew diamonds, and the slippery, brown pine-needles were damp under my feet.

When I started on this diversion from my plans I was distinctly irritated at the delay caused by this extra drive of two miles. It seemed so all-important to me to get to Casa Bianca early; for with the hands I have, six acres is as much as I can get cut in one day, and there are twenty-six acres in the field. And this is such a stormy season of the year. But as I walked

through the solemn pines with the little shriveled gnome ahead of me to show the path, I heard the voice of God in the sough of the pines, and a change came over my spirit. The sense of hurry and impatience left me.

Jonadab in a little while pointed through the pines, and I saw a little log cabin. In the doorway two atoms of black humanity were sitting very near together, and Jonadab volunteered the information that they were his little brother and his youngest sister. As they saw me they rose and disappeared into the house, and I followed.

There were two rooms. The first one had a very unsteady pine table, two chairs, and three pots in the fireplace. I passed through this to the inner room, where on the floor lay a woman, terribly swollen, her eyes protruding from her head, her breath coming in quick, heavy sobs. She seemed unconscious. Two Negro women who had just come in stood beside her. One was her mother, with whom she had quarreled a year ago, and who had never come near her through her long months of suffering and illness, leaving her alone with her little children. But to-day, hearing from a neighbor that Abby was dying, she rushed in, too late to be of any use.

I knelt down on the dirty floor beside the sick woman, and tried to give her some milk and stimulant which I had brought. But her teeth were closed and refused to admit the spoon, and I realized that she was actually dying. Then I laid my hand on her clammy one, and bending low, I said, 'Abby, can you hear me?' There was no sign of comprehension or consciousness. I was very eager to make her hear, so I went on speaking very slowly and distinctly: 'I will take care of your two little boys and see that they never want. Do you understand? I will take Jonadab and Rechab myself, and care for them.' Then there was a slight quivering of the eyelids, a faint token of assent and satisfaction, before the stony stare of death returned.

I prayed aloud with all my soul for the spirit which was struggling to leave its poor earthly tenement; while the women moaned and swayed and ejaculated, 'Yes, Laud; do, Laud,' as the sentences of the prayer for the dying fell fervently on the still, hot air, and the groans of the dying woman were less loud. Then I sang, —

> 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

The women and children joined with their high, clear voices, and while they sang, 'Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing,' the last painful breaths were drawn, and the immortal spirit took its flight and returned to God who gave it, and who is merciful and loving, and knows all the struggles, all the temptations, all the warping influences which had kept it from its highest possibilities.

I talked with Rachael, the mother, who, now that the poor daughter was gone, spoke of her with loud and hysterical affection. When I offered to take the children she said that she, the grandmother, was the person to take them; no one would do for them as she would and she could not think of giving them up to anybody. I was surprised, but pleased, at this her suddenly aroused maternal feeling, and acquiesced in it, saying, 'Very well, Rachael, I agree with you that you are the proper person to take care of the children, and that no one can do it as well. I will provide everything that the two boys need, their food and clothing; just let me know what they need.'

By this time the house was full of excited neighbors, lamenting and going on as though they had been active friends of the poor deceased. I promised to send what was needed for

Abby's 'laying out.' They said the 'Chuch' would provide the coffin, and attend to the funeral, for she was 'Babtist member, in full standin', en belonged to de sassiety, en dey was boun' to bury um.'

Having done the little I could, I left the house of death, much exhausted and agitated, to return to the work-a-day world outside. I drove home and told Chloe to send one of my gowns and two sheets to Rachael at once; and then started on the twelve-mile drive to Casa Bianca.

When I got there I had my saddle put on Mollie, and rode down the rice-field banks to Marshfield. There were the gayly dressed women, laughing, singing, talking, as they cut down the golden heads with great dexterity; laying them on the stubble so that the sun could dry them enough to tie to-morrow. The gay scene, which usually gave me so much pleasure, only saddened me now. The tragedy I had witnessed haunted me, and I wondered how in the eyes of the great Judge of all things my life would compare with that whose end I had seen.

I reproached myself bitterly for never having visited her before. I had sent her supplies: food, clothing, and so forth, — yes; but that was not all. If I had only gone to see her and talk with her, I should not now be filled with self-condemnation. God forgive me for not giving her my time. What are all my occupations in comparison with helping a human soul? My dear little niece went, I know, and read the Bible to her on Sunday afternoons, but I was always 'too busy' or 'too tired' to go. Woe is me!

And so the long, blazing summer day wore on — a day of penance — and the words of Good's wonderful poem, 'The Lady's Dream,' rang in my ears: —

> But Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart.

II

The above extract from my diary shows how Rab and Dab first came into my life. During the autumn I kept in touch with them, seeing them daily. I sent them food and clothing, and tried to see if Rachael was doing full justice to them. She was an excellent cook, and had been employed in that capacity by some ladies in the village. But as soon as she took the children she gave up her place, saying that she could not attend to the children and her work; as the boys had two older sisters of twelve and fourteen, this was evidently not the real reason.

Abby had been so helpless in her ill health with her large family, that some of the gentlemen of the neighborhood had secured for her a monthly allowance from the county, and though I had told Rachael I would see that this was continued for the children, five in number, she feared that her having a place as cook, and consequently being self-supporting might prevent it, so she gave up her situation and lived on the provisions allowed the children, with the result that the little ones looked hungry and continued their stealing. The whole family had learned from infancy to go into the fields within their reach and grabble potatoes, to gather unripe corn for roasting ears, to catch every chicken and steal all the eggs which were not under lock and key. The two elder girls had been taken up, tried, and found guilty of theft before the poor mother's death. Their only punishment had been to be kept in confinement until the crops were harvested.

This rich lowland rice-planting region would be a paradise if people could live on their plantations all the year round; but the Anglo-Saxon has always been susceptible to malarial fever, and in the early settlement of

the country suffered much from it. After some years they found that by leaving their beautiful homes on the rivers with their luxuriant tropical growth during the hot months, and living in the belt of pine forest (which is generally found a few miles inland from the rivers), they secured perfect health. With this knowledge the planters joined in selecting some high, sandy, well-drained spot in the original forest, and built lodges with big rooms and wide piazzas in large shady yards, and at the end of May they moved their families from the plantation and remained in the health-giving pines until the first heavy frost in November, when the little villages, so gay and populous all summer, were left silent and deserted during the winter. Peaceville is one of these hamlets of refuge from mosquitoes and malaria, and is only four miles from my plantation and winter home, Cherokee, and here I spend the hot months, driving back to the ricefields every day to look after the work.

This year, when I left Peaceville early in November, I established the orphans and their grandmother in one of the outbuildings in my yard, as it was much more comfortable than the little log hut in the woods. After the move I tried to see them at least once a week. I soon saw a change for the worse: they got thinner and thinner, with swollen faces and large stomachs like the famine pictures from India I was seeing in the illustrated papers.

One bitter cold day in January, Elihu, who is the blackest of my retainers, being of such a rich shade that his mother always spoke of him as 'dat black nigger,' a man whom I have helped out of every variety of trouble, and who has a feeble desire to help me in return, if it can be done with no effort beyond speech, came to tell me that he heard that Rachael was going to move to Gregory, the county seat, eighteen miles away, on that day. In spite of the cold, I ordered the buckboard at once and drove out to see Rachael. I found the house in great confusion, — bedding tied up in huge bundles, boxes and trunks corded, and Rachael in her Sunday best.

'Why, Rachael, where are you going this cold morning?'

'Well, ma'am, I'm goin' to move to town. I got chillun dere to help me.'

'I think that is a great mistake, Rachael. Here you have no house rent, you have all the wood you can burn without paying a cent, and your daughter lives very near you. If your sons are willing to help you, let them send you what they can spare; it will go much further here.'

But Rachael had made up her mind and was not to be dissuaded. She was tired of the country, and was going to move to town. She had hired an ox-wagon to take her to the river, where she would take the steamer.

When I had tried every argument without avail, I said, 'Then I will take the boys with me. I am not willing for them to starve or spend their time in jail for stealing.' Turning to the children, crouching over the fire, I said, 'Jonadab, do you want to go with me?'

He, after many convulsions, shot out, 'Yes, 'um.'

Rechab was inside the huge fireplace behind the logs, squatting down; an extraordinary-looking black shrimp.

'Rab, do you want to go with me?'

Rab's little black face was stolid and expressionless like some little old man's. It was some time before he could be made to understand the situation, but when at last his grandmother pulled him out of the chimney, and cuffing him, said, 'Speak up, boy, speak up,' he grunted out, 'Um,' and nodded his head violently.

Then I told Rachael that she must

sign a paper giving up all claim to the children, to which she responded vociferously, ' 'Tain' no nuse for me to sign a paper, Miss Patience. You 'se welcome to the chillun. I'se heartily tired of dem; dey 's jes' nachully bad chillun; deys tek after dey pa, what was a furrin man, en corrupted my daughter. You kin tek 'em en welcome.'

Then the women assembled in the room to see Rachael's departure, began to exclaim, 'My law, Aun' Rachael, dem chillun sho' is lucky. Miss Patience 'ull do de bes' for dem po' mudderless ting'; and so on.

I called for the last shirts I had made the children, but these could not be found. Whether they were so securely packed up as to be out of reach, or whether Rachael had sold them, I never knew, for I lost patience and took the boys out to the buckboard in their rags. There my dainty little niece Aline, who was waiting for me, was filled with dismay at sight of them, and exclaimed, 'Aunt Patience, you are not going to take them *now*, with us?'

'Yes, they are coming *now with us*,' I answered, in a voice of such determination that Aline said no more.

In the back of the buckboard, fortunately, there were some tow-sacks which I was taking home. I had the boys climb into the buckboard, covered them with the sacks, and drove off rapidly. In a little while a small voice made itself heard from behind: 'I cold.' I put Rab into one of the sacks, tied it round his neck securely, covered him with the others, and drove on.

III

I shall never forget the consternation which took possession of the yard when I reached home. Jim, my good man-of-all-work, said nothing when I told him to help the children out and release Rab from the sack; but as I led the two forlorn mites through the yard to the old wash-house, where there were two rooms, one occupied by Goody, the cook, I was aware of very black looks on all sides.

I did not appear, however, to see them, but said to the cook, 'Goody, I put these children in this room next to you, and I beg you to give an eye to them. I will not ask you to do anything for them, for I will look after them myself as much as possible, only at night give an ear to them.'

Goody, who was a very short, plump little figure, neat and tidy but very ugly, drew herself up to her full height, about four feet six inches, and said, 'Miss Patience, dem chillun is too duhty for lib in de room nex' me.'

'Yes, Goody, I know they are terribly dirty, but we are going to try and make them different. You know the Good Father promises a special blessing to those who help the orphan, and I feel sure you will wish to get some of that blessing.'

Then I promptly left, having put the children on a bench by the fireplace, where I had Jim, on whose help I can always count, make a fire.

And then Aline and I rushed upstairs, and soon the sewing-machine was in rapid operation. That day we cut and made a suit apiece for the waifs, so that when I had them scrubbed that night their old clothes could be burned. Besides this we made a mattress to fill with nice, clean straw for their bed, and got blankets and comforts for their bedding.

When I called on Chloe to find the blankets I could best spare from the house, her aspect was truly appalling. Chloe had been the comfort of my life for years, having made it possible, by her devotion and faithfulness, for me to live in the old home alone since my mother's death, with no white person

within a mile or two; so that she had been a friend as well as servant. This terrible innovation, however, was almost more than Chloe could bear with respectful equanimity. She looked so stolid and unsympathetic that I felt obliged to make a little speech somewhat like that I had made to Goody, about the blessing promised to those who care for the orphan, but Chloe answered with great dignity, 'Miss Patience, of course I'm only a sarvant, en of course you know better en me, but I tink 't is a bery dangrus ting to harber furriners in yo' ya'd, en moreober, chillun ob a teefin' fambly. I would n't say a wud if dey was we own people orphan, but I kyant undertek to tek keer ob no furrin chillun.'

There was a distinct note of rebellion in this speech, and I answered promptly, 'I have not asked you to take care of them, Chloe. I will do that. But I thought you would wish to share the promised blessing. I see, however, that you do not realize what a serious thing it is to reject a blessing.'

And passing on to the sewing-room, I worked with enthusiasm, stopping reluctantly for dinner, and by sundown everything was finished.

Then we formed a procession: Jim ahead with a huge kettle of hot water, then Chloe with soap and towels, and Aline and I behind. The tub had already been put by the fire in the orphans' room. They were washed and scrubbed thoroughly with hot water and carbolic soap, their new nighties put on, and their old clothes burned. After this was done, and the tub was removed, I had them kneel down and say the dear little child's prayer which has helped so many children through so many dark nights: —

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Then they got into their nice clean bed, and we left them.

It took Aline and me days of hard sewing to complete the boys' new outfit. Neither of us was accustomed to make boys' clothes, and the want of patterns worried us a good deal; and then the number of buttonholes seemed alarming; but we invented some patterns not requiring so many.

The second day after their arrival Chloe came in and said, 'Miss Patience, you got to be bery pertickler how you feed dese chillun. Ef you give dem much as dey want you 'll kill dem sho.'

'Very well, Chloe, use your discretion about it. I leave their feeding to you.'

'Yes, ma'am, cause dey is mos' starved, en dey kyant satisfy. I give dem dey dinner, and befo' I start wid mine dey done dem own, and den dey look at mine so pitiful I 'bleege to give 'em mo', but Jim say 't is dangrus to feed 'em too much.'

Jim told me that when he was eating his dinner one day, Rab, having finished his own, watched him with such greedy eyes that he said, 'Rechab, you ain't had enuff?'

Rab answered, 'No sah, I neber had me belly full in me life.'

'Well, Rab, we 'll stall you. Dat's what we 'll hab to do, Chloe. Dey's been here ten days, and dere's no danger now. We 'll stall dem.'

Chloe agreed, so the next day the plan was carried out. More dinner was cooked than usual, and the boys were given plate after plate until they said they had had enough, and then Jim and Chloe felt that they had accomplished a feat, and assured me that there would never in future be any trouble in satisfying them. I only heard of this after it was over, for I would have forbidden it as dangerous, never having heard of such a thing.

I gave the elder, Dab, a little axe,

and told him he could get the fallen branches of the oaks which covered the park in front of the house, and carry them to the kitchen for the stove. This he did with delight, bringing them in a cart made of a box on wooden wheels, Rab always trotting behind; and after a while they lost their stolid look.

It was a great relief to me to find that Chloe was thawing toward the outcasts. Jim was always good to them and gave all the help he could, for Jim had a boy of his own about the size of Jonadab and his heart was tender to them.

It was not long before Goody announced that she was going: she could not stand those dirty children in the room next to her. I was greatly shocked at this. She had been with me a long time, and was an excellent cook, clean, cheerful, honest, and willing until the arrival of the orphans. I talked with her, and told her they were already improving, and soon would be quite different. There was no use. Go she would. Her dignity was injured as well as her feelings. It was a great loss to me. She not only cooked, but looked after the poultry, and besides I had grown fond of the little old woman.

Now Chloe had to cook and she was a splendid cook; but she had left the kitchen on account of ill health, and I feared another breakdown if she undertook the cooking as well as the maid's work.

However, she was eager to do it, and I looked out for some one to take care of the poultry. Bonaparte told me that he heard Cinthy was at a neighboring plantation, very poor, and he thought I might get her, and as he said it would be a great help to her I told him to get her. So Cinthy came and took possession of the room Goody had left, next to the children. She was only middle-aged, but she seemed very helpless and a little cracked. She was to get three dollars a month and her food. She had been very friendless and poor, and being what Chloe calls a 'Maus nigger,' which means she had belonged to the same master, she was acceptable to the other servants. She was perfectly delighted to get the place, and never met me in the yard without making a deep courtesy, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven and making known her joy. 'Ain't yo' see, my Maussa always *did* tek keer of him people, en now 'e gone, but 'e ain't furgit me. 'E sen' 'e chile for find me, en bring me home en tek keer of me. Yes, 'e send 'e chile for mind me.'

Her light work was well done, and she was good to the children, and they were beginning to look happy, to my great satisfaction. One night when I went to hear their prayers Aline heard them singing, and motioned to me not to make a noise. The door was ajar, and we looked in. The two little boys were sitting on their wooden stools in front of a very bright lightwood fire, staring into it, swaying back and forth in time to the rhythm of the strange little hymn they were singing.[1]

It seemed to me wonderful that these little children, who appeared to be about six and four years old, should remember words and tune so well.

Every Sunday afternoon I taught them a very easy little form of catechism used for very young children. When I asked Jonadab the first question, 'Who made you?' with violent contortions he shot out, 'My ma.'

'Yes,' I explained, 'but God made your mother, and you and everything else in the world.'

The next question is, 'What did He make you for?'

Again Dab shot out a prompt answer, 'Fo' work.'

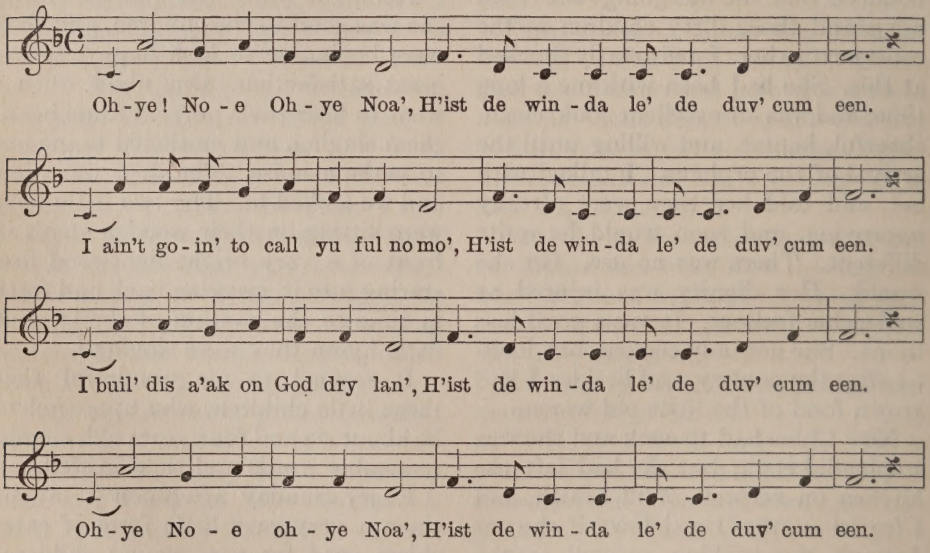
The answer in the little book is,

[1] See page 584.

'For his glory.' I was puzzled how to combine the two ideas to reach his comprehension. *Laborare est orare*, and this little black mortal could only glorify his Maker by doing with all his heart his very small duties.

After this I gave up using the regular catechism, and told them the wonderful story of the Creation and Redemption of the world in my own words, and they soon learned to tell it themselves with dramatic effect. That story of the whole garden being at the disposal of Adam and Eve, except the one tree whose fruit they were forbidden to touch, appealed strongly to their understanding, and when they told of the temptation they always said, 'Satan tu'n 'eself into a black snake, en 'e crawl up to Eve, en 'e say, "Eat un, 'e good, en 'e'll mek yo' wise," en den Eve eat um.'

I always allowed them to tell it to me in their own way, and being well acquainted with the black snake, they preferred it to the word serpent. I then taught them a simple hymn which they seemed to find very difficult, and then I let them sing one of their own little hymns, 'sperituals,' the nigs call them; and in this way I heard all they knew, and going at once to the piano, I tried to write them down in the keys in which the waifs sang them.


Oh-ye! No-e Oh-ye Noa', H'ist de win-da le' de duv' cum een.
I ain't go-in' to call yu ful no mo', H'ist de win-da le' de duv' cum een.
I buil' dis a'ak on God dry lan', H'ist de win-da le' de duv' cum een.
Oh-ye No-e oh-ye Noa', H'ist de win-da le' de duv' cum een.

IV

As soon as I had an opportunity I bought each of them a suit of 'store clothes.' I got them for four and six years, but they were a little large. Still, the boys gloried in them and wore them on Sundays.

Their joy was to take the little axe and cut and bring in load after load of the small dead limbs which make splendid hot fires, and they won their way into Chloe's heart by keeping the kitchen woodbox full. By the spring they had become very merry, and the change in them from stolid indifference to intelligent interest in everything, gave me great pleasure.

There was one great trouble and distress as they grew happy and at home. The propensities I had hoped would disappear entirely with sufficient food and clothing began to peep out. Not an egg could ever be got for

the house. The boys watched the hens and knew their nests; and they stole out early in the morning before any one was awake, took all the eggs into their room, ate some, hid some, and sold some to any one and for anything. Chloe's utmost vigilance could not come up with them.

The second spring they were with us, Chloe had raised a number of broods of beautiful chickens to the size of partridges. Then they began to disappear rapidly. I said to Chloe, 'I fear it is our cat.' Chloe answered, ''T is varmint, Miss Patience. Ef it was de cat I would see um for sartain, kase I'se very watchful. But you kyant ketch varmint. Dey favors de daak.'

One evening Chloe had been to the garden about an eighth of a mile from the house to pick green peas. She had left Rab in charge of the yard, and she suddenly remembered that she had not locked her room door, so she returned earlier than was her wont. As she approached she saw Rab sitting on the kitchen steps where she had told him to stay, and her heart glowed as she said to herself, 'Rechab is sholy gettin' to be a sma't boy to tek keer of de ya'd so good.' He was shelling an ear of corn and the great crowds of little Plymouth Rocks were running over the steps and his knees, eager to get the corn as it fell.

Chloe's heart stopped beating, for suddenly Rab made a dive, caught a chicken, seized it by the feet, swung it round rapidly, then cracked its neck with his teeth, and stuffed it into the bosom of his shirt. Chloe rushed forward and seized him. Having caught him thus red-handed, she shook him and screamed, 'You wicked boy, I seen yo' kill dat chicken.'

Rab tried to escape, but she held him, and made him take the little warm body from his shirt.

'Aint yo' shame to ac' so awful, Rab? I trus' yo', and lef' yo' in charge of the ya'd, en I ketch yo' en see yo' wid my own eye crack dat checken neck wid yo' wicked teeth. Ain't yo' feared the debbil 'll come for yo' dis minit en carry yo'm straight to hell? I feel um a-comin'. Tell me de trufe befor' 'e get yo', boy. I don't want yo' for bu'n.'

Thus exhorted and adjured, terror seized Rab, and he cried, 'Aun' Chloe, don' let de debbil ketch me, en I'll tell yo' all. I done kill twenty. I eat some, en I hide some under de grape-harbor, en I'll sho' yo' de place ef yo'll save me from de debbil.'

He took her under the grape-arbor and to several places where he had the bodies hid.

When Chloe told me, I was wretched, and my first thought was that she did not give the child enough to eat. But when I suggested this, Chloe was indignant, and said in an unnecessarily loud tone of voice that Jonadab and Rechab ate more than Jim and Ben the field hand and herself put together. 'An' as fo' yo', Miss Patience, Rechab eat mo' in one day than yo' eat in a week. Meat, en rice, en turnip, en greens, en tetta, en molasses, not to say all de aig, so dat I kyant so much as gi' yo' a biled aig fo' yo' breakfast. No, ma'am, Miss Patience, don' 'cuse me o' not feedin' dat chile, fo' I does stuff 'im. Lessen yo' 'lows me to give 'im a good licken, Satan's bound' to carry dat chile off bodily.'

Up to this time I had insisted on moral suasion as the right method of dealing with the boys. In their old life they had been accustomed to beating and harsh words, and I wanted them to have a change in their experiences, and so I had shamed them for bad conduct and rewarded them for good conduct. Now, however, justice and Chloe demanded severity. Rechab had to suffer in his little black body for the

evil deeds thereof, so I authorized Chloe to execute what she considered suitable punishment, knowing I could trust to her tender heart not to be too severe.

Chloe's method of administering the rod was unique. 'Now, Rab,' she said, 'I goin' to bag yo' befo' I lick yo'.'

Rab cried aloud for mercy, but she was firm, and put a sack over the culprit's head and tied it round his waist, and then proceeded with much noise and flourish to lay on a light switch. Rechab, however, made a great outcry, and promised volubly never to do so any more; and certainly for a while he abstained from chicken slaughter.

V

That November I had gone to the State Fair and committed a great extravagance. I had bought a pair of beautiful white turkeys from the Vanderbilt farm at Biltmore. They cost what seemed an enormous price, but they were said to be hardy and to have a very domestic and contented turn of mind, never wandering far from home.

My great difficulty in raising turkeys had been their roaming propensities. They would wander off to a distance and get caught by foxes and other varmint. But I had high hopes of raising a great many with this new variety. One day in May the poultry yard was in great excitement. Mrs. Vander had been sitting on twenty-five eggs for a month, and they were expected to hatch. Mr. Vander, who weighed forty pounds, strutted about in great pride.

When Chloe went to feed Mrs. V. that evening, she found twenty-four beauties in the nest. Her joy and pride were almost equal to Mr. V.'s. The little turkeys — pee-pees, as Chloe called them — were only two weeks old when the time came to move to the pine land for the summer, so the dear little roly-poly yellow things were put in a basket and taken out tenderly in the buckboard, while Mrs. V. was made comfortable in a small coop and followed with the other poultry in the wagon.

I had had a new house built for the distinguished family, all wired so that no harm could befall them, and yet they would have plenty of fresh air, and they were very happy when they found themselves together in such delightful quarters after the trials of the move.

As soon as we had settled down after the move I sent Jonadab to school, there being one in the little pine-land hamlet of Peaceville, under the auspices of the church, and kept by two ladies, mother and daughter. They were charming women, the mother still beautiful, showing her Greek descent in her perfect features and exquisite skin; both so refined, so thorough and conscientious, — they certainly were as near saints as mortal women ever get to be. She had been an heiress, and had married a wealthy rice-planter, but had been left after the war with nothing but her land, of which she could make no use without money to pay for labor. No one will ever know what privations she went through with her children after her husband's death, for she never made any moan, and brought up her children to do without, smilingly. What a power it gives when one has learned to do without!

For twenty-five cents a month for each child they gave up their whole time and strength to guiding the little dusky minds in the path of learning. They returned the quarter Jonadab carried, saying it would give them pleasure to teach him without pay, and his days of joy began.

At an early hour every morning, in a blue denim suit with a spotless white

shirt, and his blue denim school-bag on his shoulder, he traveled to school, a broad grin on his black face. I had feared that the strange hesitation and convulsion of his speech would make him a very trying pupil, but the good ladies sent excellent reports of him. He was very attentive and docile, and learned quickly.

I thought Rechab was too young and mischievous to go to school, and so he made things lively at home. As soon as Jonadab returned and sat down to study his lessons, Rab sat beside him, and Dab taught him the spelling orally, so that Rab could spell apparently just as well as Dab, only he knew not a single letter.

During the summer I went to the mountains to visit a sister, and things went on very satisfactorily. I had Jim write me a weekly letter telling all that went on at the plantation and in the yard, and he reported everything as serene until the autumn, when Chloe announced in a letter the death of Mr. Vander and the disappearance of all the little V.'s, and in a delicate way hinted that their death had not been a natural one, but accused no one.

I knew from the mysterious tone of the letter that something was very wrong, and when I got home the tale was told. Rechab had chased and killed Mr. Vander, and caught the little ones and either eaten or sold them. Mrs. Vander had been wounded, but Chloe had nursed her back to health. It was a sad outcome of my experiment in improved stock, and I was at a loss what to do, but finally I concluded to appear ignorant of Rab's evil deeds during my absence.

The boys were quite well and much grown. They seemed delighted to see me back, as were all the servants and the Negroes on the plantation.

The first week in November the move from the pine land back to the river, that *bête noire* of life on a rice-plantation, was accomplished. Cinthy, who had been left in the yard alone during the summer, was overjoyed to see the return of the household. She had the yard raked very clean, no weeds, no dead leaves anywhere; so I presented her with a calico frock and a new pair of shoes, and her cup of joy seemed overflowing. I wanted her to try on the shoes at once so that if they did not fit I could exchange them. I had got the number she told me she wore, — threes; but the vanity of giving a number which is entirely too small is very common among the Negroes, and I wanted to see for myself if these fitted.

But Cinthy refused to try them on, saying, 'To-night I gwine wash me foot, en I'll try de sho' on to-morrow when me foot clean.'

The next morning as I sat at the breakfast-table, Chloe came in to say that Cinthy did not 'feel so well.'

I was much surprised, for she had seemed so well and so gay the day before.

'Is she in bed, Chloe?' I asked.

'Oh, no, ma'am, I lef' um de sit by de fire, but 'e say 'e ain't feel so good.'

I poured out and sweetened heavily a cup of coffee and took it out at once to Cinthy's room. I knocked, but getting no answer pushed the door open and went in. Cinthy was saying her prayers, kneeling by the bed; so I sat down on the little bench by the fire, and set the cup of coffee on the hearth.

After a few minutes, thinking she had fallen asleep, I went to her and laid my hand gently on her shoulder. To my horror, the whole figure shook just as though I had touched a doll. Cinthy was dead! It was a dreadful shock. By her side were the new shoes yet untried. The bed was tidily made up, the room swept, and everything around was neat and commonplace,

but the mighty dignity of Death had entered the poor room, and there was a great pathos in the solemn figure. She had sunk on her knees to hear the Master's summons. Simple, unlearned Cinthy had been called up higher. She knew the great secret of the hereafter.

I called Chloe, who almost fainted when I told her. I called Bonaparte, my head man and carpenter, and sent Jim for the doctor; but there was nothing to be done. It was heart disease of which no one had any suspicion. I sent down to Cinthy's son, who lived in Gregory, and her friends were notified and they assembled promptly and sang 'sperituals' and recounted Cinthy's virtues, which they all seemed now to appreciate.

The son, who owned his house and lot in town, a horse and buggy and pair of oxen, had never thought of providing his mother with the smallest comfort while she lived. Now, however, he paid her his tribute of tears. I had Bonaparte make a coffin, buying all the necessary things at the neighboring country store; and as I could get nothing that looked nice for the inside, I took my work-basket out under an oak tree, and pinked out yards and yards of white trimming, which was greatly admired. I cut a deep scallop, and then a cluster of holes in it, which gave a very fine effect.

It was a relief to sit out under the canopy of Heaven and have this mechanical occupation while I recovered from the shock and agitation. I had given Chloe a nice outfit from my own things for the 'laying-out,' and a large bow of black ribbon for Cinthy's neck. All of these little adornments of the empty shell mean so much to Negroes, and I knew I could in no other way do as much for the limited faithful creature.

The simple funeral took place the next day with much circumstance, and its wild minor music, so descriptive of death as a terror, brought to my memory the many nights when as a child I had covered my head with the bed clothing to keep from my ears that heart-breaking wail; and even now, as the last rites were being paid to Cinthy in the burying-ground they all love so well, some of the same feeling crept upon me, and it was hard to realize that 'Death is swallowed up in Victory,' that it is truly only the Gate to Life.

Beside her parents and grandparents Cinthy was laid to rest. Then came the disposal of her 'ting.' The son said, magnanimously, that he wanted nothing, so Chloe proceeded to distribute the little treasures among the few friends who had been kind to Cinthy when she was in need, before I found her, and 'brought her home,' as she always said. It was very little,—a cooking pot, a spider, a tub, her bedding, and clothing, including the new calico dress; but they were much prized by the recipients. No one wanted her little bedstead, a neat little home-made frame; but Cinthy thought a great deal of it for it was made of 'Indian Pride,' she said. I had this put out in the orchard, and the untried shoes I took back to the house.

I told Jim he must take the boys to sleep in his house for a while till the sense of emptiness in the next room had passed away; so he invited them; but Jonadab refused, saying they did not want to leave their room; and they slept next to the empty room without one thought of fear, and after a month begged me to let them move into Cinthy's room, which had been scoured and whitewashed. I consented, and they moved in and seemed delighted with their new quarters.

During this winter Jonadab continued to go to school, though it gave him a walk of eight miles and I thought

it was too far for such a little fellow. He was anxious to go, however, and insisted that it was not too far, and proved that he was right by growing in health and strength all winter. He brought my mail with him every day from the post-office, which was just opposite his schoolhouse in Peaceville. He had a hoop from a barrel which he rolled along the level road, and made the distance in very short time, and apparently without fatigue. Rab wanted to go too, but I would not consent, and he spent his time getting 'bresh' with the little axe and the little cart. He still indulged his great fondness for eggs, but was willing to divide now, and brought some to the house.

(To be continued.)

UNIFORMS FOR WOMEN

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

THE change which has come over politics reflects closely enough the change which has come about in the direction of man's desire. Diplomacy and the affairs of kings have given place to wages and the housing of the poor; that which was serious has become pompous; that which was of no account now stands in the foreground. And so it is not absurd to suggest that one of those things which once made jests for the comic paper and the Victorian paterfamilias has, little by little, with the spread of wealth, become a problem of the day, a problem profound and menacing, full of intimations of social decay, not far remote in its reactions from the spread of a disease.

That problem is the problem of women's dress, or rather it is the problem of the fashions in women's dress. Women have never been content merely to clothe themselves, nor, for the matter of that, until very recently, have men; but men have grown a new sanity while women, if we read aright the signs of the times, have grown naught save a new insanity. We have come to a point where, for a great number of women, the fashions have become the motive power of life, and where, for almost every woman, they have acquired great importance. Women classify each other according to their clothes; they have corrupted the drama into a showroom; they have completely ruined the more expensive parts of the opera house; they have invaded the newspapers in myriad paragraphs, in fashion-pages, and do not spare even the august columns of the most dignified papers. This preoccupation does not exist among men. We have had our dandies and we still have our 'nuts' and dudes; but it never served a man very well to be a dandy or a beau, and most of us to-day suspect that if the 'nut' were broken, he would be found to contain no kernel.

Men have escaped the fashions and

therewith they have spared themselves much loss of energy and money. For it is not only the fashions that matter: it is the cost of women's clothes, the intrinsic cost; it is their continual changes for no reason, changes which sometimes produce, and sometimes destroy, beauty; sometimes promote comfort, and often cause torture. But always by their drafts upon its wealth women lead humanity nearer to poverty, envy, discontent, frivolity, starvation, prostitution, — to general social degradation. Nothing can mitigate these evils until woman is induced to view clothing as does the modern man, until, namely, she decides to wear uniform.

II

The costliness of women's clothes would not be so serious if the fashions did not change at so bewildering a speed. We have come to a point where women have not time to wear out their clothes, flimsy though they be; where we ought to welcome the adulteration of silk and wool; where we ought to hope that every material may get shoddier and more worthless, so that the new model may have a chance to justify its short life by the badness of the stuff. To-day women will quite openly say, 'I won't buy that. I could n't wear it out.' They actually *want* to wear out their clothes! The causes of this are obvious enough. We are told that there are 'rings' in Paris, London, and Vienna which decree every few months that the clothes of yesterday have become a social stigma; this is true, but much truer is the view that women are in the grasp of a new hysteria; that, lacking the old occupations of brewing, baking, child-rearing, spinning, they are desperately looking for something to do. They have found it: they are undoing the social system.

It was not always so. It is true that all through history, even in biblical times, moralists and preachers inveighed against the gewgaws that woman loves. They cried out before they were hurt; if he were alive to-day, Bossuet might, for the first time, fail to find words.

To the old curse of cost we have added change, as any student of costume will confirm; for in past ages the clothing of women did not change very rapidly. There is hardly any difference between the costume of 1755 and that which Queen Marie Leszczynska wore ten years later; in Greece, between B.C. 500 and 400, the Ionic *chiton* and *himation* varied but little; the Doric *chiton* did not vary at all; the variations in the over-mantle were not considerable. Any examination of early sculpture, of Attic vases or of terra cottas, will show that this is true. The ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court, together with their royal mistress, wore the same kind of clothes through their adult years. Their clothes were sometimes costly, but when bought they were bought, and until worn out were not discarded. And our grandmothers had that famous black-silk dress, so sturdy that it stood up by itself, very like a Victorian virtue; it lasted a lifetime, sometimes became an heir-loom.

There was no question then of fashion following on fashion at a whirling pace. Women were clothed, sometimes beautifully, sometimes hideously, but at any rate they scrapped their gowns only when they were worn out; now they scrap them as soon as they have been worn. The results of this I deal with further on, but here already I can suggest these results by quoting a few facts. Before me lies one of Messrs. Barker's advertisements; it seems that there are reception gowns, restaurant gowns; that there are coats for the races, and coats for the car, wraps for one thing, and wraps for another — and

the advertisement adds that these are the 'latest novelties' for 'the coming season,' and that all this is 'for the spring.' And then there is an advertisement of Messrs. Tudor Brothers, who have gowns for Ascot, and — this is quite true — gowns for Alexandra Day.

I have looked in vain for gowns for July 23, for gowns to be worn between a quarter past eleven and half-past twelve in the morning, and for special mourning gowns for a cousin's stepfather. Some occasions are shamefully disregarded. They are not disregarded by everybody; at least I presume that the lady quoted by Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson in her lecture in March, who possessed one hundred and ten nightdresses, could cope with any eventuality; there is the lady, mentioned to me by a friend who made some American investigations for me, who possesses one hundred and fifty pairs of slippers. There is, too, the *Bon Marché* in Paris, where, out of a staff of six thousand to seven thousand, are employed fifteen hundred dressmakers, and where there is a special workroom for the creation of models.

As all these people must find something to do, they create, unless they merely steal from the dead; but one thing they always do, and that is destroy yesterday. Out of their activities comes a continual stream of new colors and new combinations of colors, of high heels and low heels, gilt heels and jeweled heels; they give us the spat that is to keep out the wet and then the spat that does not keep out the eye. Before me lies a picture of a spat made of lace; another of a skirt slit so high as to reveal a jeweled garter. That is creation, and I suppose I shall be told that that is art. It is art sometimes, and very beautiful, but beauty does not make it live; in fact beauty causes the creation to die more swiftly, because the more appealing it is, the more it is worn: as soon as it is worn by the many, the furious craving for distinction sweeps down upon it and slays it. There are several mad women in the St. Anne asylum in Paris whose peculiar disease is that they cannot retain the same idea for more than a few seconds; they ring the changes on a few hundreds of ideas. Properly governed, their inspirations might be valuable in Grafton Street.

I do not think the end is near; indeed, fashions will be more extreme to-morrow than they are to-day. The continual growth of wealth, and the difficulty of spending it when it clots in a few hands, will make for a greater desire to spend more, more quickly, more continually, and in wilder and wilder forms. The women are to-day having individual orgies; to-morrow will come the saturnalia.

III

There is a clear difference between the cost of women's clothes and of men's. It is absolutely impossible to dress a woman of the comfortable classes for the same amount per annum that will serve her husband well. I must quote a few figures taken from Boston, New York, and London.

Boston. — Persons considered: those having $4500 to $7500 a year.

Average price of a suit (coat and skirt), $40 ready to wear; made by a dressmaker of slight pretensions, $125 to $225.

Afternoon dresses, ready to wear, $125 to $225.

Evening dresses, absolute minimum, $50; fashionable frocks, $200 to $350.

On an income of $7500 a woman's hat will cost $25; variation, $20 to $45; hats easily attain $125.

Veils attain $5; opera cloaks in stores, $90 to $250. Dressmakers charge $450 to $600.

New York. — Winter street dress, $225.

Skunk muff and stole, $200.

Hats for the year, at least $250 to $300.

Foot-wear, $250 per annum.

I am informed that a lady in active society can 'manage with care' on $2500, but really needs $4500 to $5000.

A 'moderate' wardrobe allows for 'extremely simple' gowns costing $125 each; the lady in question requires at least six new evening dresses and six remodeled, per annum. She wore an average set of furs, price $1500.

London. — Debenham & Freebody blouse, $10.

Ponting's Leghorn hat, $8. Gorringe straws, $12 to $14.

I am informed that where the household income is $3500 to $7500 a year the ordinary prices are as follows: —

Coats and skirts, $50 to $75.

Evening dresses, $75 to $120.

Hats, $7.50 to $20.

Silk stockings are cheap at $1.50, and veils at $1.50.

Now these are all moderate figures and will shock nobody, but if they are compared with the prices paid by men, they are, without any question of fashion, outrageous. I believe they are high because it is men and not women who pay, because the dressmaker trades on man's sex-enslavement. But I am concerned just now less with causes than with facts, and would rather ask how the modest $100 evening gown compares with the man's $63 dress suit (by a good tailor). How does the $63 coat and skirt compare with a man's lounge suit, price $36 by anybody save Poole, and by him only $52.50? No man has, I believe, paid more than $9 for a silk hat, while his wife pays at least $20. The point is not worth laboring, it is obvious; while every man knows that a 'good cut' does not account for the discrepancy, as he too pays, but pays moderately, for the art of a good tailor. And, mark you, apart from cost, men's clothes last indefinitely, while women's, if they have the misfortune to last, must be given away.

The prices I have quoted are moderate prices, and I cannot resist the temptation to give some others which are not unusual. I am informed that $400 can easily be charged for an afternoon dress, $1000 for an evening dress, $200 for a coat and skirt; that it is quite easy to spend $5000 a year on underclothes and $250 on an aigrette. I observe a Maison Lewis Ascot hat, price $477. Yantorny will not make a shoe under $60; a pair of his shoes made of feathers is priced by him at $2400.

As for totals: I have private information of an expenditure of $30,000 a year on dress; one of $70,000 is reported to me from America. I have seen a bill for dress and lingerie alone incurred at one shop: $35,000 in twelve months.

IV

It might be thought that this ghastly picture speaks for itself, but evidently it does not, as hardly anybody takes any notice of the question. I will venture to draw attention to the results of what is happening, ignoring the abnormal figures, because I wish to reason from what happens all the time rather than from what happens now and then, to figure the position in which the world finds itself because women do not hesitate to spend upon their clothes a full ten per cent of the household income. This figure is correct: such inquiries as I have been able to make among women of my acquaintance prove it. Out of a joint income of $12,500 a year one woman spends $1350 a year on clothes; another, out of $5750

a year, last year $655; a third, out of $8000 a year, $700, but she is a 'dowdy.'

In households of moderate means, where a certain social status is kept up, where, for instance, a woman takes $500 a year out of $5000, while her husband dresses well on $200, when all expenses have been paid there is money for little else; fixed charges, children, service, taxes, swallow up the rest. There is hardly anything left for books, barely for a circulating library; there is very little for the theatre and for games; holidays are taken in hideous lodgings at the sea-side because a comfortable bungalow costs too much. The money that should have provided the most important thing in human life, namely pleasure, is on the woman's back.

In the lower classes the case is in a way still worse. I do not mean workmen's wives, for any old rag will serve the slaves, — but their daughters! Recently a coroner's inquest in Soho showed that a girl had practically starved herself to death to buy fine clothes, and it is not an isolated case. For the last eight years I have been investigating the condition of working-women, and, so far as typists, manicurists, and tea-shop girls are concerned, I assert that their main object in leaving the homes where they are kept is to have money for smart clothes; they flood the labor market at blackleg prices, to buy finery and for no other reason. They go further: while making the necessary inquiries for my novel, *A Bed of Roses*, I scheduled the cases of about forty London prostitutes. In about 25 per cent of the cases the original cause, direct or contributory, was a desire for luxury which took the form of fine clothes. Now these women tell one what they think one would like to hear, and, where they scent sympathy, as much as possible attribute their fall to man's deceit. But acumen develops in the investigator; the figure of 25 per cent is correct or may even be an underestimate.

The conclusion is that from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand women now on the streets of London have been brought there by a desire for self-adornment. Meanwhile there is no labor available for the poor consumer, because the energy of the dressmaker is diverted toward the rich; while Miss So-and-So is paid $4000 a year to design hats, the working-wife wears a man's cap rescued from the refuse-heap.

I shall be told that the rich are not responsible for the luxurious desires of the poor; but that is evidently nonsense: the rich themselves are not innocent of prostitution; I have had reported the case of a well-paid Russian dancer whose dress bills are paid by two financiers; that of a French actress who calmly states that she needs three lovers, one for her hats, one for her lingerie, and one for her gowns; and a close inquiry into the 'bridge losses' which occasionally provoke the fall of rich men's daughters will show that these are dressmakers' bills. All this is not without its effect upon the poor. The girl of the lower classes, hypnotized by fashion-plates, compelled to witness at the doors of fashionable churches, in the street, at the music-halls, and even at the picture-palaces, the continuous streaming past of the fashion pageant, develops an intolerable desire for finery. You may say that she is wrong, that she should practice self-denial, but this is not an age of self-denial; luxury is in the air, we despair of happiness and take to pleasure, we feel the future life too far ahead, we want to enjoy. It is natural enough, especially for girls who are young and who feel unfairly out-classed by richer women who are neither as young nor as beautiful; but still it is base. If baseness is

to go, the lesson must come from the top; if there is to be self-denial, then *que messieurs les assassins commencent!* Until the rich woman realizes that her example is her responsibility it will be fair to say that the Albemarle Street $500 gown has its consequence in a prostitute on the Tottenham Court Road.

The rich woman herself does not escape scot free. It is obvious that the woman chiefly occupied with thoughts of dress develops a peculiar kind of frivolity, that she becomes unfit to think of art, the public interest, perhaps of love. She is the worst social product, a parasite, and she is not even always beautiful. Sometimes she is insane: the investigations of Dr. Bernard Holz and of Dr. Rudolf Foerster connect the mania for fashion with paranoia, and have elicited extraordinary facts, such as the collection of clothes by insane women, and such as cases of pyromania which coincided with a craze for dress.

It is, indeed, quite possible that some women might go mad if they permanently felt themselves less well-dressed than their fellows; and that is the crux of the fashion idea. Woman does not desire to be beautifully dressed: she desires to be more beautifully dressed than her fellows. She wishes to insult and humiliate her sisters, and, as modern clothes are costly, she does not hesitate to give full play to human cruelty, to use all the resources of the rich husband on whom she preys to satisfy her pride and to apply her arrogant ingenuity to the torture of her sisters. And I said, 'She wants to be more beautiful.' Is that quite right? Partly, though what woman mainly seeks is not to be beautiful but to be fashionable; the words have become synonymous. Yet the fashions are not always beautiful; sometimes they are hideous, break every line of the body, make it awkward, hamper its movements. If women truly wanted to be beautiful they would not follow the fashions: our little dark, sloe-eyed women would dress rather like the Japanese, and our big, ox-eyed beauties would appear as Greeks; but no, Juno, Carmen, and Dante's Beatrice, all together and all in turn, don first the crinoline and then the hobble skirt.

Nor do they want to attract men. They think they do but they do not, for they know perfectly well that few men realize what they wear, that all they observe is 'something blue' or an effect they call 'very doggy'; they know also that men do not wed the dangerous smart, but the modest; that men fear the implication that smart women are unvirtuous, and that they certainly fear their dressmakers' bills. Nor is it even true that women want many new clothes so as to be clean: if that were true, men in their well-worn suits could not be touched with a pitchfork. The truth is that changes in fashion are a habit and a hysteria, an advertisement, an insult offered by wealth to poverty, a degradation of women's qualities which carries its own penalty in the form of growing mental baseness.

V

Well, what shall we do? Women must wear uniform. Strictly, they already do wear uniform, for what is a fashion but a uniform? Some years ago when musquash coats (and cheaper velveteen) were 'in,' and hats were very small, there were in London scores of thousands of young women so exactly alike that considerable confusion was caused at tube stations and such other places where lovers meet; this simplifies the problem of choosing the new uniform. Let it not be thought that I wish women to dress in sackcloth, though they will certainly dress in sackcloth if ever sackcloth comes

in; I do not care what they wear provided they do not continually alter its form, and provided it is not too dear. The way in which old and young, tall and short, fat and thin, force themselves into the same color and the same shape is sheer socialism; I merely want to carry the uniform idea a little further, to make it a *permanent* uniform.

We already have uniforms for women, apart from the fashions, uniforms which never change: those of the nurse, the nun, the parlor-maid, the tea-girl. We have national costumes, Dutch, Swiss, Irish, Japanese, Italian; we have drill-suits and sports-dresses. And they are not ugly. All these uniformed women have as good a chance of marriage as any others, and her ladyship gains as many proposals on the golf-links as at night on the terrace. I would suggest that women should have two or three uniforms of a kind to be decided, which would never change, and, I repeat, they need not be ugly uniforms.

Men's uniforms are not ugly; I would any day exchange my lounge suit for the uniform of a guardsman — if I might wear it. In this 'if' is the essence of the whole idea, the whole practicability of it. Men wear uniform, that is to say lounge-suits in certain circumstances, morning coats in others, evening clothes in yet others. They never vary. We are told that they vary. Tailors show new suitings, the papers print articles about men's fashions, and perhaps a button is added or a lapel is lengthened, and that is all. Nobody cares. Men follow no fashions so far as the fable of men's fashions is true; they dare not do so because to do so serves them ill in society. A man who dares to break through the uniform idea of his sex is generally dubbed a 'bounder'; if he is one of the very young fancy-socked, extreme-collared kind, people smile and say, 'It'll wear off with time.' And women, who tolerate the dandies at tea-time, love the others.

The uniform would have to be brought in by a group of leaders of fashion determined to abolish fashion. I could sketch a dozen uniforms, but women would make a great to-do, forgetting that most fashions are created by men, so I will confine myself to timid suggestions.

1. For general out-door wear the coat and skirt is the best, together with a blouse. Lace and insertion should be abandoned, and I feel that the skirt is too long for walking; this month it is certainly too tight to enable a woman to get into an omnibus or railway-carriage gracefully. Probable price, complete, $50.

2. For summer wear, a plain blouse and skirt; not the atrocious blouse ending at the belt, but the beautiful tunic-blouse that falls over the hips. Both blouse and skirt would need to be made of a permanently fixed, plain, and unicolored material. Total cost, $25.

3. If the skirt were shortened, leggings, gaiters, and stockings would have to be standardized; the shoe-buckle, being too costly, would disappear.

4. A fixed type of hat, without feathers or aigrettes, made in straw and trimmed with flowers; produced in scores of thousands, it ought not to cost more than $2.50.

5. A fixed type of evening-gown, price $24 or $32, without any lace or trimmings, sequins, paillettes; without overlays of flimsies of any kind; no voile, no pongee silk, no chiffon, no charmeuse or tulle, no crêpe de Chine, no muslin, but a stuff of good quality, hanging in straight folds. Jewelry to be banned.

6. The afternoon dress should be completely suppressed; it responds to no need.

7. The total annual cost would be about $150.

I shall be asked whether this can be done. I think it can. Recently the Queen of Italy created a vogue for coral ornaments among the Roman ladies so as to restore their livelihood to the fishermen of Torre del Greco. That points the way; we do not need sumptuary laws, though, in times to come, when capitalism is nothing but a historical incident, we may have passed through such laws into a fuller freedom. It is enough to decree that any variation from the new standard is *bad form*. Human beings will break all laws, but they shrink if you tell them that they are infringing the rules of etiquette. There are many men to-day who would like to wear satin and velvet: they dare not because it is bad form. If, therefore, a permanent clothing scheme were established by strong patrons, if it were agreeable to the eye, which is easy to arrange, I believe that fashions could be fixed because it would be known that a woman who went beyond the uniform must either be disreputable or suffer from bad taste.

VI

I shall be told that I am warring against art. That is not true: some fashions are beautiful, some are hideous. Who would to-day wear the crinoline? Who would wear the gigot sleeve? They are ugly — but, stay! Are they? Will they not be worn in an adapted form some time within the next generation? They will, because fashions are not works of art; they are only fashions. Women do not adapt the fashions to themselves, they adapt themselves to the fashions, and it is a current joke that even woman's anatomy is adjusted to suit the clothes of the day.

Doubtless I shall be challenged on this, and told that woman's individuality expresses itself in her clothes. That again is not true; the girl with a face like a Madonna will wear a ballet-skirt if it comes in, and if she has to 'adapt' the ballet-skirt to the Madonna idea I should like to know how it is going to be done. Indeed the one thing woman avoids doing is expressing her individuality; she wants what Oscar Wilde called 'the holy calm of feeling perfectly dressed,' that is, like everybody else, and a little more expensively.

It may be retorted, however, that uniform is not cheap. That again is untrue. When a uniform is standardized, turned out in quantities and never varied, it can be made very cheaply. Men's clothing, which is not fully standardized, is such that no man need spend more than $250 a year. That is the condition I want for women. Of course it will make unemployed, and our sympathy will be invoked for dressmakers thrown out of work: that is the old argument against railways on behalf of coaches, against the mule-jenny, against every engine of human progress, and it is sheer barbarism. Labor redistributes itself; money wasted on women's clothes will be used in other trades which will reabsorb the labor and make it useful instead of sterile.

An apparently more powerful argument is that uniform would deprive women of their individuality: it cannot be much of an individuality that depends upon a frock, and I am reduced to wonder whether some women lose their personality once their frock is taken off. Still, there is a little force in the argument, for it seems to lead to the conclusion that beautiful women will enjoy undue advantage when dressed as are the ill-favored. But this is not a true conclusion; it is not even true to say that one cannot be distinctive in uniform, as anybody will realize who compares a smart soldier with an untidy one. I have myself worn a soldier's coat and know what care

may make of it. Nor do I believe that the beautiful would win; by winning is meant winning men, but we know perfectly well that it is not body which wins men: it wins them only to lose them after a while. It is something else which wins men: individuality, wit, gayety, cleverness, or cleverness clever enough to appear foolish. And we men who wear uniform, does not our individuality manage to attract? It does; and indeed I go further: I assert that fashions smother individuality because they are tyrannical and much more obtrusive than uniforms. Woman's charms are to-day dwarfed because men are dazzled and misled by the meretricious paraphernalia which clothe woman; the true charms have to struggle for life. I want to give them full play, to enable men to choose better and more sanely, no longer the empty odalisque but the woman whose personality is such that it can dominate her uniform. That will be a true race and a finer than the game of sex-temptation which women think they are playing.

It may be said that uniform will do away with class-distinctions, that one will no longer be able to tell a lady from one who is not. That is not true. What one will no longer be able to tell is a rich woman from a poor one; and who is to complain of that? Surely it will not be men, for it is not true, I repeat, that men admire extravagant clothes; nor are they tempted by them; nor do women dress to tempt them: at any rate the seduction of Adam was not compassed in that way.

Besides, women give away their own case: if their clothes were intended to attract men then surely married women would cease to follow the fashions unless, which I am reluctant to conclude, they still desire to pursue after marriage their nefarious, heart-breaking career.

The last suggestion is that women would not wear the uniform. Not follow a fashion? This has never happened before.

I adhere therefore to my general view that if woman is to be diverted from the path that leads straight toward a greater degradation of her faculties; if household budgets are to be relieved so as to leave money for pleasure and for culture; if true beauty is to take the place of tinsel, feathers, frills, ruffles, *poudre de riz;* if middle-class women are to cease to live in bitterness because they cannot keep up with the rich; if the daughters of the poor are no longer to be stimulated and corrupted by example into poverty and prostitution, it will be necessary for the few who lead the many to realize that simplicity, modesty, moderation, and grace are the only things which will enable women to gain for themselves, and for men, peace and satisfaction out of a civilization every day more hectic.

THE MAILED FIST AND ITS PROPHET

BY H. L. MENCKEN

I

Of all the public critics of the Germans in modern times, not even excepting H. G. Wells, Napoleon III, and the ravished burghers of Louvain, there has been none who belabored the Tedesco skull with harder blows, or got fiercer joy out of the delivery of them, than Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, heretic, rhapsodist, and prophet of the superman.

The business, with Nietzsche, took on the virulence and dignity of a *grande passion*. It was at once his vocation, his vice, and his substitute and apology for a religion. In the first book of his philosophical canon, written amid the *Hochs* and band-brayings of the year following Wörth and Sedan, he made his formal entry into the arena with a sort of blanket challenge to the whole of German culture, denouncing it out of hand as a pseudo-scientific sentimentalism, a Philistine yielding to the slippered and brummagem, a wholesale begging of questions. And in his last book of all, dashed off at feverish speed as the darkness closed in upon him, he returned once more to the attack, and in full fuming and fury.

No epithet was too outrageous, no charge was too far-fetched, no manipulation or interpretation of evidence was too daring, to enter into his ferocious indictment. He accused the Germans of stupidity, superstitiousness, and silliness; of a chronic weakness for dodging issues, a fatuous 'barnyard' and 'green-grazing' contentment; of yielding supinely to the commands and exactions of a clumsy and unintelligent government; of degrading education to the low level of mere cramming and examination-passing: of a congenital inability to understand and absorb the culture of other peoples, and particularly the culture of the French; of a boorish bumptiousness and an ignorant, ostrich-like complacency; of a systematic hostility to men of genius, whether in art, science, or philosophy (so that Schopenhauer, dead in 1860, remained 'the last German who was a European event'); of a slavish devotion to 'the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity'; of a profound beeriness, a spiritual dyspepsia, a puerile mysticism, an old-womanish pettiness, an ineradicable liking for 'the obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded.'

The German soul, he argued, was full of 'caves, hiding-places, and dungeons.' German taste was the negation, the antithesis, the torture and death of taste. German music was at once intoxicating and stupefying, 'a first-rate nerve-destroyer, doubly dangerous to a people given to drinking.' German wit had no existence. German cookery was 'a return to nature, that is, to cannibalism.' Germany itself was 'the flatland of Europe.'

And having made all these charges, Nietzsche by no means tried to evade their implications, however embarrassing. Did his denunciation of German music collide with the massive fact of

Wagner? Then he was far from dismayed. Wagner, on the one hand, was a mountebank, a sentimentalist in disguise, a secret Christian; and on the other hand, he was not a German at all, but a Jew! (His true name was Geyer, that is, vulture. It was but a step from Geyer to Adler, — that is, eagle,— and where is there a more thoroughly Jewish patronymic? I do not burlesque: somewhere in Nietzsche you will find the actual passage.) And Bismarck? Wasn't *he*, at least, a German? By no means! He was an *East* German, which is to say, a Slav. (And so was Luther!)

As for Nietzsche himself, the one firm faith of his life was his belief in his Polish origin. He cultivated a disorderly, truculent, and what he conceived to be Polish façade, wearing an enormous and bristling mustache. He wrote a book, which was privately printed, to prove that the true form of his name was Nietzschy, and that it was Polish and noble. It delighted him when the people at some obscure watering-place, deceived by his looks, nicknamed him 'The Polack.' The one unforgivable insult was to call him a German.

It goes without saying that all this heaping of scorn upon everything German won few readers for Nietzsche among the yeomen of the Germany that he attacked, and even fewer admirers. His charges were too strident, too extravagant, too offensive, to win any serious attention. The Germans of the seventies, in point of fact, were quite as close to his caricature as the English of the fifties had been to the caricature of Thackeray, but, still dizzy with success, they were anything but ready to hear or acknowledge the truth. And so the earlier of his books, say down to 1876 or thereabout, were sent into that Coventry which is as crushing to books as to men.

The stray reviews that survive were all printed in papers of limited circulation, and their authors, so far as I can make out, were all college professors of no importance. These gentlemen treated Nietzsche with that smothering courtesy which is proper between one professor and another. (He himself, remember, still held the chair of classical philology at Basel.) That is to say, they laboriously rectified his references and quotations, they sniffed at his heterodox notions as to the origin and inner content of Greek civilization, and they passed over, as too journalistic and undignified for formal controversion, his applications of those notions to the patriotism, the religion, and the ethical theory of the new Empire.

One or two of them chided him for his terrific assault on David Strauss, the fashionable German theologian of the day, but even here there seems to have been no suspicion that he had done any actual damage. The thing was simply a matter of taste — it was not nice for a conceited young professor, with the ink scarcely dry upon his degree, to make faces at so eminent a thinker as Strauss. As for the Germans in general, they knew no more about Nietzsche and his challenges, in those days of thirty-five years ago, than they knew about sanitary plumbing or the theory of least squares. His most vociferous shouts and accusations were as inaudible whispers in that din of mutual back-slapping, that homeric rattling of *seidel*-lids, that deafening chorus of '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*' The young Empire was beginning to feel its oats. What was one fly?

Even in 1878, when the first part of *Human, All-too-Human* flung out its bold questioning, not only of German culture, but also of most of the fundamental assumptions of Christian civilization, the response was confined to a

relatively small circle, with the author's personal friends at its centre. Wagner, to whom the book was sent (crossing *Parsifal* in the mails!), looked through it, found it unpleasant and incomprehensible (the real Wagner-Nietzsche war was to come later on), and quietly washed his hands of Nietzsche. Frau Cosima and Papa Liszt wrote him polite, patronizing letters. The orthodox philosophers, putting on their black caps, formally read him out of their society. A few radical critics, while denouncing the contents of the book and protesting against its chaotic form, gave praise to its frenchified and gorgeous style. A few readers sprang up with commendations here and there, and some of them were destined to become disciples in the years to come. But the sensation that the book made was, after all, very short-lived, and the great body of Germans remained comfortably unaware of it. When the second volume appeared, in 1879, it fell flat. The third, published in 1880, followed it into the shadows. The publisher found himself with an unsold stock on his hands; Nietzsche himself, it is probable, had to pay the printer's bill. It was not until 1886, when the book was reprinted as a whole, that its ideas began to fall into the stream of German thinking, and its phrases to impress themselves upon the champions of the new national ideal.

II

Even so, the genuine turn of the tide toward Nietzsche was to be delayed for six years more. It came at last in 1892, with the publication of the four parts of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Here, after six trials and six failures, he struck twelve with a resounding thwack. Here was success indubitable: a book almost perfectly adapted to arrest, arouse, stimulate, antagonize, inflame, and conquer. Here, at one stroke, was a profound and revolutionary treatise upon human conduct, and a glowing and magnificent work of art. The thing that Nietzsche accomplished in it was something that had been scarcely accomplished by anyone else since the day of the Hebrew prophets: he had put a whole system of morals into dithyrambs, and the dithyrambs were sonorous, beautiful, eloquent, thrilling.

It was as if a new Luther had begun to speak with the tongue of a new Goethe; as if a new David had been sent into Germany to kindle her against the false gods of the past. And beside this intrinsic power of appeal, this peculiar fitness for a dual assault upon emotions and reason, the book had two further advantages, the first being that it offered a less direct and contemptuous affront to German susceptibilities than any of its predecessors, and the second being that it fell upon Germany at the very moment when the new ruling caste, still a bit insecure, still more than a little irresolute, stood in sorest need of heartening. Bismarck was an old, old man by now, and had been lately forced from the helm by the headstrong young Kaiser. The echoes of his *Kulturkampf* were still rumbling along the sky-line; the heresies of Karl Marx were spreading like wildfire among the mob; the demands from below were growing more and more extravagant and more and more pressing.

What was needed was a sharp counterblast to all this gabble and babble, a coherent and convincing defense of the besieged elders of the state, a theory that would account in terms of right and justice for the embattled facts, a new gospel to take the place of the old gospel of brotherhood which the Socialists were turning so plausibly to their uses, an evangel of the counter-reformation.

This is what Nietzsche offered in

Thus Spake Zarathustra, and, as I have said, the medicine was fortunately without much bitterness, the sins and deficiencies of the Germans were temporarily overlooked, there was nothing to explain away. No wonder the book went through the country like wildfire! No wonder its impassioned justification of the *Herrenmoral* was hailed by all the exponents of the new order as the voice of the true German spirit, a sufficient and overwhelming answer to the petty ideals of the rising proletariat, a perfect statement of the theory and practice of sound progress!

What is to be remembered here is the enormous change that had come over the German scene since the seventies, and in particular, the change that had occurred in the personnel of the ruling caste. The old *Junkertum*, though the Socialists still roared over its crimes, was now little more than an evil memory; Bismarck, its prophet and idol, had long since yielded to the inexorable forces of the future; the aristocracy which now ruled the land was anything but an aristocracy of oafish *squireens* and strutting sword-clankers. The new Germany, its bonds now knitting solidly, had begun to grow rich, not only in mere money and goods, but also and more especially in those things of the spirit which make for genuine national greatness. It was, in truth, at the beginning of an era of unprecedented expansion and productiveness. German science, descending from the clouds (or, ascending from the 'caves, hiding-places and dungeons'), was becoming enormously practical and fruitful; the whole world was beginning to acknowledge its leadership: it was seizing, taking over, pushing forward the conquests of nature begun in other lands, — for example, by Darwin, Pasteur, Mendeléeff, Lister, by Dutch and Swedish chemists, English physicists, and American inventors.

The day was not far past when German scholars had been forced to go to Leyden, Paris, Cambridge, Padua, even Vienna — when the German universities had been strongholds of obscurantism, dogmatic theology, and sterile pedantry. But now the tide was suddenly setting in from the other direction. Scholars from all over the world were coming to Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Halle, Munich, Bonn, and Göttingen. Even in far-away America the whole system of higher education was being remodeled upon German plans. Harvard was borrowing copiously from Berlin; in the Johns Hopkins Medical School a new Heidelberg was arising.

In every other field of civilized activity the Germans were going ahead just as rapidly. The inventions and discoveries of their scientists were being applied with an ingenuity and a dispatch that no other nation could match; they were swiftly getting a virtual monopoly of all those forms of industry which depended upon scientific exactness, — for example, the manufacture of drugs, dye-stuffs, and optical goods. And at the same time they were making equal, if not actually superior, progress in the grosser departments of trade. Their two great steamship corporations, the one founded back in 1847 and the other ten years later, were taking on new life and acquiring huge fleets of freight and passenger ships — fleets soon to be much larger, in fact, than any that even England could show. Their tramp steamers, more numerous every year, were trading to all the ports of the world. German drummers were everywhere, eager to make terms, speaking all languages. The first German colonies had been acquired in the middle eighties; the setting up of new ones now went on apace; advances were made into Africa and Oceania; a landing on the mainland of Asia was to

follow in 1897. And the German navy, so long a mere paper power, was soon to be converted into a thing of authentic steel.

So in the arts. Wagner was dead, but German music still lived in Johannes Brahms, now the acknowledged tone-master of the world, perhaps the true successor of Beethoven and Bach. Nor was he a solitary figure. A youngster named Richard Strauss, the son of a Munich horn-player, was fast coming to fame; Mahler, Humperdinck, and other lesser men were carrying on the glorious German tradition; German conductors and teachers were in high demand; German opera, after years of struggle, was at last breaking into New York, London, even Paris. And in literature Germany was entering upon the most productive period since the golden age of Goethe and Schiller. The German drama, before any other, began to show the influence of the revolutionary Ibsen, himself a resident of Germany, and more German in blood than Norwegian. Sudermann and Hauptmann, the twin giants, were at the threshold of their parallel careers; Lilienkron, Hartleben, and Bierbaum were about to put new life into the German lyric; a new school of German storytellers was arising. And Munich, to make an end, was beginning to offer rivalry to Paris in painting, and bringing in students from afar. On all sides there was this vast enrichment of the national consciousness, this brilliant shining forth of the national spirit, this feeling of new and superabundant efficiency, this increase of pride, achievement, and assurance.

III

The thing to be noted here is that the progress I have been describing was initiated and carried on, not by the old aristocracy of the barrack and the court, but by a new aristocracy of the laboratory, the study, and the shop. The *Junkertum*, though it was still to do good service as a hobgoblin, had long since ceased to dominate the state, and its ideals had gone the way of its power. Bismarck was the last of its great gladiators — and its first deserter. Far back in the seventies, perhaps even in the sixties, he had seen the signs of its impending collapse, and thereafter he had been gradually metamorphosed into an exponent of the new order. Did he wage a war upon the Catholic Church? Then it was because he saw all organized and autonomous religion, with its tenacity to established ideas and its hostility to reforms from without, as a conspiracy against that free experimentation which alone makes for human progress. Did he do valiant battle with the Socialists, the Liberals, the whole tribe of political phrase-mongers and tub-thumpers? Then it was because he knew how puerile and how futile were the cure-alls preached by these quacks — how much all political advancement was a matter of careful trial and stage-management, and how little it was a matter of principles and shibboleths. And did he, in the end, definitely turn his back upon the axioms of his youth, and take his stand for the utmost dissemination of opportunity, the true democratization of talent? Then it was because he had seen feudalism gasp out its last breath when federalism was born at Versailles, and was convinced that it was dead to rise no more.

But this new democracy that thus arose in Germany was not, of course, a democracy in the American sense, or anything colorably resembling it. It was founded upon no romantic theory that all men were natural equals; it was free from the taint of mobocracy; it was empty of soothing and windy phrases. On the contrary, it was a delimited,

aristocratic democracy in the Athenian sense — a democracy of intelligence, of strength, of superior fitness — a democracy at the top. Its prizes went, not to those men who had most skill at inflaming and deluding the rabble, but to those who could contribute most to the prosperity and security of the commonwealth.

Politicians, it is true, sprang up in its shadow, as they must inevitably spring up when any approach is made toward universal manhood suffrage; but the part that they played in the conduct of affairs was curiously feeble and inconsequential. Even the great Socialist leaders, Liebknecht and Bebel, never attained to any real power in the government. If they got some of the things that they asked for, it was because they asked for things it was advisable to grant, and not because they were able to enforce their demands.

In the practical business of operating the state, in its units and as a whole, the final determination of all matters was plainly vested, not in politicians or in majorities, but in experts, in men above all politics, in the superbly efficient ruling caste. The professional mayor, aloof from party passions, unreachable by intrigues, remains today a characteristic German figure: the supreme triumph of intelligence over mere voting power. And one recalls, too, such typical representatives of the new order as Rudolf Virchow, for years a hard-working Berlin city councillor, and Wilhelm Koch, the greatest bacteriologist in the world and Germany's general superintendent of public health, her pre-Gorgasean Gorgas. Koch rid Germany of typhoid fever by penning up the population of whole villages and condemning whole watersheds. It was ruthless, it was unpopular, it broke down and made a mock of a host of 'inalienable' rights — but it worked.

Here, then, we see clearly the two ideas at the bottom of the scheme of things that the new Germany adopted. On the one hand, there was the utmost hospitality to intelligence, no matter how humble its origin, so long as it took an efficient, a practicable, a workable direction. And on the other hand there was the utmost disdain for all those grandiloquent words which conceal, excuse, or attempt to make glorious the lack of it. From the old *Junkertum* there was taken over the principle of order, of discipline, of submission to constituted authority. And from the democracy that kicked up its futile turmoils in states beyond the border there was borrowed the new concept of free opportunity, of hospitality to ideas, of eager seeking.

To the mixture there was added something of the blood-and-iron element of Bismarck, and something of that proud harshness which has been the hallmark of the German throughout the ages.

The new Germany was even more contemptuous of weakness, within or without, than the old. What had been the haughtiness of a single class became the haughtiness of a whole people. The days of German sentimentality, of the *kaffeeklatsch* view of life, of mysticism and simple piety, of Marlitt and Heimburg, of Hegel and Fichte, of *Morgen Rot* and *The Sorrows of Werther* were definitely put behind. A line was drawn beneath the romantic movement. The key changed to C major. Germany began to grow cocky, skeptical, self-sufficient, brusque, impatient of opposition. It held up its head among the nations. It lost its religion, dropping one member bodily from the Trinity and providing a substitute — in a helmet! — for the vacancy. It offered opinions unsolicited. It stuck its thumb into pies; laid the same member beside its nose; wriggled its fingers. It

began, in the full view of passers-by, to sharpen its sword.

But uncertainty still clung about this new spirit. It was yet vague, unformulated in words, not quite comprehended, even by the Germans themselves. What it needed, of course, was a philosophy to back it up, as the vast unrest of the American colonies needed the Declaration of Independence, with its sharp, staccato asseverations, its brave statement of axioms. That philosophy, though few Germans knew it, was already in being. It had been gradually taking form and substance as the new national spirit had developed, and side by side with it. It had been first heard of in *The Birth of Tragedy*, twenty years before. It had first shown clear outlines in the onslaught upon David Strauss. It had grown clearer still in *Human, All-too-Human;* yet more so in *The Dawn of Day* and *The Joyful Science;* yet more so in *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals.* And now at last, its time being come, it suddenly flashed forth with blinding brilliance in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Nietzsche's unquestioned masterpiece and perhaps the greatest work in German since *Faust.*

Here, indeed, was the thing that the Germans had been looking for. Here was a magnificent statement, lucid, plausible, overwhelming, of the ideas that had been groping for utterance within them. Here was the sufficient excuse and justification for their racial aspiration, the Magna Charta of their new intellectual freedom, the gospel of their new creed, of progress. It had all the essential qualities of a great race-document. It was dramatic, eloquent, persuasive, vigorous, romantic — a mixture of challenge and testament, of code and saga. It put into straightforward propositions, — so impassioned that they seemed almost self-evident, — the principles that the Germans had been applying, dubiously, experimentally, to their new problems. It accounted for and gave assent to their doubts of the old platitudes. It dowered them, at the stroke, with a new feeling of intellectual dignity and of intellectual security.

As I have said, there was but little writing against the Germans in the book. For once Nietzsche forgot his old rage against his own people, his profound antagonism to German culture. For once the good European yielded to the good German — that good German who, for all his carping, had served his country faithfully in war, and brought away his life-long wounds. Perhaps it was because he had begun to feel, dimly but none the less surely, that the culture he had reviled and roared against in his earlier books (and was to take a farewell stab at in *Ecce Homo*) had actually begun to yield to progress, that the new Germany had already traveled very far from the Germany of Tiecks and Hoffman, of Mendelssohn and Weber, even of *The Ring* and *Parsifal.* It was still a bit heavy-witted, perhaps, and more than a bit boorish, but it had long since lost its liking for 'the obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded'; it no longer dwelt in 'caves, hiding-places, and dungeons'; it had put behind it all mysticism, 'spiritual dyspepsia,' empty pedantry, and 'green-grazing' contentment. So far had it gone, indeed, that it was fully prepared to make some show of assent to most of Nietzsche's thunderous charges.

IV

The way once prepared by *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, the rest of the books slipped down easily, charges and all. Nietzsche himself was beyond honor and flattery by now; his mind a muddle, he drowsed away the endless days

at quiet Weimar, nursed by his devoted sister. But around that pathetic shell of a man a definite and vigorous cult arose. Young Germany adopted him, ratified him, hurrahed for him. His phrases passed into current cant; he was quoted, discussed, hailed as a deliverer; musicians were inspired to deafening tone-poems by his dithyrambs; all the scribblers discovered that he had invented a new German language, chromatic, supple, electrical; he became a great national figure, a prophet, something of a hero — in his own words, 'a European event.'

Do not mistake me here. I am not saying that the Germans adopted Nietzsche in any general and unanimous sense, as the Arabs, for example, adopted Mohammed, or as the Americans adopted the Declaration of Independence. To the common people he was inevitably a dose of very bitter caviare: in so far as they were aware of him at all, they could scarcely understand him, and in so far as they could understand him, they were mocked and outraged by him. Nor was he more palatable to the elements which represented, in the new empire, the ideas carried over from the last and previous ages — for example, the adherents of the church and the survivors and mourners of the old aristocracy. For that church and that aristocracy he had only the fiercest of scorn. Against the one he was yet to launch *The Antichrist*, without question the most devastating attack ever made upon Christian morals in ancient or modern times. And at the aristocracy he had already flung the insult of ranking it second in his new order of castes, putting it with 'those whose eminence is chiefly muscular,' and dismissing it as fit only to 'execute the mandates of the first caste, relieving the latter of all that is coarse and menial in the work of ruling.' Nor were these the only groups which found little but effrontery and atheism in his new scheme of things. He was iconoclast even before he was prophet. His whole philosophy was a herculean treading upon toes.

But that he got a response from what he himself regarded as the true aristocracy of his country, and what many of his countrymen, willingly or unwillingly, had begun to regard as such — this, I take it, scarcely needs argument. Upon the young intellectuals, the rulers of the morrow, his influence was immediate and profound. Not only did they hail him as a sound and convincing critic of that orthodoxy which they instinctively shrank from and longed to dispose of, but they also found a surpassing fairness in the theory of the universe that he proposed to set up in place of it.

That theory of his was full of the confidence and the lordliness of youth; it was the youngest philosophy that the world had seen since the days of the Greeks; it made no concession whatever to the intellectual toryism of old age, the timidity and inertia of so-called experience. And if it was thus young, and perhaps even a bit juvenile, then let us not forget that Germany was young too. Here, indeed, was the youngest of all the great nations, the baby among the powers. The winds of great adventure were still sharp and spicy to its nostrils; it felt the swelling of its muscles, the itch of its palm on the sword-hilt; it gazed out upon the world proudly, steadily, disdainfully. And here, of its own blood, was a philosopher who gave validity, nay, the *highest* validity, to its impulses, its appetites, its ambitions. Here was a sage who taught that the supreme type of man was the *Ja-sager*, the yes-sayer. Here was one who drove a lance through the Beatitudes, and hung a new motto upon the point: '*Be hard!*'

One thing to be remembered clearly

about Nietzsche — and I insist upon it because it is almost always forgotten — is that he by no means proposed a unanimous, or even a general desertion of Christian morality. On the contrary, he specifically reserved that deliverance for his highest caste, whose happiness was 'in those things which, to lesser men, would spell ruin —in the labyrinth, in severity toward themselves and others, in effort.' The true enlightenment was not for the castes lower down; it was even to be guarded jealously, lest they steal it and pollute it. For those castes the old platitudes were good enough. Did they cling sentimentally to Christianity, unable to rid themselves of their yearning for a rock and a refuge? Then let them have it! It was 'a good anodyne.' Their yearning for it was a proof of their need for it. To attempt to take it away from them was an offense against their sense of well-being, and against human progress as well.

'Whom do I hate most,' asked Nietzsche in *The Antichrist*, 'among all the rabble of to-day?' And his answer was: 'The Socialist who undermines the workingman's instincts, who destroys his satisfaction with his insignificant existence, who makes him envious and teaches him revenge.' Christianity and brotherhood were for workingmen, soldiers, servants, and yokels, for 'shopkeepers, cows, women, and Englishmen,' for the submerged chandala, for the whole race of subordinates, dependents, followers. But not for the higher man, not for the superman of to-morrow!

Thus the philosophy of Nietzsche gave coherence and significance to the new German spirit, and the new Germany gave a royal setting and splendor to Nietzsche. He got a good deal more, I often think, than he ever gave back. His ultimate roots, true enough, were in Greek soil,— it was the Athenian drama that started him upon his lifelong inquiry into moral ideas,— but he grew more and more German as he grew older, more and more the spokesman of his race, more and more the creature of his environment. His one great service was that he gathered together the dim, groping concepts behind the national aspiration and put them into superlative German, — the greatest German, indeed, of all time, — so that they suddenly rose up, in brilliant clarity, before the thousands who had been blundering toward them blindly. In brief, he was like every other philosopher in the catalogue, ancient or modern: not so much a leader of his age as its interpreter, not so much a prophet as a procurator.

Go through *Thus Spake Zarathustra* from end to end, and you will find that nine tenths of its ideas are essentially German ideas, that they coincide almost exactly with what we have come to know of the new German spirit, just as the ideas of Aristotle were all essentially Greek, and those of Locke essentially English. Even its lingering sneers at the Germans strike at weaknesses which the more thoughtful Germans were themselves beginning to admit, combat, and remedy. It is a riotous affirmation of race-efficiency, a magnificent defiance of destiny, a sublime celebration of ambition.

Not even Wilhelm himself ever voiced a philosophy of vaster assurance. Not even the hot-heads of the mess-table, drinking uproariously to *der Tag*, ever flung a bolder challenge to the gods. 'Thus,' shouts Zarathustra, 'would I have man and woman: the one fit for warfare, the other fit for giving birth; and both fit for dancing with head and legs' — that is, both lavish of energy, careless of waste, pagan, gargantuan, inordinate. And then, 'War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity,but your brav-

ery lifts up those about you. Let the little girlies tell you that "good" means "sweet" and "touching." I tell you that "good" means "brave." . . . The slave rebels against hardships and calls his rebellion superiority. Let *your* superiority be an *acceptance* of hardships. . . . *Let your commanding be an obeying.* . . . Propagate yourself *upward.* . . . I do not spare you. . . . Die at the right time . . . *Be hard!*'

I come to the war: the supreme manifestation of the new Germany, at last the great test of the gospel of strength, of great daring, of efficiency. But here, alas, the business of the expositor must suddenly cease. The streams of parallel ideas coalesce. Germany becomes Nietzsche; Nietzsche becomes Germany. Turn away from all the fruitless debates over the responsibility of this man or that, the witless straw-splitting over non-essentials. Go back to Zarathustra: 'I do not advise you to compromise and make peace, *but to conquer.* Let your labor be fighting, and your peace victory. . . . What is good? All that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is happiness? The feeling that power increases, that resistance is being overcome. . . . Not contentment, but more power! Not peace at any price, but war! Not virtue, but efficiency! . . . The weak and the botched must perish: that is the first principle of our humanity. *And they should be helped to perish!* . . . I am writing for the lords of the earth. . . . You say that a good cause hallows even war? . . . *I tell you that a good war hallows every cause!*'

Barbarous? Ruthless? Unchristian? No doubt. But so is life itself. So is all progress worthy the name. Here at least is honesty to match the barbarity, and, what is more, courage, the willingness to face great hazards, the acceptance of defeat as well as victory. 'Ye shall have foes to be hated, but *not* foes to be despised. Ye must be proud of your foes . . . The new Empire has more need of foes than of friends. . . . Nothing has grown more alien to us than that "peace of the soul" which is the aim of Christianity. . . . And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones. A small revenge is better than none at all.'

Do we see again those grave, blond warriors of whom Tacitus tells us — who were good to their women, and would not lie, and were terrible in battle? Is the Teuton afoot for new conquests, a new tearing down, a new building up, a new transvaluation of all values? And if he is, will he prevail? Or will he be squeezed to death between the two mill-stones of Christianity and Mongol savagery? Let us not assume his downfall too lightly: it will take staggering blows to break him. And let us not be alarmed by his possible triumph. What did Rome ever produce to match the Fifth Symphony?

A PROFESSOR IN A SMALL COLLEGE

BY RAYMOND BELLAMY

I

During the last few years, the attention of readers has frequently been called to the life of the college professor, his work, his hardships, and his compensation — or rather his lack of compensation. But, seemingly, all the information which has been offered on the subject has been concerned with the professor in the larger university, and only passing attention has been given to the teacher in the small college. And yet there are in the United States about ten thousand men and women who are teaching in colleges that enroll less than five hundred students each. These men are popularly, and perhaps correctly, classed as 'professors' along with their brothers in the more exalted positions. There is not so much distinction here between 'professors,' 'assistant professors,' and 'instructors,' for there is frequently only one man teaching each subject, and, in a surprisingly large number of cases, two or three subjects will be taught by the same man. To a far greater extent than might be supposed, these men are exerting an influence in our civilization, and their own peculiar struggles and aspirations form a unique chapter in contemporary history.

Following a strong natural bent, I have joined this army of educators and I consider myself, at present, a fairly typical specimen. There are a wife and baby to share my life, and give me an added incentive to do good work. I hold a master's degree from one of America's leading universities and am planning to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy as soon as possible. This is the usual state of affairs with the professor in the small college, as those who already hold doctor's degrees are comparatively rare. I do not hesitate to say that I am successful in my teaching. My students are enthusiastic, the work they do compares very favorably with that done at much larger schools, and there are many other things which indicate that I have at least average ability and success. The great scholar under whom I took the greater part of my post-graduate work said to me, 'I have never known anyone who seemed to be going ahead by leaps and bounds as you are.' Being a natural teacher, I enjoy my work as I suppose few men ever enjoy their work, and altogether my life is happier and gayer than that of most of my fellow teachers.

I am teaching in a state that borders on the Atlantic, in a fine old school that for over seventy-five years has been sending out graduates who afterwards have become senators, governors, judges, ministers, and leading men in industries and professions. This school ranks high among the educational institutions of the state and, even financially, is fairly successful as schools go. The salary which I yearly receive is twelve hundred dollars, or rather I receive eleven hundred dollars and my house is furnished free; this is a very good house and it would probably cost me much more than a hundred dollars a year if I had to pay rent. It will be

readily understood that this salary is equivalent to almost twice as much at a larger institution or in a city. This is a country school, in the midst of a rich agricultural section, and we know nothing of the great expense of life in a city or the great cost of social duties which are necessarily attached to the life of a university man. While there are a few small colleges that pay better salaries than this, there are others — and many others — that pay much less.

Altogether, my lot is as good as or better than that of the average college professor, and I feel justified in saying that the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.

I was never a very good accountant, and it is next to impossible to make my accounts balance. Usually at the end of a month, there is a slight deficit, which may amount to as much as a dollar or two. I know that there are economic specialists who can keep accounts for years and show where every penny has gone; some of these are also very efficient in the art of living cheaply, and are inclined to censure the rest of us for not having this ability. But I have noticed that those who are so expert in this way are, as a rule, not extraordinarily good teachers. I cannot conceive how a teacher, so sufficiently wrapped up in his work as to arouse the proper amount of enthusiasm in his students, can always remember to set down the two cents which he spent for a postage stamp or the quarter which he paid for some collars when he forgot to send off his laundry — only, of course, the man of this type would not have forgotten to send off his laundry. The average college professor cannot keep accounts as accurately as this, but is sometimes absent-minded; not extremely so, but just about as much so as any other ordinary individual.

II

Without attempting to give an exact account of the way we use our income, I can give one that so nearly approximates it that it will serve our purpose very satisfactorily. Aside from my regular work, I teach in a summer school, and have found that by so doing I can make just about enough to meet the expenses of the summer. Therefore we can count out the summer months and discuss only the expenses of the school year, which is about ten months long. The following table will show the disposition which we make of the greater part of the salary: —

Clothing for all three, including hats and shoes	$200
Board (or table expenses)	200
Milk and special food for the baby	40
Household expenses	75
Fuel and light	50
Books and magazines	60
Life insurance	50
Laundry, stationery, doctor, dentist	50
Recreations, dinners, travels, Christmas, etc.	75
Religious and educational movements	100
Total	$900

It will appear from the above table, that, counting the fifty dollars for life insurance, I make about two hundred and fifty dollars above expenses each year. But it will quickly be seen that there are many calls for money which are not taken into account in the table: these are the occasional expenses which fall under no special heading. I do most of my typing, but occasionally I am so rushed that I must hire somebody to do a little of it, and a few dollars leak out in this way; a new typewriter ribbon or some repairs on my machine take their mite; unless I neglect my teaching it is impossible to split all my kindling and take care of the yard, so I must occasionally hire a boy to do some of this work for me; my wife cannot always do all her work and sometimes a colored woman comes in and helps

her wash or scrubs the floor for her; the baby needs a carriage or at least a new toy, and, in fact, almost every day sees a draft made on the long-suffering and rapidly diminishing two hundred dollars. When I count up, I wonder that we succeed in getting through even, which is about all we can do.

I frankly admit that I could economize on some of the above items. I could spend less for books and magazines, for example, and I know some teachers do this. This may be justifiable in some lines, but to teach the subjects which I am teaching, and teach them *right*, it is necessary to do a great amount of reading and keep up with the times. And laying aside the question of what he ought to do, the teacher *wants* to keep up so badly that he will, if necessary, go without food and clothing in order to secure these books and magazines. Sixty dollars is little enough when there is no city library accessible and there is a dearth of such material in the library of the college. The textbooks alone which I use in my classes this year cost over thirty dollars, and the texts are comparatively insignificant. I grow sick with longing when I read the advertisements of books and journals which I should have. I keep lists and catalogues of these publications and occasionally read them over, just for the torturing pleasure of thinking how delightful it would be if I could afford them.

I never take any journals that are taken by the library, I never buy any that I can borrow, and I work every scheme of which I can think to gain access to as many as possible, spending every cent that I can afford for some of the best that are most closely related to my work. But how many there are that I ought to have and cannot get! There is the *Eugenic Review*, published in England: if my students are to leave their Alma Mater as well-informed, efficient, enthusiastic citizens, I ought by all means to have access to this magazine. Then there is the *Harvard Theological Review;* sometimes I finger the announcements concerning this journal with much the same fondness that a small boy has when he fondles his painted bow and arrow, and longs to get out into the deep cool woods. Some of my students will be preachers and I could do much better work by them if I only had this publication; and of perhaps equal importance is the theological journal issued by the University of Chicago Press. Then there are the *Psychological Bulletin*, *Mind*, the *British Journal of Psychology*, the *Journal of Race Development*, the *Journal of Animal Behavior*, the — but why name them? There are at least fifteen or twenty such, costing from two to five dollars each, which I could use to great advantage, both to myself and my students; but they are hopelessly beyond my reach.

And books! Here I become sick in earnest. There's Stefansson's account of his life with the Eskimo, Ellen Key's writings, some of Bergson's works; Pfister, of Germany, has written a new book on Freudian psychology, *Die psychoanalytische Methode*, which, from its descriptions and commendations, must be the best thing in this line that has ever been written; there is a book, just off the press, that gives the life of G. Stanley Hall, and my relations to him have been such that I can hardly be resigned to do without this book. I should have no trouble whatever in spending an additional hundred dollars for seemingly necessary books.

A number of my students will enter universities to take up graduate work next year, and I would like to give them at least a speaking acquaintance with some of these recent books before they go. What would it not mean to them if I could give them the gist of these books

while we walked round the campus or sat in an informal visit — which, after all, is by far the best kind of teaching. And besides what it would mean to my students, I need these books for my own personal good. I need them in order that I may remain fresh and keep on growing, and escape the danger of mental ossification.

It will be noticed that I make no mention of any books that are not closely connected with my work. This is not because I do not like other books, for I am passionately fond of poetry and good fiction, but I cannot afford to invest in any books for pleasure or because of the binding of the book. This year, I have been especially fortunate with my books. I made a sort of bargain by which fifty dollars of the hundred that I yearly give to church and educational matters might be given to the college library in the form of books. Of course, I secured the use of the ones that I put in the library, and that was just as good as if I had bought them for myself. That is, I secured as much objective good from them, but subjectively, I frankly admit that I get much pleasure from the act of owning a book myself that is lacking when I read one that does not belong to me. Altogether, I hardly see how I can spend less than sixty dollars yearly for books and magazines.

III

Probably there are few who will be inclined to think that two hundred dollars is an extravagant sum to spend for the clothing of three. This practically means clothing for the entire year, as we buy very little clothing out of the summer's salary. It must be remembered, too, that I am supposed to dress like a 'professor,'—although the standards are very different for different places, — and my wife must be attired as a 'professor's wife.' There are probably some who could dress more cheaply, but, as I said above, I specialize in teaching and not in being an economic expert.

It is really funny, sometimes, when I think of the way I manage my clothes. Only a few days ago, one of the other professors apologized to me for the appearance of the suit he was wearing (he was having troubles, too, poor man), and intimated that my clothing looked very neat and new. Well, at that particular time, I did have on the best suit I own, but I have worn it three winters, and there was a hole at the bottom of one trouser-leg, which, however, did not show very badly. My wife has darned that hole now, and let me say, just here, that she is very efficient in darning and cleaning my clothes. I wonder how many of the readers know that men's clothing can be washed? Last winter my wife fished an old suit of mine out of the rags and decided to see what she could do with it. I had worn this suit in a chemical laboratory for a year and the acid had eaten it full of holes. I had caught the coat on a barbed-wire fence and torn it badly, and I had spilled some paint on it. She washed this suit in a tub with warm water and Ivory soap, dried it, darned the many, many holes with ravelings from the raw edges, pressed it nicely and I put it on and wore it — and everybody admired my new suit.

This was a thin summer suit she had washed, but it turned out so successfully that she tried her hand at a heavy old black suit which I had thrown away because it was so old and dirty — you know those black suits never wear out. This she washed with as much success as the other, and when she had put new lining in the sleeves it was a very respectable suit. She has washed them again this year, and they seem to look about as well as ever, and I laughingly

tell her that I shall be wearing one of those coats when I receive my doctor's degree — that far-distant mystic event toward which we both look with much the same feeling that we have when we speak of the time when 'our ship will come in.'

There are many little tricks that a 'professor' employs — at least I do. I wear 'low-cuts,' or slippers, the year round and explain that I like them better than high shoes, which is strictly true; but the real reason is that a pair of shoes will last me longer than six months, and I wear them until they are entirely worn out before buying a new pair. Therefore I am apt to be wearing half-worn slippers when the fall winds begin to blow and, instead of buying a new pair of high shoes, I buy gaiters. They cost only fifty cents a pair, and one pair will last me two years. And I never have a strictly dress shoe, but always buy shoes that will serve for school and street wear after they are too worn for 'best' functions.

I own no dress-suit and never wear one. As long as I am associating with 'professors' I am safe, for few of them own dress-suits and, even if they do, they understand. I should greatly enjoy attending functions where suits of this kind are in demand, and my natural social instincts would make me at home there, but I am one of the many efficient, well-educated, up-to-date teachers who never appear at such places — and for a reason.

Even in the matter of hair-cuts and shaves, I have learned to economize, and I usually let my hair grow very long before having it cut and thus the barber's bills are kept small. I usually remark when I get into the chair (a guilty conscience will always force one to make some explanation) that I used to play football — which I did — and that I still wear my hair long — which I do — but again there is a reason. Fortunately, I look fairly well with long hair and I have become somewhat proficient in trimming my neck and temples with the razor. I am something of an expert with a razor, and during the last three years I have been shaved by a barber only once.

I speak of this as a kind of record whenever the subject comes up, and show that I am proud of it, but still there would have been no such record if it did not cost money to be shaved by barbers. The ordinary man, who detests shaving himself as much as I do, and who also enjoys the luxury of a good shave by a barber as well as I do, will know something of what this means. I received fifty dollars more than I had expected for my last summer's work and I celebrated by getting a shave. Do not think that I am the only man in intellectual work who goes to such an extreme. I know a man who took a doctor's degree in philosophy last spring from one of America's leading universities, who acknowledged in a private conversation — a very private conversation — that he had never been shaved by a barber and had never eaten a meal in a restaurant.

I do not stand alone in my wearing of fixed over and antedated clothes. My wife has worn the same hat and the same coat for four winters and yet, some way, she manages to look neat and well dressed. This year she did shrink from going to formal affairs and managed to wear a becoming little wool cap most of the time. Sometimes I imagine how splendid it would be if I could afford to get her some furs and elaborate gowns, but all such unnecessary and luxurious things as furs and Paris gowns are hopelessly tabooed. Of course she could afford some of these if she bought an inferior quality, but she rightly prefers a few simple dresses and suits of really good quality. Oh, well, sometime maybe I can afford

to get her some furs and things — after I get my doctor's degree or our ship comes in.

IV

It has already been noticed that we keep no servants, and yet it is a physical impossibility for my wife to do all her housework and take care of the baby. We have wrestled with this problem in different ways at different times during the last few years. I have had considerable training in dishwashing, sweeping, caring for the baby, and even cooking, especially when my wife was not well. Just now we are solving it in a fairly satisfactory way by taking our meals out. We board at one of the regular college boarding-houses and — how she does it I do not know — the landlady gives us very good board for two dollars and a half a week.

When she is relieved of the cooking, my wife manages to do practically all the rest of the housework, including sewing and washing. We could certainly not board at home as cheaply as this, especially when one considers the extra servant hire and the extra fuel that it would necessitate. And again, let no one think that I am alone in helping my wife with her work. I could name a rather long list of college professors of my own acquaintance who give much of their valuable time to helping with the housework.

Household expenses are deceitful, as one is always thinking that they are over for a while, and yet they are always cropping up. This year we had to buy some book-shelves and stoves and a few window-blinds and curtains. We then had a feeling of relief as if we were settled, but on stopping to think, we saw where we shall have to expend about as much for such items next year. We need a bed and furniture for a guest-room, and some new screens, and another stove to take the place of one that wore out this year, and a rug for the hall and numerous other things. And then there are always brooms and coal-buckets and shovels and all sorts of things which one never takes into consideration until one finds they are necessary. I do not see how we can do with less than seventy-five dollars a year for household expenses — at least we shall probably average that for some years to come.

My laundry bill is not large, as my wife washes all my clothes except my collars, cuffs, and stiff shirts. On the other hand, my outlay for stationery amounts to nearly twenty dollars a year. I have many very good friends, and besides I keep up a heavy correspondence with publishing houses, libraries, teachers in other schools, educational boards, and through this semi-business correspondence I strive to keep abreast of the times in my line. With the correspondence is also counted the cost of the paper which I use in the numerous outlines and question-lists that I get out in connection with my teaching. The doctor and dentist bills are usually very light, but they demand their portion, and these four items wrest half a hundred dollars from our hands before the year has passed. And if the doctor is needed more than three or four times, there is another onslaught on that hard-pressed two hundred dollars which must serve as a reserve fund for all such emergencies.

It may seem too much to allow seventy-five dollars for recreations and kindred items, but careful consideration shows that it is certainly small enough. Christmas alone costs us over twenty-five dollars, and this is an absurdly small sum when we have so many good friends whom we so like to remember. We always combine business and pleasure in giving to each other, and give something which we must have anyway. In fact, we 'save

up' for some time before Christmas, putting off the buying of many necessities just for the pleasure of receiving them on that day. I go out into the hills and bring in our own Christmas tree and we trim it ourselves, but even then the Christmas season costs us a little bit, aside from the small presents we give.

Because the word 'travel' is included in this list, it must not be inferred that we indulge in many pleasure trips. Whenever we do any shopping, we must go to the city, and that costs a dollar or two each trip; we make only two or three trips during the year, but they count up along with everything else. And then there are always institutes and teachers' meetings and meetings of science associations, and it is necessary for me to attend some of them, though the number is very small. This seventy-five dollars must also pay for the few little dinners and luncheons which we give to students and friends, and must provide tickets to the Y.M. C.A. banquets, athletic banquets, other college and community functions, and the lyceum numbers and lectures that we attend. And the 'professors' are expected to buy tickets for them even if they are too busy to use them. They are also expected to pay membership dues to the athletic association and often to contribute to other organizations. About all of this seventy-five dollars that is expended for what can really be called 'recreation' in the strictest sense, is the small sum which I spend for tennis balls and an occasional pair of tennis shoes or some repairs on the racquet.

It may be that I have fallen from grace, and on the other hand it may be that I have grown into a broader conception of Christianity, but in either case, I do not feel the binding necessity of living by rule-of-thumb that I did when in my adolescent years. There was a time when I was very orthodox, and I considered it very essential to live by the old Puritan standards and faithfully to tithe whatever income I might receive. I no longer feel that we should be bound by the old Jewish customs, but I still hold it as true that a man should be sufficiently interested in the welfare of the world and the advancement of science and civilization to give approximately a tenth of his income for religious and educational matters. I do not say this in the spirit of preaching to any one else, but merely to explain why I give a hundred dollars to such causes each year. I sincerely believe that the average college professor gives this much, though he may not think he does. To be sure, many do not give lavishly through the churches, but they generously support athletics, Young Men's Christian associations, educational organizations, and respond to a hundred and one other calls that arise in connection with church or school. Every college has some kind of financial campaign on all the time, regardless of how rich it may already be. This statement may be overdrawn, but the exceptions are a decided minority. And, of course, the 'professors' are often called upon to start some special fund with a liberal donation. These men, in so far as I have been able to observe them, whether church members or not, are a very liberal class and respond readily and generously to such calls.

Altogether, it is nearly or quite impossible for us to get through the year with very much money left to lay by—except the fifty dollars which goes for life insurance. If we save more than a hundred dollars, I consider that we do well. However, let me say again that I am not an economic specialist, nor do I want to be. I would rather be an 'A No. 1' teacher even if I do have a difficult time with my finances.

V

So far the discussion has all centred around the compensation, and it is as well that we turn our attention to another phase of the professor's life and see what he does. Regularly, I *teach* twelve hours a week — just two hours a day. That is, I have four classes, each of which recites three times a week. This looks easy enough and the man who works twelve hours a day is apt to smile at the difficult toil of the teacher. In this connection, I am reminded of what I once heard a high-school teacher say. Although it is the general impression that a school-teacher works from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, he stated that he must just reverse those figures and work from four A.M. until nine P.M. and even work some on Sunday. And this is true not of him alone, but in general of all teachers, from the primary teacher to the university president.

My father was a farmer and he used to get up at three o'clock and be out in the field ploughing while the stars were yet shining. How easy would he consider my life if he were still alive and knew that I do not get up sometimes until eight o'clock! But it must also be remembered that some nights I do not go to bed until about the time that he got up. Many a night have I studied until after two o'clock and then reluctantly gone to bed, thinking how much there was to do and how little I had succeeded in doing.

In common with most teachers in the small schools, I have several subjects to teach and this makes my work much harder. My four classes are in three subjects, psychology, education and sociology; and even logic and ethics are incorporated in the year's work in psychology. Could I teach only one of these, or even two of them, I could do the work well and still feel no special hardship, but as it is, I must be reading in three different fields all the time. There are a great many people who think that a teacher should know what is in his textbooks and teach it, and that, after having taught a year or two and learned his books well, he has nothing to do. This is, of course, a very erroneous idea, as the *textbook* bears about the same relation to the field which the teacher must cover as the preacher's *text* does to the sermon. In fact, I have found that I can always teach a new book better and with more ease than one with which I am already over-familiar, and for that reason I change texts as often as possible. During the course of the year, I read — and I believe digest — between twenty and thirty thousand pages of material on the subjects which I teach. Most of this is from journals, and nearly all is from the most recent publications. Of course, I could neglect this reading if I wanted to, but it would be simply lying down on my job, as we say, for I must do it if I would keep up and do the best kind of teaching. If I were teaching only one or two subjects, this reading would be cut in half and I should have time for a little drama, poetry, and general literature.

Because the professor enjoys this reading, there is a general impression that it is not work; and it is difficult, anyway, for the layman to think of reading as really being work. But I doubt if the professor enjoys his reading any more than others who have found their proper sphere enjoy their particular kind of work. I used to enjoy ploughing and cutting corn and pitching wheat in much the same way that I now enjoy the feast of new scientific information which I get from some well-written clear-cut book. I was raised on a farm, and when I was a husky youngster, — only a few years ago, — I counted it a delight to get out

into the wheat-field, and it was glorious to pitch the heavy bundles and feel myself completely master of the situation. Even since I have been in school work, I have spent one summer working at hard manual labor for its recuperating effect. It had been a very strenuous year and I was greatly run down physically. I worked that summer in a sawmill, carrying heavy lumber for ten hours each day — and I gained fifteen pounds. I remember one man who was cruelly hard worked who for a few minutes every afternoon would snatch an opportunity to lie in a hammock and rest; but even as he rested, every fibre of his nervous system calling for release from the constant strain, he would have his books with him and put in the time studying. It was not a very satisfactory rest, but it was the best he could get. Just at that time of day many people would be going by from their work and they would look up to where he was lying and call out, 'Taking it easy, are you?' I have often thought that this is a good picture of the professor and the attitude of the public toward him.

But the work of the teacher does not consist alone in reading and recitations. I have found that I can advantageously use a list of review questions on each book covered in my courses. So, when we finish a book, I write out from one hundred to three hundred questions covering the main points and make carbon copies for the different members of the class. And as we use twelve or fifteen different textbooks during the year, this in itself is not a small job. Besides these books there are many others which we use as parallels, and I like to write out a few questions about each of these. Of course there is nothing that compels me to do this work, but I could not neglect it and keep a good conscience — just at present I could not, though I may use some other system later. It is here that I must occasionally employ some help in typing, as I said in the discussion of extra expenditures.

I stated above that I teach twelve hours a week; but that is the ideal rather than the actual. Just at present I am teaching an extra class, which had to be handled by some one and there was no one else to take it, and that adds another three hours a week and another subject in which to read. And the teacher must always hold extra classes for those who have been out on account of sickness or for some other reason. It is hardly worth mentioning that I teach a Sunday-school class and a Y.M.C.A. Bible class, and do a few things like that. Occasionally, too, I go to neighboring schools and teachers' institutes and make talks or, as they call it, lecture. This is tacitly understood to be a part of my regular work as it advertises the college. Really, I can hardly consider this as work, for the trips are such a change and such a break in the monotony of the regular programme that they furnish an agreeable pleasure.

One of the biggest parts of my work — and I wish it were bigger — is the personal work. I can usually find that each of my students is more or less interested along some line that is included in my work, and I try to guide him to some literature on the subject and keep up his interest, and this takes no little portion of my time when there are forty or fifty students, each reading on a different subject. And what a pleasure it is to have some of the fellows drop in occasionally and ask me about an oration or a debate, or even a sermon. I have often thought that I could give a student as much education in an hour or two of personal conversation of this kind as I could in a whole term of classroom work. But this, along with everything else, means work

and time, and the outcome of it all is that the life of the professor is a constant strain, with no let up. Every day in the week, not excepting Sunday, he must be at his best, questioning, explaining, watching, drawing out; and when he is out of the class, he must be planning and studying lest he fall behind or fail in his mission.

VI

Does the teacher have any right to ask for better pay or easier conditions? To answer this question, we should look a little further into his personal life. A few months ago, I awoke one morning with an acute case of rheumatism which was so painful that I could not get out of bed. I treated this as something of a joke and was at my work again in a day or two, but this rheumatism has never completely left me. I do not anticipate any great amount of trouble with it and it ought to leave during the summer, but why has it clung so long, and why does it not go away now? I am persuaded that my naturally vigorous system would have handled that little touch of rheumatism in a few days if it were not for the fact that I have practically no reserve store of energy upon which to draw. I have realized ever since this little attack that I have been overworking and am perilously near the breaking point.

Now, just suppose that this rheumatism did not leave, but persisted in growing worse? Suppose the doctor forbade me to teach for a year and ordered me to go to some hot springs for a few months? Suppose, suppose — sometimes I think of my life insurance and wish it were ten times as much. What would become of my wife and baby if anything should happen to me? What should we do if I did have to quit teaching for a year? In the midst of such thinking, the sweat has a tendency to start out, and such situations are not good when one is not yet thirty.

And this is not an isolated case, for the teacher must constantly stand under the menacing danger of a break — a sword of Damocles. But it is comparatively rare for a teacher to succumb to a complete break-down, — *comparatively* rare, I say, for the actual number of those who have suffered in this way is considerable. Much more often he settles down instead of breaking down, and, at times, I am inclined to think this the more tragic of the two. He loses the freshness of delight when he turns to read an especially worthy article along his line, and he finally grows to neglect his reading almost entirely; he learns a few books well and does not have to study; he drops behind; he gets into a rut; and, though he is still successful in a way, his life becomes humdrum to him and his work distasteful to his students. Society would be benefited if the teacher could be shielded from this kind of settling down as well as from breaking down.

It must also be borne in mind that the successful teacher could make more money at something else and make it with less effort. Twice have I stood at the threshold of remunerative careers which were seeking me rather than I seeking them; once, indeed, I was urged to reply by long-distance telephone accepting a position at least twice as lucrative as the teaching position which I held. And these opportunities come to most of the teachers. Some occasionally accept them, and they usually advise the rest of us to quit teaching as soon as possible. Just a few months ago, a professor of my acquaintance, who had been trying to pay off a little debt for about twenty-five years, at last gave it up and quit teaching for a position which gave him better pay.

The teacher needs recreation as well

as rest. I am a natural hunter, camper, and fisherman, and before I was a 'professor' I spent a few summers among the beauties of the Rockies. What would it not mean to me — and to my classes — if I could spend the summer in these mountains? I would come home as brown as a bear and about as hairy, and my whole being would be strung and thrilling with life and ready to pounce upon the tasks of the coming year with all the vigor of a wild thing out of the woods. I know what a difference it would make, for the last time I was there I was ten pounds heavier than I have been since. But such a thing is out of the question. Commencement day is on Tuesday and the next day, Wednesday, I begin work in the summer school. There are about three weeks during the late summer which I have left for rest and recreation. This is largely spent in catching up with the correspondence that has been gradually falling behind throughout the year, and in reading and planning for the coming year's work. I usually spend a few days visiting my own and my wife's people, but our trip is so hurried that it is apt to tire us more than it rests us.

I play a little tennis occasionally and really enjoy it, but my private honest testimony must be that it is a poor substitute for riding a good horse over forty miles of plateau or casting a trout-fly in foaming mountain waters. I saw a statement once to the effect that it was hard to inflict lawn-tennis habits on a football soul, and I have a football soul in all I try to do; and I believe that if I cannot get a physical expression of this occasionally I cannot long sustain a football attitude toward my work. My wife and I have been planning a delightful trip to the Panama Exposition at San Francisco; I say we *have been*, for even now, eighteen months before the event, we realize that it is utterly beyond the possible.

Of course the conditions will probably become somewhat better as time goes on. If we stay in one place long enough, the household expenses will become smaller, some of the other items of expense may be lowered, we may learn how to manage better, and we may even get a little better salary. Perhaps a more honest way to put it would be to say that I would settle down a bit and have some time and money for other things besides my work. I may even get to the place where I can spare time to keep chickens or a cow, and that would help immensely; but I am so constituted that chickens or a cow would certainly cripple my work.

VII

In all this, I have taken for granted that I shall get no more schooling; but this is an unbearable thought to me, for I am hungry, yes, craving, for the research laboratory. The university has even a greater drawing power than the smell of damp sage-brush and rabbit-weed on the mountain plains. I stated in the beginning that I am not a failure, and I know I would 'make good' in advanced work if I only had the chance. I know from the letters of the president (and I have been surprised at their friendliness and personal tone) that there is a place for me there and a fellowship for me if I want to ask for it. But a fellowship pays only a fraction of the expenses, and even if no sickness comes to us, no disaster happens, and we indulge in no trips or recreations, it will take us about five years to save enough to justify my reëntering the university. But by then I would have fallen far behind the times, and very probably would have settled down to a more or less listless life. And besides, what may not hap-

pen in that time to sweep away all the money that I might save, a few dollars at a time? And what future would there be for me if I did return? I might secure a bigger position after I had taken a doctor's degree, but the men higher up tell us that with the bigger salaries there go greater expenses, and that there is no better chance to save money there than here. This being the case, can I dare to go in debt for some more schooling?

It was with all these thoughts in mind that I appealed frankly to the university president and asked him what to do. And the big-souled man realized my longings and desires and yet could not advise me to borrow the money to return. 'You know how we all want you here,' he said, 'and it is hard to give an impartial reply.' But he went on to tell me that many who had gone on and finished their work did not have as good a place as I, and said that he did not believe I would ever again find a place where, all things considered, I could do as much good and do it with as much pleasure to myself.

Many of these details will seem very crude, even to other teachers in small colleges, and I suppose there are no others who meet their problems in exactly the same way that I do; but they all have struggles, and each has his own individual way of waging the warfare. Many keep cows and sell milk, hundreds keep chickens, and some even raise their own hogs, and in this way secure their meat. There are some fortunate professors who have other sources of income aside from their salary, money perhaps which they have inherited or married, and some of these get along very well and are able to do splendid work. I know one man who takes orders for clothing and advertises in the college paper; some lecture in institutes and chautauquas, some sell books through the summer and make more at it than they do by their teaching, and many a professor's wife keeps lodgers and some even keep boarders. As a rule they say very little about all this, but go quietly ahead with their work and fight their battles out in silence.

As I recall the ones I have intimately known, I realize how very true it is that each has had his struggles. I know one especially capable professor who for twenty years has been planning and looking forward to a whole year at Harvard. Occasionally he spends a summer in research work, but his year at Harvard seems as far off as ever. His hair is gray and is rapidly turning white, but he laughs heartily and says he is still planning his full year of university work and expects to have it before he dies.

Professors are accused of being visionary and impractical. It would take another paper the length of this to handle this question, but it will not be out of place here to say that in a certain sense, they are visionary; but the visions they cherish are being certainly and surely realized and made manifest to the world. If they did not possess vision they would never stay in their chosen profession, but would seek more lucrative fields elsewhere. Also, if they did not possess vision the world would stagnate, and science and civilization would remain at a standstill or revert to primitive conditions. Knowing better than any others that 'Though the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small,' they almost unconsciously take for their motto 'Let there be light,' and quietly and determinedly go on with their work. For make light of the statement as we will, it is still true that there are some things better and greater than money.

THE READING OF BOOKS NOWADAYS

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

LOOKING backward to the days of my youth in the late sixties and early seventies, however my memory may be dimmed by the mists of the intervening years, I seem to recall those days as a very earnest time in comparison with the present. The automobile, making it possible to go quickly to distant places, on pleasure bent, and thus to while away many precious hours, had not yet come, even though Mother Shipton's prophecy, alleged to have been made in 1448, — 'Carriages without horses shall go,' — had foretold its advent. 'Canned music,' as it has been called in the apt and hurried modern slang, was unthought of, and the motion picture, with its new, amusing, and interesting ways of wasting time, had not yet occurred, even as a possibility, to inventive minds.

Of course we had some amusements. Baseball was a real game instead of a business. We played croquet, which I remember as a most uninteresting game. We shot, usually very badly, at archery, and the young people occasionally went to dances, but the delirium of the tango and the maxixe was, of course, unknown at our staid parties, where due decorum usually reigned. Also, on great occasions we visited the theatre, now in danger of being superseded, I am told, by the 'movies' of the better class; but generally, — after the children's pantomime period, which was a sort of forerunner of the modern circus and included many of its trick performances, — in order to see Shakespearean reproductions, or some play believed to be 'improving' or educational in its tendencies.

So we young people lived in those days, as I recollect it, in a vast seriousness. Our first years at school were not made easy and joyous to us by the modern methods of the kindergarten and other similar systems of acquiring knowledge without effort, and we thereby escaped the effects of the fallacy that learning and education can be attained without pains and concentration of the mind. We were constantly drilled at school in mental arithmetic and other studies of a kind not much relished, I am told, by the youth of to-day and unfashionable with modern educators of young children; and at home we were urged, in season and out, as we then thought, to improve our minds, to contemplate serious things, and especially and most frequently, to read good books, particularly those books which required effort for their understanding and mastery.

In the period after I left school to enter business, the young people with whom I most associated were reading such books as Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Proctor's *Other Worlds than Ours*, Green's *Short History of England*, and many others of a similar character, and we discussed these among ourselves, and bought them, or had them given to us for our libraries — which it was the fashion of the time to encourage young people to accumulate. I remember having been particularly proud when I

had acquired a score of such books, all of which I knew intimately by constant re-reading; and I can well say with an old author whose identity is lost in anonymity, 'I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.'

II

That this was not an experience confined to any particular group of young people is plain, I think, when the very large sales and wide distribution of books of a serious, or apparently serious, appeal at about that time is considered.

Beginning about the middle of the last century we find works on popular science, such as Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator* and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, in great demand; these were to be found in every household, as was also Martin Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, which had an extraordinarily wide sale, over five hundred thousand copies having been sold in the United States alone. Works on philosophy and religion were also in vogue, among them *Christianity the Logic of Creation*, by Henry James the father, which was widely read.

There was a very large demand, a little later on, for works of real scientific interest and value, and often the supply of books by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and kindred writers, was insufficient to meet the call for them, both at the libraries and in the bookstores. In this same period, too, there was a considerable interest in the philosophy of Carlyle, Emerson, and Holmes, and the rationalism of Lecky. In poetry, the religio-philosophical verse of Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning, the pagan pessimism of Swinburne and the naturalism of Whitman were in demand. Somewhat after this period I remember an extraordinary interest on the part of the reading public in Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Henry Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, of both of which more than one hundred thousand copies were sold within a few months of publication. Other well-known and widely circulated works of this time were John Fiske's *Idea of God* and *Cosmic Evolution*, Marx's *Capital*, and Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

In our great and complex modern communities the observations of a single individual can be of very little value, owing to the limited possibilities of observing any large percentage of our multitudinous population with its many varying characteristics; but it seems to be true, in general, that the observer, at any rate in our great cities, sees among the young people of to-day, in whatever class his observations extend, almost unlimited opportunities for amusement and pastime. Among the young people with whom I am most familiar, tennis and golf, swimming and sailing, automobiling and attending the professional, or semi-professional, games and matches, in what many of them call 'the good old summertime,' the tango and maxixe, teas and bridge, the opera and theatre (in winter), seem so to fill their time that there is little left for serious pursuits. Even necessary duties and the care of health apparently get slight attention in the rush for exciting amusements. Education, by some still considered desirable, is acquired with much aid, by special tutoring, which has become a regular game of preparation for passing examinations and which usually imparts no knowledge whatever of the subject of study beyond that which is necessary

to pass, by rote, the usual examination paper.

In other classes of the community I am told that the league baseball games, and the cheap dance-halls, and the 'Ten, twent, thirt' movies, form the amusement and almost the sole topics of conversation.

If this indictment is true of any large proportion of our young people of to-day, — and for the reasons already stated it may do injustice to our serious-minded young people who, undoubtedly, are to be found in large numbers in all classes of our communities, — they need not necessarily be too severely censured. Golf and tennis are certainly health- and joy-giving employments which may be infinitely preferable to a too serious study of books, even though, as Clarendon truly says, 'He who loves not books before he comes to thirty years of age, will hardly love them enough afterward to understand them.' And the modern dance craze, to which I have referred, has affected not only the younger people but many of their elders also. One circle of about fifty couples, whose average age was fifty-five, met twice each week during the past winter in one of our large cities, to learn the modern dances. One of the members of this class, aged sixty-five, recently explained to me his want of knowledge of a serious work which had been under discussion, and his failure to keep abreast of the current thought of the time, by saying that he danced twice a week until three A.M. and was too tired to read in the remaining time that he could spare from the labors of his profession.

Yet this tendency of the times for mere amusement, which my observation seems to show as prevailing among the younger element to-day, must inevitably be the result of the greatly increased opportunities for excitement and pastime in modern life, which foster what has been aptly termed the butterfly habit of mind. This is born in early years of the 'play method' of teaching in school, and strengthened by the habits of a society which votes continued serious conversation a bore. That this tendency is shown through all classes and ages in the community may be gathered by consulting the reports of books taken from our principal public libraries; the Newark Public Library, probably the most representative in the New York metropolitan district, in a recent year showing that fiction, which led by far all other classes of literature, was circulated to the number of 117,394 volumes, a larger figure than that recording the circulation of all other classes of books.

If we could obtain the figures from the circulating libraries in our cities, the preponderance of the reading of fiction would be much more manifest; the greater part of these circulating libraries, which are now to be found in great numbers in all our large cities, existing only for the purpose of circulating current novels, often of the 'six-best-seller' type. The librarians now tell us that there is a very considerable falling off in circulation of all classes of books at present, and they attribute this to the counter-attraction of the 'movies.'

III

Farmers are not the only class in the community prone to grumble at existing conditions. A few days ago, at one of the clubs in New York, much affected by authors and consequently also greatly frequented by publishers, a well-known member of the latter profession was heard to complain that the selling of books to the public had been curtailed in turn by the multiplication of cheap magazines, by the increasing use of the automobile, by the invention

of the Victrola and other mechanical producers of music, by the invention of the motion-picture film, and, last but not least, by the new fashion of dances which absorbed, he said, the attention and time of young and old alike. I was reminded of the saying of an old-time New Englander that 'Life was just one durn thing after another.' It was the favorite remark of one of the principal printers at Cambridge, who used to set up and print most of the important books at the time when that part of New England held, by undisputed right, the literary leadership of the country, and who, undoubtedly, had troubles of his own in dealing with the authors of his time.

Whether the reasons given by my brother publisher for the falling off of interest on the part of the public in the publication of books were well and properly ascribed, it would be difficult to say. Many other causes are doubtless contributory to a fact which is only too patent to all who are engaged in the publishing and selling of books. Even at the public libraries throughout the country, where books, of course, cost the readers nothing, the circulation of books is, as I have said, steadily falling off.

Hardly as this state of things has borne on the publishers themselves, — more than one of the large, honored, and long-established houses of twenty years or so having been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the changed conditions of the trade to which they have been unable to adjust themselves, — it has borne with even greater hardship on the authors. Especially has it been disastrous to authors of the more serious books of recent literature, whose earnings are often insufficient to pay for the typewriting of their manuscripts. This fact has become so widely known as to discourage the production of works of interest and value to the community, so that no surprise is expressed when our Ambassador to Great Britain, himself formerly an author, and more recently a member of a well-known publishing firm, is reported recently to have advised writers 'against such a precarious career.' 'Gambling,' he is said to have added, 'is more likely to yield a steady income.'

Works of scientific interest similar to those to which I referred in the earlier part of this article have very few examples in the literature of the day, and even the best of the volumes of this sort which now appear, find apparently few readers. A recent example which at once occurs to me is Sollas's *Ancient Hunters*, a book of great value and almost fascinating interest, of which a large edition was sold, almost at once, in London. It has been distributed here in the number of less than two hundred copies, and Professor Scott's monumental work on American Mammals has had almost as few readers.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, which has had such an honored career in the encouragement and production of good literature, and the editors of which seem to find genuine satisfaction in making good books known to its readers, published not long ago an article on the works of H. Fielding-Hall, which referred especially to his *The Soul of a People*. I read the paper with much interest, this work having long been favorite reading of my own. To my surprise I found, on making inquiry a few days ago, that the sale of the book had been limited to a few, a very few, hundred copies.

Why is it that the American people, rich beyond the peoples of other nations, with boundless facilities for education offered at a far less cost than in most other countries, fail to encourage by purchase and use the best works of our modern writers? Why is it that works such as those mentioned above

can find only a few hundred purchasers in a wealthy and well-educated community of one hundred million souls? Why is it that works of serious and universal interest such as Thayer's *Life and Times of Cavour* and Theodore Roosevelt's *Autobiography*, to name no others, should fail to find a sale large enough in numbers to supply each public library in the country with even a single copy?

We cannot, in these cases, fix the responsibility on an excessive price for the books, because in several of the instances named the total number of copies sold is not sufficient to supply even a single copy to one in ten of the public libraries, where at least it is to be hoped that the price is not the prime factor in selection and purchase. Must we then blame the public for its apparent complete indifference to the best thought of the time in literature and in science? Is my publishing friend right in attributing this indifference to a too great enjoyment of the material opportunities for pastime of this age of mechanical wonder and advancement? Or have the scare headlines of modern journalism and the short, scrappy, but interesting methods of the cheap magazines so enhanced the 'butterfly' habit of mind that we are no longer capable of continued concentration, and have lost the power of reading books requiring serious attention?

The author too often believes that the publisher is to blame for the failure of his book to sell, and the friends of the author, members of the reading public, usually tell him that they have never seen the book advertised and that, anyhow, the high price at which (because of the small demand) it must be sold, prevents its sale. All publishers do not resent criticism; most of the fraternity, I believe, recognize the inadequacy of methods of book-distribution, and are, in their efforts to improve them, constantly trying experiments which they, usually vainly, believe will open to their wares the door which will induce the vast multitude of the general public to buy them.

Having so frequently heard publishers criticized in the strain referred to in the preceding paragraph, I recently tried the experiment of selecting about forty volumes of recent issue on serious subjects, and taking care to choose only those which had proved popular in the expensive first editions, I published them at fifty cents each. To meet the complaints in their entirety I devoted the sum of ten thousand dollars to advertising these cheap editions in periodicals of the widest general circulation; one of the journals used, I remember, claimed a circulation of nearly two million copies, and charged accordingly. The results of this experiment were not fortunate. The books in the cheap editions sold in less numbers in most cases than in the original more expensive editions, and the direct returns, in sales of books, amounted to three hundred dollars, or three per cent of the amount of the advertising bills.

This experiment and some of the other facts in regard to the sale of books cited in this article do not, of course, prove that there is not a large and eager public for the best works of modern literature, but they do lead, in the mind of one observer at least, to the query as to whether books in these days have not lost the preëminence they formerly enjoyed as the principal, and for many people the only, means of whiling away pleasantly, or instructively, the unoccupied hours of life.

IV

In my younger days, as I have pointed out, and up to a time which may be roughly estimated at twenty or thirty years ago, we had three main resources

for the spending of idle hours, and these, in their order of importance, were reading, the art of conversation, and letter-writing. Most people who remember the letters of this earlier period will remember them as giving, with charm and style, descriptions of the life and the news of the day. The necessity for such letter-writing, removed by an overzealous and much too evident daily and hourly press, has passed away, and with it has passed one of the chief resources of our earlier years. The art of conversation, a constant resource and delight of older generations, and of which Emerson says, 'Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,' has also passed away, or at any rate, is no longer understood as it formerly was, and there are certainly no adepts in its practice now to be found. Can it be true that reading also is to go out of fashion, that books will no longer be bought or read, and that their place is to be taken by other means of passing the time similar to those to which I have elsewhere referred?

The value, to the mind and character, of the reading of good books cannot be overestimated. The reading of such books as I have mentioned, and others of a similar sort, as the occupation of my earlier years, was a liberal education in my case, and has stood me in better stead than my other educational opportunities of the school and college; and if it is true that we are in danger of losing our taste for serious reading, as many of the facts of our times seem to prove, we should bestir ourselves to avert, in time, what must otherwise prove a terrible misfortune, not only to ourselves, but to the character and intelligence of those who come after us.

It is evident that the dangers of the growth of a distaste for reading are attracting the attention of the foremost of our educational authorities. In many parts of the country already something is being done to endeavor to train our young people in the reading of books which require thought and concentration for their proper understanding; but because so much of the reading material now placed before the younger generation is doubtful, not to say trashy, in character, the movement needs enlargement and discriminating supervision, in order that it may gain the proper momentum to make it a part of the daily life of the children, and also in order that the taste for good reading may be developed early.

In this connection I am reminded too of the widely followed plan of including the reading of English classics as a part of the regular work in the secondary schools, a movement admirable in itself but not without its dangers to the cause of good reading, in that it does not seem to encourage that love of reading which is the one greatly desired end to be attained. One, at least, of my acquaintances has confided to me that he attributed his antipathy to the reading of good books to having been obliged to read such works as a task in the schoolroom.

In response to a former article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the circulation of books, I received a large number of letters, many of them containing suggestions which were both timely and helpful, and some of which I have, indeed, made use of in one way or another. It may be, if I have rightly stated the problem of serious reading in this paper, that I may again receive similar assistance in helping to solve it.

Of one thing I feel quite certain, that the reading of good literature is necessary to the growth of the mind and the strengthening of character, especially in young people, and that there is no resource for all periods

of life so helpful, so satisfying, and so enduring as a love of good books. Channing well says: 'God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.'

THE IMPULSE TO FUTURISM

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

THINK what it means to be born, like Marinetti, in Egypt, to have a lawyer as one's father, to be taught at a Jesuit College, and to be an Italian!

To be born in the tomb of the world, the habitat of mummies, the ash-pit of seven thousand years, the home of unchanging arts which took twenty dynasties to die, the temple where the worshiped cat had, not nine lives, but nine times nine hundred!

To be surrounded from childhood by the law — that codification of custom, that consecration of precedent, the dead hand of the obsolete, the fetter upon change, the executioner of hope!

To spend youth in a Jesuit College — to live always in church — in a Church eternal and immutable! To be told that the highest wisdom lies behind us; to derive knowledge from 'the Fathers'; to regard criticism, interpretation, and innovation as mortal sins; to contemplate an unchanging eternity behind and before; to repeat with profound reverence several times in a day, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end!'

And then to be an Italian and live in Italy; to listen morning, noon, and night to the lamentations of that weeping Niobe; to inhabit a museum haunted by tourists, antiquaries, and guides; to be disregarded by thousands and thousands of German and English visitors as something out of place and insignificant — something that hardly exists — just because you are alive, because you are not a genuine antique, but an imitation, a forgery, a modern copy of old times! To be faced at every corner by some ancient master of poetry, of eloquence, of painting, sculpture, or architecture, who once reached perfection, and whom everyone is still taught to imitate, but whom no one can ever surpass! To be the son of a country 'with a past' — a country which, instead of decently covering up her past, lives upon its scrappy keepsakes and memorials, exposes them to public view, and rejoices, as over a lucrative investment, when any old relic is raked from oblivion!

To be suckled by mummies, swaddled by the Law and the Church, reach manhood in a museum, a picture-gallery, a resort of tourists on the lookout for antiquities — that was Marinetti's fate. Here was a man of passionate southern nature, alert, self-assertive, as choke-full of vitality as a shell of Lyd-

dite, and such was his fate. No wonder he rebelled. No wonder his first thought was to defy precedent, to shatter tradition, to explode antiquity; and his second thought to demand life, and explore new paths for its expression. No wonder he is a Futurist.

We, too, in England are nursed on mummies and trammeled by the past. Our schooldays are governed by a rigid tradition of 'good form.' Our law courts are governed by the belief that legal decisions upon questions of good and evil are binding for ever; that what has been done once should always be done again; that a statute ordained by Edward III to control the vagabonds, 'pillors and barrators' of his French Wars should naturally be used to control a Suffragette speaking in Trafalgar Square. We also, like the City Fathers at their banquets, broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent, and the broadening of City Fathers is rapid compared with our freedom's.

Till quite lately, nearly all of us were educated on an ancient collection of writings or traditions, solemnly believed to contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. To criticize or question was impious; even to suggest that the strength of the Bible lay in its beauty and religious morality rather than in its historical accuracy, was a blasphemous presumption. And though that time has now gone by, the habit of all our churches keeps our eyes fixed steadily on the past. We are taught that the highest revelation of divine wisdom — indeed, its only revelation — lies two thousand years behind us. That the age of sanctity is passed. That the best we can do is to imitate the examples of apostles, disciples, and long-departed saints. That the present world is rolling further and further away from the highest ideal of holiness.

For arts and literature, we also are brought up, like Marinetti, in a museum, although the English museum is neither so beautiful nor so stupefying as the Italian. For architecture, the greatest of all arts, we are instructed to study and imitate the remaining specimens of Greek, Byzantine, Mediæval, and Renaissance building; to select one of these styles and copy it as closely as we can; or, if we must be original, to take two or three of these styles and mix them up adroitly. The result of our imitation and combination is the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, the War Office, and the National Liberal Club — fit homes for the mouldering antiquities there enshrined, but in themselves destitute of vitality, creative invention, or the spark of living genius.

So in the subordinate arts, such as painting, sculpture, and handicrafts, we have been commanded either to go on imitating the Greeks, with the results we see in the still-born little pictures of Leighton and Alma Tadema, or in the Victoria Memorial, where that worthy woman sits, clothed and in her right mind, amid corybantic groups of naked men and women, pagan deities of dubious morality, and nymphs who would never have been admitted to her Court in their present costume; or else we have been commanded to imitate the blessed ages of romantic mystery and touching faith, when happy craftsmen chipped and chaffered in the cheaping-steads, knights quested for distressed damsels in haunted forests, and John Ball founded the Fabian Society. Under these behests we have worshiped Burne-Jones and his yearning dreams; we have stocked our minds and homes with mediæval trumpery; we have constructed battlements to our seats of learning, towered walls for our peaceful streets, angled houses for our rotund persons, ingle-nooks, beams industri-

ously marked with the adze, maypoles, Morris-dances, and all the other artful-and-crafty contraptions of modern Oxford and the Garden Suburbs.

Or take literature. If the greatness of her old masters in the arts has converted Italy into a museum for tourists, the greatness of our old writers oppresses England in like manner. In literature we stand very high. We contend with France for the second place to Greece. But what a price we pay for our fame! How it overwhelms and depresses us, turning our eyes always backward, binding us to old models, blinding us to the changeful splendors of to-day, hampering us with suffocating loads of commentaries, biographies, variorum editions, learned societies, revivals, pilgrimages, and the American tourists to Stratford! Shakespeare has done us incalculable harm. But for him we should have had no dissertations on the character of Hamlet, no interminable dissensions on the meaning of the sonnets, no bloodthirsty controversies over the color of Mary Fitton's hair (which probably changed like the chameleon), no opportunity for leisured lunatics to waste time in discovering Baconian cryptograms, instead of employing it on ravings in Bedlam. But for Shakespeare we should not now be struggling to raise hundreds of thousands of pounds for a Memorial Theatre, that will lie heavy on our hands, no matter how empty. But for him we might now be enjoying a fresh and vital drama, and we should not have had to wait three centuries for a Norwegian to show us an escape from boredom. But for him and Milton, we might never have heard blank verse, either in verse or prose.

What is true of Shakespeare is true of others in less degree. Think of the imitators of Pope, of Wordsworth, of Dickens and George Meredith. In England our youth has long ceased to imitate Byron. We are too comfortable even to copy that noble spirit. But in Austria I noticed the other day that youth was wearing the Byronic collar, without the Byronic gloom. And among ourselves, look at the delightful young men growing more and more like Shelley every shining hour! Because of the very greatness of our literature, almost equal in greatness to the sculpture of Greece and the painting of Italy, we have fallen under the curse of immortality.

Egypt also was once a great country, but for thousands of years it lay dying of immortality. Once it had a gleam of hope, a possibility of change. It was visited by ten plagues. But no frogs or lice or flies or locusts or murrain or living darkness—not even the death of all the first-born (those natural propagators of tradition), could eradicate the pestilent germ of the greatest plague of all—the plague of immortality. We remember those Struldbrugs whom Gulliver discovered in the kingdom of Laputa. Doomed to immortality, they were peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, incapable of friendship, dead to all natural affections. Such is the curse which immortality brings. 'Immortality is a crime,' the Futurists proclaim. It is worse than a crime. It is a nuisance.

As an illustration, let me quote from a Futurist painter whose words I am bound to listen to with respect. I mean my son. Speaking as a painter in the Doré Gallery's Futurist Exhibition in June, 1914, Mr. Richard Nevinson said,

'No one could live with a singer incessantly and constantly singing in a room. So it is impossible to live with a picture. This applies to all pictures, past, present, and future. Why is it that no one would take the Mona Lisa as a gift? It is n't a very bad picture. It is simply because we cannot walk or go anywhere in Europe without getting

a reproduction of her smile, which by its very monotony becomes that of a grinning imbecile.'

Alas for immortality that has become a nuisance and a bore! Alas, and yet again, alas!

II

I am not immortal. My smile will never be reduced to the grinning of an imbecile by monotonous repetition. But I am old. I am strongly conservative by nature. I was brought up in the most rigid form of unchanging religion, was trained upon the oldest masters in literature and the arts, and taught to fear and detest every innovation, every sign of 'progress,' every departure from established rules and from accepted or natural beauty as hideous, dangerous, sacrilegious, and vulgar. Yet very early in life I made one great discovery for myself. I found afterwards that Aristotle had made the discovery also, and had expressed it in the succinct beauty of Greek: Δὶς δὲ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται. 'Twice is impossible,' we must translate it, or 'You can do nothing twice,' or 'Two into one won't go.'

Nothing can be done twice. That is why my son is right in saying that only bad work goes on forever. He is told, he says, that the Royal Academy of this year is exactly the same as the Royal Academy of the last fifty or sixty years. More than a generation has passed to the grave since I went to the Academy. But I looked at an illustrated guide lately, and I found he was quite right. Subjects, sentiments, portraits, representations of nature and domestic scenes, were exactly the same as I remembered from my early boyhood. Yet nothing can be done twice, as Aristotle and I discovered. Only bad work goes on forever. No matter how men may come and men may go, bad work goes on forever.

How then are we to shake off this incubus of imitation? How emerge from the putrefying charnel of museums? How shatter, disintegrate, or explode? In painting many have struggled for liberty, sometimes with brush, sometimes with fist, as in the animated and bloody contests recently waged against the Passéists in Milanese and Roman theatres. I cannot here pause to distinguish minutely between Divisionists, Pointillists, Intimists (who belonged to the same group), Fauvists (savages), Orféists, Cubists, Expressionists, Vorticists, and Dynamists. In so far as all are in alliance against the Passéists, despite violent and bloodthirsty disagreements among themselves, all may be called Futurists.

But the Futurist proper has a place by himself, though when you reach his place, you generally find he has gone somewhere else — somewhere onwards, as his name implies. For the moment — perhaps for this passing week — we may say that the Futurist painter refuses to paint representations. He leaves representation to the Passéist and photographer. He paints what he calls a plastic abstraction of an emotion, an expression or concentration of life as it appears to a spectator. He paints a state of mind. But the mind is usually, perhaps always, in a state of excitement under the stress and stimulation of modern life, under the excitement of noise, of danger, of mechanical power, but especially of speed: the speed of galloping horses, — horses with twenty legs, — of motors so rapid that the houses lean sideways, of aëroplanes roaring like dragons over a terrified world, of rebel crowds rushing forward in acute angles of scarlet passion that impinge upon the habitations of established custom and knock them into cocked hats.

Painting to the Futurist is no pretty, soothing art to be hung in a room and discussed at discreet dinner-parties.

Like all Futurist work, it is inspired by adventure and discovery. It is a violent stimulant, to be taken only now and then, — deadly as whiskey, if too often repeated; but never an opiate, never narcotic with sleep. The Futurist destroys everything soft, gracious, effeminate, subdued, and moribund. He works with brilliant colors and sharp angles. He strives to find plastic equivalents for all appearances of our actual life — its noises, smells, music-halls, factories, trains, and harbors. He tells us that noises and smells may be in form concave or convex, triangular, elliptical, oblong, conical, spherical, spiral; and as for their color, he says the smell of machinery and sport, for instance, is nearly always red; the smell of restaurants and cafés is silvery, yellow, or violet; the smell of animals yellow or blue. Let us not laugh too soon. Noises and smells are only states of mind, and we talk of jealousy (which is a state of mind) as green or green-eyed; in anger we say we 'see red;' in melancholy we 'have the blues.'

In sculpture, even more than in painting, we are overwhelmed by the past. 'All sculpture galleries,' says Boccioni, the Futurist sculptor, 'are reservoirs of boredom, and the inaugurations of public monuments are occasions for irrepressible laughter.' The Italians feel this even more than we do, for they are oppressed by memories of Michael Angelo as well as by Greeks and Romans; the working of marble is a specially Italian craft; and they cannot take their monuments like us with a kindly shrug as the inevitable penalty of fame, or an inscrutable decree of Providence. In sculpture, therefore, the Futurist must readily obey his master's precept, 'to spit every day on the altar of Art.'

Away with this imitation, this moribund immortality, this monotonous nudity of nymphs and Psyches, Ledas with swans, Dianas in boots, Venuses in nothing — all these weary vistas of plumpy breasts and rounded thighs that the words 'sculpture gallery' call up! No more nudes! Futurist sculptors and painters agree on that: not that nudity is immoral, but that it has become a bore. It is lifeless, and art must display action and vitality. Let the sculptor work in what material he likes, even in marble, if he likes it. But his figures must hint at their surroundings — their 'ambiance.' They must reveal the emotion of the spectator, and not represent the final lines of eternal form. The sculptor must throw his subjects open like a window. Even portraits should not necessarily resemble the model. Above all, the emotion conveyed must be modern, unconnected with classical mythology, 'ideals of beauty,' or other tombstones.

In Futurist music we find the same violent reaction against the monotonous repetition and elegant ecstasies of the past. Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, says the Futurist, were all very well in their time. They held the advance-posts of their day; so did Pheidias and Michael Angelo; so did the builders of Venice and Oxford. Let us leave them where they stand. Let us honor them with an annual concert, just as we may visit a picture-gallery or museum once a year without perishing of putrefaction. But the modern world has emotions, and lives under conditions, which the composers of the eighteenth and even of the nineteenth century could not conceive.

Noise, for instance, is a modern creation. There is very little noise in nature — only earthquakes, thunder, waves, winds, waterfalls, lions roaring, parrots screaming, nightingales singing. In the last fifty years, what an immense advance man has made upon those primitive sounds! Think of the express train as it yells and roars!

Parrots and lions are child's play in comparison. Think of a cotton-mill, a printing press, an iron-foundry! Think of the pistons of an ocean liner, the cannonade of a dreadnought, the clang of shipyards! Think of the shriek of circular saws, the hooting of motors, the clatter of milk-cans, the aëroplanes whiffling and burbling through the sky! By an ideal or imaginative combination of such noises, is it not possible to create a new acoustic pleasure, a new development of music, adapted to modern emotions and modern ears?

At the Coliseum in London we have lately (June, 1914) seen and heard what the Futurist can do with sound. There stood the enormous instruments, a dream of elephantine megaphones, for the most part worked by the turn of a handle, like barrel-organs. Oh, what a saving of the singer's shrieks, the pianist's practicing, the violinist's inflictions! The Roarer, the Whistler, the Murmurer, the Screamer — so were the instruments named. Other instruments supplied the outcries of mankind and animals; others the clang of blows upon metals. The first and most beautiful composition or combination aroused the emotion we feel at the 'Awakening of a great City.' We can imagine it. The very houses have been asleep. With a faint murmur the giant heart begins to stir. The mail-carts rumble in the distance. The market carts plod to Covent Garden. A belated taxi rushes by. The workmen's trams begin to roar and ring. There comes a sound of hurrying feet upon the pavement. The war-whoop of the milkman echoes down the street. Doors slam. Cooks scour the steps. Machinery hisses and screams. Hammers crash upon iron plates. Trams, motor 'buses, and taxis reduplicate their rumbling, their clangor, and hoots. City trains rage shrieking past the very windows. All these noises and sounds combine into a rich diapason, varied and illuminated by outstanding notes, like flashes of lightning against the background of a storm. The sun rises. The city wakes. Man goeth forth to his labor until the evening.

Again I would say, let us not laugh too soon. I remember with what laughter, with what mockery, Wagner was received — Wagner with his 'Music of the Future' — his Futurist music!

III

And then there is literature — poetry, imaginative utterance, the expression of emotion in words. Of this art Marinetti himself is the Futurist master. I will not here examine his theory of 'free verse' — verse released like Walt Whitman's from metre, rhyme, and form; nor his later practice of abolishing all stops, adjectives, adverbs, tenses, and moods (except the infinitive), of introducing mere sounds to express the sense, and marking expression or coupling sentences with the usual algebraical signs for addition, multiplication, and so on. His poems are now a series of violent and unconnected nouns, infinitive verbs, and strange sounds, interspersed with mathematical signs that make the printed page look incomprehensible. But to the layman a page of musical score looks incomprehensible too. Wait till the musician begins to play! I have heard many recitations, and have tried to describe many scenes of war. But I listened to Marinetti's recitation of one of his poems on battles and then I knew what he meant by 'wireless imagination.'

I may very well have witnessed the event he described, for he was with us in the Bulgarian second army outside Adrianople in the autumn of 1912. But I have never conceived such a description, or heard such a recitation.

The poem described a train of Turkish wounded, stopped and captured on its way by Bulgarian troops and guns. The noise, the confusion, the surprise of death, the terror and courage, the grandeur and appalling littleness, the doom and chance, the shouting, curses, blood, stink, and agony — all were combined into one great emotion by that amazing succession of words, performed or enacted by the poet with such passion of abandonment that no one could escape the spell of listening. Mingled anguish and hope as the train started; rude jolts and shocks, and yet hope; the passing landscape, thought of reaching Stamboul. Suddenly, the air full of the shriek and boom of bullets and shells; hammering of machine-guns, shouting of captains, crash of approaching cannon. And all the time one felt the deadly microbes crawling in the suppurating wounds, devouring the flesh, undermining the thin walls of the entrails. One felt the infinitely little, the pestilence that walks in darkness, at work in the midst of gigantic turmoil making history. That is the very essence of war. That is war's central emotion.

I know all that can be said against such methods in literature as in other arts. Free verse and words without syntax may become too easy for beauty, since the beautiful is always hard. (Though, on my conscience, I believe it is easier to write verse than prose!) I know all the objections. I only insist upon the meaning, the intention of Futurism, and the impulse that drives to it. With Goethe, I say, 'If you insist on telling me your opinions, for God's sake, tell me what you believe in! I have plenty of doubts of my own.' A well-known poet and critic, Mr. Newbolt, has, I believe, sought to discredit Marinetti's method by transposing Keats's 'Ode to the Nightingale' into Futurist language — a succession of nouns, infinitive verbs, and mathematical signs. The mockery is beside the point. Keats expressed the emotion called up by the nightingale exactly right. But the nightingale has had a long innings. He has been in from Sophocles to Keats, and perhaps it is time now to declare his innings over. Let the new emotions of a new age have their turn. 'We sing the love of danger,' cried the Futurists, in their first manifesto (February, 1909). There is nothing about nightingales in that manifesto. It says: —

'The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, daring, and rebellion.

'There is no beauty except in strife.

'We shall glorify war, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the contempt for effeminacy.

'We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labor, pleasure, or rebellion; of the multi-colored and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of the greedy stations swallowing smoking snakes; of factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke; of bridges leaping like gymnasts over the diabolical cutlery of sun-bathed rivers; of adventurous liners scenting the horizon; of broad-chested locomotives prancing on the rails, like huge steel horses bridled with long tubes; and of the gliding flight of aëroplanes, the sound of whose screw is like the flapping of flags, and the applause of an enthusiastic crowd.

'Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! It is agreed! We know well what our fine and false intelligence tells us. We are, it says, only the summary and the extension of our ancestors. Perhaps! Very well! . . . What matter? . . . But we do not wish to hear! Beware of repeating those infamous words! Better lift your head!

'Erect on the topmast pinnacle of the world, once again we fling our defiance to the stars.'

It is violent, it is insolent. But as I listen to it, I seem to myself like Moses, when he came from Egypt's land of tombs and solemn pyramids — from among monuments of never-ending death in life — from among monstrous cats and bulls and crocodiles sanctified by the inexhaustible stupidity of custom — and stood upon Pisgah, gazing out over the land of promise. As Robert Browning, one of our antiquated poets, said last century: —

> Over the ball of it,
> Peering and prying,
> How I see all of it,
> Life there, outlying!
> . . . . .
> Honey, get gall of it!
> There's the life lying,
> And I see all of it,
> Only, I'm dying.

Standing on such a Pisgah height, with dying eyes I look out upon a Futurist world of strife and tempest and struggling crowds, — a world of revolt and rebellion, smitten by the acute angles and crimson bars of rage, — a world risen in violent reaction against weakness and sentimentality, invalidism, comfort, softness, luxury, and effeminate excess, — against the toy woman (*la femme bibelot*), the worship of precedent, of research, of rules, of uninspired morality. Such a world shudders at the monotony of regulated habit and established reputation. That a thing has been done once is for it a sufficient reason why it should never be done again. And moving about in that world of hard and dangerous life that is full of rapid contrasts and calls out the highest human capacities from hour to hour, I appear to see magnificent and adventurous men, tempestuous and proud, fighting their way side by side with magnificent and adventurous women, virile, gigantic, devoid of shame, loathing effeminacy, giving the breast to superb and violent infants, turbulent as Titans of the earthquake and volcano.

As I gaze, I sometimes think that the Futurist parents are in for a stormy time. But no matter! Let us hand on to them our motto: 'De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!' Which one may translate: 'Be bold, be bold, there is not the smallest fear that any one will be too bold.'

MIND IN PLANTS

BY ADA WATTERSON YERKES

I

MAETERLINCK has entitled one of his charming essays 'The Intelligence of the Flowers.' It may seem like taking a long step beyond this to attribute mind to the whole plant kingdom. We human beings are inclined to regard the possession of mind as our own special prerogative and to grant grudgingly that a few of the higher animals exhibit forms of behavior which approach the intelligent. There are, indeed, many philosophers who deny that one can know the existence of any mind except one's own. But once admit that other men may share this great possession, the door is wide open, and the path leads thence down through vertebrates and invertebrates, one-celled animals, and many-celled plants, till who can tell where one may stop and say, 'Beyond this there is no consciousness.'

The essayist has applied the term intelligence to those curious and wonderful adaptations which, in plants, promote the reproduction and distribution of species. Conspicuous among these are the marvelous contrivances and processes by which cross-fertilization is effected, and the dispersal of fruits and seeds by wind, waves, animals, and other agents promoted. But this use of the term is open to criticism, for such adaptations of form and function as those cited are examples of the intelligence of Nature rather than of flowers. By the student of behavior or of comparative psychology, intelligence is to-day defined as 'the power of learning by individual experience.' Maeterlinck himself warns us that his essay should not be considered a scientific treatise. His choice of terms, however, strongly emphasizes the difference between the popular and the scientific conception of the meaning of words, and the misunderstandings to which this difference gives rise.

Perhaps nowhere are these misunderstandings, because of difference in the usage of words, more evident than in the case of such terms as mind, soul, and consciousness. The average man boasts that he has a soul and that he himself is master of it; insists, often pugnaciously, that his favorite horse and dog have minds and are capable of intelligent, and even of reasoned, behavior. But if you allude to the consciousness of the carrot, he feels that you have entered the realm of the fantastic, and refuses to discuss the matter in any save a humorous way. It behooves us, therefore, to inquire carefully into the meaning which the scientist gives to these words, and the ways in which he uses them.

E. B. Titchener, one of our most eminent psychologists, defines mind as 'the sum-total of human experience considered as dependent upon the experiencing person.' He rejects a use of the term consciousness in the sense of a 'mind's awareness of itself' as being not only unnecessary but also misleading, 'unnecessary because, as we shall see later, the awareness is a matter of observation of the same gen-

eral kind as observation of the external world; it is misleading because it suggests that mind is a personal being instead of a stream of processes.' He therefore takes 'mind and consciousness to mean the same thing.'

Later in the same discussion he says, 'If, however, we attribute minds to other human beings, we have no right to deny them to the higher animals. These animals are provided with a nervous system of the same pattern as ours; their conduct or behavior, under circumstances that would arouse certain feelings in us, often seems to express, quite definitely, similar feelings in them. Surely we must grant that the highest vertebrates, mammals and birds, have minds. Indeed, it is difficult to limit mind to the animals that possess even a rudimentary nervous system; for the creatures that rank still lower in the scale of life manage to do, without a nervous system, practically everything that their superiors do by its assistance. The range of mind thus appears to be as wide as the range of animal life.

'The plants, on the other hand, appear to be mindless. Many of them are endowed with what we may term sense-organs, that is, organs differentiated to receive certain forms of stimulus, — pressure, impact, light, and so forth. These organs are analogous in structure to the sense-organs of the lower animal organisms; thus plant "eyes" have been found, which closely resemble rudimentary animal eyes, and which — if they belonged to animals — might mediate the perception of light: so that the development of the plant-world has evidently been governed by the same general laws of adaptation to environment that have been at work in the animal kingdom. But we have no evidence of plant-consciousness.'

We see, therefore, that the scientists themselves sometimes hesitate to follow their statements and assumptions to their logical conclusions. If plants possess rudimentary eyes so similar in structure to those of animals that 'if they belonged to animals they might mediate the perception of light,' why should we not assume that they really serve as eyes? Such an assumption seems natural enough, unless, perchance, it can be shown that animals and plants are essentially different in nature, — a view, however, which all the biological work of recent years has tended to refute.

II

Primitive men evidently regarded plants as living, acting, and feeling creatures. A poetical expression of this is found in the dryads who were part of each tree, living and dying with it. The Russian and the Norwegian folk-songs are permeated by the same idea. Aristotle, however, announced that while both animals and plants have souls, plants lack sensation or feeling. The pith he assumed to be the seat of the soul of plants and the controlling centre of physiological processes. In the era of Linnæus a somewhat different idea prevailed. It finds expression in his phrase: 'Stones grow; plants grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.'

It is safe to say that Linnæus did not think of plants as possessing souls, or minds, or any form of consciousness. Under the influence of this eminent systematic botanist, the study of plants was restricted to collecting, drying, and pressing specimens, and to wrangling over names. It is only within the last century that students of plants have freed themselves from the influence of Linnæus, and have begun to study the complex processes of life as they occur in the plant world.

Experimentation has largely replaced collecting and preserving. This study of plants as living things has gradually broken down the Aristotelian boundary wall between animals and plants. And from the ruins of the wall has arisen a common biology which is quite as much concerned with the likenesses between animals and plants as with their differences.

The discovery that the unit of structure, the cell, is strikingly similar in plants and animals was one of the first great advances in this common biology. The cell indeed has been found to possess almost identical properties in the two kingdoms. 'Living protoplasm,' exclaims the noted botanist Haberlandt, 'whether its origin be animal or plant, hides in itself all the great riddles of life, whose solution we are always joyfully, but with varying success, striving for.'

A second important step in the establishing of a strictly scientific botany resulted from the recognition that the power of intelligent movement, which previously had been regarded as an attribute of animals alone, exists equally among the lower plants. This discovery was made with the aid of the microscope, which revealed to the observer myriads of tiny plants, creeping, crawling, whirling, with a rapidity and complexity of motion equal to that of animals. Bacteria, Diatoms, Desmids, and the swarmspores of many algæ and fungi, were discovered to be capable of extreme and varied activity.

Yet another step forward was taken when leading botanists came to admit the existence of irritability in certain plants.

Says Haberlandt, 'The existence of living substance is so sharply distinguished by no fundamental property as by *irritability*. Not only animal but plant protoplasm is fitted to receive different external changes as stimuli. When the sensitive plant at a rough touch lowers its petioles and clasps its leaflets together; when a stem, illuminated on one side, turns toward the source of light; or when bacteria swarm together upon a piece of nutrient substance, we have to do with irritable movements which are fully analogous to those which play such an important rôle in the life of animals.

'The irritability of animals has been regarded for ages as indicative of sensation and perception. Nothing can deter us, once the similarity of sensory movements in the animal and the plant kingdoms is fully recognized, from ascribing to plants both sensation and perception.'

It is interesting that this view of the plant world should have been prophesied long ago by Fechner the philosopher, in his book entitled *Nanna, oder das Seelenleben der Pflanzen*, wherein, to quote Haberlandt again, 'the most delicate phantasies of the "Märchenerzähler" twine like blossoming branches around the strong scaffolding of scientific thought.' Fechner ascribed to plants a richly developed sensory life. He would have taken keen satisfaction could he have lived to see the confirmation of his views which has resulted from the studies of the structure and behavior of plants made during the last twenty years.

III

In applying the term 'mind' to plants, we should of course note that we are dealing with extremely elementary or simple mental processes. We have no reason to assume, or even to suspect, that such complex experiences as our human perceptions, emotions, and thoughts, exist in plants. The psychologist whom we have already quoted presents three classes of *ele-*

mentary mental processes: sensations, images, and affections. Of these several simple varieties of consciousness, sensations are the only ones which we can safely attribute to plants.

By the work of many observers, and especially by that of the ingenious physiologist Jagadis Chunder Bose, it has been established, recently, that changes occurring about plants may act as stimuli, and thus, through the releasing of vital energy, occasion forms of response which are no less interestingly adaptive than are those exhibited by animals. By means of marvelously sensitive devices, the essential feature of which is the 'optical lever,' Bose has been enabled to detect movements in response to stimulation in many plants, organs, and tissues. It has also been amply demonstrated that in plants, as in animals, the organ which responds to a stimulus may be at a considerable distance from the place at which the stimulus is received.

Darwin it was who noted that a root placed horizontally receives the stimulus of gravity in the root-cap, while the bending which causes the root to turn downward occurs at some distance from the cap. It is evident that this spatial separation of point of stimulus and point of response indicates the existence of something similar to nerve-impulses, and indeed most students of the subject freely admit that plants exhibit certain physiological processes analogous to the so-called conduction of impulses by nerves. In some plants this conduction is pretty obviously a purely mechanical process. This is the case in the well-known sensitive plant, *Mimosa pudica*, wherein responsiveness to stimuli or sensitivity was first observed and is to-day most widely known.

The pressure of fluid in a peculiar system of tubes conveys the effect of a touch or jar to distant parts of the sensitive plant, and these, in their turn, so act as to occasion movement. Thus a light touch at one point causes a very pronounced movement of the leaves of mimosa. And by striking a group of these plants with a stick, one may cause a wave of response which resembles the effect of a strong wind on a field of grain. For the majority of plants, however, it has been discovered that conduction occurs in the living substance of the cell in which delicate threads of protoplasm, extending through the boundary walls of the cell, form continuous paths suggestive of the form of nerve-fibres in animals.

But even after the process of sensory response and transmission of impulses had been thoroughly established, plant physiologists were loath to believe in the existence of special sense-organs for the reception of stimuli in plants. For a time, it was thought that their sensitivity was merely an expression of a capacity given to all living cells. It was Haberlandt who, on the assumption that division of labor is the rule in connection with the varied processes of both plants and animals, undertook a thorough search for definite sense-organs.

As a result of this search, he was able to distinguish and to describe in detail three degrees of complexity in sensory development. There is, first, a generally distributed irritability or sensibility to stimuli. This is a condition to which the term sense-organ does not strictly apply. As a result of its diffused or general irritability, a plant may respond to a stimulus in much the same way wherever it happens to act. A more complex condition is that in which the stimulus-receiving organs are situated in a particular portion or tissue of the plant. Thus it has been found that the outer layer of cells or epidermis of many plants serves the

protective function, but is also sensitive to light and to contact. Finally, the third degree of specialization is exhibited in plants which possess certain cells, parts of cells, or cell-groups, which, by their form, are highly adapted for the reception of changes which may act as stimuli. These latter structures are truly sense-organs, and they are in a variety of ways comparable with the sense-organs of animals.

There are known, in animals, special organs for the reception of a great variety of stimuli. Thus we recognize organs for the reception of heat and cold, light, sound, contact, pressure, and a variety of chemical changes. But in the plant, the range of special sense-organs is more narrowly limited. We know, to-day, of special organs in certain plants, for the reception of mechanical stimuli, such as contact, friction, pressure, shock, or jars; for the influence of gravity or the pull of the earth on the plant; and for certain kinds of light. It is practically certain that plants are affected in varied ways by changes in temperature and in chemical conditions, yet no special organs for the reception of these stimuli have been discovered.

The principle of construction which appears in the sense-organs of plants is that of an outer stationary layer of protoplasm, which lines the sensitive cell, and of varied and peculiar contrivances which limit and direct the stimulus to the sensitive portion of the cell. Precisely what takes place in the living substance of the sensitive plant-cell, we do not know, but a series of processes, supposedly chemical in nature, occur, the last of which is a motor event which is appropriately described as a response to the stimulus which initiated the chain of events.

There are three kinds of organs for the reception of mechanical stimuli. They are known as sensitive spots, sensitive papillæ, and sensitive hairs or bristles.

Sensitive spots were first observed by Pfeffer on the tendrils of the family of vines called *Cucurbitaceæ*. This family includes such plants as the cucumber, melon, squash, gourds, and pumpkins. Near the tip and on the concave or under side of the tendrils of these vines, Pfeffer located highly sensitive areas. They proved to be thin spots in the outer wall of cells, filled with protoplasm in which appear crystals of calcium oxalate.

The so-called papillæ are projections of the cells which form the outer layer or epidermis of the plant, are thin-walled, and filled with living substance. They are found on such organs as the filaments of various flowers, and to the observer who is familiar with sense-organs of animals, their structure is highly suggestive of a receptive function. When touched, they cause a rapid bending of the entire stamen of the flower, and thus the pollen is scattered over the intruding cause of stimulation. This cause, to be sure, is frequently an active insect which, in turn, serves as a carrier of the pollen to other flowers. In a most interesting way, the flower is itself thus enabled, by responding to mechanical stimuli, to further the process of cross-fertilization.

The sensitive hairs or bristles may be simple or complex, constituted by one or by many cells. A typical example of this sort of sense-organ is the bristle of the cushion-like enlargement of that portion of the leaf of the sensitive plant *Mimosa pudica* which is the point of attachment to the stem. This is known, technically, as the primary pulvinus of the leaf. On this cushion-like structure appear bristles, the bases of which are bedded in the substance of the pulvinus, literal 'thorns in the flesh.' Each bristle consists of a num-

ber of thick-walled cells, but toward the tip it tapers to a single cell. When such a bristle is touched, the stimulus is immediately transmitted to the cells of the cushion, or pulvinus, and changes therein cause the petiole, or supporting structure of the leaf, to drop. The transmission of the stimulus to the pulvini of the leaflets causes them to fold together. Thus, in an instant and as the result of contact with a single bristle, the plant folds up as though to protect itself from further stimulation. Most interesting in this whole response is the surprising rapidity with which the apparently trivial stimulation of a single bristle at the base of a leaf is transmitted through the plant and effects the general response.

Yet other excellent examples of the response of plants to mechanical stimulation are furnished by the sundew and the Venus fly-trap. When an insect alights upon an open leaf of the sundew, its movements are impeded by a sticky secretion, and in its struggles to escape, it so stimulates the leaf that the glandular hairs which cover the surface of the leaf, and the edges of the leaf itself, slowly close over it and imprison it. The nutritive portions of its body are thereupon digested by the secretions of other glandular hairs. After this process is complete, the leaf reopens and the dry shell of the insect is carried away by the wind. The response of the Venus fly-trap is more startling, for by it the insect is suddenly entrapped. Sensitive bristles on the leaves are responsible for the reaction. It is when the insect comes in contact with one or more of these bristles that the leaves suddenly close. Thus, in the case of both Drosera, or, as it is popularly known, sundew, and Dionæa, or the Venus fly-trap, prey is captured as a result of response to stimulation of the plant by the ill-fated insect.

There is another group of responses, complex, and for a long time imperfectly understood, which demands examination. Since so many plants are stationary, spending most of their lives rooted to one spot, it is essential that they be able so to orient themselves as to obtain those conditions most favorable for growth and reproduction. One portion of the plant should reach down into the soil to anchor it firmly and to draw therefrom water and nutrient substances. Other portions should spread out where they may obtain air and light. The discovery of the mechanism whereby these adjustments to the environment are achieved is peculiarly interesting.

Early in the last century, experiment revealed that when a seedling is placed horizontally, the tip of its root gradually turns downward, whereas the stem of the plant turns upward. The former responds positively to the influence of gravity, seeking the earth; the other, negatively, avoiding the earth and seeking the sunlight. If the same kind of seedling be rotated slowly on a wheel so that all parts are in like manner and in turn subjected to the action of gravity, these bendings do not occur.

Charles Darwin, about the year 1881, called attention to the fact that sensitiveness to the influence of gravity was apparently limited in the seedling to the central portion of the root-cap which covers the tip of the root, although the response to stimulation by gravity occurs as the result of growth in a region of the root at some distance back of the tip. This region is that of most active growth in the root.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, largely as the result of certain zoölogical discoveries, an important step toward the explanation of the bending of root and stem in seedlings was

taken. Zoölogists had observed in various animals little organs constructed like sense-organs which were at first supposed to be organs of hearing. They consist, in essence, of a fluid-filled sack, the walls of which are formed of living cells. In the fluid of this sack are suspended crystals or masses of inorganic material. The sack is lined with hairs or bristles, and as the crystals or groups of crystals move about as the result of changes in the position of the animal, they come in contact with these hairs and apparently stimulate them. These organs, at first called otocysts or ear-sacks, were subsequently named statocysts, and the inorganic masses, statoliths.

It is now definitely known that the statocyst is an organ, sensitive to changes in the position of an animal's body and capable of so controlling the muscles as to maintain the normal position. Thus if such a creature as the crayfish be turned on its back or side, the unusual position so stimulates the hairs of the statocyst that righting movements are set up.

Two botanists, Haberlandt and Nemeç, working independently, were struck by the similarity between the structure of the statocysts of animals and that of cells in the roots of plants. For in certain of the cells of plants they discovered starch grains suggestive of the statoliths found in animals. It was not difficult for them to imagine these starch grains acting as stimulating mechanisms and determining the direction of movement of root or stem. Indeed it is now generally believed that gravity, acting upon these solid particles in certain cells, so stimulates the protoplasm of those cells as to cause more rapid growth in some regions of the plant than in others. It is this unequal or asymmetric growth, occurring often at some distance from the point of stimulation, which causes the root to bend downward and the stem to bend upward.

Apropos of this conception, Darwin himself said, 'It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body, receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.'

These starch grains are found in both stems and leaves. They are stored in cells which form a layer of the parenchyma in leaves and a hollow cylinder in stems. In these positions, starch is found even when it is entirely absent in other portions of the plant. It is significant that in those few cases in which plant-roots do not respond to the influence of gravity, starch grains are lacking. Altogether, the view that these particles are chiefly responsible for certain of the important directive movements in plants is well supported by facts.

IV

But there is yet another environmental agency which obviously has much to do with controlling the movements of plants. This is light. It is a matter of common observation that in response to changes in the amount of light, certain flowers open and close and many leaves change position. Thus the appearance of many plants changes completely with the fall of night. It is also generally known that one-sided illumination has its marked effects. Plants in a sunny window need to be turned from time to time if they are to be prevented from becoming asymmetric.

In many cases it seems as if the entire plant were sensitive to light. An instance of this is found in the so-called

sleep movements of plants, where the leaves or flowers close and droop at the approach of night. But there are other cases in which the stimulation seems to act only upon certain portions of the organism. Thus it has been pointed out that in the leaves of some plants the outer wall of the cells of the upper epidermis arches outward, thus making of each cell a plano-convex lens. The light is concentrated by this means upon the middle field of the inner wall of each cell where lies the sensitive protoplasm which receives the stimulus.

In other plants a single cell of this epidermis here and there is specialized in form to receive the stimulus. It has been found possible to print on photographic paper through the carefully removed epidermis of a leaf. The resulting print shows plainly dark spots where the light has been concentrated by the lens-like action of the cells.

There is much discussion concerning the response of plants to light, and many important matters are still unsettled. In a recent book devoted to a study of *Light and the Behavior of Organisms*, Mast has successfully presented both facts and controversies. Thus he observes with reference to the general regulatory value of light to plants, that leaves for the most part tend to take a position which facilitates the processes of food-making, and that other portions of plants likewise assume what is evidently the most favorable position for growth and reproduction. The effect of light is so to regulate the responses of a plant that it more perfectly adapts itself to its immediate environmental conditions. Thus it is noted that in intense light certain plant structures, the chloroplasts which contain the green coloring matter, assume a position in the cell parallel with the rays of light, so as to receive as little of the light as possible. Certain leaves, under intense illumination, turn so that the edge of the blade is directed toward the light.

In addition to their simple sensory responses, many examples of which have been presented, plants exhibit certain other forms or aspects of behavior which are of psychological interest. Among other things it has been demonstrated that the relation of stimulation to response, at any rate in certain cases, conforms to the Weber-Fechner law. According to this law, a certain definite relation holds between increase of strength of stimulus and appreciable change in response. It has been demonstrated, also, with plants as with animals, that a stimulus too weak to induce a response becomes effective upon repetition. This is commonly known as the phenomenon of summation of stimuli. Fatigue as the result of stimulation is exhibited by plants as well as by animals.

The behavior of plants is also variable and shows definite relations both to the internal conditions of the plant itself and the various aspects of environment. There are indeed innumerable instances of variation in response to change in the amount and character of the stimulus. Thus the seedling which bends toward a moderately strong light bends in the opposite direction if the light becomes intense. Likewise, it has been noted that many free-moving plants which swim toward a source of light of low intensity swim away from a stronger light. Such reactions as these have been observed in various marine and fresh-water algæ, in diatoms, in the tendrils of *Ampelopsis* and *Vitis*. They are obviously of importance in the life of the plant, for they tend to keep it in those conditions which are favorable.

The following quotation from Mast calls attention to an aspect of the modifiability of behavior in plants which is

worthy of careful investigation: 'It has long been known that changes in light cause daily periodic movements in plants, the so-called sleep movements of leaves and flowers, and that these movements continue for some time if the plant is kept in continuous illumination. They are at first pronounced, both in constant light and in darkness . . . and they continue to be perceptible until after the lapse of from four to eight days.'

V

Reactions to light are not the only ones, however, in which modifiability occurs when conditions of environment change. The sensitive plant, which ordinarily closes its leaves at the slightest jar, will, if subjected to the continual jarring of a train or wagon, after a time open its leaves and let them remain open. The leaf-petioles of *Clematis vitalba* twine around any support and perform the function of tendrils. One experimenter made fast the stems of the vine, so that the clinging of the petioles was rendered superfluous and they then did not react at all. When the same stems were again freed and allowed to wave in the wind, the petioles at once took hold and began to twine. *Limnophila heterophylla*, an amphibious plant of the tropics, has finely divided leaves under the surface of the water, entire ones above it. If a stem of entire leaves is sunk beneath the surface, it develops side branches bearing finely divided leaves.

Another case of adaptation is that of the Russian teasel (*Dipsacus laciniatus*) which grows on the dry steppes of Eastern Europe. Every pair of the leaves grows together around the stem, forming a little cup which the rain fills. When the supply of water in the earth is not adequate, the plant develops suction-cells in the bottom of this cup which absorb the stored-up water. Moreover, it also sends out little protoplasmic hairs which absorb nutriment from the bodies of small insects which become drowned in the water of the cups. No other members of the teasel or thistle family have such contrivances, which seem to have been developed only as an 'occasional expedient.' May not this be considered an example of an instinct?

We speak of the bird's song in the springtime, of the display of plumage and the various antics in the courtship of birds, as expressions of the sex-instincts. What should we say of the following series of events in the life of the little water-plant, *Vallisneria spiralis?* The stamens and pistils are borne in separate flowers, entirely submerged in the water. The female flower is attached to a long stem which is coiled tightly. When the flowers are ripe, this stem uncoils and the flower rises to the surface of the water. The male flower has no such coil, so it simply breaks away from its stem, rises and floats on the surface. Pollination is effected there, whereupon the male flower floats away, withers, and dies. The stem of the female flower coils up again, drawing it down under the water, where the fruit is perfected and the seed sown.

Chemical processes? Yes, but how do they differ from the instinctive act of an animal? To say that the instinct-consciousness is lacking is beside the mark, for such a statement can rest only on the assumption that plants are unconscious. The unprejudiced observer must admit that instinctive activities appear in both plants and animals, and like similar responses to stimuli possess essentially the same characteristics in both. As for the instinct-consciousness, if the observer considers fairly the evidences upon which his admission of consciousness in animals rests, he will

find it easier to acknowledge affective consciousness in plants than to deny it or to disprove its existence.

It is not necessary to adduce further illustrations of the activities of plants. Let us review those which have been offered in their relations to the subject of consciousness. The whole argument rests, of course, on analogy. Those philosophers who maintain that we can know or affirm nothing of any consciousness except our own, individually, will deny the possibility of mind in animals or plants. Yet most people are willing to admit that other human beings have minds similar to theirs because their words and actions are similar to their own. It is perfectly true, however, that actions speak louder than words, and on that principle, the way in which animals 'even down to the lowest forms' meet the situations of their lives, gives us cause to believe that they, too, are conscious. Yet if the lowest animals, why not the lowest plants?

The theory of evolution postulates a common or at least a similar origin for both. Many forms have in some measure the characteristics of both animals and plants, so that it is hard to decide under which head they are to be classified.

Furthermore, we have seen that plants, like animals, possess at least the simplest psychic powers, those of sensation and perception. They are capable of perceiving stimuli, having for that purpose, in many cases, sense-organs similar to those of animals. They are able to transmit these stimuli to all parts of the plant body. They respond appropriately to these stimuli, by means of movements, either 'spontaneous' or effected by growth. They are capable of varying and modifying these responses to a considerable extent. The relation of stimulus and response follows certain psycho-physical laws which have also been worked out for animals, namely, the Weber-Fechner law, and the law of summation. They perform a relatively complex series of acts adapted to a definite future end, a primitive form of instinct.

Whether further observation, experimentation, or analysis will reveal evidences of the higher forms of mental life in plants, — imagination, emotion, ideas, — who can say?

NOVEMBER IN THE CITY

BY EDITH WYATT

To-NIGHT the rain blows down from misty places
Above the roof-tops where the pigeons fly;
And quick the steps, intent the city's faces
That say that we must hurry — you and I.
Oh, why? So much speeds through this twilight rain-time,
That's not worth keeping up with. By-and-by
We'll wonder why we always knew the train-time,
And yet knew not November — you and I.

In quiet let us hark. Not till we listen
Shall any song arise for you and me:
Nor ever this broad-stippling music glisten
Twice-told at twilight down the city sea.
The fog-horns call. The lake-winds rush. Just lately
I watched the city lights bloom star on star
Along the streets, and terrace-spaced and stately
Touch moated height and coronet afar.
November's winds blow towards the garnered grain-land.
Blue-buoyèd all the shepherd whistles bay;
And flocking down Chicago's dusk-barred mainland,
The steam and fog-fleeced mists run, buff and gray.
Silence and sound; wide echoes; rain-dropped spaces;
Deep-rumbling dray and dripping trolley-car;
Steps multitudinous and countless faces
Along the cloudy street, lit star on star.

Oh, had you thought that only woods and oceans
Were meant to speak the truth to you and me —

That only tides' and stars' immortal motions
Said we are part of all eternity?
The rains that fall and fly in silver tangent,
The passing steps, the fogs that die and live,
These chords that pale and darken, hushed and plangent,
Sing proud the praise of splendors fugitive.
For fleet-pulsed mists and mortal steps and faces
More move me than the tides that know no years —
And music blown from rain-swept human places
More stirs me than the stars untouched with tears.
I think that such a night as this has never
Sung argent here, before; and not again
Will all these tall-roofed intervals that sever
These streets and corners, etched with lamp-lit rain
Tell just this cool-thrilled tale of midland spaces,
And lake-born mists, that black-lined building's prow
That cuts the steam, this dream in peopled places
That sings its deep-breathed beauty, here and now.

November winds wing toward the garnered grain-land.
The city lights have risen. Proud and free,
Far music swinging down the dusk-barred mainland
Cries we are part of all eternity.
Let me remember, let me rise, and sing it!
For others may the mountains be the sign,
Sun, stars, the wooded earth, the seas that ring it,
Of melody immortal. Here is mine.
This night, when rain blows down through midland spaces
And lake-born mists; a black-lined building's prow
That cuts the steam; a dream in peopled places
That sings its deep-breathed beauty here and now.

THE DEVASTATION OF DENNISPORT

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

My neighbor, Mrs. Captain Whorf, hung out the last of her sheets on the clothes-line that shone as yellow in the sun as the new rigging on a ship. She approached the fence that bounded our respective yards, leaned against it and spoke: —

'I hold with women bein' clean, and I hold with a woman's keepin' her house as it should be kep', but I don't hold with no woman bein' so pizen clean that she has to keep her husband in the wood-shed!'

From the hammock, Captain Dan'el Whorf, home from a week's cruise on the George, boomed forth, —

'I'd like to see any woman keep me in the wood-shed!'

'I could n't keep you in the wood-shed nor in no other place that you did n't want to be,' his wife retorted, 'but you ain't married to Zephiry Nickerson.'

'Zephiry Nickerson could n't keep me in no wood-shed!' boasted Captain Whorf.

Mrs. Whorf surveyed her husband with tender admiration. He stood six feet one in his socks, and I judged his chest to be about three feet thick. He looked shorter than he was, on account of his ample shoulders and big shaggy head, a proud figure for any woman to call husband. The coast-line of New England breeds men like this in no small quantities. Even after her fond survey of her lord, Mrs. Whorf was forced to say: —

'Zephiry would keep you or any other man in the wood-shed, or in the cellar, if she thought you was goin' to track dirt. Cleanness is a principle with Zephiry.' She said it as one who had lived in a community where principles were not vain beliefs, but where they were the mainsprings of the lives of people.

Captain Whorf lit another cigarette and said musingly, half to me and half to himself, —

'It's a queer thing to think of Captain Ephraim Nickerson not darin' to set foot over the door-sill of his own kitchen except in his socks, and an engraved invitation from his wife in his mitt. Why, he would n't no more make free with his own front room than a ship's boy would make free with the Ole Man's bunk. He who's owned his own ship when he was n't no more 'n twenty-five! Why, Nickersons, Mis' Towner, have owned their ships since there *was* Nickersons. Clipper ships they've owned, fleets of 'em. My pa can remember when down there,' he pointed to the receding tide, 'there was a wharf and alongside an waitin' 'd be twenty or more schooners and square-riggers, all Nickersons! You always saw Nickersons comin' and goin', some to the South Seas for whale and elephant, and some to the West Injys, and others to the coast o' Africky, not countin' coast-wise packets.'

I looked out, and where his hand pointed were stumps of green and rotting piles, stretching out and out, green spots in the low-tide sand, mute testi-

mony of the early days when our merchant marine was a glory, and when families like Nickersons sent their vessels out to the four quarters of the earth.

'Nickersons,' Captain Whorf continued, 'was always drivers and killers, mostly made like Cap'n Ephraim Nickerson. You know, Mis' Towner, the kind that looks fat and ain't. The kind that's all solid meat from keel to pennant, an' soft-spoken too with their men. You'd ought to seen the men jump when Nickerson spoke soft to 'em! I remember old Cap'n Nickerson saying to my pop, —

'"I hear so much talk all the time about us masters o' vessels bein' rough with our men! I've been in the Chiny trade twenty years and I was never rough with no man"; and he stooped down his big shaggy head and looked just like a bull who was agoin' to charge, and sez in his low husky voice, "*I did n't hev ter be!*" You bet he didn't hev ter be! There was *heft* to the words he spoke.'

Thus did Cap'n Dan'el Whorf paint to me the puissant graces of the Nickersons. 'An' then when steam come,' he went on, 'most families like Nickersons was bust and bankrupt. But they knew how to save themselves. Look at Cap'n Ephraim Nickerson in a steam-whaler sailing from Seattle, — look at him now he's gettin' along, ownin' shares of a quarter of all the fresh fishermen sailin' from this port.'

He waved his hand out toward the harbor. My eyes followed, and lying at anchor I saw mirrored in the calm surface of the bay the fleet of fresh fishermen — hundred-foot schooners, painted black, as beautiful as any racing yacht, the last, most perfect children of a romantic and dying race, whose very life is even now threatened by the hideous encroaching steam-trawlers. There they lay at rest, lifting up their proud masts, some of them flying half-mast flags, which is a signal for bait. Even as I looked, one and then another made sail, and then, beautiful and majestic, floated off beyond the point; one of the most perfect and ideal expressions of the imagination of man, they seemed to me, lovely and dignified and poetic.

The voice of Captain Whorf broke in on me. 'Yes; he owns shares in a quarter o' 'em and has to set in his woodshed when he wants to smoke.'

To me it seemed high romance to own even one little share in one of those beautiful and stately boats, now progressing swan-like out of the sheltering harbor.

Captain Whorf followed them with his eyes and murmured, —

'Got everything on to-day, ain't they? Bet Nickerson wishes he was followin' the sea yet, some days!'

'H'ssh,' admonished Mrs. Whorf, 'speakin' of angels!' Then in a low undertone to me, 'That's her now!'

There sailed down the board-walk a woman as majestic as any of her husband's ships. She was large-framed, finely set up for all her fifty-odd years, wide-browed, large-eyed, with large but delicately carved features that were not unreminiscent of those of the father of our country. She had the same firm jaw, the same implacably calm mouth was hers; her face was framed by grayish curls. She herself was garbed — I use the word advisedly — in a gray dress of rather flowing cut, reminiscent of the sixties. She would have looked a personage anywhere. *August* was the only word I could think of that applied to her adequately, and the thing she was most like was a splendid if somewhat antiquated vessel under full sail. She lacked, just a little, the magnificent serenity of the ships that sailed the sea, but none the less she was magnificent. As though reading my

thought, Mrs. Whorf whispered in my ear: —

'An' he tops her by a half head or more!'

She bore down upon us superbly and came to anchor near Mrs. Whorf. Introductions were effected, and it was my good luck to make friends. I found myself engaged to go next day and look at a collection of fur robes and Arctic things.

The impression her house left upon me was of a marvelously immaculate ship now being used as a museum, but a museum kept more exquisitely and wonderfully clean than anyone could imagine.

I expressed my wonder at the arrangement and perfection of her collection of Arctic things.

'It must be hard to keep them in such good condition,' I said; 'it is hard to keep dirt from any house.'

She looked at me with her clear eyes. 'I fight It day and night!' she said, and her mouth bent itself into a firm line, and her shoulders squared themselves.

I saw indeed that she fought It day and night, even if she had to pay a price for it and even if Captain Nickerson had to remain in the wood-shed as part of the price.

I saw that I had before me a splendid if tyrannical perfectionist. The nature of women must be satisfied and if it does not find itself satisfied in one way it will in another — it makes no difference at what cost.

Such thoughts, half-formed, floated through my mind as for some seconds of silence my eyes and those of my hostess rested upon the beautiful outgoing boats.

'I can never look at 'em,' said Mrs. Nickerson, 'without thinking what whited sepulchres they are! The scent of a fresh fisherman is nothing for a decent Christian woman to dwell upon, and yet, I can't see them go past without thinking of the state the gurry-butts is in, and what the bilge is like that is a-sloshing about the keel! Oh, you should have seen the clipper ships of my father's day, Mis' Towner, with their decks holy-stoned so that they shone in the sun like a white beach at noonday! And the smell of some of the spice-ships from the Injys — the scent is in my nostrils yet! And the look of them, with their cordage all coiled like it seems no seaman knows how to coil rope these days. There! that is what irritates me so with *Man!*' The emphasis which she gave to this word stamped her opinion of men. 'Look how they keep their ships, and then see how they keep their houses on land! What ails 'em?' she cried, 'holy-stoning their vessels, going daft if a bit of cordage is adrift; and get 'em ashore and they wallow! Wallow in the mud of the street, bringing it through their clean houses with no more thought than if they were senseless animals. Off their clean vessels they come to wallow! What ails 'em?

'Look,' she went on, her deep voice rising under the pressure of her emotion, 'look at this beach, look at this street! I like to stand with my back to it! It's gettin' so I can't think of out-of-doors. Garbage on the beach, Mis' Towner, and refuse and tomato cans in the back country. Yes, the back country's littered till there's no peace for the eye till you reach the clean sands of the dunes and the peace of the open sea.'

The slanting rays of the sun struck her as she stood there in her window, and gilded the gray of her dress. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glowed dark under the stress of her emotion. She seemed like some reincarnation of an ancient prophetess, like some force of nature, powerful and dominant, restrained for the moment in the form of a majestic woman.

I understood her emotions more than was seemly, and with the instinct which makes us poor human beings forever hasten away from the too revealing moment, I began prattling of the cleaning-up of a Western town, while Mrs. Nickerson listened with a disquietingly hungry air.

II

The next day I was given a glimpse into the nature of the terrific force with which I had unwittingly trifled.

Captain Dan'el Whorf was lounging at ease in his Gloucester hammock. I was pottering about my sweet peas, which I hoped would in time bloom next their fence. The windows of his house were open, and from within came noises as of furniture being moved.

The handsome head of Mrs. Whorf emerged through the open window. Her hair was in a dust-cap; her face was pink and her eyes sparkled with some deep and inner emotion.

'Dan'el!' she called, 'Dan'el, you come in and help me heave this living-room rug on to the line. Isaiah 's comin' to beat to-day.'

Captain Whorf stirred his powerful frame uneasily in the hammock. A strange look crept over his face, a look one might have called timorous, almost fearful. He was profoundly disturbed.

'I thought you warn't going to do It till my next trip?' he said wretchedly.

'Warn't going to do It till your next trip!' she echoed, with sparkling eyes, 'I'd never do It if I waited for you, Dan'el Whorf!'

She was usually soft and good-tempered in her manner to her husband. Now her words came with a crackling crispness as of a pennant snapping in the breeze of a great wind.

'I can't live in such dirt no longer!' she blazed. 'It's no good sweeping no more. There's dirt in every crack and corner of this house.'

'But,' moaned Captain Whorf miserably, 'you said you'd wait till I got home next time?'

'And how'll I know what the weather's going to be next time? Do you think I'm going to fly in the face of Providence with the weather bureau saying fair weather for a spell? Do you suppose I'm going to let every woman in all Dennisport have her house cleaned before me? Come and heave out this living-room rug!'

He rose slowly, painfully, and unwillingly; but he obeyed his master's voice.

It was then that I witnessed the metamorphosis that is so terrifying and disquieting to the heart of man. For eleven months and some days Mrs. Dan'el Whorf was a woman who had for a man's erring ways the tolerance of a mother for a little child. Then, between one day and the next she became transformed. Within her was unleashed a demonic fury, and under its spell she fell upon her house and cleaned it. But it was no mere house-cleaning that I witnessed: what I saw had an element of the orgiastic, it took upon itself the proportions of a great natural cataclysm. Now I would catch glimpses of her, scrubbing and cleaning with tense fury. Again with the aid of Captain Whorf, she would hurl forth the rugs and carpets of the house. She drove him before her to do her bidding as a wind of autumn drives the dry leaves, his occasional protests as futile as the fluttering of a leaf itself.

Her orgy communicated itself to Mary, her sixteen-year-old daughter. There was something madman-like in their swift ascents and descents of staircases, their rapid flights out-of-doors. Captain Whorf did the bidding of his two furious women, while an old

man called Isaiah kept staccato time to the wild doings within, thumping perpetually from dawn to dark on the carpets and rugs that were suspended on the clothes-line.

I realized then what a force woman has hidden within her. I realized how it is compelled to wreak itself upon house-cleaning, circumscribed as its energies now are in our shrunken homes. As contagion goes its devastating way, so did the lust for cleaning devastate the village. Clothes-lines on all sides blossomed with hand-woven rugs, with comforters of many colors, and with carpets.

The air was full of the smell of fresh paint and varnish, for the women of Dennisport are not content with mere cleaning. They have learned a trick or two from their husbands, the owners of vessels. They do not merely clean their houses, they overhaul them, and paint them and varnish them yearly as though they were boats, until their mahogany furniture becomes encrusted with thick translucent layers of varnish.

With superb and relentless energy the Dennisport women wantoned and rioted in cleanliness. The distraught males, when their services were not required at home, skulked unhappily in stores and on the ends of wharves and spat, in melancholy mood, seaward. Each year when the cleaning mania recurred they found themselves as disturbed as before. They never got used to it; nor did they ever see the sense of it.

Not with such tense enthusiasm did they attack their boats. Overhauling a boat was a time of leisure, of conversations, of fair peaceful hours spent, now spoke-shaving a mast, now sitting on the shady side of a boat, painting or caulking. A peaceful, reposeful time, the overhauling season, with nothing whatever in common with the spirit that was now breaking up homes and devastating the town.

From time to time Captain Whorf would pause to mop his streaming face with his bandanna, lean over his fence and let fall words like, 'The deck of a vessel's a peaceful place.'

III

It was with this fury spending itself that Mrs. Ephraim Nickerson returned my call.

'I want you,' she said, 'to come and say the words you said to me, and more of them, about those Western women that straightened out their town. I want you to come and speak to the ladies of the Shakespeare and Literary Association.'

To this club belonged the flower of the womanhood of Dennisport. Most of them were women in the prime of life, women of forty and upwards; capable women they were.

They listened to my words, exchanging significant glances. They beheld wider fields and a broader scope for their mature activities. There unfolded before them the vision of stupendous house-cleaning, a gigantic, cataclysmic affair which made the cleaning of the Augean stables as insignificant as an infant's brushing up of the sand with a toy broom on the Dennisport beach.

Up to this time they had wallowed in little private orgies of cleaning, each one in her own home. For the first time in their lives the mob-spirit seized them.

The cleanings-up which I had witnessed in Western towns were brisk, efficient affairs, conducted with good humor and with no emotion. With those women, house-cleaning had not partaken of the nature of a pagan religious festival. Not in the West did clothes-lines flower with patchwork

quilts as irresistibly as in spring the sap flows in the trees. House-cleaning there was a duty rather than an emotional outbreak.

But it was in this religious spirit that the Dennisport Ladies Sanitary and Health Association was formed. They set forth on Dennisport with the mad and covetous lust of looters. In Dennisport the venerable selectmen nodded over their books as they had these many years. The Board of Health confined itself to tacking occasional pink or red cards labeled 'Contagious disease' on houses. This they did with the greatest possible infrequency, and paid a small sum to three aged men whose duties were supposed to be burying dead fish which had floated up on the beach.

It was the custom for these sinecures to be given to one half-blind grandsire and two other aged and infirm men. The Board of Health had never thought of imagining their functions to have a wider range than this. Why should they?

The day after the formation of the Society the town looked as usual: egg-shells and refuse floated out with the receding tide as people had thrown them into the sea; papers blew about the street, and the back country flowered with many a dump.

Captain Dan'el Whorf, upon whom his duties as a member of the Board of Health sat jauntily, was engaged in caulking the seams of his hen-house. Peace reigned when I saw coming down the street under a full head of steam, Mrs. Whorf and three other ladies of the Sanitary and Health Association. They dropped anchor beside him.

'Dan,' said Mrs. Whorf, 'as a member of the Board of Health, you are requested by the Ladies Sanitary and Health Association to go and tell Hen Morse he's got to quit throwing everything in creation into the bay!'

'Tell my own brother-in-law to quit throwing things into the bay?' was Captain Whorf's first exclamation; and 'What in Tophet 's the Ladies Sanitary and Health Association?' was his next.

With classic simplicity his wife replied, —

'The Ladies Sanitary and Health Association is *US*, and Zephiry Nickerson is the president!'

'Ah, ha!' he cried, 'I might 'a' known Zephiry was behind anything as loony as fighting with your relatives over a coupler egg-shells!'

Hen Morse was a baker by trade, and in common with all the other tradespeople of Dennisport he threw the refuse of his shop into the bay. Every morning at an early hour, banana stalks, empty crates, spoiled melons, sprouted onions, and tin cans were floated out by the outgoing tide and floated back on the incoming, accompanied by newspapers, sweepings, and tin cans from almost all the private houses facing on the beach. Later, one might have thought, from the way the beach looked, that the kitchen of some vast hotel had been wrecked somewhere near by.

Garments, too, one could find on the shore; old shoes, corsets, and overalls were numerous, being indestructible. Indeed, one could have picked up a whole wardrobe for Lazarus and his wife, in the course of a short stroll, and a ruined bed-tick for them to sleep upon.

As is the custom in New England, the inhabitants showed due deference to the laws they did not intend to keep, by making these offerings to Neptune in an unostentatious fashion; for your New Englander, even when he is a seafaring man and comes of seafaring stock, does not defy the law — he merely breaks it with as little noise as possible.

'I'm not going to make bad blood between me and my sister because of a coupler tin cans, for any Zephiry Nickerson,' protested Captain Whorf again.

'Don't worry about your sister,' his wife responded dryly. 'It's she who's asked this committee to speak to you because you've got so much influence with Hen! She's talked and talked to him, but God knows what comes of a wife's talking! Not a woman in town whose husband's got a work-shop or a store anywhere but what his wife's ached to get her fingers on it and give it a good house-cleaning! But now,' she concluded triumphantly, 'we've got a way better than that! The Sanitary and Health Association is going to look after you. Yes, sir, after every one of you, till you've cleaned up! We're going to look into the fish factories. We're going to clean up the gurry-butts on the ends of the wharves. We're going to stop this here taking the livers out of dog-fish to make cod-liver oil, and then throwing the dog-fish over the ends of wharves, floating in and out till they 're et by crabs.'

She talked in a triumphant way, like a religious zealot reading the Psalms of David. 'Yes, sir; and we've got the law behind us. *Laws is goin' to be obeyed in this town, Dan'el Whorf!*'

A more revolutionary sentiment could not have been uttered by the lips of woman.

'You made the laws; now our Sanitary and Health Association will see you keep 'em! An' while we're about it you'd better tell Sy Medders to get rid of his blind pig if he don't want to get arrested. Oh, don't look at me! I don't care if he is my cousin! I know why his pool-room is so popular! And Gideon Boyden can just stop asking folks to come into his shop and look at the new dory he's building, at ten cents a look!'

Thus did the ladies of the Sanitary and Health Association taste the power of solidarity.

'Now,' continued Mrs. Whorf, 'Dan'el, step right in along of us ladies and write a letter to Hen warning him. Tell him we're not going to stop at a constable. Tell him his own wife's come to an end of her patience along of his dirty, messy ways, like all of us ladies have done with all Dennisport, and, — yes, sir, — with all our husbands! Tell him Zephiry Nickerson's the only woman in all Dennisport that acted like she felt up to now, but there's *one hundred and twenty-three Zephirys* this minute in Dennisport all fightin' with the law behind 'em!'

In her tone of voice there was a quality of triumph, and that tone of decision and command which women employ when they are about to 'house-clean.' All women have these moments when the dread words, 'I can't live in such dirt any longer,' pass their lips. Even the man who is most 'master in his own house' recognizes its voice.

Captain Dan'el Whorf was not a man to argue with the fury of the hurricane. He went into the house.

'There's three things we're going to do,' Mrs. Whorf told him, with the wild house-cleaning light in her eye. 'We're going to warn you you've got to clean, and we're going to see you do clean, and we're going to keep after you so you'll keep clean!'

The men of Dennisport seem lazy to the outsider. They probably work when on their vessels, but when ashore there are long hours spent in whittling on the ends of wharves, other hours spent in painting and varnishing their boats, and very long hours of grave inspection of a new boat. Indeed, when ashore, they give the impression of the lilies of the field; and the men who stay ashore habitually have the manner

born of extensive and spacious leisure, of those who have the 'Lords of Time to friend.'

Now from one day to another this calm was broken; from one day to another a feverish activity was manifest in the streets. Everywhere were seen men raking up beaches, the State Forester was kept busy all day issuing permits for bonfires, one could not get a teamster who would cart off rubbish, — not to miscellaneous dumps, but to the town dump — that is to say, to a place appointed by the town to be filled in.

The classic calm which had always before reigned among the selectmen in the Town Hall was shattered, as one woman after another went to lodge complaints against violations of town ordinances by Dennisport's chief citizens. Small worried knots of men met to discuss things in the street, and to ask one another, 'Has all the women folks gone daft?' only to sweep asunder like leaves before a northeaster, as one or another of the committees would be seen bearing down on them.

It is bad enough for a man to be caught up in the maelstrom of his wife's house-cleaning, but he miserably looks forward to this cataclysm; he knows that it must come; but out of the peaceful blue of a May morning to have his women-folk transform themselves into dragons and swoop down upon him, insisting that he 'house-clean' all his own domain, his barn, his wood-shed, his store, his fish-house, his carpenter shop; that he clean up the beach and the sea [and the back country, — this is more than can be borne.

IV

It was several days after the cyclone had left the men of Dennisport in darkness that I happened to pass the house of Captain Ephraim Nickerson. Peace reigned in his yard. On one side of his house nasturtiums bloomed profusely in an old boat. A whale's vertebra sat austerely on either side of his doorstep. A bed of petunias was edged with pink-lipped shells. This was as usual. But something had been added to the front yard. It was a Gloucester hammock, and in it, his stockinged feet in the sun, lay Captain Ephraim Nickerson, peacefully whittling long curly shavings from a stick, on the hitherto speckless grass.

Before him stood two of the venerable selectmen. I heard one of them remark, —

'Say, Ephraim, you know as well as me that woman's place is in the home!'

Captain Nickerson shaved off another long ringlet.

'I don't see why,' he said slowly; 'I think we're better off for women partakin' of our national life.'

Something like a groan went up from the selectmen.

'You would n't say that if you was a selectman,' said one of them. 'You don't know what it's ben like, bein' a selectman. Women's too delicate and fragile to be fussin' with dirty things like gurry-butts and water fronts.'

Captain Nickerson's eyes twinkled, but the muscles of his face did not relax their serious reflective calm. He let a moment elapse before he said, —

'I believe in trusting woman's instinct; the instinct of a pure woman won't lead her to any place where she had n't ought to be.'

I heard no more, but I saw them standing before him pleading in words which meant, 'For the sake of peace, for the sake of decency, for the sake of our sanity and that of all the other men in Dennisport, call off your wife and her friends!'

For two weeks I watched the progress of Dennisport's clean-up. It was no little clean-up week. Within and

without, Dennisport was cleansed of its sin.

Over Dennisport towers a Sailors' Monument, a shaft tall as a lighthouse; and presently, dropped down its surface, I saw men on scaffold boards. I saw them painstakingly and laboriously scrubbing the face of the Monument.

One rainy day I had occasion to call on Mrs. Nickerson. The door was opened by Captain Nickerson, and there rushed out the smell of fragrant tobacco smoke. He was in his socks and in his hand he carried a pipe.

'Come in,' he said, 'come in and wait. Zephiry 'll be home before long.'

He led me into the sitting-room. I could see that he had been taking his ease in two chairs in his own bow-window, looking at the ships as they floated out beyond the Point.

A very slight but pleasant sense of disorder prevailed, although perhaps disorder is too strong a word. It was as though the room had relaxed its former rigidity. An open book lay on the table, sofa-cushions showed signs of use, the perfume of good tobacco hung in the air.

'Zephiry,' said Captain Nickerson, 'is out with a stop-watch lookin' after speedin' automobiles and arrestin' folks who's breakin' the laws. I tell you it takes women to do things! I ain't got no patience with folks who don't want women to vote or to take part in makin' an' keepin' the laws of the land.'

Our eyes met.

'I don't mind if you want to smoke, captain,' I suggested.

He struck a match. Slowly a smile dawned in his eyes and spread over his face, and for a moment in silence we grinned at each other in perfect understanding.

'I've got something to show you,' he whispered. 'Look behind them shells on the mantel!' I did. A fine, very fine film of dust marred its brightness. 'I ain't seen a sight as comfortin' as that these twenty years,' said he. He puffed for a moment at his pipe; then he let drop, —

'Did you ever consider why 't is that women live longer 'n men? Don't talk to me about woman's place bein' in the home! Talk about the vote bein' what eight million women want! I tell you what eight million women want is what eight million men *must have* if our longevity's ever goin' to equal theirs!'

GERMAN LITERATURE AND THE AMERICAN TEMPER

BY KUNO FRANCKE

[The writer of this article wishes to state that it was written last spring, and is printed here without changes, although in the present condition of European affairs, the opening paragraph sounds grimly irrelevant.]

I

In this age of exchange professorships, peace dinners, and other means of cementing friendships between great nations, it is a somewhat ungrateful, if not dangerous, undertaking to emphasize differences of national temper. If, then, I make bold to venture a few remarks upon the essential dissimilarity of the American and the German temper, and upon the effect of this dissimilarity on the standing of German literature in America, I had better preface them by saying that nothing is further removed from my mind than the desire to sow seeds of international discord, even if it were in my power to do so. Indeed, having entertained for some thirty years relations to both Germany and the United States which might be described as a sort of intellectual bigamy, I have come to be as peaceable a person as it behooves a man in such a delicate marital situation to be. But while I have honestly tried in these thirty years to make the two divinities presiding over my intellectual household understand and appreciate each other, I have again and again been forced to the conclusion that such a mutual understanding of my two loves was for the most part a matter of conscious and conscientious effort, and hardly ever the result of instinctive give-and-take.

Perhaps the most fundamental, or shall I say elementary, difference between the German temper and the American may be expressed by the word 'slowness.' Is there any possible point of view from which slowness might appear to an American as something desirable? I think not. Indeed, to call a thing or a person slow seems to spread about them an atmosphere of complete and irredeemable hopelessness. Compare with this the reverently sturdy feelings likely to be aroused in a German breast by the words 'langsam und feierlich' inscribed over a religious or patriotic hymn, and imagine a German Männerchor singing such a hymn, with all the facial and tonal symptoms of joyful and devout slowness of cerebral activity — and you have in brief compass a specimen-demonstration of the difference in *tempo* in which the two national minds habitually move.

It has been said that the 'langsamer Schritt' of the German military drill was in the last resort responsible for the astounding victories which in 1870 shook the foundations of Imperial France. Similarly, it might be said that slowness of movement and careful deliberateness are at the bottom of most things in which Germans have excelled. To be sure, the most recent development of Germany, particularly in trade and industry, has been most rapid, and the whole of German life of to-day is thoroughly American in its

desire for getting ahead and for working under high pressure. But this is a condition forced upon Germany from without through international competition and the exigencies of the world-market rather than springing from the inner tendency of German character itself. And it should not be forgotten that it was the greatest German of modern times, Goethe, who, anticipating the present era of speed, uttered this warning: 'Railways, express posts, steamships, and all possible facilities for swift communication, — these are the things in which the civilized world is now chiefly concerned, and by which it will over-civilize itself and arrive at mediocrity.'

As to German literary and artistic achievements, is it not true that — for better or worse — their peculiarly German stamp consists to a large extent in a certain slowness of rhythm and massiveness of momentum? Goethe himself is a conspicuous example. Even in his most youthful and lively drama, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, what a broad foundation of detail, how deliberately winding a course of action, how little of dramatic intensity, how much of intimate revelation of character! His *Iphigenie* and *Tasso* consist almost exclusively of the gentle and steady swaying to and fro of contrasting emotions; they carry us back and forth in the ebb and flow of passion, but they never hurl us against the rocks or plunge us into the whirlpool of mere excitement. No wonder the American college boy finds them slow. And what shall we say of *Wilhelm Meister?* Not only American college boys, I fear, will sympathize with Marianne's falling soundly asleep when Wilhelm entertains her through six substantial chapters with the account of his youthful puppet-plays and other theatrical enterprises. And yet, what thoughtful reader can fail to see that it is just this halting method of the narrative, this lingering over individual incidents and individual states of mind, this careful balancing of light and shade, this deliberate arrangement of situations and conscious grouping of characters, this constant effort to see the particular in the light of the universal, to extract wisdom out of the seemingly insignificant, and to strike the water of life out of the hard and stony fact — that it is this which makes *Wilhelm Meister* not only a piece of extraordinary artistic workmanship, but also a revelation of the moving powers of human existence.

Schiller's being was keyed to a much higher pitch than Goethe's, and vibrated much more rapidly. But even his work, and above all his greatest dramatic productions, from *Wallenstein* to *Wilhelm Tell*, are marked by stately solemnity rather than by swiftness of movement; he too loves to pause, as it were, ever and anon, to look at his own creations, to make them speak to him and unbosom themselves to him about their innermost motives. No other dramatist has used the monologue more successfully than he as a means of affording moments of rest from the ceaseless flow of action.

As to the German Romanticists, — who has decried more persistently than they the restlessness and hasty-shallowness of human endeavor? Who has sung more rapturously the praises of the deep, impenetrable, calm, unruffled working of nature, the abyss of silent, immovable forces in whose brooding there is contained the best and holiest of existence? And must it not be admitted that, in the best of their own productions, such as parts of Novalis's rhythmical prose, some Romantic lyrics, some Romantic paintings, above all in the work of Beethoven and his peers, we receive the impression of a grand, benign, heavenly, all-comprehensive being, slowly and majestically

breathing, slowly and majestically irradiating calm and joy and awe and all the blessings of life.

Something of this same slowness of movement we find throughout the nineteenth century in many of the most characteristically German literary achievements. We find it in Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*, with its seemingly imperturbable, objective, cold, and circumstantial account of events which make one's blood boil and one's fist clench. We find it in Otto Ludwig's *Between Heaven and Earth*, with its constant reiteration of the fundamental contrast between the two leading figures, and with its constant insistence on the relentlessness of Fate, which gradually, imperceptibly, but inevitably drives them to the deadly clash with each other. We find it in the diffuse, lingering, essentially epic style of most of Gerhart Hauptmann's dramas. We find it even in a man of such extraordinary nervous excitability and sensitiveness as Richard Wagner. Nothing perhaps is more German in Richard Wagner than the broad, steady, sustained onward march of his musical themes, — notably so in *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Die Walküre*. Surely there is no haste here; the question of time seems entirely eliminated; these masses of sound move on regardless, one might say, of the limitations of the human ear; they expand and contract, gather volume and disperse, in endless repetition, yet in always new combinations; they advance and recede, surge on, ebb away and rise again to a mighty flood, with something like rhythmical fatality, so that the hearer finally has no other choice than to surrender to them as to a mighty and overwhelming pressing on of natural forces. To be sure, I have known people — and not only Americans — who would have preferred that the death-agonies of Tristan in the last act should be somewhat accelerated by a stricter adherence of Isolde's boat to schedule time.

A striking consequence of this difference of tempo in which the American mind and the German naturally move, and perhaps the most conspicuous example of the practical effect of this difference upon national habits, is the German regard for authority and the American dislike of it. For the slower circulation in the brain of the German makes him more passive and more easily inclined to accept the decisions of others for him, while the self-reliant and agile American is instinctively distrustful of any decision which he has not made himself.

Here, then, is another sharp distinction between the two national tempers, another serious obstacle to the just appreciation of the German spirit by the American.

I verily believe that it is impossible for an American to understand the feelings which a loyal German subject, particularly of the conservative sort, entertains toward the State and its authority. That the State should be anything more than an institution for the protection and safeguarding of the happiness of individuals; that it might be considered as a spiritual, collective personality, leading a life of its own, beyond and above the life of individuals; that service for the State, therefore, or the position of a state official, should be considered as something essentially different from any other kind of useful employment, — these are thoughts utterly foreign to the American mind, and very near and dear to the heart of a German. The American is apt to receive an order or a communication from a public official with feelings of suspicion and with a silent protest; the German is apt to feel honored by such a communication and fancy himself elevated thereby to a position of some public importance.

The American is so used to thinking of the police as the servant, and mostly a very poor servant, of his private affairs, that on placards forbidding trespassing upon his grounds he frequently adds an order, 'Police take notice'; the German, especially if he does not look particularly impressive himself, will think long before he makes up his mind to approach one of the impressive-looking *Schutzleute* to be found at every street corner, and deferentially ask him the time of day. The American dislikes the uniform as an embodiment of irksome discipline and subordination, he values it only as a sort of holiday outfit and for parading purposes; to the German the 'King's Coat' is something sacrosanct and inviolable, an embodiment of highest national service and highest national honor.

With such fundamental antagonism in the American to the German view of state and official authority, is it surprising that a large part of German literature, that part which is based on questions touching the relations of the individual to state and country, should have found very little sympathy with the average American reader? It has taken more than a hundred years for that fine apotheosis of Prussian discipline, Heinrich von Kleist's *Prinz von Homburg*, to find its way into American literature through the equally fine translation by Hermann Hagedorn; and I doubt whether this translation would have been undertaken but for its author's having German blood in his veins.

As for other representative men of nineteenth-century German literature who stood for the subordination of the individual to monarchical authority,— men like Hebbel, W. H. Riehl, Gustav Freytag, Ernst von Wildenbruch, — they have remained practically without influence, and certainly without following, in America.

II

Closely allied with this German sense of authority, and again in sharp contrast with American feeling, is the German distrust of the average man. In order to realize the fundamental polarity of the two national tempers in this respect also, one need only think of the two great representatives of American and German political life in the nineteenth century: Lincoln and Bismarck. Lincoln in every fibre of his being a son of the people, an advocate of the common man, an ideal type of the best instincts of the masses, a man who could express with the simplicity of a child his ineradicable belief in the essential right-mindedness of the plain folk. Bismarck with every pulse-beat of his heart the chivalric vassal of his imperial master; the invincible champion of the monarchical principle; the caustic scorner of the crowd; the man who, whenever he notices symptoms in the crowd that he is gaining popularity with it, becomes suspicious of himself and feels inclined to distrust the justice of his own cause; the merciless cynic who characterizes the futile oratorical efforts of a silver-tongued political opponent by the crushing words, 'He took me for a mass meeting.'

But not only the political life of the two countries presents this difference of attitude toward the average man. The great German poets and thinkers of the last century were all of them aristocrats by temper. Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Schelling, Hegel, the Romanticists, Heine, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche — is there a man among them who would not have begged off from being classed with the advocates of common sense or being called a spokesman of the masses? What a difference from two of the most characteristically American men of letters, Walt Whitman and Emerson: the one

consciously and purposely a man of the street, glorying, one might say boastfully, in his comradeship with the crudest and roughest of tramps and dockhands; the other a philosopher of the field, a modern St. Francis, a prophet of the homespun, an inspired interpreter of the ordinary, — perhaps the most enlightened apostle of democracy that ever lived. Is it not natural that a people which, although with varying degrees of confidence, acknowledges such men as Lincoln, Walt Whitman, and Emerson as the spokesmen of its convictions on the value of the ordinary intellect, should on the whole have no instinctive sympathy with a people whose intellectual leaders are men like Bismarck, Goethe, and Richard Wagner?

To be sure, there is another, a democratic side to German life, and this side naturally appeals to Americans. But German democracy is still in the making, it has not yet achieved truly great things, it has not yet found a truly great exponent either in politics or in literature. In literature its influence has exhausted itself largely, on the one hand, in biting satire of the ruling classes, such as is practiced to-day most successfully by the contributors to *Simplizissimus* and similar papers, sympathizing with Socialism; on the other hand, in idyllic representations of the healthy primitiveness of peasant life and the humble contentedness and respectability of the artisan class, the small tradespeople and subaltern officials — I am thinking, of course, of such sturdy and charming stories of provincial Germany as have been written by Wilhelm Raabe, Fritz Reuter, Peter Rosegger, and Heinrich Seidel. It may be that all these men have been paving the way for a great epoch of German democracy; it may be that some time there will arise truly constructive minds that will unite the whole of the German people in an irresistible movement for popular rights, which would give the average man the same dominating position which he enjoys in this country. But clearly this time has not yet come. In Germany, expert training still overrules common sense and dilettanteism.

The German distrust of the average intellect has for its logical counterpart another national trait which it is hard for Americans to appreciate — the German bent for vague intuitions of the infinite. It seems strange in this age of cold observation of facts, when the German scientist and the German captain of industry appear as the most striking embodiments of national greatness, to speak of vague intuitions of the infinite as a German characteristic. Yet throughout the centuries this longing for the infinite has been the source of much of the best and much of the poorest in German intellectual achievements. From this longing for the infinite sprang the deep inwardness and spiritual fervor which impart such a unique charm to the contemplative thought of the German Mystics of the fourteenth century. In this longing for the infinite lay Luther's greatest inspiration and strength. It was the longing for the infinite which Goethe felt when he made his Faust say, —

> The thrill of awe is man's best quality.

This longing for the infinite was the very soul of German Romanticism; and all its finest conceptions, the *Blue Flower* of Novalis, Fichte's *Salvation by the Will*, Hegel's *Self-revelation of the Idea*, Schopenhauer's *Redemption from the Will*, Nietzsche's *Revaluation of all Values*, are nothing but ever new attempts to find a body for this soul.

But while there has thus come a great wealth of inspiration and moral idealism from this German bent for reveling in the infinite, there has also come from it one of the greatest national defects:

German vagueness, German lack of form, the lack of sense for the shape and proportion of finite things. Here, then, we meet with another discrepancy between the American and the German character. For nothing is more foreign to the American than the mystic and the vague, nothing appeals more to him than what is clear-cut, easy to grasp, and well proportioned; he cultivates 'good form' for its own sake, not only in his social conduct, but also in his literary and artistic pursuits, and he usually attains it easily and instinctively, often at the expense of the deeper substance. To the German, on the contrary, form is a problem. He is principally absorbed in the subject-matter, the idea, the inner meaning; he struggles to give this subject-matter, this inner meaning, an adequate outer form; and he often fails. To comfort himself, he has invented a technical term designed to cover up his failure: he falls back on the 'inner form' of his productions.

German literature and art afford numerous examples of this continuous and often fruitless struggle with the problem of form. Even in the greatest of German painters and sculptors, — Dürer, Peter Vischer, Adolph Menzel, Arnold Böcklin, — there are visible the furrows and the scars imprinted upon them by the struggle; rarely did they achieve a complete and undisputed triumph. Does the literature of any other people possess an author so crowded with facts and observations, so full of feeling, so replete with vague intimations of the infinite, and so thoroughly unreadable as Jean Paul? Is there a parallel anywhere to the formlessness and utter lack of style displayed in Gutzkow's ambitious nine-volumed *Kulturromane?* Did any writer ever consume himself in a more tragic and more hopeless striving for a new artistic form than did Kleist and Hebbel? Among the greatest of living European writers is there one so uneven in his work, so uncertain of his form, so inclined to constant experiment and to constant change from extreme naturalism to extreme mysticism, and from extreme mysticism to extreme naturalism, as Gerhart Hauptmann? And who but a German could have written the Second Part of *Faust*, that tantalizing and irresistible *pot-pourri* of metres and styles and ideas, of symbolism and satire, of metaphysics and passion, of dryness and sublimity, of the dim mythical past, up-to-date modernity, and prophetic visions of the future — all held together by the colossal striving of an individual reaching out into the infinite?

III

I have reserved for the last place in this review of differences of German and American temper another trait intimately connected with the German craving for the infinite; I give the last place to the consideration of this trait, because it seems to me the most un-American of all. I mean the passion for self-surrender.

I think I need not fear any serious opposition if I designate self-possession as the cardinal American virtue, and consequently as the cardinal American defect also. It is impossible to imagine that so unmanly a proverb as the German —

> Wer niemals einen Rausch gehabt
> Der ist kein rechter Mann —

should have originated in New England or Ohio. But it is impossible also to conceive that the author of *Werthers Leiden* should have obtained his youthful impressions and inspirations in New York City. 'Conatus sese conservandi unicum virtutis fundamentum' — this Spinozean motto may be said to contain the essence of the American decalogue of conduct. Always be master of

yourself; never betray any irritation, or disappointment, or any other weakness; never slop over; never give yourself away; never make yourself ridiculous — what American would not admit that these are foremost among the rules by which he would like to regulate his conduct?

It can hardly be denied that this habitual self-mastery, this habitual control over one's emotions, is one of the chief reasons why so much of American life is so uninteresting and so monotonous. It reduces the number of opportunities for intellectual friction, it suppresses the manifestation of strong individuality, often it impoverishes the inner life itself. But, on the other hand, it has given the American that sureness of motive, that healthiness of appetite, that boyish frolicsomeness, that purity of sex-instincts, that quickness and litheness of manners, which distinguish him from most Europeans; it has given to him all those qualities which insure success and make their possessor a welcome member of any kind of society.

If, in contradistinction to this fundamental American trait of self-possession, I designate the passion for self-surrender as perhaps the most significant expression of national German character, I am well aware that here again, I have touched upon the gravest defects as well as the highest virtues of German national life.

The deepest seriousness and the noblest loyalty of German character is rooted in this passion.

> Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne
> Zu fühlen die ewig sein muss,
> Ewig, ewig —

that is German sentiment of the most unquestionable sort. Not only do the great names in German history — as Luther, Lessing, Schiller, Bismarck, and so many others — stand in a conspicuous manner for this thoroughly German devotion, this absorption of the individual in some great cause or principle, but countless unnamed men and women are equally typical representatives of this German virtue of self-surrender: the housewife whose only thought is for her family; the craftsman who devotes a lifetime of contented obscurity to his daily work; the scholar who foregoes official and social distinction in unremitting pursuit of his chosen inquiry; the official and the soldier, who sink their personality in unquestioning service to the State.

But a German loves not only to surrender himself to a great cause or a sacred task, he equally loves to surrender himself to whims. He loves to surrender to feelings, to hysterias of all sorts; he loves to merge himself in vague and formless imaginings, in extravagant and reckless experience, in what he likes to call 'living himself out.' And thus this same passion for self-surrender which has produced the greatest and noblest types of German earnestness and devotion, has also led to a number of paradoxical excrescences and grotesque distortions of German character. Nobody is more prone to forget his better self in this so-called 'living himself out' than the German. Nobody can be a cruder materialist than the German who has persuaded himself that it is his duty to unmask the 'lie of idealism.' Nobody can be a more relentless destroyer of all that makes life beautiful and lovely, nobody can be a more savage hater of religious beliefs, of popular tradition, of patriotic instincts, than the German who has convinced himself that by the uprooting of all these things he performs the sacred task of saving society.

In literature this whimsical fanaticism of the German temper has made an even development of artistic tradition, such as is found most conspicuously in France, impossible. Again and

again the course of literary development has been interrupted by some bold iconoclast, some unruly rebel against established standards, some impassioned denouncer of what thus far had been considered fine and praiseworthy; so that practically every German writer has had to begin at the beginning, by creating his own standards and canons of style.

No other literature contains so much defamation of its own achievements as German literature; no writers of any other nation have spoken so contemptuously of their own countrymen as German writers of the last hundred years have spoken of theirs, from Hölderlin's characterization of the Germans as 'barbarians, made more barbarous by industry, learning, and religion,' to some such sayings by Nietzsche as, 'Wherever Germany spreads she ruins culture'; or, 'Wagner is the counter-poison to everything essentially German; the fact that he is a poison too I do not deny'; or, 'The Germans have not the faintest idea how vulgar they are, they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans'; or, 'Words fail me, I have only a look, for those who dare to utter the name of Goethe's *Faust* in the presence of Byron's *Manfred;* the Germans are incapable of conceiving anything sublime.'

Is there cause for wonder, when Germans themselves indulge in such fanatically scurrilous vagaries about their own people and its greatest men, that foreigners are inclined to take their cue from them and come to the conclusion that German literature is after all 'merely German'?

IV

We have considered a number of peculiarly German traits: slowness of temper, regard for authority, distrust of the average intellect, bent for vague intuitions of the infinite, defective sense of form, passion for self-surrender, whimsical fanaticism; and we have seen how every one of these German traits is diametrically opposed to American ways of thinking and feeling. We cannot therefore be surprised that the literature in which these peculiarly German traits find expression should not be particularly popular in America.

As a matter of fact, there has been only one period, and a brief one at that, when German literature exercised a marked influence upon this country, when it even held something like a dominant position. That was about the middle of the nineteenth century, the time of Emerson, Longfellow, Hedge, and Bayard Taylor. That was the time when the creations of classic German literature of the days of Weimar and Jena were welcomed and exalted by the leaders of spiritual America as revelations of a higher life, of a new and hopeful and ennobling view of the world.

At that time there did not exist in America, as to-day, millions of citizens of German birth, the great majority of whom have little in common with the ideals of Goethe and Schiller. At that time the age of industrialism and imperialism had not dawned for Germany. Germany appeared then to the intellectual élite of America as the home of choicest spirits, as the land of true freedom of thought. *Wilhelm Meister* and *Faust*, Jean Paul's *Titan* and *Flegeljahre*, Fichte's *Destiny of Man*, Schleiermacher's *Addresses on Religion*, were then read and reread with something like sacred ardor by small but influential and highly cultivated circles in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. And the few Germans who at that time came to America, most of them as political refugees and martyrs of the Liberal cause, appeared as living em-

bodiments of the gospel of humanity contained in German literature, and were therefore given a cordial and respectful reception.

Things are very different to-day. To be sure, the noble bronze figures of Goethe and Schiller by Rietschel, which stand in front of the Ducal theatre at Weimar, also look down, in the shape of excellent reproductions, upon multitudes of Americans at San Francisco, Cleveland, and Syracuse; and one of the finest monuments to the genius of Goethe ever conceived has recently been dedicated in Chicago. But are these monuments in reality expressions of a wide sway exercised by these two greatest German writers upon the American people? Are they not appeals rather than signs of victory — appeals above all to the Germans in this country to be loyal to the message of classic German literature, to be loyal to the best traditions which bind them to the land of their ancestors, to be loyal to the ideals in which Germany's true greatness is rooted?

The most encouraging aspect of the present situation is to be found in the study of German literature in American colleges and universities; for there is not a university or a college in the land where there are not well-trained teachers and ardent admirers of what is truly fine and great in German letters. And in spite of all that has been said to-day, there is plenty in the German literary production of the last hundred years which is, or at least should be, of intense interest to Americans, —plenty of wholesome thought, plenty of deep feeling, plenty of soaring imagination, plenty of spiritual treasures which are not for one nation alone, but for all humanity.

For it is a grave mistake to assume, as has been assumed only too often, that, after the great epoch of Classicism and Romanticism in the early decades of the nineteenth century, Germany produced but little of universal significance, or that, after Goethe and Heine, there were but few Germans worthy to be mentioned side by side with the great writers of other European countries. True, there is no German Tolstoi, no German Ibsen, no German Zola, but then, is there a Russian Nietzsche, or a Norwegian Wagner, or a French Bismarck? Men like these — men of revolutionary genius, men who start new movements and mark new epochs — are necessarily rare, and stand isolated among any people and at all times.

The three names mentioned indicate that Germany, during the last fifty years, has contributed a goodly share of even such men. Quite apart, however, from such men of overshadowing genius and all-controlling power, can it be truly said that Germany, since Goethe's time, has been lacking in writers of high aim and notable attainment?

It can be stated without reservation that, taken as a whole, the German drama of the nineteenth century has maintained a level of excellence superior to that reached by the drama of almost any other nation during the same period. Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Tell*, Goethe's *Iphigenie* and *Faust*, Kleist's *Prinz von Homburg*, Grillparzer's *Medea*, Hebbel's *Maria Magdalena* and *Die Nibelungen*, Otto Ludwig's *Der Erbförster*, Freytag's *Die Journalisten*, Anzengruber's *Der Meineidbauer*, Wilbrandt's *Der Meister von Palmyra*, Wildenbruch's *König Heinrich*, Sudermann's *Heimat*, Hauptmann's *Die Weber* and *Der arme Heinrich*, Hofmannthal's *Elektra*, and, in addition to all these, the great musical dramas of Richard Wagner — this is a century's record of dramatic achievement of which any nation might be proud. I doubt whether either the French or the Russian or the Scandinavian stage of the nineteenth century,

as a whole, comes up to this standard. Certainly, the English stage has nothing which can in any way be compared with it.

That German lyric verse of the last hundred years should have been distinguished by beauty of structure, depth of feeling, and wealth of melody, is not to be wondered at if we remember that this was the century of the revival of folk-song, and that it produced such song-composers as Schubert and Schumann and Robert Franz and Hugo Wolf and Richard Strauss. But it seems strange that, apart from Heine, even the greatest of German lyric poets, such as Platen, Lenau, Mörike, Annette von Droste, Geibel, Liliencron, Dehmel, Münchhausen, Rilke, should be so little known beyond the borders of the Fatherland.

The German novel of the past century was, for a long time, unquestionably inferior to both the English and the French novel of the same epoch. But in the midst of much that is tiresome and involved and artificial, there stand out, even in the middle of the century, such masterpieces of characterization as Otto Ludwig's *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* and Wilhelm Raabe's *Der Hunger Pastor;* such delightful revelations of genuine humor as Fritz Reuter's *Ut mine Stromtid;* such penetrating studies of social conditions as Gustav Freytag's *Soll und Haben.* And during the last third of the century there has clearly developed a new, forcible, original style of German novel-writing.

Seldom has the short story been handled more skillfully and felicitously than by such men as Paul Heyse, Gottfried Keller, C. F. Meyer, Theodor Storm. Seldom has the novel of tragic import and passion been treated with greater refinement and delicacy than in such works as Fontane's *Effi Briest,* Ricarda Huch's *Ludolf Ursleu,* Wilhelm von Polenz's *Der Büttnerbauer,* and Ludwig Thoma's *Andreas Vöst.* And it may be doubted whether, at the present moment, there is any country where the novel is represented by so many gifted writers or exhibits such exuberant vitality, such sturdy truthfulness, such seriousness of purpose, or such a wide range of imagination, as in contemporary Germany.

It is for the teachers of German literature in the universities and colleges throughout the country to open the eyes of Americans to the vast and solid treasures contained in this storehouse of German literary production of the last hundred years. They are doing this work of enlightenment now, with conspicuous popular success at the universities of the Middle West. And I look confidently forward to a time when, as a result of this academic instruction and propaganda, German literature will have ceased to be unpopular in America.

BRITISH LIBERALISM AND THE WAR

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

ANY attempt to forecast the probable tendencies of Liberal opinion in England, whensoever peace shall have been restored, must be based on the assumption that Germany will be completely defeated and Europe be relieved, once and for all, from the overshadowing menace of Prussian militarism. For the ultimate issue of the present titanic struggle resolves itself, so far as the great mass of our wage-earners is concerned, into the question whether the rights of men or the rights of autocratic power shall hereafter dominate their political and economic destinies. Say what we will of the splendid achievements of German science and culture, the spirit which controls and directs the life of the German people is that of Prussia's blood-and-iron despotism, a spirit that frankly denies and despises the rights of man and exalts those of a privileged military caste.

If it were possible that the command of the sea should now pass from England to Germany, its passing could mean only the substitution of military for industrial civilization throughout Western Europe. Liberalism, that great force of progressive public opinion which, above and beyond all party politics, stands for freedom of social development and ethical ideas, would find no place of refuge on this side of the Atlantic until that tyranny was finally overthrown. If England were defeated and invaded by the triumphant Teuton, Liberalism, in the accepted sense of the term, must be submerged, for a generation at least, in the wreck and ruin of our national life.

But it cannot be. This war can end only with the final uprooting of the Bismarckian tradition and a wider freedom for the nations. The struggle of armed hosts is also a conflict of vital ideas; it is essentially a war between the fundamental principles of autocracy and those of democracy; and democracy must triumph. It is true that in the turmoil of conflicting impulses of nationalism, Russia, an autocratic power, finds herself ranged on the side of democracy for the furtherance of Pan-Slav ambitions, which, in the past, have had little enough to do with Liberalism; but the movement, and the racial instincts of self-preservation which have inspired it, are in themselves full of promise for the future liberties of Poland, Finland, and the Jewish subjects of the Tsar. Russian Liberalism cannot fail to derive a new sanction and a new inspiration from the disappearance of the cult of the German War Lord, and the Russian bureaucracy must of necessity acquire a broader and more humane outlook, by virtue of its alliance with the forces which stand for the liberties of the smaller nations.

Assuming, then, that Western Europe is destined to be relieved of the overshadowing menace of German hegemony, it is evident that, as this war draws to its close, the minds of thoughtful men will be deeply concerned with the social and political changes which

must naturally follow upon so vast an upheaval. But with regard to Great Britain's domestic affairs (closely affected as they are by the still unsolved Irish problem and the undefined attitude of the Labor party) the future of Liberalism, and the constitution of its leadership, must evidently depend in no small measure on the duration of the war.

If, as Lord Kitchener appears to expect, the struggle should be protracted for two or three years, not only those who now direct the nation's affairs, but the leaders of public opinion throughout all classes of society, will inevitably approach many of our national problems from standpoints either completely new, or greatly modified by the psychological effect of so prolonged a conflict. Industrial England cannot leave its factories and warehouses for two or three years, to follow the drum in Belgium and France (and, let us hope, in Germany), without acquiring new and fruitful ideas concerning the nation's foreign policy, alliances, and diplomatic relations.

If, on the other hand, as many believe, the war is brought to a much earlier conclusion, — either by the defeat of the German forces in the field or by the economic exhaustion of Western Europe, — its effect on the laboring and industrial classes in England would naturally be less marked; in that case, Liberalism might confidently expect speedily to reorganize its political forces and reassert its domestic policy on lines generally based on those which have been laid down by the present administration. Questions of foreign policy and of national defense would require to be adjusted to changed and changing conditions, but it may safely be predicted that the nation's chief attention would speedily revert to matters of social legislation, to the lesser conflicts of class interests and party faction, unless the people itself had learned, by the chastening discipline of a prolonged struggle, that 'nations, like individuals, have souls as well as bodies.'

A short, successful war would probably tend to confirm the industrial population of England in its somewhat narrow outlook on life, in its well-ordered but unsatisfied materialism; a long one, waged in a just cause for the greater freedom of democracy, could not fail to create a higher type of intelligent nationalism in the masses. Clearly, then, the future of Liberalism, both as regards its leadership and its dominant principles, depends greatly on the duration and results of the war.

But, whether it be long or short, there can be no doubt that the memory of these days, in which the people has heard and answered the higher call of patriotism in the hour of national peril, must infuse into Liberalism, as into Conservatism, a broader view of the public interest, something less parochial and more truly national in its attitude. The spirit of comradeship, of kindly sympathy of class for class, the common hopes and sorrows and fears, that have united the nation to confront a common danger, these will not lightly be forgotten. War, despite all its horrors, undoubtedly calls forth in men some of the noblest virtues. Tried in its cleansing fires, the gold of humanity is purified. From this great upheaval of all our comfortable securities, the nation will emerge with new and broader conceptions of duty and self-denial and discipline.

Our class wars will not end, but they will surely be made less bitter, at least during the life of the present generation, by recollection of the days when dukes' sons and cooks' sons fought side by side in the trenches and together stormed the deadly breach. Conservatives will remember that, in the supreme hour of

trial, it was the leaders of the Liberal party, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George, who upheld the nation's honor, and refused to parley with the 'infamous proposal,' which would have bought peace at the price of Belgium's freedom and the utter humiliation of France. And Liberals will remember that, when the storm broke, there was no voice of recrimination or reproach from the ranks of their political opponents, from the men who, following Lord Roberts, had for years urged the utter inadequacy of the nation's military defenses.

When this war is over and done, and civilization comes to count its appalling cost, there must be a strong reaction against militarism, and especially against that which Mr. Wells calls Kruppism; but never again, we may be sure, will England consent to be an unarmed nation amongst nations in arms. Pacifists and humanitarians will continue, as Liberals, to proclaim their traditional principles and policies; Nonconformists and the Society of Friends will continue to work for the day when arbitration treaties and mutual goodwill between the nations shall be the guarantees of universal peace; but Liberalism, both among the classes and among the masses, has been rudely awakened from dreams to the tough world of realities. If Lord Roberts lives to see England's house set in order after this war, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his life work has been crowned by the nation's recognition of the need for national military service, organized on an equitable and democratic basis.

II

As we look back on the record of Liberalism in recent years, it is impossible to deny that, under the baneful influences of the party system, many of its noblest aspirations have been dulled by contact with the sordid warfare of professional politicians. The people, while pursuing their business and their pleasures in a narrow groove of uninspired commercialism, have looked on with almost callous indifference at a game in which principles have been frankly subordinated to the spoils system, and in which public honors and titles have been sold for cash, to replenish the party funds. They have seen the business of Parliamentary representation gradually degraded to the point where the Labor Party may deliberately record its vote against Labor interests, in order to keep its salaries and its seats under a Liberal government. They have seen vital national questions, such as the future government of Ireland and Woman Suffrage, treated by all parties alike, not on their merits, but as stakes in the party game of Ins and Outs, — the splendid traditions and principles of English Liberalism abused as vote-winning catchwords by a soulless caucus.

Had there been no war with Germany, these growing evils must surely have been purged from the body politic, and the nation's political conscience awakened, by the civil strife which the Irish question had rendered inevitable. Throughout all classes of society, from the landed gentry to the leaders of the Independent Labor Party, a strong force of public opinion has been steadily growing for the past few years against the callous cynicism of the party system. Is it too much to hope that, strengthened and purified by the ordeal of this war, this force of public opinion will hereafter devote itself to the cleansing of the Augean stables, and that Liberalism may become once more, as it was under Gladstone and Bright, a definite and disinterested solicitude for the moral and material well-being of the people?

Indeed, there must be good reason to hope and believe that the spirit of Liberalism will emerge greatly invigorated from a struggle which, in a few short weeks, has brought home to every one of us the truth that, in a vital crisis of the nation's life, all these party questions, that lead us to such bitterness and wasteful strife, sink into utter insignificance. At the first breath of a common danger, the jarring voices of class and party faction are hushed to silence. The war must needs bring great evil of sorrow and suffering to England at large, but from this evil great good will spring if it teaches the nation that the government of the country need not necessarily and eternally be hampered by the unworthy discords of professional agitators and politicians. Already it has learned that, if their patriotism and their pride are aroused, Conservatives and Liberals can forget their bitterest difference in order to serve a common national purpose. The lesson will not lightly be forgotten.

If one may judge by the current writings of representative men, one of the first results of this war in its effect upon Liberal opinion must be to increase and emphasize its humanitarian and pacifist activities. Already the keynote of that opinion is unmistakably given in the Liberal press. In the *Nation*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *New Statesman*, and many other influential organs, the conclusion is unanimously voiced that 'it must never happen again.' Mr. Wells, in particular, stands out as prophet and advocate of a world-wide movement for the moral regeneration of the nations, a movement in which the pacifist forces of the United States are expected to play a leading part. There is to be, there must be, throughout Europe (to quote the words of Mr. Massingham), 'a complete change of political organization,' a federation of powers firmly pledged to keep the world's peace.

Mr. Wells is splendidly optimistic in his visions of the Utopia of an industrial civilization that shall now, at last, replace the civilization of militarism. He admits indeed 'that it is no good to disarm while any one single power is still in love with the dream of military glory,' but he looks to see that dream definitely abolished, and the peace of the world permanently established, by a consensus of human intelligence and morality. He would begin by 'the abolition of Kruppism, — the sordid, enormous trade in the instruments of death,' — and the neutralization of the sea. He would make national wars on land impossible, by giving to the confederate peace powers charge and command of the ocean highways, making the transport of armed men and war materials contraband, and impartially blockading all belligerents. 'The Liberalism of France and England must make its immediate appeal to the Liberalism of all the world, to share in the glorious ends for which this war is being waged.' He would have a new and enlightened Democracy '*impose upon this war* the idea that this war must end war . . . that henceforth no nationality shall oppress any nationality or language again in Europe for ever.'

The *Nation* (an organ identified with the Radical wing) advises Liberalism to seek the same end by other means. It advocates 'the cutting down of purely national forces in favor of something that we can truly call an International Police, controlled by an International Parliament.' This result will not be attained, it foresees, merely by the abolition of Kaiserism — 'all will, and must be, changed: the inner thoughts of men, the power of the masses to safeguard their simplest rights.' For the nation has gone into

this fight, 'not perhaps with full consciousness of the character of the issue, but with the desire, and we pray with the result, of moderating the play, not only of the more primitive lusts of successful war, but of seeing a new Europe emerge from it.'

I quote these opinions of Mr. Wells and of the editor of the *Nation* because they are influential, as well as typical of a frame of mind which is certain to determine the future attitude of a considerable section of Liberalism, not only as regards matters of national defense and of foreign policy, but toward what may be called its higher moralities. The practical value of these proposals for abolishing militarism and radically changing the tendencies of nationalism, may be open to dispute; but the moral effect of such an attitude cannot fail to be important. When, with the restoration of peace abroad, party war breaks out again (as it needs must) at home, it may safely be predicted that a definite line of cleavage will present itself, from the outset, between Liberalism and Conservatism on these issues of pacificism, international arbitration, and disarmament.

Once more we shall witness the old-world battle joined between the Idealists and the Realists; between the followers of Plato and those of Aristotle, believers in what-ought-to-be, against those who prefer to deal with things as they are. While it is impossible to withhold admiration for the splendid optimism of the pacifists (applied to the uncertain soil of human nature in Europe, in much the same spirit in which Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan are endeavoring to apply it in Mexico), it is equally impossible to forget that (as Herbert Spencer sums up the matter), 'human nature, though indefinitely modifiable, can be modified but very slowly, and that all laws and institutions and appliances which count on getting from it, within a short time, results much better than present ones, will inevitably fail,' — in other words, that human nature cannot be radically changed by modes of repression or international agreements, but only by educative processes, which must necessarily extend over considerable periods of time.

What you put into the school, said Humboldt, you take out of the State — and, if this be true, the abolition of war must be preceded for a generation at least by the provision of a new type of schoolmaster, not only in Germany, but in Japan, Russia, and other countries. There are times and places where his services might have been useful during recent years even in England and America.

Many peace-advocates and humanitarians prominently identified with Liberalism unconsciously admit the weakness of their position in this matter. The *Nation*, in a striking article entitled 'Utopia or Hell' (August 15), declares that 'the future turns mainly on the readiness of all nations to abstain from crushing or humiliating any . . . The limitation of armaments must be universal, and it must be voluntary . . . The civilian mind must impose itself upon the pugnacity of the soldier.' The Society of Friends (Liberals all), in a remarkable manifesto recently published, declares that, after this war, civilization will be able 'to make a new State and to make it all together.' They hope and trust 'to reconstruct European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation — mutual trust and goodwill'; to lay down 'far-reaching principles for the future of mankind, such as will insure us forever against a repetition of this gigantic folly.'

Yet even while they proclaim this splendid vision, their minds are not a little disturbed by the thought of Rus-

sia. Mr. Wells, it is true, has endeavored to reassure his friends on this score, to convince Liberalism that its dread of that semi-Oriental autocracy 'is due to fundamental misconceptions and hasty parallelisms': but they refuse to be entirely comforted. The Tsar's proclaimed intention of liberating Poland and Finland, his promises of kindlier treatment for his Jewish subjects, and his undertaking to respect the independence of Sweden, are accepted by the Nonconformist conscience with evident misgivings, which suggest an almost Spencerian attitude of doubt in regard to the sudden diminution of original sin in the soul of the Slav. And so, before ever the vision of universal peace can find practical expression in statesmanship, new causes of racial antagonism are casting their shadows of strife.

Evidently the first task of Liberalism must be to determine its future attitude toward European alliances in general, and the Triple Entente in particular. It will have to consider and decide, as a matter of high national policy, whether by any means (for example, by the establishment of an American-Anglo-French Peace Federation) a measure of international disarmament can be attained; and, if it cannot, what should be Great Britain's future rôle on the Continent of Europe.

And here, at the outset, its difficulties are obvious. To oppose a good understanding with Russia must in the long run involve support to Japan's ambitions in the Far East, a line of policy that could hardly fail to antagonize public opinion in America, — which is the last thing that either Liberalism or Conservatism wants to do. It would also mean giving further countenance to the 'unspeakable Turk,' who, at this moment of writing, appears to be bent on tempting Providence to the utmost and selling the remnants of his birthright in Europe for a very doubtful mess of German red pottage.

III

So far as may be inferred from the views currently expressed, a considerable body of English Liberal and Labor opinion will, in future, be opposed to the whole policy of alliances and ententes. Already this attitude finds frequent and forcible expression in the press. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, nominal leader of the Labor Party, has publicly denounced Sir Edward Grey because 'under his management we have been weaving round ourselves for eight years the mesh of entanglements which has brought us to our present confusion.' He and those who think with him maintain that, come what may, the tremendous issues of war and peace 'can no longer be entrusted to the soldiers and diplomats who now control them.' They denounce all the machinery of the Balance of Power, holding it to be futile at its best, and dangerously provocative at its worst; and they would replace it by 'the forms and the reality of a European concert.'

These, it must be admitted, are rather the opinions of extreme Radicalism than of Liberalism, — the views of men who approach the wide field of European politics from narrow lanes of insular thought. Experienced Liberal leaders, like Lord Morley and Lord Rosebery, are not likely to pin their faith on any concert of Europe as a regenerating moral force. They know that it is an expedient which has been tried and found wanting. Was not Bismarck, single-handed, able to reduce its good intentions to impotence, and to prove, long before Algeciras, that voluntary respect for the sanctity of international treaties is not an effectively restraining force in the

world's affairs? At the conference of the nations, which must surely assemble to revise the map of Europe after this war, the humanitarian idealists are likely to find, as they found more than once at The Hague, that, even beyond the frontiers of the Balkans, necessity and force and national ideals are still powerful factors in determining the destinies of peoples.

On the whole, it seems most likely that, in the domain of foreign policy, constructive Liberalism will direct its humane activities toward consolidating a good understanding with Russia along lines which shall involve no forfeiture of our own national ideals as a democracy. For by this means only can its main object be secured, namely, the avoidance of any cause of misgivings or misunderstanding on the part of the American people.

In expressing this opinion, I do not forget that, in America, as in England, there exist very real and widespread misgivings about Russia, and particularly among that Jewish element of the population which plays so important a part in the high places of international finance. But when all is said and done, a nation's policy instinctively follows the lines of least resistance and least danger, and it requires no powers of divination to foresee that, while Russia will continue to stand in need of the friendship of England and France after this war, her political activities in the immediate future are not at all likely to threaten either English or American interests. As a commercial competitor, she will continue to be a negligible quantity and, with regard to her internal politics, the cause of humanity has everything to gain from her association with the Liberalism of England and France.

Among thoughtful politicians and writers, a clear understanding as to the country's future foreign policy is recognized as a matter of paramount importance. Without going so far as Mr. Macdonald, who in his wrath advocates the suppression of diplomatists, Liberal opinion as a whole would welcome any departure from the existing system, which might allow Parliament and the press to form clearer ideas concerning the international situation at any given moment, and concerning England's obligations. Democratically speaking, it is absurd that a nation should be called upon to make war in defense of obligations (such as those of the Anglo-French naval entente) which have been neither published nor defined. Yet, under our present political system, there are obvious and almost insuperable objections to the detailed discussion in Parliament of international relations, — objections which would continue to exist even if, in the interests of peace, Europe could be persuaded to intrust the execution of a concert's decisions to an international police force.

It is not easy to see by what means constructive Liberalism, however well-intentioned, is to supersede the existing machinery of statecraft in England or to improve upon the conduct of its foreign relations as handled by Sir Edward Grey. Take away all power of making war from kings and governors, replace them by whatsoever other machinery we will, and still, at the end of the long chain of 'isms' and grouped authorities, there remains ever the fallible human equation.

Next to the question of our future foreign policy, and in a great measure dependent thereon, Liberalism must face the problems of national defense. With the removal of the German invasion bogey, those who advocate a great reduction of expenditure on armaments, both on economic and on moral grounds, will be in a strong position. That position will be reinforced

by the financial exhaustion of the country; the best of patriots, faced with a ten per cent tax, must look about him for relief. Expenditure on progressive legislation, social reform, and the relief of distress, is bound to increase steadily, and the country's taxable resources are not unlimited. All this is indisputable; nevertheless, the people whose children are now being taught, when they say grace, to 'thank God for the British navy which secures them a good breakfast,' are not likely to forget the lesson which this war has brought home to all sorts and conditions of men.

A general reduction of armaments throughout the civilized world, the abolition of private ownership in munitions of war, the extension of arbitral machinery to international disputes under conditions that would make it effective — all these things might well come within the range of practical politics. They are certain in any case to come within the programme of advanced Liberalism in England. But neither Mr. Norman Angell's exposition of the economic futility of war, nor all the moral pacifists' visions of a Federation of United States in Europe, will ever persuade the present generation of Englishmen to endanger Great Britain's command of the sea.

Before this war, the warning of Lord Roberts, Admiral Mahan, and other seers, had fallen upon ears that heard not; the masses, though sympathetic, remained unconvinced. To-day, they have learned and know that England's daily bread, her commerce, her colonies, her very existence, depend upon the supremacy of the British Navy. With a dislike for militarism quite as deep-rooted as that of the American people, the great majority of Englishmen will therefore continue to oppose any attempt to weaken the country's naval defenses. The vital importance of sea-power has now been brought home to the man in the street by arguments and facts which have completely convinced him.

Therefore, whatever be the humane aspirations of Liberalism, Liberal politicians are not likely to follow Mr. Wells on that new path of his which is to lead to Utopia by way of 'the neutralization of the sea,' by placing all armed ships under the control of a confederation of peace powers. They will prefer to work for an all-round, but fairly proportionate, reduction of armaments, both on land and sea; opinion in the moderate Liberal press already foreshadows this line of policy.

IV

It will be observed that, so far, I have discussed the principles and future policies of Liberalism without reference to the dominating personalities with which they are generally associated in the public mind, or the exigencies of their party tactics. As matters stand to-day, although vital movements of opinion are taking place in many directions and finding tentative expression, — movements which, in days to come, will produce world-wide effects, — these are due, not to the surface activities of politicians, but rather to a stirring of the great deeps of national life, to an awakening of moralities and humanities which the even tenor of that life had long left dormant.

Forasmuch as there are no party politics to-day (when even press discussion of the Home Rule question is deprecated by common consent), it is impossible to foretell either the ultimate direction of these movements of public opinion or their probable actions and reactions upon the political life of the country. He would indeed be a bold man who should prophesy even concerning the constitution, leader-

ship, and platforms of the two great parties in the state at the close of this war. To a great extent, as I have already observed, these things must depend upon the duration and varying fortunes of the struggle. For example, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive the possibility of a coalition war government, pledged to carry on the campaign to its bitter end in Berlin, if a section of Russophobe Liberals were to move in Parliament (as it is already doing in the press) for the conclusion of a peace which might leave Prussian militarism partly unbroken and wholly unrepentant.

The government of England at this moment is neither Liberal nor Conservative, but only National. Its *de facto* leaders are the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the business of the politician is definitely in abeyance. The Independent Labor Party's half-hearted attempt to break the united front has been promptly repudiated by the labor unions.

But many things might occur, such as a disaster to the fleet or, if the war be protracted, a great increase of unemployment at industrial centres, which would bring new party issues to the front, and create divisions in the state. In such an event, either great changes would have to take place in the constitution of the Liberal government, or a coalition ministry would have to be formed (confronted by an active opposition) to serve during the continuance of the war.

It is an open secret that a coalition government was seriously discussed for several days before that fateful Sunday (August 2) when the peace-at-almost-any-price advocates in the Cabinet were finally persuaded by Sir Edward Grey — backed by the Premier, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George — to indorse his policy of opposing by force of arms the violation of Belgium's territory.

Not all foolishly did German diplomacy rely upon England's internal differences to secure her neutrality. The resignation of Lord Morley and Mr. Burns was the only sign vouchsafed to the public of the Cabinet's momentous crisis, but the pacifist views of many ministers—notably Mr. McKenna and Mr. Birrell—had been sufficiently proclaimed to indicate the nature of that crisis, and to cause the most acute anxiety among those who actually knew what was occurring in Downing Street and Whitehall during the three days which preceded the declaration of war. And, even to-day, if we bear in mind the pacifist convictions and the German sympathies which have been so frankly displayed from time to time by Lord Haldane, Mr. Samuel, and other ministers (not forgetting the influence of Berlin on our high finance), we may form an idea of the difficult situation in which Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, would be placed, if hereafter compelled by circumstances to choose between adherents to his 'fight-to-a-finish' policy and the pacific tendencies of his Nonconformist supporters in the constituencies.

A similar problem may possibly confront individual leaders of the Liberal party in connection with the Irish question. As matters stand, Sir Edward Carson has definitely relegated the Home Rule dispute to the background, and encouraged his Ulster Volunteers to enlist for service at the front. Mr. Redmond and the Nationalist leaders hung back for a time, stipulating that the Home Rule bill should be placed on the statute book before they authorized the Nationalist Volunteers to place their services at the disposal of the Crown; and this, despite the loyal enthusiasm of many of their followers. It was bad generalship. A

spontaneous and unconditional manifestation of loyalty would undoubtedly have done more to reconcile wavering opinion in England to Home Rule than this display of party tactics.

If, at a time when India and all the dominions overseas are sending their contingents to the front, Nationalist Ireland refuses to come forward and crowd the recruiting offices in sign of its renewed loyalty, there must inevitably occur a powerful revulsion of feeling throughout the British electorate. Such a policy would do more to justify the Ulster Convenanters than all the prophecies and pleadings of their political representatives at Westminster; and it would inevitably react with deadly effect upon the Liberal government. But Mr. Redmond is no novice in strategy; he has certainly counted the cost of this manœuvring for position, and, having attained his end and justified himself in the eyes of his supporters in Ireland and America, he is now calling upon his Nationalist forces to fight side by side with the Ulstermen, in the cause of Catholic Belgium and France. And thus Liberalism may reckon on having found a happy issue out of all its Irish afflictions.

On the question of Woman Suffrage, the opinion is steadily growing in the ranks of Liberalism that its attitude has hitherto been lacking in courage and intelligent anticipation. A referendum on the subject would undoubtedly show an enormous majority of Radical and Labor opinion in favor of giving the vote, upon reasonable terms, to women. One of the chief obstacles in the path of this necessary and equitable extension of the franchise has hitherto lain in Mr. Asquith's personal opinion in the matter, and in the vague fears entertained by a certain section of his followers that to confer the vote on women would mean an accession of strength to the Conservative party. But in this, as in many other questions, the effect of this war upon the public conscience is likely to prove a broadening and stimulating influence. The public spirit, patriotism, and common sense which women of all classes have displayed since war broke out, have greatly impressed public opinion. If the Liberal party hereafter refuses to put Woman Suffrage in its political platforms, it will assuredly find its short-sighted Conservatism condemned by a majority of the constituencies.

But the future of Liberalism, as of the Empire itself, lies now on the knees of the gods. With all Europe seething in the melting-pot of war, it may indeed seem presumptuous thus calmly to discuss the chances and changes of principles and policies, which an adverse fate might utterly submerge tomorrow. Yet, seeing this England of ours, a friend to peace, yet staunch in war, drawing loyal men to her side from the four corners of the earth, because her cause is just and brave — may we not rightly hope that she will come forth victorious from this struggle, and that, in the day of victory, English Liberalism also may emerge triumphant from the fettering conditions of party, and, with a broader vision of wisdom and truth, lead the people in the way that they should go?

BLUE REEFERS

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

I

'THE child will have to have a new dress if she's to take part in the Christmas entertainment.'

My mother spoke very low so as not to wake me, but I heard her. I had been too excited to fall asleep.

'Of course,' said my father in his big voice that never could get down to a whisper.

'S-sh,' warned my mother, and then added, 'But we should n't get it, George. You know what the last doctor's bill amounted to.'

'Oh, let the little thing have it. It's her first chance to show off.'

'S-sh,' my mother warned again. After a moment I heard her say, 'Well, perhaps it won't cost so very much, and as you say it's the first time.'

I turned over in bed and prayed, 'Dear Lord, please help my mother to get me a new dress.' For a new dress was one of the chief joys of taking part, and I had longed so to take part.

Although I had been a member of our Sunday school in good and regular standing ever since I was three weeks old, and had been put on the Cradle Roll, that being in the eyes of my parents the nearest approach to dedication allowable to Baptists, I was taking part for the first time, and I was seven. There had been numerous occasions in these seven years for taking part; our Sunday school celebrated Easter, Children's Day, Anniversary Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, with quite appropriate exercises. But it was a large school, and I had freckles and what Aunt Emma, my cousin Luella's mother, called 'that child's jaw.' Aunt Emma meant my front teeth, which were really most dreadfully prominent: in fact they stuck out to such an extent that Aunt Emma seldom failed to see them when she saw me.

Aunt Emma was n't used to children with jaws. Her little Luella had the prettiest teeth imaginable: she was pretty all over, pretty golden hair, pretty blue eyes, pretty pink cheeks, — not a freckle, — and pretty arms very plump and white. She was just my age, and she was invariably asked to take part. It seemed reasonable that she should, and yet I felt that if they only knew that I had a mind, — a mind was what an uncle once said I had, after hearing me recite the one hundred and third Psalm, the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah, and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians with only one mistake, — they would ask me too. A mind should count for something, I thought, but it did n't seem to with Miss Miriam.

Miss Miriam was the assistant superintendent. She was a tall, thin, youngish-looking woman, with fair hair and a sweet, rather white, face. She always wore very black dresses and a little gold cross, which one of the Big Girls told us was left to her by her mother, who was an Episcopalian. Miss Miriam got up all the entertainments, and it was she who made out the list of the people who were to take part in them. Three or four Sundays before an enter-

tainment was to be given, Miss Miriam would come from the Big Room to our Primary Department with a lot of little white slips in her hand and a pad and pencil. While we were having the closing exercises she would walk very quietly from class to class distributing the little white slips. The slips said, 'Please meet me after Sunday school in the Ladies' Parlor.' If you were given a slip it meant you were chosen to take part.

Once I confided my longing to my mother.

'What makes you want to so much, Martha? You're not a forward little girl, I hope.'

Forwardness in my elders' opinion was the Eighth Deadly Sin, to be abhorred by all little girls, especially those who had heard it said that they had a mind. Little girls who had heard that might so easily, from sheer pride of intellect, become 'forward.'

'I'm not forward,' I assured her. 'I — I, oh, mother, it's so nice to be in things.'

And now at last I was in things. I could still feel the touch of the white slip which had been put into my hand only that afternoon, and I turned over in my bed on my other side and prayed with even more fervor.

'Oh, Lord, please help my mother to get me a new dress.'

He did. A week later my mother went to town. She brought back white Persian lawn, the softest, sheerest stuff I had ever felt. I could see the pink of my skin through it when I laid it over my hand.

'I'm going to have a new dress for the entertainment,' I told Luella on my way to rehearsal. 'Are you?'

'Why, of course. I always do. Mine's going to have five rows of lace insertion in the skirt and tiny tucks too.'

'Mine's to have tucks, but it won't have only one row of lace in the skirt. Mother says little girls' dresses don't need much lace.'

'I like lots of lace,' said Luella; but her tone of finality did not disturb my happiness. I was disturbed only when, at another rehearsal, Luella told me that her mother was making a blue-silk slip to wear under her white dress. Almost everyone wore slips when they spoke pieces.

I gave my mother this information.

'Isn't the white dress pretty enough, Martha?'

I fingered the soft material she was sewing. 'It's beautiful,' I said, hiding my face in her neck. Then I whispered, 'I don't mind if Luella has a slip, mother.'

I did mind, but I knew I ought n't.

My mother raised my head and adjusted the bow on one of my skimpy little pigtails. She looked as she did sometimes after my Aunt Emma had just gone.

'We'll see if you can have a slip. What color would you like — supposing you can?'

'Pink,' I answered promptly, 'like my best hair-ribbons.'

Pink china silk was bought. When I tried it under the Persian lawn it matched the ribbons exactly. I jiggled up and down on my toes — my only way of expressing great joy.

The dress, when my mother was not working on it, lay in the spare room on the bed. I made countless pilgrimages to the spare room. Once I slipped the dress on by myself. I wanted to see how I looked. But the mirror of the spare-room bureau was very small; so I inserted a hair-brush. With the mirror tipped I could see quite all of me — only I did n't see quite all. I did n't see my freckles, or my jaw, or my very thin legs. I saw a glory of pink and white and I grinned from sheer rapture. The spare room had no heat: there was a register, but unless we had company

the register was closed. My mother found me one day kneeling by the bed shivering but in ecstatic contemplation of my dress, which I had not dared to try on a second time. She gave me ginger tea. I gulped it down meekly. I felt even then that as a punishment ginger tea is exquisitely relevant. It chastens the soul but at the same time it warms the stomach you've allowed to get cold.

I had been very much afraid that before the night of the entertainment, — it was to be given the twenty-third of December, — something would surely happen to my dress or to me, but the night arrived and both were in a perfect state of preservation. To expedite matters, as the Sunday school was to assemble at a quarter past seven, my mother dressed me before supper. Just as the last button was fastened we heard footsteps on the front porch.

'There, Martha! Go show your father.'

I ran down into the hall and took up my position in the centre of it, but when I heard the key turn in the latch of the inside door I wanted to run away and hide. I had never felt so beautiful.

My father stopped short when he saw me. 'By the Lord!' he ejaculated.

'Why, George!'

My mother was on the stairs.

'Well, by the Great Guns then — you're a — a vision, Marty.'

I could only grin.

'Here's some more pinkness for you to wear,' he said, producing a long tissue-paper package that he had been holding behind his back. He chuckled as he unwrapped it.

'Twelve, Marty; twelve solid pink carnations. What do you say to 'em? Show your mother.'

I said nothing. I only jiggled on my toes.

'George, dear, what made you? A little child like that can't wear flowers — and they're seventy-five cents a dozen!'

All the chuckle went out of my father's eyes: he looked at me, then at the carnations, then at my mother; just like a little boy who finds that after all he's done the wrong thing. I wanted to run and take his hand, but while I stood wanting and not daring, my mother had crossed the hall and was putting her arms around his neck.

'They're beautiful, George dear. She can wear three or four of them, anyway. They will make her so happy, and the rest we'll put in her room. Her room is pink too.'

'So it is.' He kissed my mother and then me. 'Say your piece, Marty — quick! Before we have supper.'

I had learned my piece so thoroughly that the order was like turning on a spigot. Four verses, four lines in each, gushed forth.

My father clapped. 'Now for something to eat,' he said.

Immediately after supper my mother and I set out, leaving my father to shave and come later. It was a cold night with a great many bright stars. At the corner we met Luella and her mother. Luella's mother was carrying over her arm Luella's spring coat, her everyday one, a dark blue reefer.

'Martha ought to have hers along, too,' said my Aunt Emma. 'If the church should be chilly they'll catch their death sitting in thin dresses.'

My mother thought it was probable we would. So I was sent back to hunt for my little reefer. It was like Luella's, dark blue with tarnished gilt anchors on the corners of the sailor collar, and like hers it was second-best and outgrown.

Luella and I parted with our mothers at the door of the Sunday-school room.

'Don't forget to take your reefers when you march in,' admonished my Aunt Emma.

'Must we carry them while we march?' I almost wailed.

My mother came to the rescue. 'Hold them down between you and the little girl you march with. Then no one will see.'

'Yes'm.' I was much relieved.

II

The Sunday school was a hubbub of noise and pink and blue hair-ribbons. In among the ribbons and responsible for some of the noise were close-cropped heads and white collars and very new ties, but you did n't notice them much. There were so many pink and blue ribbons. After a while the room quieted down and we formed in line. Miss Miriam, who even that night wore a black dress and her little gold cross, distributed among us the eight silk banners that when we were n't marching always hung on the walls of the Sunday-school rooms. There were subdued whispers and last prinkings. Then the piano, which had been moved into the church, gave the signal and we marched in. We marched with our banners and our pink and blue hair-ribbons up and down the aisles so that all the Mothers-and-Fathers-and-Friends-of-the-School could see us. Whenever we recognized our own special mother or father we beamed. The marching finally brought us to the pews assigned to our respective classes. Luella's class and mine were to sit together that night. I turned around — almost every little girl, after she was seated and had sufficiently smoothed out skirts and sash, turned around — and saw that my mother and aunt were only two pews behind us. I grinned delightedly at them, and they both nodded back. Then I told Luella. After that I settled down.

The church was decorated with ropes of green and with holly wreaths. At either side of the platform was a Christmas tree with bits of cotton-batting scattered over it to represent snow. I had heard that there were to be two Christmas trees, and I had looked forward to a dazzling glitter of colored balls and tinsel and candles, maybe. The cotton-batting was a little disappointing. It made you feel that it was not a real Christmas tree, but just a church Christmas tree. Church things were seldom real. The Boys Brigade of our church carried interesting-looking cartridge-boxes, that made them look like real soldiers, but when they drilled you found out that the cartridge-boxes were only make-believe. They held Bibles. Still the cotton-batting did make you think of snow.

After what seemed like a very long wait the entertainment began. The minister, of course, opened it with prayer. Then we all sang a carol. As we were sitting down I felt some one poke my shoulder.

'Your mother says you must put on your jacket. She says you 'll take cold,' whispered the little girl behind me.

I had n't felt cold, but the command passed along over two church pews had the force of a Thus-saith-the-Lord. While I was slipping the jacket carefully over my ruffles some one poked Luella and whispered to her. Luella looked at me, then put on her jacket.

The superintendent was making a speech to the Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School. When he finished we rose to sing another carol, and as we rose, quite automatically Luella and I slipped off our jackets. I was very excited. After the carol there would be a piece by one of the Big Girls; then the Infant Class would do something; then I was to speak. I wondered if people would see the pink of my slip showing through my dress as I spoke my piece. I bent my head to get a whiff of carnation.

We were just seated when there came another poke and another whisper.

'Your mother says to keep on your jacket.'

I looked back at my mother. She smiled and nodded, and Aunt Emma pointed to Luella. We put on our jackets again. This time I buttoned it tight; so did Luella. I felt the carnations remonstrate, but when one is very excited one is very obedient: one obeys more than the letter of the law.

The Big Girl was speaking her piece. I did n't hear the words; the words of my own piece were saying themselves through my head; but I was aware that she stopped suddenly, that she looked as though she were trying to remember, that someone prompted her, that she went on. Suppose I should forget that way before my father and mother and the friends of the school and Miss Miriam. It was a dreadful thought. I commenced again — with my eyes shut —

'Some children think that Christmas day
Should come two times a year';

I went through my verses five times, while the Infant Class individually and collectively were holding up gilt cardboard bells and singing about them. I was beginning the sixth time, —

'Some children think —'

when the superintendent read out, —

'The next number on the programme will be a recitation by Martha Smith.'

I had been expecting this announcement for four weeks, but now that it came it gave me a queer feeling in my heart and stomach, half fear, half joy. Conscious only that I was actually taking part, I rose from my seat and made my way over the little girls in the pew who scrunched up themselves and their dresses into a small space so that I might pass.

As I started down the aisle I thought I heard my name frantically called behind me; but not dreaming that any one would wish to have speech with a person about to speak a piece, I kept on down, way, way down to the platform, walking in a dim hot maze which smelled insistently of carnations.

But the poor carnations warned in vain. I ascended the platform steps with my reefer still buttoned tightly over my chest.

The reefer, as I've said, was dark blue, adorned with tarnished anchors, and outgrown. Being outgrown it showed several inches of my thin little wrists, and being a reefer and tightly buttoned, it showed of my pink and white glory a little more than the hem.

Still in that dim hot maze I made my bow and gave the title of my piece, 'Christmas Twice a Year,' and recited it from beginning to end, and heard them clap, all the teachers and scholars and Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School. Then, quite dizzied with happiness, I hurried down off the platform and up the aisle. People smiled as I passed them and I smiled back, for once quite unconscious of my jaw. As I neared my seat I prepared to smile upon my mother, but for a moment she did n't see me. Aunt Emma was saying something to her, something that I did n't hear, something that made two red spots flame in my mother's face.

'Is n't it just like Martha to be a little fool! She 's always doing things like that.' Aunt Emma was one of those people who assume that you always do the particular foolish thing you have just finished doing.

The red spots died out when my mother saw me. She smiled as though she were very proud — and I was proud too. But before I could settle down to enjoy my satisfaction Luella's name had been called and Luella was starting down the aisle. Luella's golden curls bobbed as she walked: they bobbed over her blue reefer jacket which was buttoned snugly over her plump body.

There was a suppressed exclamation from some one behind me, but Luella kept on. Luella's jacket was not short in the sleeves but it was very very tight. Only the hem of her blue and white glory peeped from beneath it, and a little piece of ruffle she had not quite tucked in peeped out from above it.

Luella bowed and spoke her piece. All the teachers and scholars, the Fathers-and-Mothers-and-Friends-of-the-School applauded.

A queer sound made me look round at my mother and aunt. Their heads were bowed upon the pew in front. Their shoulders were shaking. When I turned around again they were sitting up, wiping their eyes as though they had been crying.

I could n't understand then, nor did I understand late that night when my father's laugh woke me up.

'Poor Emma!' he chuckled. 'What did she say?'

And my mother answered, her voice curiously smothered, 'Why, you see, she could n't very well say anything after what she had just said before.'

'I suppose not. Poor Emma, I suppose not.' My father's laugh broke out again.

'S-sh, George — you 'll wake Martha.'

THE END OF THE GAME

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

POUNDING away in a rhythm bound as in fetters of brass,
Marches the band; — behind it, the wildly rhythmical mass
Of headlong, happiest youth, with hats flung high through the space
Where the conquering ball had sailed, with arms chance-linked for the race
To join the swirling, delirious, serpentine measure of joy
That wells from the leaping heart of every precipitate boy.

What sends from my older heart the mist to my musing eyes?
Not envy, I think, for all that niggardly age denies;
But something akin to pity — even at this flaming hour
Filled with the triumph of sharing the joy of triumphant power —
Pity that ever the jubilant springs must fail of their flow,
And that youth, so utterly knowing it not, must one day know.

THE EUROPEAN TRAGEDY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

On the fourteenth of July I was in Paris, and curiosity took me to the grand review, held every year in the French capital on that day of national festival which commemorates the taking of the Bastille. I saw the splendid battalions file past, and I saw also, in the tribune of the President of the Republic, the accredited ambassadors to the French government, in gala attire. They were all talking tranquilly among themselves, most of them about their approaching vacations. Some were on the point of departure for the mountains or the sea, in search of a well-deserved rest. Austria and Russia, Germany and Servia, England and Belgium, were exchanging good wishes, compliments and friendly adieux, in the persons of their ambassadors. Who would have said that three weeks later these same men would exchange as many declarations of war?

The tempest broke so unexpectedly that we are still, as it were, dazed. Every one asks himself constantly if he is awake or dreaming. The European war, — that earthquake which perhaps will overturn from its foundations the civilization of the old world; the European war, of which every one has been talking for so many years, but for the most part without believing that it could occur, — just as one speaks of the day in which the sun will be extinguished in the heavens, or of the encounter of the earth with some stray comet cutting through space, — the European war broke out within a single week.

On the twenty-fourth of July all Europe, from Ionia to the Baltic, from the Pyrenees to the Urals, was still able to go to bed in peace and to dream of the approaching summer vacation, well-earned by the long labor of a year. The German Emperor, according to his custom at that season, was cruising in northern waters; the Emperor of Austria was at the Baths of Ischl; the President of the French Republic was leaving Russia, where he had visited the Tsar and toasted peace, to pay a visit to the Scandinavian sovereigns. On the morning of the twenty-fifth — it was a Saturday — Europe read in her thousand newspapers the menacing note sent from the Austrian minister to the Servian government; and on the Saturday after — the first of August — the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg handed to the Russian government the declaration of war. How did it happen? Through whose fault? From what motives?

II

Eventually, history will doubtless investigate, and recount what happened day by day, hour by hour, in the courts and in the chancelleries of Europe, during that fatal week. For the moment, every government is careful to divulge only what serves to throw back on the other governments the responsibility for the cruel catastrophe. The immediate occasion, so to speak, of

the explosion, is therefore a mystery. Much clearer, on the other hand, is the play of the historical forces which, after forty-four years of peace, have prepared, and in the end precipitated, the terrifying disaster. This war is the supreme duel of the two European enemies who for a century have lived side by side in every state: Europe bellicose, the daughter, as it were, of the French Revolution; and Europe pacific, creature of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and of the whole social movement of the nineteenth.

The French Revolution initiated in Europe the true war of the peoples. Until the French Revolution, sovereigns and states, rather than their subjects, had fought and made peace among themselves. Armies were recruited from professional soldiers alone; the greater part of the population was exempt from the tribute of blood, as is still the case to-day in England and in America. All Europe approved when revolutionary France, in order to defend herself, made a universal obligation of military service, and inaugurated the general conscription. To compensate for the abolition of feudal servitude, for the division of the lands of nobles and clergy among the peasants, the Revolution imposed upon the people the duty of taking arms to defend the country. From one end to another of France resounded the terrible cry, '*Aux armes, citoyens!*' But the marvelous victories of the Revolution and of the Empire obliged the monarchies of Continental Europe to imitate the example of France in a greater or less degree, and to arm their peoples. In almost all Europe, the ancient system of professional soldiery was abandoned; military service became a duty of the citizen and of the subject; the tribute of blood became as obligatory as the tax in money.

Since military conditions were changed in this way, as a result of the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, it was necessary to change the entire policy of the nations. In the eighteenth century, so long as armies were composed of mercenaries paid by the king, there was no need to explain to the soldiers the reasons or the motives for the wars to which the generals led them. To fight was their trade; they were paid to do battle, whatever the enemy or the motive. But this was no longer the case when the armies were recruited directly from the people, and service under the flags became a public duty. Then it was no longer possible to demand from the masses the tribute of blood, without explaining to them the reason for the sacrifice, without by some means quickening their eagerness for the conflict into which their rulers were sending them.

While the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire lasted, the task was easy. In that convulsion of the old world the French soldiers were informed that they were fighting for liberty against the tyrants of Europe; and the peoples hostile to France, that they were warring against an impious race, destroyers of civilization, — foes of order, religion, and authority. Prussia after Jena was certainly, among the monarchies of Europe, the one which knew best how to excite hatred for France in the multitude, and to inspire her people with the keenest ardor in the supreme struggles against the rule of Napoleon.

But when Napoleon had fallen and the hurricane of the Revolution was stilled, the task became more difficult. How was it possible to continue to impose upon the multitude obligatory military service for a number of years? how could the people be maintained in arms, now that Europe had at last obtained the peace so long desired?

It was necessary to attempt a justification of such a cruel sacrifice, yet how could it be done except by persuading the troops that an enemy was encamped beyond the frontier? The army which the Revolution created by calling a whole nation to arms is responsible for the fact that, ever since the fall of Napoleon, European writers, philosophers, statesmen, and military experts have tried to convince each new generation, in one way or another, of the existence of this menace along the frontier. Sometimes it has been described as a threatening people, desirous of oppressing its neighbors; sometimes as a people or peoples who must be impressed by a show of force. And all reasons and pretexts sufficiently convincing to create, to cultivate, and to diffuse this feeling of suspicion among the masses, have been looked upon as fair play throughout the countries of Europe. Such attempts are usually resorted to whenever there is a movement to increase the size of an army or a counter-movement to decrease the term of service.

Thus the nineteenth century and the twentieth have both tried to persuade French, English, Germans, Italians, Russians, and the rest, that they ought to distrust one another because they were all rivals and enemies. Each nation, naturally, blamed all the others for the hatred it felt for them. The difference in language, in institutions, in religious beliefs, in culture; the memories of the great wars of the past; a certain antagonism in material interests, have rendered this task of so-called national education easy in every country to writers, historians, philosophers, statesmen. How many theories have been invented concerning Germanism, Slavism, the Latin spirit, the destiny of the people, the superiority of certain races and certain cultural standards; how many have been seriously discussed in universities and academies, in books and reviews, which were designed solely to intensify the distrust and hatred of one people for another. How many literary works, sciences, philosophies, dogmas, have been admired, praised, magnificently rewarded in honors and in money, not because they were full of beauty and truth, but because they set nation against nation, and gave to international disagreements high-sounding and virtuous names!

Nevertheless, if political institutions and military exigencies incited the peoples of Europe to hate one another, civilization and economic interests also brought them together in the old world. The French Revolution had been forced to set all Europe on fire in order to defend itself, but it had also promised all men peace, liberty, and brotherhood. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, which was directly responsible for the Revolution, is optimistic: it is the first philosophy which has dared affirm that human nature is not perverse but good; it says that man, when he is not hindered or corrupted or oppressed by iniquitous and tyrannous institutions, is a creature of generous sentiments. These ideas, in a society already profoundly softened by Christianity, have also brought to birth in Europe in the last century a thousand doctrines, a thousand chimeras, a thousand generous and stupendous dreams, which are the precise opposite of that hatred among the peoples in which governments have all more or less sought to educate the masses. Hence the love of peace, the dreams of universal brotherhood, the proposals for concord, the spirit of cosmopolitanism, the attempts at international arbitration; hence the vast humanitarian propaganda of the socialist groups and all the democratic parties.

The example of America and her interests has favored the diffusion of

these ideas. A century ago every country of Europe lived on its own territory, and had no commerce with other peoples except in objects of luxury; to-day railways have bound as it were into a single sheaf the most diverse necessities of all the peoples. England, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, may distrust one another and hate their neighbors as much as they will; but each one has need every day of the products of the other in order to satisfy the constantly increasing exigencies of the masses. What will happen in a few weeks when they begin to feel the economic effects of this sudden interruption of commerce in almost all Europe!

Two souls, then, lived side by side, in every country, in every party, almost in every man of old Europe: a soul of war and a soul of peace. Hence the infinite contradictions in thought and action which have bewildered the old world from the middle of the century to the present moment, and which have at last, in the space of a week, resulted in this fearful catastrophe. For what reason has the soul of war conquered the soul of peace?

III

One cannot deny that in the last thirty years the idea of peace had made great strides in Europe. France and England, the two nations of Europe which fought the greatest wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, have been governed for ten years by parties openly averse to all aggressive intentions, by declared pacifists. Russia is governed by an Emperor who had hardly mounted the throne when he chose to connect his name with a great work of peace. In all Europe, Socialism has acquired millions of adherents among the lower classes, especially those classes from which the soldiers are recruited. Who does not know that Socialism affirms that peace ought to rule among the peoples; that the proletariat ought to clasp hands across the frontiers, and beat swords into ploughshares? It is true that during the same period all the governments were asking for money to forge new weapons; but there was not one which, in asking for them, failed to declare that cannon and guns were the surest instruments of peace.

The Goddess of Peace seemed to have found a new and singular method of enchaining the God Mars: by loading him down so heavily with arms that he could no longer move. Whence many came to suppose that European war was no longer possible. Even the writer of the present essay, while aware that in foretelling the future it is prudent to leave a little chink always open for the unexpected, was profoundly convinced in his own heart that he was destined to close his eyes without having seen the horrid spectacle of which, like thousands of others, he is to-day a terrified witness. In fine, it seemed to many, and with reason, that after forty-four years of peace the victory of peace over war was imminent. And instead, war has become again at one blow master of the old world! Why? The chief reason is the prestige and the power of the military caste in Germany.

Although the spirit of peace in the last fifteen years had found its advocates throughout all the rest of Europe, it had hardly ventured across the frontiers of Germany, and cannot be said to have obtained a foothold in the German Empire. The memories of the war of 1870, the immense prestige with which that war had invested the German army and the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns who command it, had rendered the Empire impervious, or nearly so, to the spirit of peace. Behind the frontier of Germany there

lived a people which believed itself invincible. Noble or Socialist, Prussian or Bavarian, every German stated again and again, either in pride or in sorrow, that no army in the world was so well organized, or conducted by so intelligent a general staff, or animated by so formidable a defensive spirit, as their own. But a people that believes itself invincible through the power of its army will never, or in Europe at least, can never, be profoundly pacifist. The military caste will so rejoice in such prestige that it will never allow the desire for peace to increase beyond a certain point.

This is precisely what has happened in Germany. One might affirm that the European war of 1914 was almost an inevitable heritage from the war of 1870. Between 1900 and 1905 France had made less haste to increase her armaments, and had shown by a thousand signs her readiness to be reconciled with her old rival, to forget Alsace and Lorraine. Germany continued without pause to increase and make ready her weapons. Between 1900 and 1910 England tried more than once to come to an agreement with Germany to limit the increase of naval expenditures. Every attempt was vain. To every hint that the other nations of Europe gave of wishing, I will not say to disarm, but to arm with less fury, the German government responded by the rapid increase of its own armaments.

Since 1900, Germany has taken the initiative in all the increases of military outlay which have caused the expenditure of so many millions in Europe. The Socialists, and a certain fraction of the liberal parties in the Reichstag, were opposed to this; but what was the use of this opposition? The prestige of the army and the power of the government, allied to the military party, were too great: the parties of opposition never succeeded even in moderating the demands of the government. At every election the nation was able to increase the number of Socialist deputies who sat in the Reichstag; but what was the use?

It will suffice to recall what happened in connection with the great military law of 1912, which prepared the way for the war of 1914. The German government had proposed to increase the army to eight hundred and seventy thousand men, and to get the money by imposing an extraordinary war-tax on the rich classes. The parties of the Right in the Reichstag desired that the army should be increased, but not that the rich classes alone should be called upon to pay the cost. If the Socialists who did not wish the increase of the army had also voted against this special war-tax, the government would have found itself in grave perplexity; which might possibly have forced it, because of the financial difficulty, to moderate its requests. And perhaps then the war of 1914 would not have broken out. But the Socialists, although they disapproved the military law, were not able to resist the temptation to bleed the rich through an increased income-tax. The government was able therefore to obtain the additional troops by a majority of the Right, and to obtain the money by a majority of the Left, — in which there were more than a hundred Socialists; and within two years Europe burst into flames.

In a nation in which the military caste is so respected and powerful, pacificist ideas cannot find much of a following among the upper and educated classes, among those at least which have the most influence in public affairs. In fact, especially within the past ten years, a quite contrary policy has obtained, and ideas of German supremacy, of German culture, of

Germany's World-Mission, and of Germany's right to illuminate the world, have been diffused through an ardent propaganda, continuous, unwearied, among the aristocracy, in official circles, in the universities, in the newspapers. Great associations like the Naval League, the Military League, aided by professors, experts, journalists, have labored with a truly Teutonic perseverance, to quicken a kind of aggressive national sentiment in the masses and in the middle classes.

Thus, little by little, while the other states of Europe were preparing themselves for the changes which might have assured universal peace, in Germany the idea was taking root pretty nearly everywhere that a new war was inevitable; that Germany could not fulfill her great historic mission without once more drawing the sword of '70; that since it was necessary to fight, it was desirable that Germany should choose the right moment, that is, some opportunity before Russia had recovered entirely from the wounds of the Russo-Japanese war.

A very intelligent but very skeptical German said to me one day, 'My friend, there is only one pacificist in Germany; it is William II. But he can do nothing because he is the Emperor!' A paradox which contains a certain amount of truth. William II will have to shoulder before the world, and in history, the chief responsibility for the war. Yet those who know the secrets of political Europe are aware that he has been for twenty-five years perhaps the most active protector of European peace. In 1905 he prevented the war which a strong party around him already wished, when the disputes about Morocco began with France. 'History,' said he one day, to a French friend of mine on board the Hohenzollern during the regatta at Kiel, 'history will give me credit for this at least, that Europe has owed its peace to me.'

By temperament, by a certain mystical tendency, by the sagacity of a statesman, William II was and wishes to be an emperor of peace. But he is also a Hohenzollern — the head of the army which is reputed strongest among them all, and invincible. Thus his ruling passion for peace was not pleasing to the very powerful military caste which surrounds and sways him; and it has been the chief reason for the covert hostility which a section of the aristocracy, of the government, and of the press, have since 1895 carried on in opposition to him, resulting finally in the setting up of the Crown Prince as the leader of the opposition to him. Every one still remembers the scandal of 1909, the cause of which was the interview granted by the Emperor to a great American magazine. When the whole history of this scandal is known it will also be known what was done on this occasion to discredit the Emperor by the military party, and by that section of the government which could not forgive him for not having declared war against France in 1905, with Morocco as a pretext.

I have no doubt therefore that this time, on the evening of August 1, the Emperor declared war on Russia and set Europe afire, not because he wished the catastrophe, but because he was unable to resist the war-party, which has increased in numbers, influence, and audacity during the past three years, since the Balkan conflicts and the war between Italy and Turkey have filled all Europe with restlessness and distress. It is sufficient to say that, in the days preceding the declaration of war, newspapers conservative in the extreme, like the *Kreuzzeitung*, published articles almost threatening William II; reminding him that he had not the right to sacrifice his duties as emperor

to the personal hobby of his pacificism. In fine, the European war was let loose by the German military party; for among all the countries of Europe, in Germany alone the army had enough power and enough authority to compel the government to take so frightful an initiative. Destiny was fulfilled on August 1, 1914, — a date memorable and fatal in the history of the twentieth century, which posterity will perhaps remember with terror through the ages.

IV

And now, what will happen? What new Europe will arise from the ruins of that in which we were born and grew up? How will it be possible to reconstruct order out of this chaos let loose in one blow?

These are questions to which no one can reply to-day; which no one even dares suggest. The dismay of souls surprised by the catastrophe is too great. We all feel that our destiny is in the control of historic forces which elude our understanding. No one can say whether the war will be long or short, who will conquer or who will lose; and in what manner the conquered will be conquered and the victorious victor.

Nevertheless from the study of the causes of this upheaval one conclusion appears already probable. This war will either increase still more the military caste in Germany or will largely destroy it. Germany is moved to the conflict with the expectation of repeating 1870: that is, of making a rapid victorious campaign, the cost of which will be covered by the immense indemnities imposed upon the conquered. And if the General Staff succeeds in this enterprise, the German army, and the Hohenzollerns who are its leaders, will achieve such prestige in Germany, in Europe, and in the world, that no strength can oppose them. If instead Germany is, I will not say actually conquered, but not wholly successful, and is unable to snatch territorial and financial indemnity from her adversaries, then the prestige of the army and of the Hohenzollerns will receive a very heavy blow. The people will cherish eternal resentment because of the terrible sufferings which the war will have caused them: they will accuse the monarchy and the military party of having led the nation lightly into a ruinous adventure, provoking the whole of Europe.

In the first place, it is difficult to foresee what the future of Europe can be. The mind is appalled merely in thinking about it. The darkest prophecies seem legitimate. Oppressions, new wars, revolutions, a terrible crisis, economic, political, moral, in which a great part of European civilization will perish, this is what one may predict. For however great may be the qualities of the Germans and the services that they have rendered to civilization, Europe can never and will never be dominated entirely by them. As it rebelled a century ago against the French supremacy, so it would revolt to-day against the German supremacy. Europe is and will continue to be a mosaic of cultures and of diverse languages. Therefore, for real success there is need of a certain equilibrium among the diverse races which inhabit it. If this equilibrium is destroyed, Europe will no longer be Europe; and to denaturalize her in this way, to change the course of her history, the European war would not suffice. The democratic, humanitarian, pacificist tendencies are now too strong, and rooted in too large a part of the continent. Victorious Germany could impose herself on Europe only by a systematic oppression which would provoke the most terrible reactions and the greatest disasters.

If on the other hand the second supposition should be realized, if the prestige of the Hohenzollerns and of the German army should collapse because of the horror and destruction of this war which they have willed, Europe will finally find peace and concord in a reasonable equilibrium of forces and desires. Germany will become at last democratic and pacific, like England and France. The Prussian aristocracy, so powerful to-day, will be forced to grant a reform of the Prussian electoral system, and to open the doors to the power of the middle classes. In Prussia, and in the Empire, the representative *régime*, instead of remaining constitutional, will become parliamentary; ministers will no longer be nominated by the emperor but by parliaments; the influence of the court and the general staff will diminish. The parties of the Left, and even the Socialists, will have risen to power. Germany in short will be inwardly renewed as France was renewed after 1870.

Between France and England on the one side and Germany on the other, there will no longer be that lack of harmony in impulses and political forms which has been the true reason why all the attempts at understanding, repeated during the past thirty years, have failed. Germany, like France and England, will be dominated by a liberal democratic spirit: and it will therefore be possible finally for these three peoples to reach a permanent and true understanding. On that day when all the peoples shall abandon the thought of trampling on each other, and shall desire only peaceful emulation among themselves in favor of the progress of the world,—on that day on which their governments shall be animated by the same spirit of sincere friendship and loyal concord, — there will be room under the sun for French, English, Germans — all races — to dwell together in unity.

France and England are ripe for a rule of ordered and peaceful democracy. They desire it and press toward it. The chief point that this war ought to decide is whether Germany also wishes to become democratic and peaceful, or whether instead she wishes to isolate herself still in Europe, like a formidable camp, sustained by force and by an autocratic and hierarchical spirit. On this alternative depends the future of Europe and the destiny of our civilization. Every one therefore can understand, without further parley, the anxiety which is felt to-day in Europe by the kind of people who are in a position to appreciate the importance of this conflict. As long as they live they will not forget the August of fatal 1914!

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

BY HOWARD CROSBY WARREN

I

FREEDOM of teaching, as scholars understand the term, means control of university instruction by the teaching profession itself, untrammeled by outside interference. The university teacher is a prophet of the truth. His tenure of office should not be determined by political, theological, or popular approval; but he should be held accountable to his own calling.

In point of fact, the teacher to-day is not a free, responsible agent. His career is practically under the control of laymen. Fully three quarters of our scholars occupy academic positions; and in America, at least, the teaching investigator, whatever professional standing he may have attained, is subject to the direction of some body of men outside his own craft. As investigator he may be quite untrammeled, but as teacher, it has been said, he is half tyrant and half slave.

The professional status of the scholar differs notably in this respect from that of the other learned professions. The physician is governed by a code prescribed by his own medical association. The lawyer is responsible for his professional conduct to a bar association composed of fellow practitioners. In most denominations the clergy are amenable solely to ecclesiastical courts or church dignitaries. In contrast with these self-organized professions, the scholar is dependent for opportunity to practice his calling, as well as for material advancement, on a governing board which is generally controlled by clergymen, financiers, or representatives of the state.

The reason for this difference is not hard to discover. Unlike other professional men, the scholar cannot ply his vocation alone. Aristotle is the only instance of a college of arts and sciences successfully combined in one person; the tremendous progress of learning since his day has made it impossible for even a giant intellect to repeat the attempt. Furthermore, the foundation of an institution of learning on any adequate scale requires more capital than scholars as a class can provide. They are compelled to rely on the resources of others. The initiative in establishing institutions of learning is usually taken by the Church, the State, or the wealthy class. Many of the early European universities were outgrowths of older ecclesiastical schools. The universities of Paris and Oxford originated in this way. Those at Naples and Vienna were established by government and maintained from state funds. Heidelberg obtained charters from both Church and State. Even in mediæval times certain colleges and chairs derived their endowment from the private fortunes of princes. Several early foundations at Oxford and Cambridge belong to this class.

A similar development took place in our own country. Some of our colleges were founded by religious bodies — Wesleyan and the Catholic University of America, for instance. Others, such as Stanford, Chicago, and Clark, were

wholly endowed through private donation. Our state universities and city colleges are maintained by state and municipal appropriations, and the former receive large sums annually from the national government besides.

The power of appointment to the teaching staff generally remains with the founders, or is vested in a self-perpetuating board. In a few instances control has passed to the graduates, acting through their chosen representatives, as at Harvard, or is shared by them, as at Yale and Princeton. It has never been delegated to the teaching staff. Yet the faculty forms the very core of the university.

President Schurman of Cornell brings out the anomaly most strikingly in a recent report to the trustees of that institution. He says: 'The university is an intellectual organization, composed essentially of devotees of knowledge — some investigating, some communicating, some acquiring — but all dedicated to the intellectual life. . . . The faculty is essentially the university; yet in the governing boards of American universities the faculty is without representation.'

The educational policy and curriculum are entrusted more largely to the care of the teaching body, but the trustees or regents insist upon their legal right as court of last appeal. Even at our least provincial universities an academic programme adopted by the faculty has occasionally been vetoed by the corporation; this occurred at Harvard when the three-year undergraduate course was first planned. On the other hand, new methods of instruction have sometimes been put into operation by the board without ever being submitted to the teaching staff. The Princeton preceptorial system is an instance of this.

Moreover, it is generally conceded by both faculty and corporation that the president or chancellor is responsible for the formulation and administration of the academic policy. But, unlike a constitutional prime minister, he is chosen by the governing board and is not directly responsible to his colleagues in the faculty. He generally selects the deans, the heads of departments, and often the faculty committees. The entire academic machinery is virtually under his control, and the teaching body is expected to carry out his theory of education.

Despite these obvious incongruities the plan has worked well. College instruction in America has kept nearly abreast with the progress of learning. At most institutions the curriculum has been steadily advancing. If the evolution has been slow in some branches, we have not made haste to adopt startling innovations. From the standpoint of *instruction* the American system of university government makes for conservatism and stability, which are important qualities in the undergraduate curriculum — more fundamental, perhaps, than flexibility and progress. It is only from the standpoint of *scholarship* that our theory of control is open to serious criticism.

II

The principle of academic constraint has worked injury to the scholastic profession. The absence of true professional responsibility, coupled with traditional accountability to a group of men devoid of technical training, narrows the outlook of the average college professor and dwarfs his ideals. Any serious departure from existing educational practice, such as the reconstruction of a course or the adoption of a new study, must be justified to a group of laymen and their executive agent. The board which engages the services of a scholar is apt to regard him in the light of a hired workman, rather than a

trained expert specially qualified to offer advice concerning his own branch. Brought up to regard the corporation as the source from which all favors flow, it is not strange that some scholars lay undue stress on the economic side of their position. A colleague of mine, whose learning and intellectual honesty cannot be questioned, tells me that he performs this or that university duty because he is paid to do it. It might well be pointed out that the physician fulfills *his* professional obligations whether he is paid or not.

As a rule the scholar is quite as faithful, quite as altruistic, as the physician. But at the same time he is well aware that material success lies in securing the favor of the governing board: that he endangers his career if the mode or content of his instruction incurs their disapproval. Wilfully in some cases, oftener for lack of incentive, the average scholar fails to put forth his best efforts when professional zeal would carry him beyond the established programme.

The German scholar has higher ideals. In German universities academic freedom of teaching (*akademische Lehrfreiheit*) has long been a cardinal tenet. The professor of highest rank (the *Ordinarius*) is free to offer any course whatsoever within the confines of his own branch. This untrammeled freedom of teaching has led to a somewhat mistaken conception in our own country of the real meaning of academic freedom. It is often imagined that it implies liberty on the part of a professor to advance any theory in classroom without restraint. Some scholars may accept this radical interpretation. But it is doubtful whether any considerable number would practice it even if present limitations were removed.

The American conception of university education, especially our theory of undergraduate instruction, differs widely from the German. The American college seeks to weld its curriculum into an organic unity, and this necessitates a definite apportionment of courses among the staff. Freedom of teaching does not mean that an instructor may offer any course which he deems wise without securing the consent of his colleagues. It means rather the absence of constraint by non-academic forces.

The need of obtaining the consent of the faculty will serve as a check on individual eccentricities. Due regard for the opinion of the scientific world will prevent most scholars from hazarding sensational theories unless the evidence appears thoroughly convincing. No sensible man is content to incur the condemnation of his contemporaries unless he feels assured of a favorable verdict by posterity. A bizarre theory will be advanced only by a madman, a fool, or a genius. The real task is to distinguish between these three classes. The tests of mental disorder are now sufficiently reliable to separate the victim of delusion from the man of strange ideas. The psychiatrist can be trusted to pick out the mentally unbalanced.

But who is to judge whether the fantastic theories advanced by a man of genius are ridiculous heresies or pertinacious facts? Are the politician, the clergyman, and the philanthropist better fitted to decide than the scholar? Is a group of laymen better qualified to formulate a philosophical programme than a group of philosophers? Shall we deem the same body of amateurs more expert in economic theory than the combined wisdom of economists? In determining the professional standing of a scholar and the soundness of his teachings, surely the profession itself should be the court of last appeal. The scholar is by profession a searcher after truth. It is highly improbable that the entire body of specialists will be hopelessly misled by

false doctrine, and biased by unsound judgment. The lay mind, on the contrary, when it is called to pass upon the value of new hypotheses is more than likely to condemn true and false alike.

A trustee at one of our leading universities, I am told, recently expressed a fear lest psychologists might venture to attack certain innate and fundamental truths, such as moral judgment and rational intuition. Few of my colleagues would be foolish enough to enter into a contest with the eternal verities. At the same time no scholar can have much reverence for 'eternal verities' which are incapable of standing some pretty hard knocks. The real test of an eternal truth is its ability to withstand assault and siege.

III

One of the most notable conflicts between a scholar's expert judgment and the opinion of the laity occurred three centuries ago. About 1610, Galileo, a professor at the University of Padua, began publicly to teach the heliocentric theory of the universe, advanced nearly seventy years before by Copernicus as a tentative hypothesis. For teaching this view, Galileo was severely censured; he was compelled to retract the theory and enjoined from promulgating it. Now if the untrained public ever had an indisputable right to interfere with academic teaching, it was in this very case. If ever a theory advanced by eminent scholars deserved condemnation by the world at large, it was the Copernican system.

Consider this hypothesis with a mind unbiased by modern education. The conception is clearly and demonstrably false. To suppose that the solid earth, the firm basis of all things, is flying through space without support, contradicts our most obvious perceptions. It is opposed to every intuition of common sense and reason. And furthermore, to say that the sun does not revolve round the earth, rising and seting day by day, contradicts the plain statements of Scripture. From whatever angle we view it, this revolutionary hypothesis outraged the popular sentiment of the time. As President Butler of Columbia has recently said, 'A university teacher owes a decent respect to the opinions of mankind. Men who feel that their personal convictions require them to treat the mature opinion of the civilized world without respect or with active contempt, may well be given an opportunity to do so from private station, and without the added influence and prestige of a university's name.'

Owing to the limitations of mental medicine at that time, Galileo and his forerunners escaped incarceration in a lunatic asylum. But the irreconcilability of the heliocentric view with Scripture could scarcely be ignored by the Church authorities. Copernicus — who propounded the theory in 1543 — and his immediate disciples were fortunate enough to remain unmolested. The notion of academic freedom existed even then in Germany. Moreover, many theologians, Luther among the rest, regarded the theory as too absurd for serious consideration.

In Italy the church assumed the right to control academic inquiry and instruction. Galileo was summoned before an ecclesiastical court and tried. His teachings were condemned, and in 1616 he was strictly enjoined to silence. In 1630 the strength of his convictions compelled him to undertake a defense of the doctrine. He was again brought to trial in 1633, found guilty, constrained to abjure his dangerous heresy, and sentenced to daily penance.

Surely no doctrine ever seemed more worthy of repression. The Copernican

theory flies squarely in the face of everyday facts. And yet time has justified it, even to the popular mind. With such an example confronting him, how can the layman ever presume to condemn the carefully framed views of a trained scholar?

A similar conflict between expert and untrained judgment arose during the early days of Darwin's biological theory. Darwin himself was not a candidate for academic preferment, and the controversies into which he was drawn need not concern us. But many of his followers, especially in America, were confronted with a choice between intellectual dishonesty and the sacrifice of their career.

When James McCosh was called from Scotland to the presidency of Princeton in 1868, theologians in this country counted upon his staunch orthodoxy to assist in stamping out the baleful doctrine. But McCosh was too thorough a scholar to admit that scientific theory could be refuted by mere citation of Scripture. His influence was exerted in behalf of the new hypothesis with telling effect in orthodox circles.

Yet despite the declaration of many noted scholars and some theologians in favor of Darwinism there were numerous cases of its suppression during the seventies. These are given with some detail in Andrew D. White's *Warfare of Science and Theology*. Even as late as 1884, James Woodrow, professor of natural science in a Presbyterian seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, was compelled to resign his chair for his advocacy of the theory of evolution. At present the biologists appear to have won the right to teach the truth as they understand it.

Interference with freedom of inquiry and instruction in recent years has been largely confined to the departments of philosophy, psychology, and economics, particularly the last. Philosophic theory and psychological principles occasionally come into conflict with traditional ecclesiastical interpretations. Only last year, for example, Dr. John M. Mecklin, professor of philosophy and psychology at Lafayette College, resigned under pressure on account of alleged lack of harmony between his teachings and the traditions of his institution. Fortunately he had no difficulty in obtaining a position elsewhere.

This summer the head of the psychological department at a state university, a psychologist in good standing, was dismissed on indefinite charges, his petition for a faculty committee of inquiry being denied. At one of the state normal schools an assistant professor of psychology of several years' standing was dismissed without warning after a brief hearing before the board.

The researches of economists and sociologists often conflict with the interests of political leaders and organized wealth. In 1895 Professor Bemis of Chicago, and in 1900 Professor Ross of Stanford, were retired from their chairs in economics. Friends of the men claimed, in each case, that pressure had been exerted by patrons of the institution on account of certain economic doctrines which they taught. This the university authorities denied. In neither instance was the truth ever brought out. No academic body existed with authority to investigate the facts, and inquiries by scholars unconnected with the institutions in question were regarded as an unwarranted interference.

In 1911 Professor Banks was dismissed from the University of Florida, following the publication of an article in *The Independent*, in which he stated his conviction that teachers and others in positions of influence made a grievous mistake in the generation prior to the Civil War in not paving the way for a gradual removal of slavery with-

out the loss of so many lives and the consequent pension burden.

Early in 1913 the professor of economics and social science at Wesleyan, Dr. Willard C. Fisher, was summarily suspended after some casual remarks in a public lecture regarding the observation of the Sabbath. Last autumn Dr. J. L. Lewinsohn, professor of law at the University of North Dakota, resigned under pressure, the authorities having disapproved of his active participation in the political campaign. He claims to have been censured by the dean for attending a conference of leaders of the Progressive party.

During the past winter it was charged in the press that Dr. King and Dr. Nearing, two economists in the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, had been denied deserved promotion on account of some statistical inquiries relating to local and state enterprises.

In March Professor A. E. Morse relinquished the chair of political science at Marietta College, Ohio. He claims to have been 'practically forced to resign for political reasons.' This the authorities deny. No judicial body has thus far determined whether freedom of teaching was infringed in this instance. But the attitude of the college toward the *principle* of academic freedom is announced in an official bulletin dealing with the case. It reminds the faculty that 'it is the sacred duty of the trustees to administer the affairs of the institution according to their own judgment and the dictates of their own conscience.' At the close of the session two members of the faculty, friends of Dr. Morse, were offered the choice of resignation or dismissal. No charges were formulated in the resolution which summarily cancelled their professional license. Both men were professors of several years' standing and heads of departments.

IV

Few scholars will deny that the good name of a university or college sometimes demands the exercise of executive authority toward teachers as well as toward students. But there is a growing sentiment that members of the profession should be amenable to academic courts in all matters affecting academic standing. At present the responsibility for action in matters of discipline usually devolves upon the president or chancellor. Generally this official is both judge and jury. From his decision there seems to be no effective appeal. Occasionally the board pronounces the verdict and the president acts as executioner. A very exceptional instance occurred last March, when President Bowman, of the State University of Iowa, offered his resignation on the ground that the Board had dismissed a member of the Faculty without consulting the president, and without giving the accused member a hearing.

In most American institutions of learning the faculty has nothing whatever to do with the dismissal of its members, and often the first intimation of the resignation or suspension of a colleague is received through the public press. One may assent to the justice of the dismissal while resenting the manner in which it was brought about. In one of the cases already mentioned a colleague of the man dismissed told me that he considered the action perfectly just, but the manner absolutely unjustifiable. At a leading eastern university, where several members of the faculty have been removed by executive action within the past few years, one member has stated privately that in his judgment the president's policy is right, although the mode of procedure has been somewhat despotic. Some of his colleagues dissent from

this view, believing the dismissals to have been wholly unjust. In the absence of impartial investigation and report, the outsider is at a loss which statement to accept.

If criticism were confined to the radicals and agitators in our profession it would carry little weight. There are firebrands in the academic world as well as mossbacks, and the utterances of both may be discounted. But sane and solid men have joined in the criticism. Such expression of disapproval by reputable scholars, whether within or without the institution concerned, has never, so far as I know, secured a retrial for the accused, or restored him to his position. In one instance, to my personal knowledge, an eminent scholar deprecated any action in behalf of a certain professor who had lost his place, on the ground that college authorities always look with suspicion upon a man who makes a fuss. He feared that a protest might seriously injure his colleague's future.

A few institutions recognize the propriety of seeking expert testimony in matters affecting a scholar's professional standing. For some time it has been the practice at Yale to consult the faculty in questions of call and promotion. More recently at Princeton the trustees voluntarily declared in favor of department recommendation, and voted to confer on academic questions with a committee elected by the faculty. At Cornell, President Schurman has suggested that one third of the board consist of faculty representatives, on the ground that the faculty is essentially the university. These are all steps in the right direction; but they are exceptions to general practice and there are certain situations which they do not meet. In institutions where one man constitutes a whole department it would be difficult to convince any board that his judgment was unbiased in matters pertaining to his own status. Moreover, in questions of call and promotion the average board is prone to consider the situation largely from a local standpoint, taking no account of the broad university sentiment in the country at large. It fails to get the true perspective. One can scarcely blame its members for this. Laymen cannot be expected to entertain a higher regard for the scholastic vocation than is entertained by scholars themselves.

V

The sense of professional responsibility has been slow to awake in scholars. It is only within the past year that any active attempt has been made to safeguard their professional rights. The spirit of the time is shown in the fact that three independent steps have been taken almost simultaneously. Two of these affect particular branches of learning. The third aims at a general organization of scholars similar to the medical and bar associations.

The first active step was taken in connection with the forced resignation of the professor of philosophy and psychology at Lafayette. Dr. Mecklin's colleagues at other institutions were not satisfied that he had received fair treatment. They could not ascertain that definite charges had been formulated against him, or that testimony had been called for in his behalf. The American Philosophical Association and the American Psychological Association, to both of which Professor Mecklin belonged, appointed a joint committee to investigate the case.

This committee felt bound to respect the definite restrictions upon freedom of teaching which were implied in the denominational character of the college. But they soon found that the charter of Lafayette expressly declared against any theological limitations

whatsoever. Furthermore, the accused insisted that his teachings were in perfect harmony with the tenets of his denomination. He is a Presbyterian minister in good standing, and it appeared that his orthodoxy had never been called in question by his own ecclesiastical authorities.

The committee found that while no definite charges had ever been formulated against Dr. Mecklin, he had been given the very indefinite task of explaining his opinions and teachings to the president. The president himself refused to aid the committee in its endeavor to clear up the situation. He held that he could not with propriety discuss with outsiders questions affecting the college and its members, even though the professional standing of a colleague was at stake. To this position the committee replied in no uncertain terms. The report closes as follows:—

'The attitude thus assumed does not seem to this committee one which can with propriety be maintained by the officers of any college or university toward the inquiries of a representative national organization of college and university teachers and other scholars. We believe it to be the right of the general body of professors of philosophy and psychology to know definitely the conditions of the tenure of any professorship in their subject; and also their right, and that of the public to which colleges look for support, to understand unequivocally what measure of freedom of teaching is guaranteed in any college, and to be informed as to the essential details of any case in which credal restrictions, other than those to which the college officially stands committed, are publicly declared by responsible persons to have been imposed. No college does well to live unto itself to such a degree that it fails to recognize that in all such issues the university teaching profession at large has a legitimate concern. And any college hazards its claim upon the confidence of the public and the friendly regard of the teaching profession by an appearance of unwillingness to make a full and frank statement of the facts in all matters of this sort.'

The report of this committee was read at a joint meeting of the two associations last Christmas. It was approved by unanimous vote, and was ordered printed at the expense of the associations. Copies were sent to the trustees of the institution in question. By a notable coincidence the president of this college offered his resignation within two weeks after the publication of the report, and the resignation was promptly accepted.

A somewhat similar move has since been made in another branch of learning. At its meeting in Washington last Christmas the American Political Science Association appointed a committee of three 'to examine and report upon the present situation in American educational institutions as to liberty of thought, freedom of speech, and security of tenure for teachers of political science.' Similar committees were appointed at the same time by the Economics Association and the American Sociological Society, meeting in other parts of the country. The three committees, acting jointly, have voted to investigate the dismissal of Professor Fisher from Wesleyan University.

VI

Far wider in importance than these acts of special societies is the new movement looking toward the formation of a National Association of College Professors. This was first broached in the spring of 1913 by a number of prominent professors at Columbia and Johns Hopkins. A canvass was made of the attitude toward such an association at

ten leading universities, resulting in the call for a preliminary meeting. This was held last November in Baltimore, and was attended by unofficial representatives of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell, Wisconsin, Clark, and Hopkins.

After considerable discussion it was decided that membership in the new association should be based on a scholar's professional standing without reference to the particular institution with which he chanced to be connected. The chairman of the meeting was authorized to appoint a committee of twenty-five, representing the various departments of learning, whose duty should be to arrange a plan of organization and draw up a constitution. The committee has since been announced. It includes men of national reputation drawn from every field of learning. Professor Dewey of Columbia was selected as chairman.

The character of the men who are promoting this movement indicates somewhat the manner in which it will proceed. It will not be a grievance society or a trade union of the economic type. The men composing the committee are too well balanced to accept any such programme. Their ideals are too high, their interests too scholarly. Throughout the discussion they have had constantly in mind the pattern of the medical and bar associations. The chief purpose of the Association of College Professors will be to elevate the standards of the teaching profession, by promoting self-respect, initiative, and responsibility.

This aim can be furthered in many ways, as appeared from the suggestions received during the preliminary canvass of the universities and at the meeting of delegates. For example, there is room for considerable improvement in the method of filling chairs. It is fair to assume that presidents and boards wish to secure the best man available for any given position. At present the method of selection is rather crude. There is no systematic way of ascertaining what candidates are available. A chance word sometimes turns the scale. A recommendation from those who are not qualified to judge of a candidate's professional attainments may carry the day.

It would of course be a gigantic task for any committee to acquaint itself with the qualifications and status of every man in all our higher institutions. But the establishment of some central bureau would aid the selection considerably. It would lessen the number of able men remaining year after year without promotion or betterment. It might also lessen the number of unworthy men who are advanced through favoritism. Such cases are rare. But there have been instances of men advanced rapidly, not on account of real merit but through the influence of some trustee or patron.

The dismissal of professors is another problem, and one of great delicacy, which the new Association must face. It has been asked to endorse unequivocally the principle that no searcher after truth should be dismissed from an institution of higher learning without trial by his peers, and that no professor should be compelled to resign merely because his views conflict with public opinion. Whether such a principle be formulated or not, the Association will be called upon to define its attitude in particular cases, where political, economic, or theological grounds underlie the popular criticism. Friction in many instances will be avoided if an authoritative committee of scholars declares that certain criticized views are perfectly *debatable;* such a declaration will be the more effective if the teachings in question do not coincide with the theories held by members of the committee.

The mode of selecting the college executive may possibly receive attention by the Association. I do not believe, with Professor Cattell, that the presidency should be made a purely honorary office, the incumbent changing year by year and receiving no additional compensation for his executive services. The executive head of an institution of learning occupies a position of peculiar responsibility and deserves special remuneration. A man of tact and executive ability should not be compelled to relinquish the presidency at the end of a year's service. At the same time it seems obvious that the man who controls academic policy should be directly responsible to the academic body. It would appear almost axiomatic that the college president or university rector should be chosen by the faculty, or by some selected group of scholars in which the faculty of the institution in question is adequately represented. The function of the president is to voice the sentiment of the faculty in directing the academic policy, rather than to dictate that policy.

The trustees are the legal guardians of an institution's endowment and finances. The academic body cannot share these duties, and the new Association can have nothing to do with the economic side. Professor Lovejoy of Johns Hopkins believes that the trustees 'should not only raise and safeguard the funds required for the educational purposes of the institution, but should also have the ultimate power of decision, though not the sole voice, in determining the general *scope* of the institution's work; should decide, for example, when new schools are to be established. For a question of this kind is largely a question whether, in a given community, a specific need, and also a possibility of support, exists for a specified extension of educational activity. And such questions are as much the concern of the lay public as of the professor. . . .

'They should have power, if gross extravagance or notorious educational inefficiency appears in any department, to withhold appropriations from that department until they receive guarantees from the president and faculty that conditions will be set right. They should have a veto in the determination of the general range of salaries — since professors no more than other men ought to fix wholly for themselves the remuneration of their own type of service — but should have no voice in determining individual salaries. And they should have a veto upon the election of a president. . . .

'But beyond these limits a university should be a self-governing republic of scholars. The professors should elect their own president, with the consent and advice of the trustees; they should, through the president and an elective council, make all appointments, promotions, changes in salaries, and the like. From them all academic honors should proceed. Their control over educational policies should extend to such matters as the acceptance or rejection of gifts and bequests; and they should have coördinate powers with the trustees in the fixation of tuition-fees and other charges.'

The functions of this new Association of scholars should by no means be confined to the relation between faculty and corporation. Indeed its most promising work seems to be in other fields. The adjustment of relations between professor and student, between the scholar and the world at large, and between scholar and scholar, comes distinctly within its province.

The medical association prescribes strict rules concerning the relation of physician to patient, and of specialist to general practitioner. The physician

is expected to answer an emergency call, even when no remuneration is assured. The medical association has declared very definitely that a physician must not patent any prescription; all new formulas which he discovers are the property of the profession. But he is allowed to copyright his books, and he may be retained in legal cases as a professional expert.

No such definite regulations exist in the scholastic profession. There are instances where a laboratory has claimed the ownership of apparatus devised by one of its students and the latter has protested. Some investigators patent their laboratory devices; others offer them freely to the profession. Such points of etiquette should be definitely settled in a carefully formulated code. Definite rulings should prescribe to what extent a professor may be expected or given opportunity to deliver popular lectures, and how far research and literary activities may properly share his time with classroom work. It might also be determined to what extent one is bound to supply a colleague's place temporarily in cases of illness, and whether a professor in good standing should accept a chair from which a colleague has been removed without trial.

The Association might discuss as matters of general policy what sabbatical leave should be accorded to the different grades, and whether advancement in grade and salary should ever depend on mere length of service apart from proved efficiency. It should certainly devise some equitable arrangement which would obviate the necessity of making undignified pleas for advancement in one's own behalf.

No less important is the protection of the junior members of the staff from undue exactions by their superiors. The youngest instructor may claim some rights. He should not be overburdened with the task of reading examination papers for others, or perfecting apparatus for which his senior receives the entire credit.

With so many possibilities for action confronting it, the new association will do well to proceed slowly, cautiously, and tactfully. It may be years before the Association of College Professors attains the standing enjoyed by the medical or bar associations. But the new movement marks an important advance in the cause of academic freedom and professional responsibility.

The standing of a university depends above all things on the character of its faculty. It needs not only good teachers, but men of ideals, investigators unhampered by fear of material consequences in presenting the truth as they see it. To foster such a group of scholars, the sense of professional responsibility must be cultivated. The group spirit of any profession can be aroused only by the removal of external constraint and the cultivation of self-restraint.

Few benefactors to the cause of learning attain the self-abnegation shown by Lord Gifford in the endowment of his famous lectureship in Natural Religion. The deed of gift, made public in 1887, contains these memorable words: 'The lecturers appointed shall be subjected to no test of any kind, and shall not be required to take an oath, or to emit or subscribe any declaration of belief, or to make any promise of any kind . . . provided only that the patrons will use diligence to secure that they be sincere lovers of and earnest inquirers after truth.' May the time come when all educational benefactions shall rest on these broad and indestructible foundations.

MORALITY AS AN ART

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THAT living is an art, and the moralist the critic of that art, is a very ancient belief. It was especially widespread among the Greeks. To the Greeks, indeed, this belief was so ingrained and instinctive that it became an implicitly assumed attitude rather than a definitely expressed faith. It was natural to them to speak of a virtuous person as we should speak of a beautiful person. The 'good' was the 'beautiful'; the sphere of ethics for the Greeks was not distinguished from the sphere of æsthetics. They spoke of life as of a craft or a fine art. Protagoras regarded life as the sum of many crafts, and Socrates, his opponent, still always assumed that the moralist's position is that of a critic of a craft. So influential a moralist as Aristotle remarks, in a matter-of-fact way, in his *Poetics*, that if we wish to ascertain whether an act is, or is not, morally right we must consider not merely the intrinsic quality of the act, but the person who does it, the person to whom it is done, the time, the means, the motive. Such an attitude toward life puts out of court an appeal to any rigid moral laws; it means that an act must befit its particular relationships at a particular moment, and that its moral value can, therefore, be judged only by the standard of the spectator's instinctive feeling for proportion and harmony. That is the attitude that we adopt toward a work of art, or any beautiful object in Nature.

It is only implicitly, also, that we ever detect this attitude among the Romans, the pupils of the Greeks. For the most part, the Romans, whose impulses of art were very limited, whose practical mind craved precision and definition, proved rebellious to the idea that living is an art; while the Hebrews, who were scarcely artists at all, never even dreamed of such an art. Their attitude is sufficiently embodied in the story of Moses and that visit to Sinai which resulted in the production of the table of Ten Commandments which we may still see inscribed in old churches. For even our modern feeling about morals is largely Jewish, in some measure Roman, and scarcely Greek at all. We still accept, in theory at all events, the Mosaic conception of morality as a code of rigid and inflexible rules, arbitrarily ordained, and to be blindly obeyed.

The conception of morality as an art, which Christendom once disdained, seems now again to be finding favor in men's eyes. Its path has been made smooth by great thinkers of various complexion. Nietzsche and Bergson, William James and Jules de Gaultier, to name but a few, profoundly differing in many fundamental points, all alike assert the relativity of truth and the inaptitude of rigid maxims to serve as guiding forces in life. They also assert, for a large part, implicitly or explicitly, the authority of art.

The nineteenth century was usually inspired by the maxims of Kant, and lifted its hat reverently when it heard

Kant declaiming his famous sayings concerning the supremacy of an inflexible moral law. They are fine sayings. But as guides, as motives to practical action in the world? The excellent maxims of the valetudinarian professor at Königsberg scarcely seem that to us to-day. Nor do we any longer suppose that we are impertinent in referring to the philosopher's personality. In the investigation of the solar spectrum, personality may count for little; in the investigation of moral laws it counts for much. For personality is the very stuff of morals. The moral maxims of an elderly invalid in a provincial university town have their interest. But so have those of a Casanova. And the moral maxims of a Goethe may possibly have more interest than either. There is the rigid categorical imperative of Kant; and there is also that other dictum, less rigid but more reminiscent of Greece, which some well-inspired person has put into the mouth of Walt Whitman: 'Whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right.'

II

Fundamentally considered, there are two roads by which we may travel toward the moral ends of life: the road of Tradition, which is ultimately that of Instinct, and the road of Reason. It is true that the ingenuity of analytic investigators like Henry Sidgwick has succeeded in enumerating many 'methods of ethics.' But, roughly speaking, there can be only two main roads of life, and only one has proved supremely important. It was by following the path of tradition moulded by instinct that man reached the threshold of civilization; whatever may have been the benefits he derived from the guidance of reason he never consciously allowed reason to control his moral life. Tables of commandments have ever been 'given by God'; they represented, that is to say, obscure impulses of the soul striving to respond to practical needs. No one dreamed of commending them by declaring that they were reasonable.

It is clear how Instinct and Tradition, thus working together, act vitally and beneficently in moulding the moral life of primitive peoples. The 'divine command' was always a command conditioned by the special circumstance under which the tribe lived. That is so even when the moral law is, to our civilized eyes, 'unnatural.' The infanticide of Polynesian islands, where the means of subsistence and the possibilities of expansion were limited, was obviously a necessary measure, beneficent and humane in its effects. The killing of the aged among the migrant Eskimos was equally a necessary and kindly measure, recognized as such by the victims themselves, when it was essential that every member of the community should be able to help himself. Primitive rules of moral action, greatly as they differ among themselves, are all more or less advantageous and helpful on the road of primitive life. It is true that they allow very little, if any, scope for divergent individual moral action.

That, indeed, is the rock on which an instinctive traditional morality must strike as civilization is approached. The tribe has no longer the same unity. Social differentiation has tended to make the family a unit, and psychic differentiation to make even the separate individuals units. The community of interests of the whole tribe has been broken up, and therewithal traditional morality has lost alike its value and its power.

The development of abstract intelligence, which coincides with civilization, works in the same direction. Reason is, indeed, on one side an integrating force, for it shows that the assumption of traditional morality — the identity

of the individual's interests with the interests of the community — is soundly based. But it is also a disintegrating force. For if it reveals a general unity in the ends of living, it devises infinitely various and perplexingly distracting excuses for living. Before the active invasion of reason, living had been an art, a highly conventionalized and even hieratic art, but the motive forces of living lay in life itself and had all the binding sanction of instincts; the penalty of every failure in living, it was felt, would be swiftly and automatically experienced. To apply reason here was to introduce a powerful solvent into morals. Objectively it made morality clearer, but subjectively it destroyed the existing motives for morality; it deprived man, to use the fashionable phraseology of the present day, of a vital illusion.

Henceforth morality in the fundamental sense, the actual practices of the population, sank into the background, divorced from the moral theories which a variegated procession of prancing philosophers gayly flaunted before the world. Kant, whose personal moral problems were concerned with the temptation to eat too many sweetmeats, and other philosophers of even much inferior calibre, were regarded as the law-givers of morality, though they carried little enough weight with the world at large.

Thus it comes about that abstract moral speculations, culminating in rigid maxims, are necessarily sterile and vain. They move in the sphere of reason, and that is the sphere of comprehension, but not of vital action. In this way there arises a moral dualism in civilized man. Objectively he has become like the gods and able to distinguish the ends of life; he has eaten of the fruit of the tree and has knowledge of good and evil. Subjectively he is still not far removed from the savage, most frequently stirred to action by a confused web of emotional motives, among which the interwoven strands of civilized reason are as likely to produce discord or paralysis as to furnish efficient guides.

On the one hand he cannot return to the primitive state in which all the motives for living flowed harmoniously in the same channel; he cannot divest himself of his illuminating reason; he cannot recede from his hardly acquired personal individuality. On the other hand he can never expect, he can never even reasonably hope, that, save in a few abnormal persons, the cold force of reason will ever hold in leash the massive forces of vital emotion. It is clear that along neither path separately can the civilized man pursue his way in harmonious balance with himself.

We begin to realize that what we need is not a code of beautifully cut-and-dried maxims — whether emanating from sacred mountains or from philosophers' studies — but a happy combination of two different ways of living. We need, that is, a traditional and instinctive way of living, based on real motor instincts, which will blend with reason and the manifold needs of personality, instead of being destroyed by their solvent actions, as rigid rules inevitably are. Our only valid rule is a creative impulse that is one with the illuminative power of intelligence.

III

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the seed-time of our modern ideas, as it has so often seemed to be, the English people, having at length brought their language to a high degree of clarity and precision, became much interested in philosophy, psychology, and ethics. Their interest was, indeed, often superficial and amateurish, al-

though they were soon to produce some of the most notable figures in the whole history of thought.

The third Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the earliest of the group, himself illustrated this unsystematic method of thinking. He was an amateur, an aristocratic amateur, careless of consistency, and not by any means concerned to erect a philosophic system. Not that he was a worse thinker on that account. The world's greatest thinkers have often been amateurs; for high thinking is the outcome of fine and independent living, and for that a professorial chair offers no special opportunities. Shaftesbury was, moreover, a man of fragile physical constitution, as Kant was; but, unlike Kant, he was heroically seeking to live a complete and harmonious life. By temperament he was a Stoic, and he wrote a characteristic book of *Exercises*, as he proposed to call his *Philosophical Regimen*, in which he consciously seeks to discipline himself in fine thinking and right living, plainly acknowledging that he is a disciple of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. But Shaftesbury was also a man of genius, and as such it was his good fortune to throw afresh into the stream of thought a fruitful conception, absorbed indeed from Greece, and long implicit in men's minds, but never before made clearly recognizable as a moral theory and an ethical temper, susceptible of being labeled by the philosophic historian, as it since has been, under the name, as passable no doubt as any other, of Æsthetic Intuitionism.

'He seems,' wrote Mandeville, his unfriendly contemporary, of Shaftesbury, 'to require and expect goodness in his species as we do a sweet taste in grapes and China oranges, of which, if any of them are sour, we boldly pronounce that they are not come to that perfection their nature is capable of.' In a certain sense this was correct. Shaftesbury, it has been said, was the father of that new ethics which recognizes that Nature is not a mere impulse of self-preservation, as Hobbes thought, but also a racial impulse, having regard to others; there are social inclinations in the individual, he realized, that go beyond individual ends. Therewith 'goodness' was seen, for the first time, to be as 'natural' as the sweetness of ripe fruit. Shaftesbury held that human actions should have a beauty of symmetry, proportion, and harmony, which should appeal to us, not because they accord with any rule or maxim (although they may possibly be susceptible of measurement), but because they satisfy our instinctive feelings, evoking an approval which is strictly an æsthetic judgment of moral action.

This instinctive judgment was not, as Shaftesbury understood it, a guide to action. He held, rightly enough, that the impulse to action is fundamental and primary, that fine action is the outcome of finely tempered natures. It is a feeling for the just time and measure of human passion, and maxims are useless to him whose nature is ill-balanced. 'Virtue is no other than the love of order and beauty in society.'

Æsthetic appreciation of an act, and even an ecstatic pleasure in it, are part of our æsthetic delight in Nature generally, which includes Man. Nature, it is clear, plays a large part in this conception of the moral life. To lack balance in any plane of moral conduct is to be unnatural.

'Nature is not mocked,' said Shaftesbury. She is a miracle, for miracles are not things that are performed but things that are perceived, and to fail here is to fail in perception of the divinity of Nature, to do violence to her, and to court moral destruction.

A return to Nature is not a return to ignorance or savagery, but to the first instinctive feeling for the beauty

of well-proportioned affection. 'The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth,' he asserts, and he recurs again and again to 'the beauty of honesty.' '*Dulce et decorum est* was his sole reason,' he says of the classical pagan, adding, 'And this is still a good reason.' It seems natural to him to refer to the magistrate as an artist; 'the magistrate, if he be an artist,' he incidentally says. We must not make morality depend on authority. The true artist, in any art, will never act below his character.' 'Let who will make it for you as you fancy,' the artist declares, 'I know it to be wrong. Whatever I have made hitherto has been true work. And neither for your sake or anybody's else shall I put my hand to any other.' 'This is virtue!' exclaims Shaftesbury. 'This disposition transferred to the whole of life perfects a character. For there is a workmanship and a truth in actions.'

Shaftesbury, it may be repeated, was an amateur, not only in philosophy but even in the arts. He regarded literature as one of the schoolmasters for fine living, yet he was not a fine artist in writing, though, directly or indirectly, he helped to inspire, not only Pope but Thomson and Cowper and Wordsworth. He was inevitably interested in painting, but his tastes were merely those of the ordinary connoisseur of his time. This gives a certain superficiality to his general æsthetic vision, though it was far from true, as the theologians supposed, that he was lacking in seriousness. His chief immediate followers, like Hutcheson, came out of Calvinistic Puritanism. He was himself an austere Stoic who adapted himself to the tone of the well-bred world he lived in. But if an amateur, he was an amateur of genius. He threw a vast and fruitful conception, caught from the *Poetics* of Aristotle, 'the Great Master of Arts,' and developed with fine insight, into our modern world. Not merely the so-called Scottish Philosophers, but most of the great thinkers of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in England, France, and Germany, were in some measure inspired, influenced, or anticipated by Shaftesbury. Voltaire and Diderot, Lessing and Herder, even Kant, helped to develop the conception that Shaftesbury first formulated.

As Shaftesbury stated the matter, however, it was left on the whole vague and large. He made no very clear distinction between the creative artistic impulse in life and critical æsthetic appreciation. In the sphere of morals we cannot always afford to wait until our activity is completed to appreciate its beauty or its ugliness. On the background of general æsthetic judgment we have to concentrate on the forces of creative artistic activity, whose work it is painfully to mould the clay of moral action, and forge its iron, long before the æsthetic criterion can be applied to the final product. Shaftesbury, indeed, would have recognized this, but it was not enough to say, as he said, that we may prepare ourselves for moral action by study in literature. One may be willing to regard living as an art, and yet be of opinion that it is as unsatisfactory to learn the art of living in literature as to learn, let us say, the art of music in architecture.

It was necessary to concentrate and apply these large general ideas. To some extent this was done by Shaftesbury's immediate successors and followers, such as Hutcheson and Arbuckle, who taught that man is, ethically, an artist whose work is his own life. They concentrated attention on the really creative aspects of the artist in life, æsthetic appreciation of the finished product being regarded as secondary. For all art is, primarily, not a contemplation but a doing, a creative action, and morality is so preëminently.

With Schiller, whose attitude was not, however, based directly on Shaftesbury, the æsthetic conception of morals, which in its definitely conscious form had until then been especially English, may be said to have entered the main stream of culture. Schiller regarded the identity of Duty and Inclination as the ideal goal of human development, and looked on the Genius of Beauty as the chief guide of life. Wilhelm von Humboldt, one of the greatest spirits of that age, was moved by the same ideas throughout his life, although in many respects he changed, and even shortly before his death wrote in deprecation of the notion that conformity to duty is the final aim of morality. Goethe, who was the intimate friend of both Schiller and Humboldt, largely shared the same attitude, and through him it had a subtle and boundless influence. Kant, who, it has been said, mistook Duty for a Prussian drill-sergeant, still ruled the academic moral world. But a new vivifying and moulding force had entered the larger moral world, and to-day we may detect its presence on every side.

IV

It has often been brought against the conception of morality as an art that it lacks seriousness. It seems to many people to involve an easy, self-indulgent, dilettante way of looking at life. Certainly it is not the way of the Old Testament. The Hebrews were no æsthetic intuitionists. They hated art, for the most part, and in face of the problems of living they were not in the habit of considering the lilies how they grow. It was not the beauty of holiness, but the stern rod of a jealous Jehovah, which they craved for their encouragement along the path of Duty. And it is the Hebrew mode of feeling which has been, more or less violently and imperfectly, grafted upon our Christianity.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the conception of life as an art makes no appeal to those who look seriously at life. The very reverse is the fact. This way of looking at life has spontaneously commended itself to men of the gravest and deepest character, in all other respects widely unlike each other. Shaftesbury was temperamentally a Stoic whose fragile constitution involved a perpetual endeavor to mould life to the form of his ideal. And if we go back to Marcus Aurelius we find an austere and heroic man whose whole life, as we trace it in his *Meditations*, was a splendid struggle; a man who — even, it seems, unconsciously — had adopted the æsthetic criterion of moral goodness and the artistic conception of moral action. Dancing and wrestling express to his eyes the activity of the man who is striving to live, and the goodness of moral actions instinctively appears to him as the beauty of natural objects; it is to Marcus Aurelius that we owe that immortal utterance of æsthetic intuitionism, 'As though the emerald should say: "Whatever happens I must be emerald."'

There could be no man more unlike the Roman Emperor and in any more remote field of action than the French saint and philanthropist, Vincent de Paul. At once a genuine Christian mystic and a very wise and marvelously effective man of action, Vincent de Paul adopts precisely the same simile of the moral attitude that in the next century was to be taken up by Shaftesbury. 'My daughters,' he wrote to the Sisters of Charity, 'we are each like a block of stone which is to be transformed into a statue. What must the sculptor do to carry out his design? First of all he must take the hammer and chip off all that he does not need. For this purpose

he strikes the stone so violently that if you were watching him you would say he intended to break it to pieces. Then, when he has got rid of the rougher parts, he takes a smaller hammer, and afterwards a chisel, to begin the face with all the features. When that has taken form he uses other and finer tools to bring it to that perfection he has intended for his statue.'

If we desire to find a spiritual artist as unlike as possible to Vincent de Paul we may take Nietzsche. Alien as any man could ever be to a cheap or superficial vision of the moral life, and far too intellectually keen to confuse moral problems with purely æsthetic problems, Nietzsche, when faced by the problem of living, set himself — almost as instinctively as Marcus Aurelius or Vincent de Paul — at the standpoint of art. A man must make himself a work of art, he again and again declares, moulded into beauty by suffering, for such art is the highest morality, the morality of the Creator.

There is a certain indefiniteness about the conception of morality as an artistic impulse, to be judged by an æsthetic criterion, which is profoundly repugnant to at least two classes of minds fully entitled to make their antipathy felt. In the first place it makes no appeal to the abstract reasoner, indifferent to the manifoldly concrete problems of living. For the man whose brain is hypertrophied and whose practical life is shriveled to an insignificant routine, — the man of whom Kant is the supreme type, — it is always a temptation to rationalize morality. Such a pure intellectualist, overlooking the fact that human beings are not mathematical figures, may even desire to transform ethics into a species of geometry. Thus we may see in Spinoza a nobler and more inspiring figure, no doubt, but of the same temperament as Kant. The impulses and desires of ordinary men and women are manifold, inconstant, often conflicting, and sometimes overwhelming. But to men of the intellectualist type this consideration is almost negligible; all the passions and affections of humanity seem to them meek as sheep which they may shepherd, and pen within the flimsiest hurdles. William Blake, who could cut down to that central core of the world where all things are fused together, knew better when he said that the only golden rule of life is 'the great and golden rule of art.' James Hinton was forever expatiating on the close resemblance between the methods of art, as shown especially in painting, and the methods of moral action. Thoreau, who also belonged to this tribe, declared, in the same spirit as Blake, that there is no golden rule in morals, for rules are only current silver; 'it is golden not to have any rule at all.'

There is another quite different type of person who shares this antipathy to the indefiniteness of æsthetic morality: the ambitious moral reformer. The man of this class is usually by no means devoid of strong passions; but for the most part he possesses no great intellectual calibre, and so is unable to estimate the force and complexity of human impulses. The moral reformer, eager to introduce the millennium at once by the aid of the newest mechanical devices, is righteously indignant with anything so vague as an æsthetic morality. He must have definite rules and regulations, clear-cut laws and by-laws, with an arbitrary list of penalties attached, to be duly inflicted in this world or the next. The popular conception of Moses, descending from the sacred mount with a brand-new table of commandments, which he declares have been delivered to him by God, though he is ready to smash them to pieces on the slightest provocation, furnishes the image of the typical

moral reformer of every age. It is, however, only in savage and barbarous stages of society, or among the uncultivated classes of civilization, that the men of this type can find their faithful followers.

In Pascal we have a man of the highest genius who belonged to both these types, at once a keenly precise mathematician and an ardently theocratic moralist. It is not surprising that he was ferociously opposed to all indefiniteness in morals. The Jesuits can scarcely be regarded as the champions of æsthetic morality, and the eccentric complacencies of some of their adepts may arouse indignation or amusement; the exercise of the art-impulse in life, moreover, is scarcely compatible with the Jesuits' passion for spiritual direction. Yet the casuists had grasped a great vital principle: they realized, as Aristotle had realized, that the morality of an action depends on a great many circumstances, and cannot be crystallized, once for all, in a formula. So it is, as Remy de Gourmon has pointed out, that some of the Jesuitic propositions which Pascal held up for scorn seem to us to-day self-evidently true, and the irony falls flat. So significant a fact enables us to realize that the instinctive feelings of men, so far at any rate as Pascal may claim to represent them, have undergone a change, and are now on the side of the harmonious flexibility of moral action rather than on the side of unflexible rigidity.

Yet there is more to be said. That very indefiniteness of the criterion of moral action, falsely supposed to be a disadvantage, is really the prime condition for effective moral action. The academic philosophers of ethics, had they possessed virility enough to enter the field of real life, would have realized — as we cannot expect the moral reformers blinded by the smoke of their own fanaticism to realize — that the slavery to rigid formulas which they preached was the death of all high moral responsibility. Life must always be a great adventure, with risks on every hand; a clear-sighted eye, a many-sided sympathy, a fine daring, an endless patience, are forever necessary to all good living. With such qualities alone may the artist in life reach success; without them even the most devoted slave to formulas can meet only disaster. No responsible moral being may draw breath without an open-eyed freedom of choice, and if the moral world is to be governed by laws, better to people it with automatic machines than with living men and women.

In our human world the precision of mechanism is forever impossible. The indefiniteness of morality is a part of its necessary imperfection. There is not only room in morality for the high aspiration, the courageous decision, the tonic thrill of the muscles of the soul, but we have to admit also sacrifice and pain. The lesser good, our own or that of others, is merged in a larger good, and that cannot be without some rending of the heart. So all moral action, however in the end it may be justified by its harmony and balance, is in the making cruel and in a sense even immoral. Therein lies the final justification of the æsthetic conception of morality. It opens wider perspectives and reveals loftier standpoints; it shows how the seeming loss is part of an ultimate gain, so restoring that harmony and beauty which the unintelligent partisans of a hard and barren duty so often destroy for ever. 'Art,' as Paulhan declares, 'is often more moral than morality itself.' Or, as Jules de Gaultier holds, 'Art is in a certain sense the only morality which life admits.' In so far as we can infuse it with the spirit and method of art, we have transformed morality into something beyond morality.

JAPAN AND THE EUROPEAN WAR

BY KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

THAT 'peace is the work of righteousness' is a trite saying. Yet this truism has seldom been observed in international dealings. Japan's participation in the European war and her campaign against the German possession of Kiao-chau is simply another illustration of justice asserting itself against the wrong enthroned upon the dais of selfishness at the expense of righteousness. It is proof that no two nations can remain friendly without mutual respect and consideration.

In these days when European nations are battling against one another, all in the name of God and of the Prince of Peace, it seems useless to say that Japan is essentially a peace-loving people. Yet it is a remarkable fact that while Europe was engaged in continuous internecine warfare, Japan enjoyed two hundred and fifty years of Arcadian peace under the Tokugawa Shogunate. To this record not a parallel is to be found in the history of the world.

Rejuvenated by the impact of foreign cannon-balls, Japan had to fight two mighty wars, — as all young nations must fight to protect themselves against the encroachments of older, stronger neighbors. Japan's wars with China and with Russia were wars of self-defense. On that subject the verdict of history has already been given.

Japan's generals and admirals are not to be classed in the herd of vulgar warriors. Togo and Cyama, Yamagata and Nogi, are of the school of Timoleon, of William of Nassau, and of George Washington. They have drawn the sword only to give peace to their country, and restore her to her place in the great assembly of the nations.

Japan does not glory in conquest. Even in conquered lands she has not built emblems of triumph. Upon the pinnacle of a shell-rent hill at Port Arthur to-day stands, not a monument of Japanese victory, but a monument which the Mikado's soldiers dedicated, while the flames of war were still smouldering, to the spirits of the Tsar's gallant fighters who defended their fortresses with unwavering courage against the onslaughts of the Japanese.

The world has not yet forgotten that in the Boxer disturbance the Japanese soldiers were the most orderly and humane of all foreign troops brought to China on the occasion. Your charming writer, Eliza Scidmore, in her *As The Hague Ordains*, told you how humanely Japan conducted the war against Russia.

Toward individual Germans no Japanese entertains animosity. So far from it, every Japanese loves and respects Germans. Japan is grateful for the contribution which the Germans have made to her progress and civilization. Many a Japanese scholar has made pilgrimage to German seats of learning, and many a German scientist and expert were tutors in our schools and factories. And yet Japan is confronting Germany in the arena of battle.

Japan's coffers are not overflowing with gold. The two wars made her

comparatively poor; she must needs devote all her time and energy to the recuperation of her financial strength. She knows that another war at this time must arrest the progress of her commerce and industry and add more weight to the burden which has already been taxing the strength of the nation. Why, then, did Japan send an ultimatum to Germany?

Because Japan's experiences with Germany during the past two decades have convinced her that Germany is a disturbing factor in the Far East and a menace to both China and herself.

Because Japan regards treaty obligations as sacred and inviolable, even when the fulfillment of such obligations must entail enormous cost.

Because Japan believes that the maintenance of China's territorial integrity is essential to her security and independence.

Japan's Experience with the German Government

You all know how the Kaiser treated the Mikado at the end of the Chino-Japanese war, which cost Japan a hundred thousand lives and a billion yen; few of you are aware that Germany's interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms was only the first of many unpleasant experiences which Japan has had with Germany.

The Germans to-day are anxious to tell the public what enormous sums the Berlin government has expended for the upbuilding of Kiao-chau; but compared with the sacrifice Japan offered upon the altar of Port Arthur, German expenditure on Kiao-chau sinks into insignificance. Germany ousted Japan from Port Arthur because she wanted to give it to Russia so that she might take Kiao-chau without Russia's objection. It was a game of give-and-take between the Tsar and the Kaiser. When the peace treaty was signed between Japan and China all Japan was celebrating; the next day the nation was in mourning because of the German advice compelling Japan to quit Port Arthur. Never was Japan's pride so greatly outraged as on that occasion. An officer destroyed himself in protest against the government's acquiescence in the German advice; several cut their fingers, and with their own blood wrote memorials urging the government not to be bullied by the Powers.

The German seizure of Kiao-chau, followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei, and the French occupation of Kwan-chow Bay, was responsible for the Boxer disturbance of 1910. When the Boxers besieged the legations in Peking, Japan immediately proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to rescue the beleaguered foreigners. The Kaiser put his foot upon the Japanese overture and insisted that, unless he was satisfied that Japan's action would by no means interfere with the interests of other nations, he could not consent to the proposal.

The historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the Kaiser was disagreeable enough to the Japanese, but when the Japanese found the Kaiser secretly encouraging the Tsar to muster his troops in Manchuria in the wake of the Boxer incident, they saw in him an imminent danger to their country. About this time the London *Times* published an article reporting the existence of a secret treaty by which the Kaiser was to render the Tsar clandestine assistance in the event of a Russo-Japanese war.

When Japan was engaged in a life-and-death struggle in Manchuria, German attitude toward Russia was virtual violation of neutrality. The German government, for example, permitted a

German steamship company to sell a number of steamships to the Russian navy and so help Rozhestvenski's Baltic squadron to secure coal en route to the Japan Sea. What was more surprising, a German prince who was by Japan's special courtesy allowed to accompany the army to the front, was found secretly reporting to his government the activities of the Mikado's forces without permission of the censoring officers.

From such experiences the Japanese believe that the presence on Chinese soil of a German naval and military base is a constant menace to their country. Would that China could be far-sighted enough to see that her position can be strengthened only by cooperating with Japan.

England Asked Japan to Act

The assertion that Japan thrust herself upon the war without England's invitation is as sinister as it is unwarranted. Japan did not join hands with England without England's request. When it became evident that England must come to the rescue of France and Belgium, the press of Japan, without exception, hoped that Japan would not be called upon to aid her western ally. But the western ally did call upon Japan.

On August 3, that is, the day before England declared war on Germany, the British Ambassador to Japan hurried back to Tokio from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, Foreign Minister. At this conference the British Ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany, and that it desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities.

Baron Kato answered that the question put to him was such a serious one that he could not answer it on his own account.

On the evening of the same day Count Okuma convened a meeting of all the Cabinet members. Bearing the resolution of this meeting, Baron Kato, on August 4, called upon the British Ambassador and told the latter that Japan would not shirk the responsibilities which the alliance with England put upon her shoulders.

At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England for at least a few months. But on August 7 the British Ambassador suddenly asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told the Foreign Minister that the situation had developed in such a manner as to oblige England to ask for Japan's assistance without delay. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the 'elder statesmen' and his colleagues to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock the next morning. Before it adjourned the policy of Japan was definitely formulated.

What caused Downing Street to invite Japan's coöperation so soon is not clearly known to the outside world. But the Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate the German scheme to transfer Kiao-chau to the Chinese government before Germany was compelled to surrender it at the point of the sword. Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed, in virtue of Article 5 of the Kiao-chau Convention of 1898, the privilege of securing in some future time 'a more suitable territory' in China. This was exactly the condition which the allies did not want to see established in China. If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to

abandon Kiao-chau by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to 'cede to Germany a more suitable place.'

This was, I think, what persuaded Japan and England to act promptly in the Far East. In the meantime a German cruiser, ignoring the rights of a neutral state, captured a Russian steamer within Japanese jurisdiction; a British gunboat, chased by another German cruiser, fled into a port only a hundred miles west of Tokio; a number of British merchant vessels were either captured or chased by German warships; while a few Japanese ships were also intercepted by German cruisers. These activities of the German squadron were interpreted by Japan and England as a disturbance to 'general peace' in the Far East and the 'special interests' of the two countries in that region.

Japan's Wish for China's Territorial Integrity

In proposing to restore Kiao-chau to China, Japan is not actuated by altruistic motives, but by motives of self-interest. Not that she wants to ingratiate herself with China; it is simply that she thinks that her interests and safety can be most effectively protected by preserving the territorial integrity of China.

Japan's strength lies in her isolated position, widely separated from the aggressive countries of the West. As England is trying to avoid the brunt of German aggressiveness by upholding the independence and integrity of the Netherlands, so Japan is anxious to maintain the territorial integrity of China, making it a sort of buffer state. This cherished aim of Japan has been partly frustrated because of German and Russian aggressions in China. To protect her existence and safety against the designs of such ambitious powers, Japan was compelled to occupy Korea and Port Arthur, thus making her territory contiguous to that of Russia. To-day Japan feels more forcibly than ever the disadvantage of having such an aggressive nation as Russia as her neighbor, and she does not want to see another ambitious power establish itself upon Chinese soil.

This is the reason that Japan does not wish to occupy Kiao-chau or any other section of China. The logic is clear: should Japan occupy Kiao-chau permanently, other Powers would surely follow Japan's suit and slice up for themselves large portions of Chinese territory. Should this come to pass, the powerful nations of the West would become Japan's immediate neighbors, thus inevitably weakening her naturally strong position. This means a larger army and a more powerful navy, with a proportionately heavier burden of taxation.

No sane Japanese can fail to see that the game is not worth the candle. It is only by maintaining the territorial integrity of China that Japan can enjoy peace and devote her energies to the promotion of the arts of peace.

Japan and the United States

As the historian Bancroft says, the 'vine of liberty' under American auspices took deep root and filled the land and reached unto both oceans. Westward the 'fame of this only daughter of freedom' crossed the Pacific and inspired the islanders of Japan.

To-day Japan is the one standard-bearer of modernism in the whole Orient. 'The wisdom which had passed from India to Greece; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all

shed on her their selectest influence.'

But the nation whose political and social ideals exercised the most potent influence upon Japan is the United States. For the Declaration of Independence which went forth from the historic hall of Philadelphia found her disciple in the 'child of the world's old age.'

Geographically Japan intervenes between the great autocracy of Russia and the grand republicanism of America. With the moral support, if not the material assistance, of the United States, Japan hopes to stem the tide of Russian autocracy with its militarism, its religious intolerance, its discriminating policy against foreign interests in commerce and trade.

Japan cherishes no animosity toward the Russian, but she realizes that her greatest danger lies across the Japan Sea. It is the irony of fate that, in taking up arms against Germany, Japan should appear to be aiding Russia. The Japanese would feel sorry if the Empire of the Kaiser were to be overrun by the Tsar's Cossacks, because Japan stands for liberalism and is opposed to autocracy and militarism.

This very fact that the Japanese stand for liberalism persuaded them to combat the militarism of Germany in the Far East. No one wishes more sincerely than the Japanese that the war should terminate promptly and result in the establishment of a better understanding between Japan and Germany, based upon mutual respect and consideration, each recognizing fully the rights of the other; for no two nations can be friendly when neither scruples to disregard the rights of the other. The dove of peace builds her nest in the haunts of righteousness, and she builds it nowhere else.

That Japan's policy in China is in harmony with that of the United States needs no explanation. But for those uninitiated in the history of Far Eastern diplomacy a few words may not be amiss.

Following upon the heels of the war against Russia, Japan concluded with England a treaty whose foremost aim was the 'preservation of the common interests of all the Powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.'

Again, in June, 1907, Japan took the initiative in exchanging with France a memorandum whose object was the preservation of the territorial integrity of China.

For the third time Japan, in July, 1907, succeeded in concluding with Russia a convention recognizing 'the independence and the territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the principle of equal opportunity in whatever concerns the commerce and industry of all nations in that empire,' and engaging 'to sustain and defend the maintenance of the status quo and respect for this principle by all the pacific means within their reach.'

It is plain to you that the principles embodied in all these documents are in perfect consonance with the traditional policy of the United States in the Far East, as it was enunciated by the late illustrious Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, and as it has been consistently followed by his successors.

The Commerce of the Pacific

Japan's foremost object in joining hands with England in the present world-crisis is to keep the Pacific lanes of trade free from molestation, as well as to remove the German base of operation in China, and thus insure enduring peace in the Far East.

With the European nations in the grip of war, the importation of Euro-

pean merchandise to China has virtually stopped. In this Japan sees a golden opportunity both for America and for herself.

China imports 473,000,000 taels' worth of goods every year. Of this total at least 171,300,000 taels is divided up by Europe. Can American manufacturers fail to see what a splendid opportunity is offered them? Japan, importing cotton and other raw materials from America, turns them into finished merchandise to be shipped to China. Japan's merchant vessels, plying the seas sentineled by her cruisers, are at the service of American manufacturers to transport their merchandise to the vast markets of China.

To-day the United States exports to China only 36,000,000 taels' worth of goods. Compare this with 269,200,000 taels of Great Britain (including India and Hongkong) and you can realize what a vast field lies before you for your commerce. Japan's exports to China amount to 90,000,000 taels per annum, much of which is made up of merchandise whose raw materials come from the United States.

Turn to Japan, and you find another wide field awaiting your commercial activities. Europe's exports to Japan amount to 203,000,000 yen per annum. To this total England contributes 116,-146,000 yen. Add to this 135,000,000 yen from British India and 881,550 yen from Hongkong, and you see what an enormous trade Great Britain is doing in Japan. German exports to Japan total 61,000,000 yen per annum, and those of France and Belgium amount to 5,400,000 yen and 9,087,000 yen respectively.

Now that the war has stopped all imports from Europe, America is in a position to monopolize the Japanese market. Can the merchants and manufacturers of America afford to let this opportunity slip?

The destiny of the Pacific is in the hands of the three nations—America, Great Britain, and Japan. Guided by England and the United States, Japan hopes to maintain the peace of the Pacific, and especially of the Far East. And the peace of the Pacific cannot be maintained without preserving the territorial integrity of China.

THE CRISIS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE present war has revealed the flimsiness of the world's superficial learning. It has also laid bare the working of those deep forces that hold men together. At first we felt a shock, for we saw that a volcanic attack was being made upon modern society. But we were visited almost at the same time by a new sense of the solidarity of mankind. Two thirds of Europe were welded into a single country in a night, while America's mission as an unselfish and just nation was clearly seen by all men. The state papers of our country have been filled, from Revolutionary times downward, with thoughts which find an application now. Our popular education, our practical training, have fitted us for this crisis.

Mankind is witnessing a great burlesque of patriotism, — a *reductio ad absurdum* of national feeling, — which has been maturing during forty years in the bosom of Europe, and now appears in the form of a national madness. Its utterances make small appeal to those untouched by the craze, yet appear like divinity to the initiated. Even some of our own American professors and literary men, who have been living in contact with the German mind, betray signs of a sympathetic madness, which may be studied as a part of the great phenomenon now in progress. On the other hand it is perfectly certain that there exist in Germany numbers of persons whose intellects are untouched by the passions of the day, and whose voices will be heard as those passions begin to subside.

A vision of the destiny of man has today flashed over the world. It recalls the religious awakening in Northern Europe that followed in the footsteps of the first Christian missionaries. All smaller animosities are cast aside in the endeavor to save the essentials of a common life. The cataclysm has passed through each private consciousness like the stroke of an invisible wand, and the western world has throbbed, and still throbs, like one man. For a period which must last for several years, the greater part of Europe and all of America will agonize daily over the same thought. Non-Teutonic Europe and both Americas have become a vast, unitary thinking-machine, which grinds honestly, remorselessly, painfully, and with a passionate desire to find the truth. The progress of its thought is seen to be determinate, inscrutable, mechanical. So many sides has the problem that all men are, as it were, equalized by the act of grappling with it. Learned and unlearned are equally at a loss, equally competent. The philosopher can hardly suggest any idea on the matter which his coachman does not anticipate or his gardener express in an epigram. Compelling force invades the sanctuaries of men's minds and no private breast is immune. We see as possibilities the respect of nations for one another, the subsidence of hatreds, the lessening of armaments. Beyond these vistas of political change the convulsion now in progress seems to portend unfathomable changes in men's tone of mind

and in their outlook upon life. An era has closed. A page in the history of man has been turned. Every individual must stand still and discover by the outcome what relation he will bear to the new dispensation.

One thing has been made apparent, namely, that the relations between good and evil are inscrutable. All of this new life seems to have leaped into being in response to an attack upon life; all of this reason, in response to unreason; all of the new order, in response to chaos.

The inhabitants of Europe are near the conflagration, which they watch while their treasure and their children are being consumed by it. They have less leisure for thought than we. And thus for the moment America has become the focus of such reflection as humanity can afford time for. Moral influence is indeed all that America can contribute to the situation. To see clearly is our province. We must strive only for vision, feeling sure that this will somehow qualify the vision of the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE CHAIR

ABOUT once in so often a man must go to the barber for what, with contemptuous brevity, is called a haircut. He must sit in a big chair, a voluminous bib (prettily decorated with polka dots) tucked in round his neck, and let another human being cut his hair for him. His head, with all its internal mystery and wealth of thought, becomes for the time being a mere poll, worth two dollars a year to the tax-assessor: an irregularly shaped object, between a summer squash and a cantaloupe, with too much hair on it, as very likely several friends and acquaintances have advised him. His identity vanishes.

As a rule the less he now says or thinks about his head, the better: he has given it to the barber, and the barber will do as he pleases with it. It is only when the man is little and is brought in by his mother, that the job will be done according to instructions; and this is because the man's mother is in a position to see the back of his head. Also because the weakest woman under such circumstances has strong convictions. When the man is older the barber will sometimes allow him to see the haircut, cleverly reflected in two mirrors; but not one man in a thousand — nay, in ten thousand — would dare express himself as dissatisfied. After all, what does he know of haircuts, he who is no barber? Women feel differently; and I know of one man, returning home with a new haircut, who was compelled to turn round again and take what his wife called his 'poor' head to another barber by whom the haircut was more happily finished. But that was exceptional. And it happened to that man but once.

The very word 'haircut' is objectionable. It snips like the scissors. Yet it describes the operation more honestly than the substitute 'trim,' a euphemism indicating a jaunty habit of dropping in frequently at the barber's, and

so keeping the hair perpetually at just the length that is most becoming. For most men, although the knowledge must be gathered by keen, patient observation and never by honest confession, there is a period, lasting about a week, when the length of their hair is admirable. But it comes between haircuts. The haircut itself is never satisfactory. If his hair was too long before (and on this point he has the evidence of unprejudiced witnesses), it is too short now. It must grow steadily — count on it for that! — until for a brief period it is 'just right,' æsthetically suited to the contour of his face and the cut of his features, and beginning already imperceptibly to grow too long again.

Soon this growth becomes visible, and the man begins to worry. 'I must go to the barber,' he says in a harassed way. 'I must get a haircut.' But the days pass. It is always to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. When he goes, he goes suddenly.

There is something within us, probably our immortal soul, that postpones a haircut; and yet in the end our immortal souls have little to do with the actual process. It is impossible to conceive of one immortal soul cutting another immortal soul's hair. My own soul, I am sure, has never entered a barber's shop. It stops and waits for me at the portal. Probably it converses on subjects remote from our bodily consciousness with the immortal souls of barbers, patiently waiting until the barbers finish their morning's work and come out to lunch.

Even during the haircut our hair is still growing, never stopping, never at rest, never in a hurry: it grows while we sleep, as was proved by Rip Van Winkle. And yet perhaps sometimes it is in a hurry; perhaps that is why it falls out. In rare cases the contagion of speed spreads; the last hair hurries after all the others; the man is emancipated from dependence on barbers. I know a barber who is in this independent condition himself (for the barber can no more cut his own hair than the rest of us) and yet sells his customers a preparation warranted to keep them from attaining it, a seeming anomaly which can be explained only on the ground that business is business. To escape the haircut one must be quite without hair that one cannot see and reach; and herein possibly is the reason for a fashion which has often perplexed students of the Norman Conquest. The Norman soldiery wore no hair on the backs of their heads; and each brave fellow could sit down in front of his polished shield and cut his own hair without much trouble. But the scheme had a weakness. The back of the head had to be shaven, and the fashion doubtless went out because, after all, nothing was gained by it. One simply turned over on one's face in the barber's chair instead of sitting up straight.

Fortunately we begin having a haircut when we are too young to think, and when also the process is sugar-coated by the knowledge that we are losing our curls. Then habit accustoms us to it. Yet it is significant that men of refinement seek the barber in secluded places, basements of hotels for choice, where they can be seen only by barbers and by other refined men having or about to have haircuts; and that men of less refinement submit to the operation where every passer-by can stare in and see them, bibs round their necks and their shorn locks lying in pathetic little heaps on the floor. There is a barber's shop of this kind in Boston where one of the barbers, having no head to play with, plays on a cornet, doubtless to the further distress of his immortal soul peeping in through the window. But this is unusual even in the city that is known far and wide as

the home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I remember a barber — he was the only one available in a small town — who cut my left ear. The deed distressed him, and he told me a story. It was a pretty little cut, he said — filling it with alum — and reminded him of another gentleman whose left ear he had nipped in identically the same place. He had done his best with alum and apology, as he was now doing. Two months later the gentleman came in again. 'And by golly!' said the barber, with a kind of wonder at his own cleverness, 'if I did n't nip him again in just the same place!'

A man can shave himself. The Armless Wonder does it in the Dime Museum. Byron did it, and composed poetry during the operation, although, as I have recently seen scientifically explained, the facility of composition was not due to the act of shaving but to the normal activity of the human mind at that time in the morning. Here therefore a man can refuse the offices of the barber. If he wishes to make one of a half-dozen apparently inanimate figures, their faces covered with soap, and their noses used as convenient handles to turn first one cheek and then the other — that is his own lookout. But human ingenuity has yet to invent a 'safety barber's shears.' It has tried. A near genius once made an apparatus — a kind of helmet with multitudinous little scissors inside it — which he hopefully believed would solve the problem; but what became of him and his invention I have not heard. Perhaps he tried it himself and slunk, defeated, into a deeper obscurity. Perhaps he committed suicide, for one can easily imagine that a man who thought he had found a way to cut his own hair and then found that he had n't would be thrown into a suicidal depression. There is the possibility that he succeeded in cutting his own hair, and was immediately 'put away,' where nobody could see him but the hardened attendants, by his sensitive family. The important fact is that the invention never got on the market. Until some other investigator succeeds to more practical purpose, the rest of us must go periodically to the barber. We must put on the bib —

Here, however, there is at least an opportunity of selection. There are bibs with arms, and bibs without arms. And there is a certain amount of satisfaction in being able to see our own hands, carefully holding the newspaper or periodical wherewith we pretend that we are still intelligent human beings. And here again are distinctions. The patrons of my own favored barber's shop have arms to their bibs and pretend to be deeply interested in the *Illustrated London News*. The patrons of the barber's shop where I lost part of my ear — I cannot see the place, but those whom I take into my confidence tell me that it has long since grown again — had no sleeves to their bibs, but nevertheless managed awkwardly to hold the *Police Gazette*. And this opportunity to hold the *Police Gazette* without attracting attention becomes a pleasant feature of this type of barber's shop: I, for example, found it easier — until my ear was cut — to forget my position in the examination of this journal than in the examination of the *Illustrated London News*. The pictures, strictly speaking, are not so good, either artistically or morally, but there is a tang about them, an I-do-not-know-what. And it is always wisest to focus attention on some such extraneous interest. Otherwise you may get to looking in the mirror.

Do not do that.

For one thing, there is the impulse to cry out 'Stop! Stop! Don't cut it all off!

'Oh, barber, spare that hair!
Leave some upon my brow!
For months it 's sheltered me!
And I 'll protect it now!

'Oh, please! P-l-e-a-s-e! —' These exclamations annoy a barber, rouse a demon of fury in him. He reaches for a machine called 'clippers.' Tell him how to cut hair, will you! A little more and he 'll shave your head — and not only half-way either, like the Norman soldiery at the time of the Conquest! Even if you are able to restrain this impulse, clenching your bib in your hands and perhaps dropping or tearing the *Illustrated London News*, the mirror gives you strange, morbid reflections. You recognize your face, but your head seems somehow separate, balanced on a kind of polka-dotted mountain with two hands holding the *Illustrated London News*. You are afraid momentarily that the barber will lift it off and go away with it. Then is the time to read furiously the weekly contribution of G. K. Chesterton. But your mind reverts to a story you have been reading about how the Tulululu Islanders, a savage but ingenious people, preserve the heads of their enemies so that the faces are much smaller but otherwise quite recognizable. You find yourself looking keenly at the barber to discover any possible trace of Tulululu ancestry. And what is he going to get now? A krees? No, a paint-brush. Is he going to paint you? And if so — what color? The question of color becomes strangely important, as if it made any real difference. Green? Red? Purple? Blue? No, he uses the brush dry, tickling your forehead, tickling your ears, tickling your nose, tickling you under the chin and down the back of your neck. After the serious business of the hair-cut, a barber must have some relaxation.

There is one point on which you are independent: you will not have the bay rum; you are a teetotaller. You say so in a weak voice which nevertheless has some adamantine quality that impresses him. He humors you; or perhaps your preference appeals to his sense of business economy.

He takes off your bib.

From a row of chairs a man leaps to his feet, anxious to give *his* head to the barber. A boy hastily sweeps up the hair that was yours — already as remote from you as if it had belonged to the man who is always waiting, and whose name is Next. Oh, it is horrible — horrible — horrible!

WAGGLING

One of my friends says, 'Don't you like to have people make a pleasant, gentle hullabalooing over you sometimes?'

I know what she means, and I do like it. Only in my own parlance it is not hullabalooing, but waggling. A hullabaloo — even a pleasant gentle one — implies boisterous doings. But you can waggle without saying a word or lifting a finger. You can waggle with your inmost soul in a perfectly respectable and secret way, when nobody — it may be in church, or in the trolley-car, or at a solemn Music — suspects you of anything but a little extra shine to your eyes and twist to your lips. Then again, you can waggle your way visibly but quietly through a rainy, dirty, dumpish day, so that people will almost signal back, with a kind of borrowed quirk of joy.

Of course a puppy is the perfect waggler. Our Airedale, with the sad brown eyes and rough coat and comically pivoted tail, can hardly stir himself without waggling. He loves us vastly, and he loves to be full of bones and fresh air and implicit trust in all dogs and men. Life is one glorious, simple-minded, adventurous holiday for him. He is downcast only when all his arts

fail to persuade us that he should accompany us to church or to a dinner-party. Then he cries and grieves and quivers; but even his grief has a naiveté and honesty that are akin to his joy. We know that when we come back and fumble at the latchkey, a happy urgent moaning and grunting will be heard behind the door, and Ben will leap out at us, pawing the air, tossing his ears, crimping his staunch black-saddled body into incredible patterns, skidding along the rug on the side of his funny face, — in short, waggling over us in an abandon of love and delight fit to melt the heart of the stoniest puppy-hater or cynic-at-large.

For the person who cannot appreciate the attitude of mind that waggles, in animals or men, must be either a terrible cynic or a terrible hypochondriac. Such a person would not be moved, I am afraid, even by the kind manners of a Black Wolf, with whom we lately passed the time of day in a traveling Wild-Beast Show. Perhaps the Black Wolf had been reading *Science and Health;* or perhaps he wished to show us that not all wolves like to eat Little Red-Riding-Hoods; or perhaps he was simply bored by the bourgeois steam-piano music and generally low tone (for a Wild Beast of parts) of the show. At any rate, when we stood before his bars and spoke politely to him, he waggled at us. There was no mistaking it: he waggled, head and tail, as amiably as our mild Ben at home.

Surely, if a moth-eaten Black Wolf in a five-foot cage can waggle, anybody can; and as I have said, the person who can neither understand waggling nor do it himself is in evil case. Many clergymen, many poets, many social investigators seem to have lost this simple power. They are too serious with the world and with themselves to remember that one of the most easily paid obligations to life is just letting one's self be pleased with the things that were put here to please one without sin or shame, no matter how much else there may be to fret and fight against forever. Now the Black Wolf had very little to give him joy. Instead of wild free spaces for running and hunting, he had a patch of dirty sawdust, iron bars, stale odors, food flung at intervals, meaningless human shapes and faces: a life so tame and dull that even a house-dog would pine away under it. Yet that good Black Wolf had not forgotten the lively uses of his tail and head.

But I did not mean to write about the morals of waggling. I meant rather to tell of its simple causes. There are so many things that make one waggle. Of course, seeing the people whom we love and like produces waggling, or a 'pleasant, gentle hullabalooing.' But I should be sorry enough if ever a shining morning in green April, — a red October wood, — a full moon over frozen silvery lakes, — a good hearth-fire, — a field of daisies, — a snatch of old song, suddenly dancing from the dark halls of memory, — and a thousand simpler, smaller things, did not make me paw the air and wag my secret tail. (For it seems to me that human beings need self-expressive tails just as much as dogs do.)

Now our precious Katy-in-the-kitchen waggles over a perfect soufflé, or a glorious Easter bonnet, or a 'murdery' moving-picture show; our newsboy over a prize bicycle or a full muskrat trap. There must be those who waggle over a glass of beer; a case won in the Supreme Court; a post-box filled with Suffragette stickum; a soul saved; a rise in stocks; a seal-skin coat smuggled; a neat horse-trade.

I cannot sympathize with all these causes for delight, but with the state of mind I do sympathize greatly. To be too old, or too sick, or too rich, or too

poor, or too stupid, to waggle over anything would be more a death than death itself. And I have a suspicion that stupidity is the real root of most chronic heaviness of soul. I know old people, and sick people, who have almost as little to be pleased with as the Black Wolf, and yet who have never forgotten how to twinkle with childlike joy. And surely it is stupidity that dulls and paralyzes the very rich. The poor, for all their handicaps, can give millionaires lessons in waggling.

But there must be no taint of affectation about it, or everything is ruined. The society-waggle is as cheap and poor a farce as the society-compliment. The pious waggle is yet worse. The only genuine variety is as swift and spontaneous as the wild shake of a horse's mane in the wind; as a terrier's bark and leap and sidewise antics down the road; as a small girl's hop-skip-and-jump in the sun, or a small boy's whistle and whoop as he tears from the school-door.

I wonder whether Stevenson did not have in mind a more serious aspect of this same mood when he wrote the familiar lines, —

> If I have faltered more or less
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race
> And shown no glorious morning face;
> If beams from happy human eyes
> Have moved me not; if morning skies,
> Books, and my food, and summer rain,
> Knocked on my sullen heart in vain; —
> Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
> And stab my spirit broad awake.

Even Stevenson called his happiness a 'great task'; and it was no wonder. For him, and for many, it must indeed be a task.

But it pleases me to feel that for most of us, our passing happiness is no task: that we are not Black Wolves, but Airedale puppies. We waggle, not for stern Duty's sake, but because, like Ben, curled here at my feet, and humorous even in his dreams, the world seems so lively and amazing to us that we cannot help it.

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THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF RISHMEY-YEH

I

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

ELSEWHERE[1] I have stated that my father was a stone mason, a contractor and builder, who carried on a large business. As an apprentice to his trade I enjoyed such exceptional privileges that at the age of sixteen I was classed and paid wages as a 'master.'

From our home town, Betater, which is situated on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon, Syria, in the province which bears the name of that historic mountain, our building enterprises radiated for many miles around. Not being able to give personal attention to all of the many applications which came to him, my father often placed me in charge of less extensive undertakings, such as the erection of ordinary dwellings, which, in so poor a country as the interior of Syria, involved no complicated architectural designs. In fact, in that part of the world we had never even heard of an architect in connection with our trade. The stone mason exercised the functions of architect, builder, and inspector.

So it happened, when I was about seventeen years old, that a man named Abu-'Azar (father of Lazarus), from a town called Rishmey-yeh, situated in a deep, picturesque valley not quite two hours' journey on foot from Betater, besought my father to build for him a dwelling house, which was to consist of one lower and two upper rooms. Not being able to go to Rishmey-yeh himself, my father, with the consent of Abu-'Azar, assigned the task to me. My assistant, another master mason called Abu-Nezhim, was more than double my age, but he had never distinguished himself in his trade; and as my father's fame was wide, the work was given in charge to me.

It was early autumn when my partner and I arrived in Rishmey-yeh, wearing the commanding airs of enterprise and wisdom. With dignified, patriarchal generosity Abu-'Azar received us into his hospitable home, declaring to us that he felt unworthy of the honor of having us come under his roof. Turning to me, our host said, —

'I have no doubt your respected

[1] See the author's *A Far Journey*, chapter v. That autobiography, as *Atlantic* readers know, is the story of a continuous spiritual development, and its sequence would have been interrupted by the narration of the romantic adventure here described. — THE EDITORS.

father sent you and your companion to me as his personal representatives, because he believes you to be wise master-builders. Therefore I honor you both, for your father's sake, and because, even from ancient times, it has always been considered seemly to honor wise minds and skilled hands. You are exceedingly welcome to my humble dwelling and to eat my bread and salt.'

A bounteous supper was put before us, after which Abu-'Azar acquainted us with the plans for the house he had in mind.

'I want a three-room house,' he said, — ' the two upper rooms to be large enough to accommodate my crop of silk cocoons, and to provide space for the yield of my vines and fig trees and a comfortable shelter for me and my family. The lower room I shall use for wood, charcoal and like necessaries, leaving enough room for the stabling of a cow, and an enclosure for a brood or two of chickens. Furthermore I beg you to proceed with all speed to construct the house before the winter season overtakes us.'

To us, Abu-'Azar's instructions seemed most concise and explicit, and his keen desire to have the house built before the winter season set in, perfectly justifiable. Therefore, Abu-Nezhim and I soon put our heads together, hitched our mental faculties to Wisdom's star, and in a very short time informed Abu-'Azar that such a house as he contemplated building should be so many cubits long, so many high and so many wide; the walls should be one cubit thick, and the foundations, like those of the house of the 'wise man' of the Sermon on the Mount, were to rest on solid rock. The estimated cost was also respectfully submitted, and the delightful result was that Abu-'Azar pronounced our architectural plans faultless and the price most reasonable, and bade us proceed to make the new house a tangible reality.

We did proceed with dispatch. Early on the following morning our employer conducted us to the 'parcel of ground' on which the house was to be built. It was at the southwest corner of the town, some distance from the outermost fringe of houses, and just below a rocky elevation on which stood an ancient convent of Saint Elias. We drove the stakes for the house in a spot where a rock ledge seemed nearest to the surface, located our stone quarry, and on the next morning the actual work began.

When a sufficient quantity of stone had been secured, the men were set to digging the foundation, which proved to be 'near,' — that is, the solid rock was soon reached; except that at the northeast corner the diggers discovered, in an area of 'permanent' natural rock, a round hole about five feet in diameter, apparently cut by human hands in some bygone generation. Upon inspecting the rather strange opening, I ordered the men to dig a little deeper, with the expectation that the rock-bottom would soon be reached. They therefore dug to the depth of about five feet, but no rock appeared; they found, however, mingled with the soil, small quantities of mortar and fragments of pottery, which, together with the marks of the ancient workman's tools on the sides of the opening, awakened in us no little interest. But in order not to allow our curiosity to impede our progress, my partner, Abu-Nezhim, and I concluded to have the round hole filled up with stones and — that we might secure a firm foundation for that corner of the house — to bridge it over with a small arch. The men were notified to this effect and in a short time the interesting opening was filled up to a level with the surrounding rock.

But at the close of that day, after our helpers, the 'laborers,' had gone, Abu-'Azar, Abu-Nezhim, and I, undesignedly and by a common irresistible impulse, found ourselves standing together around the curious hole, and saying to each other, 'What might this thing be?'

'It may be that we have stumbled upon a *mekhbaiah*' (hidden treasure), suggested Abu-Nezhim.

With a restrained but deeply significant smile Abu-'Azar remarked, 'I am not easily disturbed by such things, but of a truth, masters, I have had such a suspicion all this afternoon; certainly this hole is a strange thing, inasmuch as it is the work of the tool.'

My youthful mind was filled with excitement; I had had that suspicion too, and now that my elders had so expressed themselves, my hope was suddenly transformed almost into a certainty.

Nor is it strange that we were all strongly predisposed to believe that we had stumbled upon a mekhbaiah. In Syria it is universally believed that hidden treasures may be found anywhere in the land, and especially among ancient ruins. This belief rests on the simple truth that the tribes and clans of Syria, having from time immemorial lived in a state of warfare, have hidden their treasures in the ground, especially on the eve of battles. Furthermore, the wars of the past being wars of extermination, the vanquished could not return to reclaim their hidden wealth; therefore the ground is the keeper of vast riches. The tales of the digging and finding of such treasures fill the country. There are thrilling tales of treasures in various localities. Gold and other valuables are said to have been dug up in sealed earthen jars, often by the merest accident, in the ground, in the walls of houses, under enchanted trees, and in sepulchres. From earliest childhood the people's minds are fed on these tales, and they grow up with all their senses alert to the remotest suggestion of such possibilities.

This mode of thinking is clearly reflected in that short parable in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, in which it is said: 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.' It was most natural therefore for us to suspect that the round hole might be the doorway to a vast treasure hidden somewhere in the heart of the surrounding rock, and to decide to follow up our enchanting clew.

II

At sundown we assembled at Abu-'Azar's house to take counsel together. Through mental germination, under the spell of all that we had been taught with regard to hidden treasure, 'the will to believe' grew steadily stronger; therefore the chief problem which presented itself to us was how to devise the best and safest method of finding the precious pots of gold.

But this problem was no simple one. In the first place the treasure might be guarded by a *Russed* — a dread, deathless spirit which knew neither slumber nor sleep. For was it not told often of persons who presumed to possess themselves of an enchanted treasure, that they were smitten mercilessly by the Russed with incurable physical and mental afflictions? There was Yusuf Abu-Hatim, who had recently died, and who was still remembered by many in our community chiefly because of a horrible deformity from which he suffered as a result of an encounter with a spirit treasure-guard. For years Yusuf's lower jaw had been so twisted

that his tongue touched his ear whenever he attempted to speak. Another unfortunate was Makhaul Asaad, who under similar circumstances was smitten with a perpetual hunger which made of him a howling beast. Other men suffered other punishments for their intrusion upon the domains of the mysterious powers.

In the second place, we had always known that the Turkish government prohibited secret digging for treasures, under severe penalty. Such operations could be safely carried on only after a government permit had been procured; but it was well-nigh impossible to obtain these permits, and moreover they stipulated (according to the popular and in all probability inaccurate understanding) that one third of the treasure should go to the finder or finders, one third to the owner of the land in which the treasure was found, and one third to the government. In Turkey, especially in the days of Abdul-Hamid, we were ruled not by laws but by men. What the past had taught us with regard to such cases was that, in administering the 'law,' the government usually took all that was found, and rewarded the digger by throwing him into prison on the charge that he must have found much more than he had made known to the officials. It was for the serious consideration of these and kindred, though less weighty, matters that we assembled at Abu-'Azar's house on that memorable evening.

The company included Abu-'Azar, his wife, his daughter-in-law, his two sons, Jurjus[1] and Jubbur, Abu-Nezhim, and myself. After the Oriental fashion, we all sat on the floor, which was covered with straw mats, cushions, and sheepskins. The men formed a semicircle which terminated at either side of the *maukedah*, — fireplace, — sitting 'knee upon knee.' The women, who were not supposed to take a conspicuous part in the deliberations, sat at one side, behind us. The elder lady, like the 'virtuous woman' in the book of Proverbs, 'laid her hand to the spindle' and spun thread; the younger lady was making an *arkiah*, the white muslin skull-cap, closely stitched, which is worn under the *tarboosh*, projecting slightly around the forehead, and is to the tarboosh what the cuff is to the sleeve. Those good women, however, were not altogether detached mentally from the subject in hand, for as we progressed in our serious deliberations they gave pious sighs and cast upward looks which signified a profound imploring of the higher powers.

Of course, profound secrecy was the first prerequisite, and to this all of us pledged ourselves without the slightest mental reservation. Abu-'Azar, being the oldest man among us, as well as the owner of the land, occupied the seat of honor. He was a man of dignified but stern appearance, reserved in speech, of a fiery temperament when crossed; and although of a stubborn will he was paradoxically capable of startlingly sudden mental changes. On this occasion, however, he was very tractable, even amiable, and spoke in a wise and happy manner.

Our first decision was that we would not notify the authorities of our intentions. The prize we were seeking seemed to us great enough to justify our running the risk of being 'caught in the act,' rather than expose ourselves voluntarily to Turkish injustice and cruelty. The affair was wholly our own. Furthermore, Abu-Nezhim and I realized instinctively that if the authorities were notified, and, in the event of our success, took one third of the treasure, and if Abu-'Azar took one third as the owner of the land, and then he, his wife, his sons, and his daughter-in-law took their shares, as 'diggers,' of what was

[1] Pronounced Zhurzhus.

left, our portions would be indeed very small. Consequently Abu-Nezhim and I were decidedly opposed to the ruinous legal method of procedure.

The mystery of the Russed next claimed our attention. It was barely possible that the treasure we were seeking was not 'guarded.' But what if it were? Which one of us was so foolhardy as to presume to run such an awful risk? In due time a great *Mûghreby* (magician) must be sought, to neutralize the mysterious power for us before we should venture to possess ourselves of the discovered gold. But such a necessity was as yet remote; much work must be done, and stronger evidences of the existence of the treasure secured, before the aid of a Mûghreby was absolutely needed. Russeds had often been known not to molest treasure-diggers until they presumed to carry the gold away. Some spirits had even been known to give warning, in rattlesnake fashion, thus affording intruders an opportunity to escape before the treasure was disturbed. One of our townsmen, who possessed a self-augmenting memory, often told me of a treasure in a cave in the neighborhood of Mount Hermon, — a heap of silver coin, which no man could carry away because of the Russed which as yet no magician had been able to 'neutralize.' That man asserted that he himself visited the cave and handled the coin; but that when he tried to carry some of it away he could not find the door of the cave, and kept going round in a circle until he dropped the precious burden.

The immediate problem, then, was how to carry on the necessary operations of digging without being discovered. The enchanted spot was somewhat remote from the more populous section of the town, but the convent of St. Elias was only a short distance away, and several monks labored in its fields and vineyards daily from dawn till dusk. Just a little way below us there was a public fountain, to which all day an almost unbroken line of women came to fill their jars. Besides, there were our tenders, Ahmed and Husein, the Druses, who dug the hole for us, and whom we certainly did not wish to admit into our confidence. In such matters no Druse could be expected to keep the secret of a Christian, the 'enemy of his faith.'

We met the first of these difficulties by deciding that, as it was well known to the entire community that we were building a house near the convent, the presence of laborers in the neighborhood would excite no suspicion. As to Ahmed and Husein, some way could easily be found to 'lay them off' for a day or two, and they lived in another town far away. How to dispose of the ancient coin and jewelry without being suspected of having found a treasure, did not at the time perplex us very seriously. In fact we were averse to even the slightest suggestion which tended to dampen our ardor and weaken our resolution.

Having thus disposed of our problems, we fell into poetic contemplation of the glorious future which loomed before us. The palaces we designed that night for our future dwelling places, the Arabian steeds, Persian hand-wrought arms, European carriages, and a multitude of other luxuries, formed the extensive programme of the millennial period which seemed about to dawn upon us; and our imaginings did full justice to the Oriental passion for idleness and luxury. True, some differences of taste were manifest among us with regard to our future environment and mode of living, but they were not serious enough to precipitate a quarrel.

But the most startling occurrence of that never-to-be-forgotten meeting took place shortly before it broke up.

While we were designing our future palaces, Abu-'Azar seemed for a few minutes to fall into a state of deep contemplation. His face was illumined as with a new and significant vision, and his eyes moved dreamily from one to another of our faces. Presently, pushing his turbaned tarboosh back from his forehead, he startled us with the following tale: —

'*Ya shebab*' (valiant young men), exclaimed Abu-'Azar, 'hear, and I will speak to you! Many years ago, while on my way from Beyrout, I stopped to sustain my heart with a morsel of food at the inn of Ber-el-Wernar. While I was eating, my eyes fell upon a Mûghreby who sat near the door of the inn, wrapped in his dark striped cloak. So mysterious was he that he might have but just emerged from the cave of Daniel.[1] Whenever I looked at him I saw his black piercing eyes fixed upon me, and I feared that he might bewitch me. But I named the Holy Name and thus strengthened my heart against him. Having done with my food, I lighted a cigarette and braved danger by going closer to the mysterious man. From his manner I perceived that he had somewhat to say to me, so I moved still closer to him and respectfully asked him, —

'"O Hajj, have you aught for me, and is it salaam and good fortune?"

'Fastening his fire-striking eyes more intently upon me, the Mûghreby answered, —

'"Yes, wayfarer, I have somewhat to tell you, and it is salaam and good fortune, if you prove yourself cautious and deserving. You are a dweller of the mountain region; you own a parcel of land near a shrine. In one of the terrace walls of that parcel of land is a high rock chipped by a stone-cutter's tool. If you would possess riches, measure forty cubits from that rock eastward and dig. I will say no more now; only that you must beware of the mysterious powers. Allah is the wise and bounteous giver." '

Abu-'Azar's revelation thrilled our souls to the very centre.

'And what did you do about it?' was our eager question.

'Nothing,' said he. 'That was shortly after the *herekah*'[2] (disturbance), 'when the blood was still hot and men's minds were perplexed. Later, the rolling on of the years made me forget the matter.'

Angels! What clearer evidence did we require to prove to us that Abu-'Azar's parcel of ground contained a treasure?

The night being cloudy and dark, no measurements could be taken then; but we watched for the morning. On the morrow, at the earliest dawn, 'before faces could be recognized,' we were on the interesting spot. We found the 'high rock chipped by a stone-cutter's tool,' and measured from it 'eastward' forty cubits. The fortieth cubit spanned the mouth of the round hole! Our joy reached the point of consternation. Riches lay at our feet! Should we not proceed at once to uncover the treasure? But that would not be wise. Our helpers Ahmed and Husein would soon be with us, and if they once got wind of our intentions they would certainly betray us to the dread authorities. We would therefore possess our souls in patience through that day, follow our normal activities, and in the meantime

[1] The cave of Daniel (the prophet), whose walls were covered with *talasim*, — mystic inscriptions, — was supposed to exist deep in the heart of the earth, somewhere in north Africa. The earth yawned at that spot only once each year, when seekers after the supreme art of magic descended into the cave and there stayed a whole year without food, emerging when the earth yawned again, instructed in all the mysteries of the diabolical art. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] A brief civil war between the Christians and the Druses, in 1860.

find a suitable excuse to dispense with the services of the Druses for the morrow, when we would proceed with the digging, all by ourselves.

III

The day seemed endless and full of drudgery. To be toiling like slaves while riches lay at our feet was anything but pleasant; but we bore up under our secret with stoical fortitude. Aside from a few significant glances and winks which we shot at one another during the weary hours, we betrayed no signs which could awaken the suspicions of our alien fellow laborers. But what excuse could we find for telling them not to come on the morrow?

Here Abu-Nezhim, who was a church 'reader' and often assisted at the Mass, came to the rescue. His suggestion was that we tell Ahmed and Husein, who knew nothing about the Christian calendar, that the following day was a holy day on which we Christians were forbidden to work, and of which we had forgotten to speak to them earlier in the week. Furthermore, the following day being Friday, it would not be worth while for them to come on Saturday; therefore they need not report until the following Monday. The two Druses, fearing the loss of their job altogether if they should remonstrate, accepted the situation, with what inward dissatisfaction we did not know or care.

Threatening weather gave us an added sense of security from intruders on that Friday morning. As the early rays of the gray dawn began to stream over the heights of Lebanon, our party of seven, five men and two women, began the work of removing the stones which the workmen had thrown into the round hole two days before. Needless to say, our hands moved with such power and swiftness that in an incredibly short time all the stones were thrown out; and the digging was resumed with the greatest eagerness.

We had not gone deeper than a foot when there appeared at the west side of the opening the edge of a large slab of stone about five inches thick, standing upright, sealed around the edges with mortar and apparently covering the mouth of an horizontal excavation. When this stone was partly uncovered, I took the hammer and tapped it lightly three times. The strokes produced a hollow sound and a faint echo within. Our hearts beat violently, and our faces turned pale with excitement.

Abu-'Azar, who stood above at the mouth of the opening, with his wife and daughter-in-law, as sentinels, reverently lifted his turbaned tarboosh from his head, crossed himself, turned his face toward the shrine of St. Elias, and in most solemn accents vowed that if our efforts were crowned with success he would place over the image of the gray-bearded saint a jeweled crown of pure gold. The two women sealed the fervent vow by beating upon their breasts and saying imploringly, 'Yea, Amen!' which was echoed with profound sincerity by each one of us.

St. Elias was accorded the first honor simply because he was the superhuman personage nearest to us geographically. The Virgin Mary, St. Antonio, whose shrine crowned the rocky summit overlooking the fertile valley in which the town nestled, and other saints who were deemed the mightiest helpers of men, were implored with most persuasive promises to take strong interest in our enterprise. I now realize that only a gold mine of the richest output could have paid all the vows we made on that occasion.

After we had dug to the depth of about three feet behind the stone slab, Abu-Nezhim swung his hammer and struck the stone several times at about

the centre. It broke and fell in several pieces, revealing a large dark cave, lit only by the light which streamed into it through the opening we had just made.

Instantly Abu-'Azar jumped into the hole, muttering what sounded like pious words. The women, forgetting for the moment the danger of such demonstrations, gave a scream. Jurjus and Jubbur gave vent to their pent-up feelings simultaneously with a characteristic Syrian expression in the Arabic language: 'Igit wa Allah jabha!' which is, by literal interpretation, 'It has come, and God has brought it'; and in more intelligible English, 'Fortune has come, by the grace of God.' Abu-Nezhim and I felt too full for utterance. And suddenly, without knowing how we got there, we two found ourselves squeezed together in the square opening on our way to the darkness within. No sooner did we get inside than our three comrades came in, elbowing one another, the sons (forgetting for the moment the proprieties of patriarchal family life) preceding their father. The women remained outside and hurled questions at us while they implored us to beware of the Russed.

Before us lay a cave about forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The soft chalk-rock ceiling had crumbled with the flight of the years, and had come down in heaps at various points. The huge fig tree growing in the soil above sent its roots through the seams in the rock to the cave below. But on the left as we entered, the rocky wall of the cave was of a more solid substance, and, as far as we could see, smooth as the palm of the hand.

The roughness of the interior of the cave and its vastness seemed for the moment to overwhelm us. Where were we to dig? What spot of the large interior held the treasure? What were we to do with the huge masses of crumbling rock? Abu-Nezhim and I were the hope of the party in dealing with weighty engineering problems, but the difficulties of our situation were practical, not technical. Time, labor, and the ability to remain hidden from the gaze of the outside world were the things most needful; but they would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure. For how could we hope to have the power to do the amount of work required? and how, supposing that we could do the work, were we to disguise such vast operations on the pretense that we were only building a house?

However, it was most natural for us to want to test certain spots, in the hope of at least securing encouraging clews. So it was decided that we should proceed with the digging, very cautiously, close by the smooth rock, which seemed to us to be the sign left by those who buried the treasure, to guide them back to it.

The pickaxe and shovel brought to the surface pieces of mortar, pottery, and some ashes. Favorable signs, especially the mortar and pottery. Further digging multiplied those signs, but revealed no new ones. We worked until shortly past the noon hour, as we saw by the shadows of the trees and the convent walls, when we laid down our tools and sat together in a sheltered spot to eat our frugal lunch and take further counsel. After the short period of silence which always characterizes the beginning of a meal with a hungry company, desultory remarks began to fall from our lips.

'Mysterious! all is mysterious!' murmured Abu-'Azar, as in a trance. 'I am convinced; there is a treasure under my fig tree, but we must be wise in seeking it. The help of magic must be sought. We need, first, to know positively the exact spot where the treasure is buried; and, second, the potion to break the spell of the Russed. I shall

not allow any further digging without such means. Years ago the Mûghreby warned me against the "mysterious powers," and I do not feel that the lives of my sons and your lives, masters, should be recklessly exposed to such awful danger, seeing that our wrestling is not with flesh and blood but with superhuman principalities and powers.'

After careful deliberation, therefore, it was decided that two of us should proceed at once to Beyrout to consult and seek the aid of El-Abdeh (colored woman), a Mohammedan witch whose powers were supposed to equal those of the ancient witch of En-dor whom Saul sought in his extremity. The fame of El-Abdeh filled the land from Aleppo to Beyrout and the regions of Judea. Great were the marvels she accomplished, from the finding of a lost bracelet to the unhinging of the most august human intellect. Of a truth she had the power of rendering any Russed harmless, inasmuch as she was a most intimate friend of Beelzebub. Associated with her was a Mûghreby, who was also deeply versed in the diabolical arts, and who, in joint counsel with the Abdeh, dealt with the men clients.

To Beyrout then, without delay! Meanwhile Abu-Nezhim and I decided that it was not at all safe to build the house over a cave, that the plans must be altered, and that word should be sent to our Druse laborers bidding them not to come to us until further notice.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH

BY EDWARD LEWIS

[A word about the author of this paper seems essential to its complete understanding. Some months ago we noticed a brief editorial in the London *Nation* which read as follows: —

'An event of real importance in the Churches is the decision of Mr. Edward Lewis to resign his pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church at Clapham, on the ground that he can no longer reconcile his desire to be a "man of God" with his position as a "comfortably conditioned official" of "organized religion." Mr. Lewis writes his letter from Assisi, the home of the greatest of mediæval Christians and of the re-birth of Christianity as a gospel of poverty and simplicity of living. In future Mr. Lewis declares that he will resort to wayside preaching. His formal secession from Congregationalism deprives it of its most gifted "intellectual," and is one of many signs of a new spirit of freedom sweeping powerfully through the world.'

Believing that this striking action of Mr. Lewis typifies in large measure that spirit of religious revolt which is one of the most interesting phenomena of our time, we wrote to Mr. Lewis, who sent us in reply the following article. — THE EDITORS.]

I

I AM writing from England, and with a quite unpardonably superficial knowledge of the 'Church-Situation' in America. The observations, however, which I desire to make are of so broad and general a character that any force

they have will not be impaired by accidental local conditions. Clinical examinations of the church-situation have frequently been made of late years by various practitioners; but although their reports have rarely failed to give an accurate and more or less exhaustive account of the symptoms of weakness and failure, they have not, as it seems to me, shown any clear apprehension of the root-causes thereof. The suggested remedies, therefore, have been for the most part in the manner of relief of acute localized symptoms, and have not availed, nor will they ever avail, to restore the prestige and power of the Church in modern society. On the contrary, in spite of sometimes frantic efforts to make the Church attractive (a suggestion which, in itself, is a serious criticism), the diminution proceeds, not only of the number of adherents in all save the Roman Catholic communion, but also of vital influence in the life of society. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, in England at least, the Church is in Queer Street.

The present article is an attempt to disclose the root-causes of this failure.

During a recent visit to Italy, a Franciscan padre said to me with admirable assurance, 'In ten thousand years the Church will be here as it is now.' He meant his own communion in its institutional form. The Theory of Evolution is, for the Roman Catholic, on the Index; and probably his mind moves at a slower *tempo* than the rest of the world; so the padre may be congratulated on his enthusiasm, and left to his delusion. How far this optimistic vista is shared by the religious world as a whole it is not easy to judge; perhaps it is true that the majority of Christians regard the Church as identical with the Kingdom of God, and as having the stability of the New Jerusalem itself.

> Crowns and thrones may perish,
> Kingdoms rise and wane,
> But the Church of Jesus
> Constant will remain.

A very comforting doctrine doubtless, but the telescope must be at a very blind eye indeed if a churchman cannot see that most of the signs of the times are against him. As a matter of fact, one of the most conspicuous of such signs is a widespread anxiety, especially among its more awakened and alive adherents, concerning the position and influence of the Christian Church.

The Church's power as an organization is obviously on the wane. That Roman Catholicism is increasing its numbers both in England and in America, and that Roman Catholics attain to the highest civic and political offices in these essentially Protestant lands, is no valid objection to this statement. This numerical increment is to be accounted for partly by immigration, partly, and perhaps chiefly, by the fact that in times of intellectual unrest people of less robust mind will run for a haven even if they have to turn in their tracks to reach it, and the reaction from oppressive and exhausting materialism will drive not a few to where the great mysteries are still frankly acknowledged and reverenced; but no one imagines that an institution can thrive permanently on accretions of this character; and there is no sane Englishman who would maintain that Roman Catholicism is developing organically with the national life of his country. It is perfectly obvious that this great Church which once controlled the policies of a continent has practically no institutional influence at what may be called the crucial and strategic points of the modern *Welt Politik*. It may be said to be her age-long policy, — and the recent official banning of the works of Bergson is an expression of it, — to have no influence

on the vital thought-movement of the world.

The Protestant churches are of little account in the actual life of modern society. In England, eighty per cent of the people are outside their pale. In Germany there is the *Austrittsbewegung* movement, in connection with which, as a writer in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* informs us, since January 1, 1908, 'in Berlin alone 31,967 Protestants, 5029 Catholics, and 196 Jews have notified their *Austritt*.' The increasing weakness of these churches is shown by their increasing concern to attract the people; days were when the Church was a 'government of men'; nowadays with all manner of devices it angles and touts after men.

The 'Kikuyu controversy' doubtless meant something very important for the institutional side of the Anglican Church, but the world at large looked on with either amusement or indifference or contempt. A cartoon in *Punch* in which a couple of Negro natives were represented as singing an aria, 'Why do Christians rage?' was an admirable and accurate indication of the public attitude toward that proceeding. Custom and habit will always have their hordes of slaves, but it is becoming more and more manifest that the free mind, the free life, the free spirit of the modern world are away from, and not with, the Church.

It is a strange paradox, — Religion flourishes, the organized Church decays. What is the reason for it? What is the remedy? It will be time enough to talk of remedy, when we have discovered the true reasons. It is at least possible that we may then be compelled to the conclusion that there is no remedy, — and this is not quite so tragic a statement as at first sight it may seem.

It may be stated, with an assurance of profounder root than that which made the Franciscan priest swell with pride, that, as an organization, the Christian Church is necessarily impermanent; it must go the way of all other institutions; in ten thousand years, — which is really a longer time than it sounds, since, with the speeding-up of modern life and the dramatically rapid developments in scientific and critical thought, a day with us 'is as a thousand years,' — the Christian Church either will not be here, except perhaps fossilized like Rossetti's toad in the stone, or will be so different in every way (including its name) as not to be recognizable. The life which creates forms always destroys them in the fullness of time; the Church must either perish, or it must be destroyed by being fulfilled. It can only persist by being left, if the paradox may be allowed. Whatsoever of ancient Judaism, for example, vitally persists in the modern world, is to be found in the Judaistic elements of thought and practice which are embedded in the Christian system. And history will repeat itself. Christianity, as we know it to-day, must ultimately be dissolved in a new religious synthesis. One of the first articles of belief, for a truly religious and spiritual man within the Christian community, ought to be that there is a 'Beyond Christianity.' The passage into this 'Beyond Christianity' is inevitable in the natural course of events.

II

And here I come upon the first of my suggested root-causes. The Christian Church does not believe in a 'Beyond Christianity.' It is as much a closed system as ever Judaism was. It believes in its own potential finality; it believes in minor developments within itself, but that in essence it is the final word in Religion; there is 'more light

to break forth from the Word,' but there are no other 'Words.' It is the walled Eternal City; within the walls there is sufficient accommodation, but there is no question of the walls ever being dissolved. It has no real outlook. All that really matters is within. It is capable of variation, but not of mutation. Salvation is through its sacraments alone; it goes 'out into the highways and byways,' but only in order to 'compel them to come in.' It talks about evangelizing the world, but it really means bringing the peoples of other religions into the Christian system and institution. Its one hope for those who die unbelieving is that, in some other state of existence, they may have a further chance of becoming Christians. Heaven is the imaginary projection of the final Christian community; and the guaranty of a place therein is church-membership, — in a broad sense.

The first three articles in the *Hibbert Journal*, for July, 1914, written by different men on different subjects, contain, strangely enough, identically the same question. In the first, it is put in this way: 'Does "spiritual freedom" confer upon any one, lay or cleric, the "right" to stay in the Church after he has ceased to accept its teachings, the "right" to believe what he likes and openly avow such belief while remaining a member of a religious community which has subscribed to a confession of faith? What right, then, still adheres in a Christian body? Can a Christ-ideal, identified with the true, the good, and the beautiful, be substituted for the historical person of Jesus Christ without fundamentally overturning Christianity as a spiritual religion?'

The second writer, speaking of the Modernist, says, 'His fellow clergy suspect him. Worse, he suspects himself. He is forever asking himself, "Ought I to be where I am? Can I honestly go on saying the creeds, and celebrating the sacraments? Am I trying to live in two incompatible worlds? May it not be a form of hypocrisy, or of cowardice?". . . Yet he cannot reverse his own natural development. . . . He must go on. . . . But he wonders whether his attempts to reconstruct his beliefs will ever end, or *can* logically end, in anything which can properly be called a Christian position.'

The third writer frankly entitles his article 'Criminous Clerks,' and goes so far as to propose a society 'to assist those unfortunate clergy who have learnt too late that their intellects cannot acquiesce in doctrines to which they pledged themselves as undeveloped youths.' Such a society would instruct such equivocating clergy with a view to sincere intellectual conformity; or, if this were impossible, would facilitate their removal from their positions in the institution.'

All this is highly suggestive. It means that within the Christian community there are not a few men who are non-Christians, in the dogmatic, institutional sense. Some of them themselves feel uncomfortable; of whom a few go voluntarily out; those who are responsible for the organization feel exceedingly uncomfortable because of them; do not know quite what to do with them; regard them as elements of disturbance and disintegration; sometimes forcibly turn them out, as in the case of the late Father Tyrrell; more often attempt to stifle them by official ostracism and snubbing; hoping, it may be, that the tremendous suction-power of the organization will eventually submerge them and their works. They are like unto ferment; and any ferment is highly objectionable and dangerous to the institutional order.

This is prime evidence of the general acceptance by Christians of the idea of the Church as something final and

closed. It is an old idea, at least as old as ancient Judaism; and is far more deadly in its threat against the existence of the Church than all the 'damnable heresies' put together. It should be clear to any liberated mind that so far as this official, institutional view is able to prevail, the Church is doomed. Clear on the other hand it should be that it is precisely these men who retain the Christian spirit, — 'if a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his,' — but have worked themselves free to a large extent of the dogmas and formularies; who have assimilated Truth which has come to manifestation along other lines than that of the tradition wherein they were born; it is these who contain within themselves the promise, not so much of the re-birth of the Church, as of the birth from the womb of the Church of that other Something wherein that plasmic Substance, which created the church-body, shall continue to live and manifest at a higher point in a new body, as the father lives on in his so different son.

'Always emergence.' Out of the nut, the seed, — the husk cast aside; out of the chrysalis, the butterfly, — the cerement left upon the ground to be reabsorbed into the matter-matrix; out of Semitism, Hebraism; out of Hebraism, Judaism; out of Judaism, Christianity. Why stop there? It is not possible to stop there, unless one confesses that the line of tradition has left the main channel of forward life and been sidetracked into a *cul-de-sac*. Out of Christianity, a Beyond Christianity. It is matter of common knowledge that Christianity, as it began to take shape, represented a synthesis of Judaism and Hellenism, with less significant ingredients from other quarters. Why should not modern Christianity become conscious of itself, as opposing, say, Buddhism and Mohammedanism; not as a competitor seeking to drive them off the field, or as a lion seeking to devour the lamb, but rather as a lover seeking marriage-union and offspring? Synthesis, not conquest? Something of this kind is believed in, and hoped for — indeed must be so visioned and dreamed of — by truly religious men; but it is not believed in by the Church. The justification put forward for that interdenominational communion at Kikuyu was that it was necessary that all branches of the Christian Church in British East Africa should be united against the common threat of the advancing tide of Mohammedanism in those regions.

That is the church-attitude. It wants to live, persist, and be immortal as it is; it does not see that it can live on only by dying to all those outwardnesses which it imagines to be its true self; it does not believe that it can save itself only by losing itself. It is self-bound in the mirror-lined prison-house of self-consciousness. In whatever direction it turns it sees only itself. This, I submit, is one of the root-causes of its failure.

III

The second is not altogether unrelated to this. I will state it bluntly. In its present organized form the Church is a flat contradiction of the spirit and principles of its Founder.

This is not a criticism of the personnel of the Church; I admit that there are saints in Cæsar's household; it is an affirmation of the necessary results which follow upon the organization of a spiritual movement. It is one of the revenges which Time has always up its sleeve. No institution can be perfectly true to its ideal; but it is the peculiar misfortune of the Church that, since the sum and substance of Christian practice is proclaimed as being loyalty to the ideal, the mind, and

spirit of the Master, it has come about that few institutions are as false to their professed ideal as is the Christian Church.

No wonder the Church is beginning to question the historicity and reality of Jesus! The spirit of Jesus, as a plumb line convicts the wall which is out of truth, convicts not only the world, but the Church also, of sin. There are those who take a natural, and those who take a supernatural, view of Jesus; but both hold up Jesus as the supreme example for the practice of life; and, save here and there in the conduct of an individual, there is no serious whole-hearted attempt to follow Him. We do not want reproductions of Him, as if He were the headline of a copy-book, but Christians on the whole do not even live their lives in his spirit. To a few in the Church, the doctrines in the Epistles are a dead letter; to many more, the doctrines in the Sermon on the Mount are a dead letter. We cannot have it both ways.

If we say that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount were determined by some eschatological view, and laid down for a state of things quite other than that under which life in these modern days has to be lived; or if we say that Christianity has been imposed upon the western world, and is an exotic which cannot be acclimatized; then let us frankly confess that Jesus is no example. But if we persist in offering and in accepting Him as an example, let us bow our heads to the judgment; for we who 'profess and call ourselves Christians' do not, as a whole, live our lives out in his spirit, and we apparently do not make any arduous or sustained effort to do so. Jesus is a name to exorcise with, or a password to be whispered into the ear of the official at the other side of death's river; but if faith in Jesus be self-identification with Him in the spirit and practice of life, its absence is more conspicuous than its presence in the Church.

But it is with the institution rather than with its members that I am more particularly concerned here. Bergson has propounded a theory of the creation of matter, according to which matter is held to be a kind of degradation from spirit, a falling back like the descending drops from the fountain-jet. When a spiritual movement begins to materialize into form, credal or institutional, that form is necessarily in the manner of a degradation from the primal spiritual impulse. Institutionalized religion is always a degeneration from spiritual religion. There is always a qualitative loss in Faith when it comes to be expressed in a creed. Authoritative dogma and formulated doctrine are always somewhat at the expense of Truth in its pure integrity.

In the development of the embryo, there comes a moment when the germ-cells cease to multiply, and begin to create somatic cells, which rapidly increase, organize themselves, and form the body whose first purpose is the protection of the original plasm; the somatic cells are, in point of vitality, a degradation or relaxation from the germ-cells.

Jesus does not seem to have anticipated the formation of a Church; certainly He was not concerned about any such thing; He defined the Kingdom of Heaven as a ferment, not as an order. But the formation of the church-body was inevitable; equally inevitable was it that it should be a degeneration from the spirit which created it. This is not a peculiarity of religious institutions, it is true of all institutions; neither is it applicable only to organized Christianity, but to every other organized religion. Buddhism as it exists to-day in Tibet, let us say, is a vastly different thing from the Buddhism preached and practiced by Gautama and his immedi-

ate disciples. That which distinguishes the Christian religion, however, from every other is the supreme position it gives to a personality and a personal ideal once actually incarnated in terms of human life and character, and the central emphasis it places upon identification with the spirit of the Master as the determinant of conduct in the professed disciple. So much so that there is a sense in which Christianity is Jesus.

Now, it is this which occasions the severe criticism embodied in the title of this article. If it is in the nature of things that an institution should fall short of the quality of the life-pulse or movement which created it, then one could not well say that an institution is a failure because it is false to its ideal; but the Christian Church is held to be different from every other institution in that, so far from being a degeneration from the spiritual impulse which gave rise to it, it is its development and realization: the Church is the Kingdom of God of which Jesus spoke; the Church is the Kingdom, so far as at present realized on earth. Judged by its own claims, the Church is one of the most dramatic and complete failures presented by history; for if one thing is more obvious than another it is that the Church to-day is precisely that which Jesus opposed in Judaism, and died to break through.

In a sense, the Church is anti-Christ. Hear the episcopal communions telling us that salvation is alone through their sacraments! What has the Jesus-spirit in common with that? Listen to the evangelistic communions telling us that salvation depends on our acceptance of one particular view of Atonement! What has the Jesus-spirit to do with that? Ordinances, ceremonies, rites, fast and feast, vestments, incense, flummery and mummery, pose and posture, ecclesiastical orders, tests, hierarchies, temple-treading, riches, dignities, and all the paraphernalia of officialdom, — these may be necessary to the organization; they probably are, — but they have nothing to do with the spirit of Jesus.

This is one of Nietzsche's criticisms of Christianity, and there is no answer to it. True, the criticism would lose its force if the Church would say, 'I am but the temporary body, an ark for the time being, to protect the plasm of spiritual universal religion; I can express certain aspects of it, reveal it in a particular way; but in due time I must wither and decay, having passed on the plasm to create for itself a new and higher body.' This, however, is just what the Church will not admit; and so that which in any other institution would be regarded as a necessary defect, is judged by the world in respect of Christianity as being a culpable failure.

It is easy to see how this view of the Church reacts upon the life-quality of its members. The Cross is not regarded as a principle of life, but as a mechanism of salvation. Repetition of creed tends to take the place of vital, energetic, venturesome faith. Performance of rites, and submission to sacraments, tend to become substitutes for personal consecration to high ideals of living. The fact of Churchmanship is held to outweigh, as it were automatically, moral delinquencies. The whole thing becomes honeycombed with double-mindedness.

IV

The third root-cause of the Church's failure is its despair of the world. This is one of its fundamental characteristics. The church is optimistic, but only at the expense of the world. It fixes man's great and only hope beyond the world. It conceived the germ of this

failure when it excluded paganism. The pagan joy was based upon a belief in life, in the wholesomeness of natural things, in the essential goodness and rightness of the world. The Christian joy is based on a denial of natural life, and on the expectation of outlasting and ultimately escaping this world. The wholeness of the Christian life is not found by entering into and possessing the things of the world, vitally, strongly, with zest and mastery, but by casting them off, and putting them away. Christian discipline is a kind of armed defiance against the world.

Christians habitually couple the world and the flesh with the devil. The world is evil. It is essential enmity against the spirit. It is a place of exile. It is a temptation-haunted house of probation. It is the devil's acre. It is a prison-house. It is something to be perpetually struggled with, and we shall be lucky to escape from it in the end by the skin of our teeth. It is a siren. To enjoy it is the great betrayal of the spiritual life. All natural things are inherently bad; they lie under the doom of a heavenly decree, and exist only to be annihilated by shock and fire. The world is no home for the soul; at best we are pilgrims through a desert dreary land; at worst we are trapped in an enemy's country and there is no discharge from the war.

Human nature is radically evil. The flesh is the arch-foe to whom it is fatal to give quarter. Mortality is a disease. Natural passions are sinister. Sex is a death-trap. To be thoroughly ashamed of one's self is the first step on the way to salvation. It is amazing what time and energy is spent in Christian pulpits for the sole purpose of making people ashamed of themselves; it is called convicting them of sin. We must feel that we are sinners, and go groveling in the dust before God, before we can be saved. This has the effect in many cases of putting a premium on insincerity. The worst things are picked out in the best of men in order that there may be some point of appeal for the Gospel, since this (as commonly preached) is directed specifically to our 'fallen state.' A clergyman not many weeks ago said from the pulpit, 'Even a saint sins every hour he lives'; which is not only not true, but not even interesting.

The Church has run a schism through God's universe. Its central message is that there is, fortunately, another different world into which entrance will be given at the end of this life by the infinite grace of God, — operating, it is mainly affirmed, under certain sacramental and doctrinal conditions.

The failure of the Church is due to the natural working out of this profoundly irreligious principle. It is the Church's sin against Life finding it out.

For, quite clearly, an institution which in despair of this world preaches the surety of another in which there will be rewards, compensations, and the righting of an unequal balance, will attract to itself for the most part those who, from some cause or other, find neither zest nor satisfaction here in this world-life. Far be it from me to say that people forlorn and heavily oppressed in the world should not have comfort ministered unto them; but surely there is something healthier and more positive and more comforting to be said to them than 'Cling to the Cross. Only believe. The Way is short. For mourning you shall have laughter; for bitterness, bliss; for the slum, heavenly mansions; for harassment, liberty in a world to come.'

To what type of person is this likely to appeal; and what type of character is it likely to create? There always have been, and still are, great and

heroic men and women associated with the Church; for the religious spirit is no respecter of persons, and does not disdain the habitations of physical and moral strength and beauty; but it will scarcely be questioned by any one who faces the actual facts that the first appeal of the Church is to the weak, weary, diseased, disappointed. It rejoices more to see a man leaning on the provided religious props, than to see him standing out in the hazardous world on his own feet. It rejoices more over the sinner on his knees at the penitent form, than over the naturally strong man who goes forth, like the sun, to run his course. It would rather behold a man bowed under the sense of the awful sinfulness of sin, beating upon his breast and petitioning God for mercy, than watch a man in the splendor of defiant and masterful courage 'railing alongside the torrent.'

For the robust, vigorous, vital, self-reliant, venturesome man, who is laying firm hands on life and daily getting his 'meat out of the eater,' the Church has no message, no pride in him, no acclaim for him, no smiling 'bon voyage.' Such a man might attend the services of the Church for a month of Sundays and never hear a single word which would sweep across his heart-strings and renew in him the zest and exultation of life; on the contrary, he would be invited to call himself a 'miserable offender,' to sing anæmic hymns, to listen to a dreary impeachment of the world and of the natural human heart, and to take part in a veritable orgy of life-negation.

The Church stands in the world as a reducing agent; it mixes water with the wine of life. It is a purveyor of consolations, a dispenser of promised compensations, a hospital for the infirm, a nursery for those who continue to depend on apron-strings, a waiting-room for would-be emigrants to a better land. Jesus said that He came that the world might have more abundant life; the Church offers to those who are faithful amid the hopeless, rank, evil circumstances of mortality the counterbalancing hope of another life.

The effect of this is that the virile and healthy men and movements of the modern world tend to pass by the Church, and to focus and give expression to themselves elsewhere.

When, therefore, the organization which presumes to stand for the religious function in society has fallen into open contradiction of its own first principles, announces its despair of the natural order, and has somehow passed from the main stream of the moving life of the world, it seems necessary in the interests of the social order which is and is to be, which requires and will ever require for its health and stability a vital religious centre, that some one — and it is sure to be more than one — should answer anew the old challenge, and go out to 'prepare in the wilderness a highway for God.'

GERMANY'S ABILITY TO FINANCE THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

I

It will at once be evident that the beginning of the war, its continuance, and its successful conclusion, involve by no means identical financial measures. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has laid emphasis on the fact that the financial arrangements necessary to begin a war are relatively simple in nature and limited in character, and differ so fundamentally from those necessary to prosecute a long and exhausting war that he confidently expects Germany and Austria to fail, from their inability to provide the last hundred millions of 'cash.'

German statesmen no doubt marvel at the public enunciation of such ancient economic fallacies by a chancellor of the exchequer, and feel surer than ever that the statesmen of their enemies are in their dotage. They deny that financial operations, in the ordinary sense of the word, have any necessary relation to the outbreak of war, to the possibility of its indefinite continuance, or to its eventual prosecution to a successful issue. Indeed, if a German financier were asked the everyday question, where the money to fight a long and desperate war could possibly be found, he would look at his questioner with incredulity, amazed beyond words that so decrepit and antiquated an economic fallacy could actually come from the lips of one who spoke the mother-tongue of John Stuart Mill. Patiently he would reply that he was not aware that money, in the ordinary sense of the word, had any really essential relation to military campaigns. The calculations and arrangements usually connoted by the words 'financing the war' are to modern Germans the product of habit rather than of reason or observation. The Germans have not only studied the premises of political economy; they have sufficient faith in their essential correctness to put them into practice.

Money, a German financier might explain, is not in itself value at all. The specie, on which technically the ordinary credit devices are supposed to be based, has, it is true, certain value as bullion, but as money it merely furnishes a convenient medium by means of which the comparative value of actual commodities at any given time can be expressed. Money is convenient and even necessary for the individual who wishes to dispose of his commodity without the necessity of actually hunting up another individual who has for exchange the commodity he wishes to obtain; but for the state it is no more necessary than ten-dollar bills are necessary to a man seated at the table with his dinner before him. What he wants is not money, but a knife and fork. Then, in the hope that so homely an illustration had made his meaning clear, the financier would conclude: wars are not fought with money, but with commodities and with men. In any proper sense of the word, therefore, the financing of the war connotes the measures by which the army can be put into the field, and sustained and

reinforced by the nation at home while it is winning the campaign. Other arrangements are matters of convenience, not of necessity, and to this latter category belong all those that are commonly called in time of war financial measures.

To the German the significant questions are these: How can the resources of the nation most quickly and adequately be brought into actual use? How can they most easily and adequately be developed to produce the necessities of war? How can the economic life of the community be most easily and advantageously adjusted to the crisis so that it may bear as lightly as possible on the individual, and interfere as little as possible with ordinary business for profit? What measures will produce the best effect on public opinion in Germany and best sustain the morale of the people?

These are questions of expediency which really contain only two alternatives for the financier: can results be more easily and rapidly obtained by indirect or by direct action? Indirect action depends upon the use of money in the ordinary sense, and must fail without it; direct action requires neither money nor financial expedients.

The commonplaces of economic theory will make clear to any one that money is necessary as a nexus between producer and consumer chiefly because they are ignorant of each other's location; because either one may not care to accept in exchange for his own commodity what the other is able to supply; or because they have not equal amounts in value to offer. No one sells in order to get money for its own sake. A man is anxious to turn his goods into money because he can easily exchange his money for the exact quantities of as many other commodities as he desires. Money is not a necessary factor in the exchange of a dozen eggs for a pound of butter; the entire operation has been successfully performed times beyond number by exchanging the commodities; but money is the only method, available for the ordinary individual, of turning eggs into an automobile. The feat might be performed without money, but it would involve so much trouble that it would surely be abandoned before completion.

From the enormous size of the modern economic structure — where the farmer in New Zealand depends upon having his mutton eaten in London, and the natives in the South Seas are clad in cotton cloth made in Lancashire — results an ignorance of the whereabouts of the customer so dense and so impenetrable that the individual to-day has absolutely no agency except money by means of which to effect the exchange necessary to satisfy the simplest needs of daily life. The complexity of the division of labor, the interrelation and interdependence of the various parts of the world, have accentuated this difficulty. The result is that all modern industry, and the present system of distribution, have been consciously organized upon the presupposition of the use of money, and therefore cease to operate at all when money is not available.

The real reason for the collapse of business is, however, that the individual possesses literally no facilities whatever for replacing the use of money as a method of locating those who wish to buy what he has to sell, or who wish to sell what he is anxious to buy. The difficulty of providing a substitute, not the inherent virtues or qualities of money itself, is the real measure of its necessity to the community. It stands for a method of conveying information about demand and supply, and the information is the indispensable thing, both to the individual and to the community.

II

Great sums of ready money have invariably been needed in Anglo-Saxon countries in order to begin a war, because those countries have invariably been caught unprepared. The government has lacked not only the necessary materials, but the knowledge of their whereabouts, and has had to find them by ordinary business methods, which meant buying them in the open market with money. England and the United States have always obtained in the same way the supplies and munitions needed to prosecute war, and have always found an abundant supply of stable currency the indispensable nexus between the government and its citizens by whom the commodities were produced. Of course, it has always been possible to requisition commodities, but such a method involved serious risks of undermining public confidence when applied to anything beyond the horses and carts which the community must continue to use till war had become a reality.

If money is indispensable, — and experience tells English and American financiers that it has always been to their statesmen the most difficult problem in times of war, — if England and France control the world's financial structure and possess the lion's share of its specie, is it not clear that Germany and Austria cannot finance the war at all, and therefore must eventually be beaten?

The German points out at once that these suppositions are really based upon the position and experience of individuals, and assume that the government will voluntarily accept the disadvantages which the outbreak of the war will place in the way of the use of money by individuals, and will allow its own necessities to wait upon the slow readjustment of the business world to the situation. The hastening of this readjustment, insist the Germans, is what the English and Americans have always called financing the war.

Money, however, is for a nation at war an expedient infinitely clumsy and haphazard when compared with the means placed at the disposal of the modern government by modern improvements in communication. Only for nations incapable of establishing promptly and accurately the location of the supplies which the government needs, is money of the slightest importance. Thorough, careful inquiry into the sources of supply, foresight in the organization of the national industrial fabric, skill in administering it and in securing intelligent coöperation, should furnish to a nation a direct method of conducting a war as much more efficient than money as the money-economy itself was more efficient than the crude barter in the market-place which preceded it. Apparently Germany is the only nation thoroughly to appreciate the significance of these postulates of political economy, and to realize their important bearing upon the vexed question of financing the war.

The true financing of Pan-Germanism for the actual conflict, therefore, was to German statesmen the adequate and efficient organization of industry. First and foremost they must be ready to put an army in the field and maintain it there. In the next place they must support the nation at home and prevent unnecessary suffering. They must provide some method of disposing of the products of domestic industry at home, and be prepared during the war to promote normal business for profit as against manufacturing for mere subsistence. This would involve, of course, the distribution of German products at home and abroad, and the purchase abroad of necessities which

they could not make in Germany. These, they saw, were all the preparations necessary to begin the war, continue it, win it, and win it without paying too great a price for it.

Without doubt, such an organization of industry, of transportation, of methods of exchange, of banks and stock exchanges, would be an infinitely more elaborate attempt than had ever been made in history; and if it was to be sufficiently perfect to render the government — both at the outbreak of the war and during its continuance — independent of the ordinary currency troubles and financial readjustments which had invariably made the actions of Anglo-Saxon countries slow in time of war, it would have to be begun long before the war was in sight, and organized as carefully and as thoroughly, with as large a staff of assistants and experts, as the preparation of the army itself demanded. In fact, there must be two armies, one in the field doing the fighting, one at home doing the work, both of them coöperating under the direction of an intelligent and far-seeing administrator.

The great difficulty in beginning wars in the past, and the chief suffering experienced by the great bulk of the community, had been due, as the study of history proved to the German statesmen, entirely to the financial crisis and to the dislocation of industry consequent upon the calling of the army into the field and the removal of so many men from the factories and counting-houses. It was all absolutely needless suffering. They saw no reason whatever to doubt that intelligent prevision could successfully cope with every immediate result of the outbreak of war, and entirely obviate the usual effects upon the community at home.

Under the system of conscription employed in Germany, every man liable to military service, in every class of the service, was definitely known; his location, his employment, the size of his family, his private resources, were all elaborately catalogued. It was merely a matter of clerical work — and that was merely a question of time and patience — to establish with absolute precision the effect upon industry of calling to the colors any class of men liable to service. Why be so foolish as to wait until the actual crisis?

For the most part, too, the collection of statistics necessary to indicate the men liable to conscription had also furnished practically complete information about the very much larger number of men unfit for service or too young or too old to send into the field. Inquiry would show the number of women in industry, and the number of women unmarried and unemployed who would be available in a time of crisis. The completion of the compilation would promptly show the extent of the loss of hands in any industry, and a further simple calculation would show where the men were who were to take their places.

Nor could there be any uncertainty as to the industries sure to be closed down by the outbreak of war, those likely to stop, those likely to continue, and those which it was imperative should continue. The number of available workingmen, after the army had gone into the field, could be known as definitely in advance as the personnel of the men in the army; and if the War Department could provide beforehand for the location and equipment of every private in the German army, and draw up beforehand detailed orders telling him what to do and where to go when the mobilization was declared, entraining him at a certain point, detraining him at another point with food and munitions of war, it was an equally simple thing to provide beforehand for filling the gaps in the

factories occasioned by the mobilization, and for shifting the labor from the industries least essential to those more essential.

Surely the waste of effort expended at the beginning of most wars by the attempts of many manufacturers to keep open until forced to close, might well be saved, and the extraordinary pressure which the war would bring to bear on some industries could just as well be provided for in advance.

It was similarly easy to catalogue the natural resources of the country, to establish what the country could make, what it could not, and what raw materials it did not produce of which large supplies would be required to prosecute the war. German firms could be created to make the things Germany would have to have in big quantities in time of emergency, and the development of industries which were not necessary could be prevented from becoming too extensive. Time, patience, an unlimited amount of clerical work, miles of records and statistics, compilations without end, — the correctness of all of which must constantly be verified, —a perfectly possible task, but one truly colossal! Indeed, to the observer there is something more extraordinary about this cataloguing and arranging of nearly seventy millions of people, and the attempt consciously to direct the activity of every soul toward a single purpose and a single end, than in all the boasted achievements of German science or in the elaborate arrangements for the army.

First and foremost, the statesmen must act with a full consciousness of the fact that the war would be fought with guns and powder, by human beings who would eat and would demand clothing, and not by automatons fed upon money. Especially must they remember that the munitions of war, which would be increasingly necessary as the conflict continued, were highly complex products of highly specialized machinery, operated by specially trained workmen. Factories would have to be created in time of peace, — factories sufficient in number, adequate in equipment and in personnel, to turn out with regularity in time of war a constant supply of munitions of war, sufficient in volume to meet not only the demands already estimated, but as large a demand as unforeseen factors might make imperative. The factories must be created and maintained in time of peace, not on a peace basis, but on a war basis. Their equipment and the number of hands must be sufficient at any time to begin manufacturing for an army in the field.

Here is the very simple basis of the so-called armament scandals of which the peace advocates have made so much capital. The armament firms, created and subsidized by the government, have insisted that if they were to continue operations they must have enough work to keep them from bankruptcy until such time as the war should arise. They have also very correctly represented, — and have found little opposition to their claim in Berlin, — that to train their men sufficiently well to operate their factories on a war basis would require a constant manufacture of munitions actually needed in war. Men skilled in producing a certain commodity dependent for its manufacture upon a high grade of manual dexterity and a nicety of adjustment, must obtain their training in actual work.

Not less necessary would be an adequate supply of food. The Department of Agriculture has been so successful that there can be little doubt that the productivity of land in Germany is proportionately greater for the labor and capital invested than in any other country in the world, and so far-reach-

ing have been its operations that the imperial government claims that over ninety per cent of the land in Germany is productive. The definiteness with which the Germans have catalogued the land, located the areas on which grain can be grown, and computed the maximum product from those varied areas, equals the exactitude with which they have tabulated the facts about the army. We should, indeed, be guilty of stupidity, if we supposed that the men directing the destinies of Germany had omitted from their elaborate calculations provision for so elemental a necessity as an entirely adequate supply of food. They knew on the first day of August precisely how much food they had on hand, and precisely where the new supplies were coming from. Not improbably they could have furnished a list of the men and women who would sow and reap the future harvests.

A third factor would be necessary: occupation for those who neither went to the front nor were utilized in the industries and pursuits directly bearing upon the prosecution of the war. German industries must be developed so that the things upon which Germans depended for comfort could be supplied in Germany. They would have no repetition of the situation which obtained during the Napoleonic wars, when Germany insisted upon buying English sugar, English tobacco, and English cloth, in the face of the fact that this benefited their enemies. No doubt the beet-sugar industry has been a valuable and important factor in German agriculture, and we need not assume that it was begun with a war in view to see that its development solved one of the important questions which the war would create. It was only necessary for the government to fill the gaps left by the determined movement to make Germany self-sufficing, in order to put German industry upon a war basis in time of peace.

These were the real measures necessary for the financing of the war. Upon their success or failure the continuance and outcome of the war would surely depend. They were in the highest sense financial operations of magnitude, but their success would depend not upon money but upon capital. Years of effort in time of peace would be the effective prerequisite to the completion of such financial operations. The past poverty of Germany had not permitted her to accumulate a sufficient amount of capital for a development of such magnitude, and the war indemnity paid by France was barely enough to begin the process. The capital had to be borrowed from her enemies, from England and from France, the only nations who had it to spare. The financial operations by which this capital was borrowed year after year in London and in Paris by German companies and German individuals were in the truest sense the operations by which the war was financed. Their success is a byword of modern business circles.

III

When the actual moment came, nothing would need to be done beyond the execution of the plans already prepared. The army would, of course, go to the front. The positions vacated by whatever number of men should go would immediately be filled by an imperial employment bureau which would centralize the efforts and information of the local bureaus already established.

The shifting of labor to the war industries and to agriculture, and to the industries already selected for the employment of hands not otherwise provided for, was executed with the utmost success, without confusion and

without delay. Practically no commercial crisis of any sort took place in Germany, and the number of the unemployed is officially stated to be under six per cent. Indeed, if anything, there are fewer men out of work than usual. The imperial government, also, has undertaken to provide for the families of the men at the front, and to furnish subsistence for the women left with a family and no income during the war.

The Imperial Bureau of Supplies promptly began the control, preservation, and apportionment of the supplies on hand, which have thus far proved entirely adequate, and are likely to remain so. This bureau had unquestionably begun its operations as soon as the decision to fight was taken, which was clearly some weeks before the declaration of war, and it was able therefore to accumulate great quantities of those commodities whose supply would in any way be likely to be deficient. Everything had been foreseen, and here again the prevision was proved accurate and the arrangements admirable.

A part of this bureau's task was the regulation of prices. If the postulates of political economy mean anything, price is merely the exchange value of all commodities expressed in terms of money; and, unless there appears a serious deficiency in the supply, or an unusual increase in the demand, so that the two fail to offset each other, prices ought to remain the same. Unless, therefore, the war interfered with the supply or changed the demand, there was no reason at all why prices should change; and inasmuch as the average citizen looks upon prices as the real indication of prosperity, the government knew perfectly well that the maintenance of the same level of prices after the war began would have a beneficial effect of the utmost importance upon public opinion. Having provided already, therefore, for the maintenance of the supply, they had no intention of allowing individual greed to create war prices. Here again their dispositions have been completely successful. In all large centres in Germany the supply of necessities is adequate, and the prices practically identical with those before the war.

The problem of marketing the German produce which the war itself does not use, in exchange for the things which Germany cannot arrange to make and which are, nevertheless, important, has offered a greater problem. Should the war continue any length of time, the prosperity of Germany, the extent to which the burden of the war could be shifted to other shoulders, would obviously depend upon the extent to which Germany could produce more than she consumed, and upon the ability of German merchants to sell this surplus at a profit. German statesmen have studied the history of the past with great care, and particularly the history of the Napoleonic wars. The most striking feature in the economic history of that period was the persistent and lucrative trade between the belligerents. After England and France had blockaded on paper the whole of Europe, they proceeded to issue thousands upon thousands of licenses to break the blockade, and English goods, particularly English colonial goods, commanded high prices throughout the Continent and afforded the English large profits. The cause of this trade was clearly the inability of the Continent to procure these goods elsewhere.

The Germans now see clearly that Russia could very easily be isolated commercially from every part of the world except Germany and Austria, by the simple expedient of closing the Baltic and the Black seas. The mere existence of the German fleet would close the one; the Turkish government at

Constantinople could easily close the other. Russia would then have no outlet for her agricultural produce, and would be unable to buy English and French goods at all. She would face commercial ruin, and the Germans calculate that before very long a brisk trade will be established between Germany, Austria, and Russia, in which Germany will be able to market her surplus of manufactured goods at war prices, in exchange for meat and grain which may conceivably be very essential for her. Thus, the war itself may solve the last problem of German finance.

IV

In all this, money played no part. Money, Germans felt, — and their experience has thus far proved the correctness of their understanding of the postulates of political economy, — was needed only as an exchange medium in domestic and foreign trade. Here, as usual, the amount of currency or specie needed would be inconsiderable. All really large transactions could be easily accomplished by mere bookkeeping through the centralized chain of German banks. Money would be needed, in the ordinary sense, not to begin or to prosecute the war, but to prepare for it.

The amount of supplies which they felt they must have on hand at the outbreak of the war was so enormous that to collect it by any direct method such as they proposed to employ after the war had begun, would simply be an open confession of their intention to fight, which would warn their enemies, unnecessarily, months before the time. They knew also from the experience of Agadir that any such sum of money as they would need could not be borrowed in London or Paris at all. They therefore devised, possibly with no idea that it would be so soon needed, the recent war levy, a direct tax upon property of all sorts, amounting to two hundred and fifty million dollars, which they explained was necessary to render the armies efficient. This was entirely true. With it they purchased, in Germany and abroad, every conceivable sort of supplies necessary to put the nation in a position to make war. When the moment came they would need the actual commodities, and not the money; and at that moment they would need to be thinking in the War Office about everything except 'finance.' Moreover, as the government already owned the railroads, the telegraph, and everything the army could use, the transportation of the army and its supplies to the front involved the sending of a few orders, and not the expenditure of money at all. The government, as a matter of fact, was particularly anxious to keep specie out of the people's hands, to prevent them from hoarding it.

Money in time of war, as at any other time, therefore, the Germans concluded, meant currency; and currency meant some medium of exchange which would be accepted by the people at face value. So long as the public confidence in the government was unshaken, and ultimate success was believed certain, a paper currency would serve the purpose much better than specie. The banking system, to be sure, collected gold as assiduously as it could during the months preceding the war, and is supposed to have vastly increased the German gold reserve, which was to give stability to the paper currency and furnish a firm basis for such international exchange as they might eventually find necessary. The central banking system, however, long since highly organized, and accustomed to accept as security a great variety of credit values, could absolutely control

all exchange, could accept as collateral for loans whatever the individual had to offer and issue him paper credits. There would be plenty of real value because there would be plenty of work; the government would see to that.

The banks would make loans to the manufacturer and establish a checking account on which they would pay him paper, which he in turn would pay his employees, who would pay it out for commodities. The dealers would pay it back into the banks, where the whole transaction would, as usual, be canceled. With adequate supervision the system ought to work as usual, and so long as there is work, should guarantee Germany absolutely from panic or suffering.

The real root of economic crises seems to have been a lack of foresight, where ignorance allowed individuals to compete with each other, and gave some of them a chance to take advantage of others' necessities. Most crises have been due far more to a lack of intelligence than to a real deficiency of means in the community. The new bond issue is not concerned with the financing of the war at all, but with the necessary readjustments after the war is over.

The war might, conceivably, if all the economic premises of Pan-Germanism proved themselves true, give Germans some rather considerable financial advantages, which would go far toward lightening the burden of the generation now alive, and toward shifting the 'cost' of the war to some extent to the shoulders of their enemies. Of course the war would promptly suspend all ordinary facilities for the payment of the interest on German loans abroad, or of the dividends on German stocks due to foreigners. Unless the financial world is very wrong indeed, the German liabilities to foreign nations enormously exceed the payments due from foreign nations to them. The difference between what they owe and what is owed them, the war will present to German citizens, and this will be literally, for the time being, clear gain. Just so much more of the German gross income would be available for use in Germany, and it could hardly fail to be a very large sum; just so much of the produce raised by Germans, with which these debts would normally have been paid, would be available for German consumption.

So much the community might consume, and be exactly where it would have been 'financially' if the war had never broken out at all; by so much would the war instantly impoverish Germany's enemies, by whom these commodities would normally have been consumed. These financial handicaps could be increased very easily by the levy of contributions and ransoms from the hostile territory occupied by the German armies. Every bushel of wheat which could be diverted from French stomachs into German ones would mean so much financial gain for Germany.

Gold, when it could be got, has been seized consistently, in the hope of embarrassing domestic exchange in Belgium and France, where gold has been almost as habitually used in ordinary life as in England. Germany had so long been accustomed to paper currency that the issue at the outbreak of the war of the flood of new notes was accepted almost as a matter of course by the community. Paper currency, without elaborate provision for redemption in specie, will not be so acceptable in France and Belgium. It is therefore good finance to demand the payment of ransoms in gold. All these, however, are the mere incidentals of the correct financing of the war, as understood by German statesmen.

As observers, we are not yet in a position to pass upon the ultimate validity of these measures. We can only point out that they seem to conform accurately to the experience of history, and to be nothing more than the literal application of the simple postulates of political economy. So far as we can tell, if private letters are any evidence of what conditions in Germany at present are, every indication points toward the overwhelming success of German finance, and gives us slight reason to suppose that the predictions of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer will be fulfilled. If Germany and Austria are beaten it will not be for lack of 'cash.'

SOME REMARKS ON AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FICTION

BY EDWARD GARNETT

I

THE Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* having invited me to speak with candor on the practice and prospects of English and American fiction,[1] I feel that it is best to direct my remarks to a few aspects which may possibly lead to some discussion among American novelists themselves.

I speak here as an English reviewer who has been interested for many years in the American attempt to evolve, in imaginative literature, a standard of fine quality, one which in Mr. W. D. Howells's phrase 'should be neither shamed nor vaunting.' And first it may be of profit to inquire whether the artistic quality of English and American fiction is higher than was the case fifteen or twenty years ago. I believe that though the ordinary English novel is a mediocre affair, truly representative of our middle-class limitations, our dull but honest domesticity, our lack of wit and insensitiveness to form, our dislike of bitter truths, our preference for mild idealism and sentimental solutions, still the typical English novel to-day is less vulgar, less false, less melodramatic in its appeal than it was a generation ago.

Can the same be said of the American novel? My opinion is here set down in the hope of eliciting the views of other critics. But it appears to me that, of late, a certain intensification of the commercial ideal in America, with the increasing 'hunt of the dollar,' is more and more restricting the field of exercise of the finer and quieter talents in fiction, and that the rivalry of American publishers in flooding the country with inferior brands of novels must be tending to depress the public standard of taste. It must be, indeed, that there are fine and delicate talents emerging amid the raging spate of

[1] The author was invited to speak his mind with complete freedom. The reader must understand that his critical estimates are entirely his own. — THE EDITORS.

'best sellers'; but it is harder to distinguish their gleam amid the subfusk, swollen cataract of stories made to order.

In England, of course, as in America, there are bottomless depths in the insatiable appetite of the public for an art of sensational shocks and sentimental twaddle,[1] but the point is whether the market for the fine, conscientious piece of literary craftsmanship is a rising or a falling one? Various straws of tendency in the United States point in a depressing direction. Twenty years ago did not Mr. W. D. Howells's splendid example in literature carry more weight with the intelligent public than to-day? It will be rejoined, perhaps, that there is no living novelist of the younger American school who can paint with such subtle flexibility of insight and such breadth of vision the portrait of his generation, as did the author of *Silas Lapham*. If so, the sign is not auspicious.

The fact that the influence wielded by your two ablest novelists, Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick, is so restricted in scope in proportion to their gift, suggests that the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature, whereas our English audience, at worst, is apathetic or indifferent. With us, though the fight against commercial Philistinism is perennial, the writers of rare imaginative gift do not seem to me so isolated, so hemmed in, and cut off from assistance of cultivated minds as in America.

[1] To balance the disconcerting fact that Mrs. Florence Barclay's twaddling novels hail from an English vicarage, we quote an American publisher's advertisement: '"The Book of Thrills," *Darkness and Dawn*. By George Allan England'; and so forth.

'Also you have a wonderful wooing under perfectly unheard-of conditions; an ideal love, pure, tender, unselfish. . . . Beatrice's abduction, Allan's fight with a giant gorilla, the air-ship wreck, the thrilling defense against a horde of half-animal savages, and the building up of a new world and *a beautiful idealistic civilization* on the ruins of a blasted planet — these but suggest the *entertainment* possibilities of this big romance,' and so on.

II

Let us look back along the line some twenty years. From an undated cutting from the London *Speaker*, which must belong to 1894, or 1895 at latest, I find that I singled out Mr. Hamlin Garland, Miss Murfree, Miss Grace King, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Mary Wilkins, and Miss Katharine Smith as the most gifted literary artists in the younger rising school, Messrs. W. D. Howells's, Henry James's, and George W. Cable's reputations having been of course long solidly established.

By some accident I did not come across Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's incomparable short stories till several years later, when I recommended an English publisher to import an edition of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. But the failure of American criticism to recognize that, by virtue of thirty little masterpieces in the short story, Miss Jewett ranks with the leading European masters, and its grudging, inadequate recognition of the most original genius it has produced in story-telling, Mr. Stephen Crane, showed me that it had not realized that real talent, æsthetic or literary, is individual in its structure, experience, outlook, and growth, and that it makes its appeal and survives to posterity by reason of its peculiar originality of tone and vision expressed in beauty and force of form, of atmosphere, and of style.

Every fresh native talent emerges by virtue of its revelation of fresh aspects and original points of view, which create fresh valuations in our comprehension of life and human nature. Now this very simple test, which is indeed self-evident, is the touchstone

by which we separate the genuine metal of imaginative art from the sham or common alloy of the popular fabricated article. If we apply it in the cases of Frank R. Stockton and Joel Chandler Harris we perceive that the originality of those delightful humorists entitles them to seats not far removed from that of Mark Twain. Again, when Mr. Frank Norris appeared, his *McTeague* was no literary echo, or iteration or affirmation of current social ideas or ideals, whatever may have been the precise measure of his literary talent. The same may be said of Mr. Harold Frederick's powerful novel *Illumination*. Later, when Mr. Dreiser came in sight with his *Sister Carrie*, the present writer had the honor of recommending it for English publication, while that admirable piece of realism was being cold-shouldered and boycotted for years by the body of American publishers.

I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers of language, gayety, creative fecundity, and imaginative power in handling a situation have yet received their due in America, but the point I wish to make clear is that between the writers above enumerated, namely between Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Murfree, Miss Mary Wilkins, Miss Grace King, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Mr. Frank R. Stockton, Mr. J. C. Harris, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. Stephen Crane, Mr. Frank Norris, O. Henry,[1] and such clever popular favorites as Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. John Fox, Jr., Mr. Owen Johnson, it would be waste of time to institute comparisons in respect of artistic gifts and originality of temperament. The work of the first class of writers, unequal as are their achievements in point of individual genius, is of a grade artistically far beyond the reach of the second class enumerated.

In saying that the work of the latter — represented by the six authors I have cited — is obviously deficient in 'temperamental value,' I do not mean that these authors are indistinguishable one from another, but that in tone, in insight, in style, each is little more than a popular sounding-board for the reverberation of current tones and moods of the mass of minds. Take Mr. R. H. Davis's story, *The Man who could not Lose*, Mr. R. W. Chambers's *The Business of Life*, Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Salamander*, and ask what measure of creative originality informs them. None. None at all, or next to none. These stories no doubt may amuse or interest or instruct their audience, but the first is worthless, the second mediocre, the third meretricious as an artistic achievement. They are destined for the rubbish heap, if indeed they have not been deposited there already. And the works, all told, of Mr. Winston Churchill, Miss Mary Johnston, and Mr. John Fox, Jr., despite the amazing energy and industry of their authors, kick the beam when weighed against a single little masterpiece by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett or Stephen Crane. This of course is an obvious truth to any critical intelligence, but I do not know how far it is now accepted in America.

III

At this point of the inquiry my reader may ask, Do not you possess in England this same class of popular favorites whose novels and tales are also destitute of real creative original-

[1] I omit Miss Katharine Smith and Mr. Dreiser, for I am not aware whether their later work fulfilled the promise respectively of *The Cy-Barker Ledge* and *Sister Carrie*. — THE AUTHOR.

ity, æsthetic interest, and individual insight? We do. But the work of industrious talents such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. H. A. Vachell, 'Richard Dehan,' Miss E. T. Fowler, and others, is not ranked by any critic worth his salt with that of writers of creative originality, like Messrs. Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett.

I must admit that the vast majority of our English audience is uncritical in its taste, and that many of our 'best sellers' are also the most poverty-stricken and mediocre in point of vision, form, atmosphere, and style. But the chief advantage we possess which leads to the fostering of literary talent, giving it liberty to grow and a certain if small measure of favoring recognition, springs, I believe, from the fact that the Englishman is so individual in his instincts that the unorthodox novelist of real talent will always find some backer to publish and support him, and reviewers to criticize him with insight and fairness, *without deferring to the opinion of the majority.* However dull or mediocre an ordinary English novelist may be, I do not think that he deliberately echoes the orthodox shibboleths, moral or social, of the public at large, or that he makes a fetish of 'recognized opinion.' I cannot help connecting the strange timidity (I had almost written cowardice) of the American publishers in backing work of original individuality with the great superstition of the good American in his present stage of culture, namely, that he ought to be thinking and feeling and reiterating what he imagines everybody round him is thinking and feeling and reiterating. Everybody is busy copying everybody else! — an absurd state of things which is not only destructive of true individuality, but directly inimical to the creation of fine art.

The dogma persistently put forward in America under innumerable guises, that the thinker and the literary artist must cater to the tastes, ideas, and sentiments, moral and emotional, of the great majority, under pain of being ignored[1] or ostracized, was noted by De Tocqueville three generations ago; but this dogma bred in the American bone seems to have been reinforced by the latter-day tyranny of the commercial ideal. The commercial man who says, 'Read this book because it is the best seller,' is seeking to hypnotize the individual's judgment and taste. If there be a noticeable dearth of originality of feeling and outlook in latter-day American fiction, it must be because the individual is subjected from the start to the insistent pressure of social ideals of conformity which paralyze or crush out the finer, rarer, more sensitive individual talents. I do not say that English writers are not vexed in a minor degree by Mrs. Grundy's attempts to boycott or crush novels that offend the taste of 'the villa public,' but I believe that our social atmosphere favors the writer of true individuality; and in proof of this statement I set down here a list of over sixty novelists of genuine original talent, many of whom are literary craftsmen of high artistic quality; and these are in addition to the six I have already named: —

George Moore, Hilaire Belloc, Cunninghame Graham, W. H. Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Foster, William De Morgan, Leonard Merrick, Maurice Hewlett, John Masefield, Sir A.

[1] One is told, for example, of the fate of the late Frank Norris's rejected posthumous novel. *Vandover*, strongest of them all, was not in accord with the spirit of the day in literature, and in the time of rapid production it was easy to ignore its claim. — THE AUTHOR.

Quiller-Couch, Robert Hichens, Stephen Reynolds, A. F. Wedgwood, David W. Bone, Barry Pain, C. E. Montague, Oliver Onions, J. C. Snaith, James Stephens, Frank Harris, Neil Lyons, Perceval Gibbon, Walter De La Mare, Charles Marriott, Ford Hueffer, H. De Vere Stacpoole, Neil Munro, Morley Roberts, Vincent O'Sullivan, Marmaduke Pickthall, Compton Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, E. V. Lucas, Frank Swinnerton, W. L. George, Edwin Pugh, Gilbert Cannan, Archibald Marshall, Grant Richards, Algernon Blackwood, Gerald O'Donovan, Shan Bullock, Eden Phillpotts, George Birmingham, Richard Pryce, E. F. Benson, Percy White, Temple Thurston, Sir Conan Doyle, James Prior, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Ethel Sidgwick, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Dudeney, Mrs. Gertrude Bone, Miss Macnaughtan, Miss Violet Hunt, Mrs. Ada Leverson, Mrs. C. Dawson Scott, Miss Amber Reeves, Miss Silberrad, 'Lucas Malet,' Mrs. Margaret Woods, and Miss Marjorie Bowen.

It would be interesting to know how far the above list — which could be extended — can be paralleled by a similar list of living American novelists of artistic rank. I have counted up to twenty myself, in addition to those already cited; but I cannot claim to have explored or examined thoroughly the field of American fiction for several years past, and I must remind my readers that in touching on certain aspects in the outlook for fiction I am hoping to elicit information and discussion.

Now it may perhaps help the inquiry if I quote some passages from a criticism of Mr. Jack London's *Burning Daylight*, a criticism styled 'Made in America,' which I contributed to a London newspaper three years back: —

'Why is it that the work of so many highly intelligent American novelists is so deficient in *artistic quality* when we come to compare it with European fiction on the same intellectual level? Writers of genius America can of course show us . . . but I am speaking with reference to scores of the clever popular novelists whose artistic instincts seem to be affected, indeed largely stultified, by an insidious force, omnipresent in the American social atmosphere, which dictates such absurd observances as "the happy ending." While nearly every society wishes its governing ideas to be paramount, and is distrustful of the artist who subjects them to an unfaltering analysis, it is only in America that the commercial instinct seems to have succeeded in erecting the mediocrity of the ordinary man, in matters artistic, into an imperative standard of tastelessness. . . .

'Now, in modern art what matters perhaps most is the temperament of the artist, that individual essence which creates a new spiritual quality and atmosphere out of the life and forms and patterns of society. . . . An essential in creative art is the artist's temperamental absorption in his own work. Art in that respect is essentially aristocratic, however democratic its appeal may be. That is what Meredith meant when he said, "Do not democratize literature." Beer or blankets or biscuits or braces may be manufactured to please the taste of the average man, but art cannot be so dealt with under penalty of losing its quality as art. The business people do not, of course, understand this. They cry aloud for novels that sell in hundreds of thousands, — those novels which are "graded," cleverly or not, to a standard of mediocre taste. And temperamental quality, being unadaptable and self-regarding, is apt to be a stumbling-block in the way of those popular achievements. Americans, however charming and intelligent they may be, always

seem nervously anxious to appear orthodox in their artistic tastes and appreciations. And this of course means keeping to the high road of mediocrity, for genuine taste implies again the expression of an individual temperament. . . .

'Mr. Jack London's *Burning Daylight* has more individuality than most American novels — as a work of picturesque information on Yukon pioneering, and as a smashing criticism of American business ideals, it is indeed quite valuable. The story is a "live" book, as his countrymen say, broad in outlook, manly in its standpoint, and one written with literary skill and conviction. Yet this same curious absence of temperament is to be remarked, and the novel has something of the effect of a composite photograph. Mr. Jack London does not echo other writers, or conform to the opinion of the majority, so his case is worth investigating. The hero, Harnish, is an American superman. His physical feats are almost superhuman. He out-runs, out-walks, out-distances, out-drinks, out-gambles, out-fights, and so forth, every other man in the Yukon territory, including the Indian Karna, "the pick of his barbaric race."

'And the consequence is that one does not believe in Harnish as one believes, say, in the existence of the heroes of the Icelandic Sagas. He is a monster, not a man. The American tendency to exaggeration has in fact annihilated all the finer lines and traits of human personality. And, after all, art is a matter of precise shades and particular lines. So with Dede Mason, the heroine of the tale, Harnish's "ninety-dollar-a-month stenographer," who refuses to marry him when he is a millionaire because she dislikes the fevered life he is leading. Dede Mason is generalized, not individualized. She talks not like any girl in particular, but like a syndicate of American women as reported by a news agency. Harnish's courtship and Dede's replies give one the sensation of love-making by human machinery, very smooth-running and effective in working, but without individual power or charm or flavor. . . . May we not draw the conclusion that it is the pressure of "standardized" ideas in the mental interchange of American society that is so destructive of the finer shades of "temperamental" valuation?'

I quote the above criticism the more readily since it lays stress on the two characteristics of popular latter-day American fiction which are destructive of its appeal to rank as fine art: that is, (*a*) exaggeration, (*b*) the presentation and glorification of 'standardized' morals, manners, emotions, and of stereotyped social ambitions and ethical valuations.

Let us take Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Salamander* for an illustration of charge (*a*). Mr. Johnson has chosen a promising subject, for the 'salamander' girl, Doré, is a significant product of her feverish and artificial New York environment. But the author exhausts us with a surfeit of flimsy and violent sensationalism, he plays with the loud pedal down, and is continually throwing in all kinds of flashy effects. He commences with exaggerated emphasis, and after the first seventy pages he can only offer us a repetition of the old shocks. The men characters — Massingale, Lindaberry, Sassoon, and Harrigan Blood — are merely coarsely modeled types, not individual men in any sense of the word. The girl characters are little better. We soon sicken of the erotic sentimentalities that Massingale and Doré exchange, and all the latter scenes between them are vamped up, shockingly surcharged with false rhetoric and theatrical overemphasis.

The above criticism of *The Salaman-*

der may seem a little harsh, but I make it deliberately, on the ground that it would be absurd to style the novel 'a work of art.' If we compare it, say, with Mr. W. D. Howells's recent novel, *New Leaf Mills*, with its classic balance, exquisite restraint, and gracious clarity of vision, we shall refuse to dignify *The Salamander* with the name of 'literature.' The fact that it sells one hundred thousand copies or a quarter of a million copies, or a million copies, is no mitigation of the fact that *The Salamander* violates almost every canon of good art. It may be added that a vital reason for the discouragement of crude, violent, and noisy art is that an audience which is habituated to being 'thrilled' will require coarser and coarser stimulants to excite its jaded mental palate. Sensational art is art in which everybody seems to be talking at the top of his voice to attract attention, till at last the hubbub becomes so deafening that the people still resolved on being heard begin to howl and scream. So it is with 'best sellers' that are 'all outside and no inside,' and with 'the New Fiction that People are Reading'; the publishers and the authors seem to be conspiring to force the note of exaggeration till the typical 'best seller' works with automatic prevision in producing scenes of sweet sentimentalism or shock after shock of melodramatic incident. If I am in error in thinking that twenty years ago the American novel of sensation was a far soberer and more human affair than it is to-day, I should welcome evidence on the point.

IV

As regards my second criticism, (*b*), that the modern American novelist seems to delight in the presentation of 'standardized' morals, manners, and emotions, and the glorification of stereotyped aspirations and ethical valuations, I may illustrate it by saying that his unconscious habit seems to be to swim with the current, to swim not across the stream, but down it. He would appear to be carried along by the force of the social stream at such a pace that his swimming, that is, his work, does not show any appreciable resistance to the way that the tide of popular ideas and ideals happens to be setting. I except of course the work of a score or more of novelists, such as Booth Tarkington, Robert Herrick, Owen Wister, Miss Dewing, and Neith Boyce, whose criticism of character is accompanied by a criticism of society; but the weakness of the ordinary well-written American novel lies, if I may say so, in its sentimental and ethical conventionality. Even the novelists who set out to create 'fresh valuations' in social propaganda seem to me to deal in 'stock' sizes of manly emotions. Let me illustrate my meaning by a quotation written a few years ago of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Mr. Crewe's Career*:—

'The naïveté of the author's artistic method is shown in the idyllic contrast that he draws between the two men who control the fortunes of the North-Eastern Railroad, — Mr. Flint, the President, and his legal adviser, the Hon. Hilary Vane, and their pure and upright children, Victoria Flint and Austen Vane, who, of course, fall in love and run counter to their parents' crooked policy.

'We do not believe in the candid innocence of the fascinating Victoria. She is a stock tradition of the Anglo-Saxon theatre, this pure and trusting heroine who, lapped in luxury, never dreams of questioning her hard father's methods and business code of ethics, till the moment comes when, enlightened by her lover, she is "satisfied with nothing less than the truth," and her

"life-long faith" in him is broken thereby. We fear that in real life Victoria would have been quite prepared to speculate for the fall in North-Eastern securities.

'Nor can we accept the high-souled Austen Vane as a figure representative in any sense. He has the moral tone of an Emerson, the brains of a Lincoln, and the purity of a Sir Galahad. He is obviously constructed to flatter the idealism always strong in the great community of hard-headed business citizens of the United States. His career is improbable: after a wild youth, he has gone West and shot his man, and then returned to the home of his fathers, where by turns he patronizes, and is filled with a dumb sorrow and compassion for the erring ways of the Hon. Hilary. He takes up and wins a suit for a suffering farmer against the tyrannical North-Eastern Railroad, but he is too magnanimous in his filial affection to accept a nomination for the governorship of the state, when all the honest citizens come thronging round, entreating him to be the "people's man."

'It is a very touching conception, but we may say candidly that we distrust the *bona fides* of these idealized figures. There is an unpleasant flavor of moral bunkum, moreover, in some of the situations, as in the scene where the Hon. Hilary, bowed and broken by his uneasy sense of a life misspent, defies his old friend the President of the North-Eastern Railroad, and says, "I'm glad to have found out what my life has been worth before I die." The radiant and unselfish Victoria, who, by the by, is wearing "a simple but exquisite gown, the creation of which aroused the artist in a celebrated Parisian dressmaker," with an "illuminating smile" pierces "the hard layers of the Hon. Hilary's outer shell, and hears the imprisoned spirit crying with a small, persistent voice — a spirit stifled for many years and starved." Then the Hon. Hilary has a stroke. It is a little simple, this "triumph of the right," as is also the ethical flavoring of the love-making between the spotless Austen and his bride, who has a "fierce faith that it was his destiny to make the world better and hers to help him." When, however, we leave the sentimental trimmings on one side, and get to the real "business politics," we may congratulate Mr. Winston Churchill on having got his knife well into the corporations.'

Even in novels of a superior order, which may be marked by genuine psychological insight, atmospheric truth, and a highly conscientious exposition of character and motive, we find that the didactic touch often robs the story of the qualities of flexible grace and naturalness which are essential to fine craftsmanship. A former criticism of Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Bride of the Mistletoe* may serve as an illustration: —

'Conscientious is the term that best describes the spirit and the workmanship of *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, as of so much of the work of the best American novelists. Perhaps one of the drawbacks of addressing a democracy is that the conscientious writer is led to take his responsibilities overseriously, and is careful to enunciate nothing that is not sanctioned by severe ethical standards or upheld by common sense. This underlying correctness of mental and moral tone is apt to be destructive of artistic grace, spontaneity, and intensity; and even in the most unstudied moments of Mr. Allen's story he never lets the significant detail speak for itself, but swathes it with commentary, didactic or sentimental. When Maupassant advises the young writer not to reason overmuch, he implies that the force of the

thing in itself and of its atmosphere, which art conveys, is impaired by any obtrusive desire of a writer to play Providence to his readers. Mr. James Lane Allen is too accomplished a writer to err by gross didactic underlining, but a multitude of subtle touches betray that he, like his hero, is conscious of a "task," of a "message," which may "kindle in American homes some new light of truth, with the eyes of mothers and fathers fixed upon it, and innumerable children of the future the better for its shining. . . ."

'We could enlarge on the striking absence of economy of line in Mr. Allen's method, on its deliberate impressiveness, to which are sacrificed grace, ease, and the flash of the unforeseen. But, passing much artificiality in the literary style, as in the description of a brook which is likened to "a band of jewelled samite," or as in the phrase "gray-eyed querist of actuality," when the husband addresses his wife, we may point out that the story loses all illusion of actuality in passages of conversation such as the following: —

'"Frederick," she said, "for many years we have been happy together, so happy! Every tragedy of nature has stood at a distance from us, except the loss of our children. We have lived on a sunny pinnacle of our years, lifted above life's storms. But, of course, I have realized that, sooner or later, our lot must become the common one: if we did not go down to sorrow, sorrow would climb to us; and I knew that on the heights it dwells best. That is why I wish to say to you to-night what I shall: I think fate's hour has struck for me; I am ready to bear it. Its sorrow has already left the bow and is on its way; I open my heart to receive it. This is as I had always wished. I have said that if life had any greatest tragedy for me, I hoped it would come when I was happiest; thus I should not know it all. I have never drunk half of my cup of happiness, as you know, and let the other half waste; I must go equally to the depth of any suffering. Worse than the suffering, I think, would be the feeling that I had shirked some of it, had stepped aside or shut my eyes, or in any manner shown myself a cowardly soul," — and so on.

'It does not need much insight to perceive that every sentence here of Josephine's speech is false to nature, and quite impossible for a woman in her situation. The imagery and the carefully balanced periods smell of the lamp, of the highly literary endeavor of the conscientious writer, whose strength lies in meditation and not in catching or conveying to us the movement and interchange of living things.'

V

It seems as if even a slight dose of 'ethical intention' may be as fatal to the creation of a perfect illusion or mirage of life in an artist's picture as is the bias of diffused sentimentalism. American novelists in general might ponder the acute saying of Joubert: 'In painting the moral side of Nature, what the artist has most to beware of is exaggeration; while in painting its physical side what he has to fear most is weakness.' Latter-day American story-tellers, most of them, seem to be in a conspiracy to 'make the world better,' to 'touch the heart,' to 'make you forget all your troubles,' to 'exalt life and love,' to be 'a sunshine-maker.' These intentions are so unfaltering, and the stress laid on 'clean living' is so insistent, that one is forced to ask one's self whether the practice and theory of living in America are not antagonistic? whether the exaggerated sentimental appeal may not denote a thinness of real emotion, and the persistent absorption with the moral issue an uneasy

self-distrust? It would be as ridiculous to charge the great American people with being less honest with themselves than are those of other nations, as it would be to doubt that in 'the land of freedom,' there is less inner freedom than elsewhere. But the latter-day American novel often leaves one with an uneasy idea that the weight and momentum of American civilization are rolling out the paste of human nature very flat, and are stamping it with machine-made patterns of too common an order.

Another simile that obtrudes itself in reading many American novels is that of a visit from kindly folk who have come to a gathering in Sunday clothes and with Sunday manners. The people's week-day spontaneity is replaced by a cautious preoccupation with their deportment, as to how they are expected to behave, and everything that they say is a little forced. Even in the admirable novels of Mrs. Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick the conflict so often depicted beween the idealism of the characters and their ordinary earthly motives gives one an odd feeling that both their morals and their manners are like tightly cut clothes in which people cannot be quite at ease. What seems odd is that this persistently active 'conscience' apparently forces the American novelist to dodge and evade any real examination of the cleavage between his so-called 'higher nature' and the claims of the senses. The blinking of facts concerning the appetite of love was marvelous indeed in the Victorian novel; but the effect of the conspiracy of silence in the American novel concerning the sexual passion is seen in the alarming featurelessness of its portraits of women. But this aspect of the subject requires an essay to itself.

To bring my remarks to a head I will conclude by saying that, whereas the limited horizon of modern English fiction, its lack of national breadth, its tameness and lack of sympathy with the democracy, are due to its restricted middle-class outlook, the American novel fails by virtue of its idealistic bias and psychological timidity. The novelist should put human nature under the lens and scrutinize its motives and conduct with the most searching and exacting interest. His æsthetic pleasure in the rich spectacle of life should be backed by a remorseless instinct for telling the truth. But it is impossible to combine these qualities with the commercial, ethical, and sentimental ideals that seem to make up American 'optimism.' 'America is strong in the uplift,' said a publisher of 'Sunshine-Makers' and 'Best Sellers' to the present writer, who, rejoicing at these synonymous terms, wandered back to the shelf of his prized American classics, Walt Whitman and Poe, Mr. W. D. Howells, Thoreau, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, O. Henry, and Stephen Crane.

THE STORK: A CHRISTMAS BALLAD

[This ballad, written probably in the middle or latter years of the sixteenth century, was found by a reader of the *Atlantic*, Mrs. Mabel C. De Vona, in an old house on the edge of the Yorkshire wolds, written on the fly-leaf of an early edition of the first prayer-book of King Edward VI, published in 1549. On the reverse of the fly-leaf were several notations referring to the death and marriage of members of the family. The page was unfortunately in a mutilated condition, and in several places, particularly the closing lines of the fourth and last stanzas, it was necessary to supply several of the words. Diligent inquiry has given us some confidence that the ballad is here given in print for the first time. — The Editors.]

The storke shee rose on Christmas eue
  And sayed unto her broode,
I nowe muste fare to Bethleem,
  To vieue the Sonne of God.

Shee gaue to eche his dole of mete,
  Shee stowed them fayrlie in,
And farre shee flew and faste shee flew,
  And came to Bethleem.

Now where is he of Dauid's lynne?
  Shee askd at house and halle.
He is not here, they spake hardlye,
  But in the Maungier stalle.

Shee found hym in the Maungier stalle,
  With that most Holye Mayde;
The gentyle storke shee wept to see
  The Lord so rudelye layde.

Then from her pauntynge brest shee pluckd
  The fethers whyte and warm;

Shee strawed them in the Maungier bed
To kepe the Lorde from harm.

Now blessed bée the gentil storke
Forevermore, quothe Hee,
For that shee saw my sadde estate
And showèd suche Pytye.

Full welkum shal shee ever bee
In hamlet and in halle,
And hight henceforthe the Blessed Byrd
And friend of babyes alle.

THE GLORY-BOX

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

I

In Southern Ohio a girl's wedding chest is her Glory-Box. If, like Mabel Bennet, you are the daughter of a successful druggist, the box is of cedarwood, delivered free of charge by the Dayton department stores; but if, like Eunice Day, you are the daughter of an unsuccessful bookkeeper who has left a life insurance inadequate even when supplemented by the salary you earn teaching primary children, then the box is just a box, covered with gay cretonne, and serving the purpose very nicely.

When Eunice Day's engagement became known, Mabel, remembering the scalloped guest-towels which Eunice had given her some months before, brought over one afternoon an offering wrapped in tissue paper.

'I hope you 'll like this, Eunice,' she said. 'It's just a sacque, what they call a matinée. I've found them very useful.'

Mabel spoke with the slightly complacent air of the three months' bride.

'Why, it's ever so dear of you to go to so much trouble,' said Eunice, taking the package into her hands. She was a tall, slender girl, with dark eyes and a pretty dignity of bearing. 'I'll have to open it right now, I guess. You are n't in a hurry, are you?'

'Oh, no, not especially. Harry does n't get home until quarter past six, and I've fixed the vegetables. Just you go ahead.'

Eunice untied the white ribbon. 'Why, Mabel, it's beautiful, and such a delicate shade of pink!'

She held the sacque at arm's length.

'I'm glad you like it. It's nothing wonderful, of course.'

'It could n't be more pretty, and Stephen loves pink. I wrote him the other day that I had made a pink kimono and I hoped he would like it. He wrote back that pink was — was the color of dawn and apple-blossoms.'

Mabel laughed. 'Stephen has a funny way of saying things, has n't he?'

'Why, I don't know,' said Eunice, flushing.

'Oh, well,' went on Mabel good-naturedly, 'I do think you look nice in pink with your dark hair. Harry always tells me to stick to blue. It's the color for blondes. Don't you want to show me your things? I won't mind if the ribbons are n't all run in yet.'

'I'd like to show them to you, of course. Come upstairs. They'll look nicer though when they are all pressed out,' said Eunice, laying the sacque carefully back in its paper wrappings. She carried it on outstretched palms.

'Do you know when you're going to be married?' asked Mabel as she reached the top of the narrow stairs.

'We have n't made plans yet. Probably Stephen won't want to for another year. It depends on so many things.'

'I suppose so,' said Mabel, following Eunice into her bedroom. It was a small room but pretty. Eunice had recently put four coats of white paint on her oak set. 'Lawyers,' continued Mabel sympathetically, 'have to wait so much longer. Now Harry knew to a cent what salary he was getting when he proposed to me and he knew what his raise would probably be for the next two years. The Wire Company is a square concern. There's your Glory-Box! It looks awfully nice. You made it, did n't you?'

'Stephen made it when he was on for his vacation last summer. We happened to have the cretonne in the house. Mother wanted me to buy a cedar chest but I thought this would do.'

'Oh, one does n't really need a cedar chest,' said Mabel cheerfully, 'and they're terribly expensive, you know.'

'Yes, I do know.' Eunice's face twinkled. 'I'll lay this sacque on the bed so it won't get mussed while I'm showing you the things.'

She raised the lid of the Glory-Box and then glanced shyly at the other girl. 'You're the first person I've shown them to. I hope you'll think they're dainty. There is n't much lace on them, but mother put in a lot of handwork — feather-stitching.'

'Lace is a bother to do up,' Mabel said amiably. 'I've been almost distracted doing up mine.'

'Your things were beautiful, though.' Eunice was laying piles of carefully folded garments on the edge of the box.

'There, I've got it now,' she said, getting up from the floor. 'This is my prettiest set. I've kept it wrapped in dark blue paper. Mother said it would keep white longer.'

'Why, they are sweet, Eunice!' Mabel touched the soft white stuff with appraising fingers. 'And all made by hand. My, what a lot of work! Your mother must have spent hours on them.'

'She did. She said she wanted to do it, though. The other things are plainer.' Eunice took them up one by one and showed them. 'I won't let you see the table linen to-day. I've done a lot of initialing, but they don't look really well until they have been washed.'

'No, they don't. Anyway I have to be going. You certainly have nice things, Eunice. That kimono is awfully pretty.'

'I like it,' said Eunice simply.

'Well, I can't stay another minute. Don't you come down to the door now. You have to put away everything. I'll just run along. Come and see me. I've got the flat all settled.'

'I shall love to, Mabel. Just a moment! You must let me go to the door with you. The Glory-Box can wait.'

Eunice found her mother standing by the bed when she came back. She was a meagre-looking woman with a thin mouth. Her eyes had once been soft and dark like Eunice's, but the glow had gone out of them, leaving them a little hard.

'I've been looking at the sacque Mabel brought you. It's a nice pattern. That sort of lace looks almost like real val. What did she say to your things?'

'She said they were sweet, mother.'

'Well, I suppose they are as nice as any one could have without spending money. You did n't show her the tablecloth I gave you?'

'No, I thought I'd wait to show the linen until it was all done up.'

Her mother fingered the lace on the sacque. 'I don't believe she has a much better tablecloth than that one, Eunice. Do you suppose so?'

'No,' answered Eunice, 'probably not. It's very beautiful.' She laid down the garment she was folding and looked up, troubled, into her mother's face. 'Oh, it seems so selfish for me to have it all. You've always wanted nice fine linen, mother.'

'I've given up wanting, I guess. I don't care as long as you have them. You had better lay tissue paper in that sleeve, Eunice, the way I showed you. I'll start supper so that you can put these things away. They won't look like anything if you leave them about.'

When her mother was gone, Eunice took up the pink kimono and spread it out on the bed. She could fold it more carefully that way. She touched it with caressing fingers. 'Dawn and apple-blossoms,' she repeated softly. Then she smiled, remembering Mabel's remark: 'Stephen has a funny way of saying things.'

Stephen was different somehow from Harry, from any of the men whom her friends had married. They were nice young men, of course, all of them. One was superintendent of the Sunday School, besides getting a good salary in the Cash Register Company; another had gone to college, had been in Stephen's class at the Ohio State University in fact, and was now doing well as part owner of the garage on Main Street; still another was paying-teller in the bank next to the garage; he wore very 'good-looking' suits, usually with a tiny line of white at the edge of the waistcoat. Still Stephen was different.

When he had got his B.A. degree at Ohio, he decided that he wanted to be a lawyer, and that he would go to one of the best schools in the country. He chose Columbia. He had worked his way through college, but he considered that it would not pay to work his way through Law School. He wanted the time to get something out of New York. His father was unable to advance the money, so Stephen went to a friend of his father's, a prosperous coal-dealer in the town, and asked that he lend him enough to put him through economically, but not, he plainly said, too economically. He would give the coal-dealer notes, payable with interest four years after he was admitted to the bar.

The coal-dealer, taking into consideration the fact that the young man had broken every record at the university in scholarship, and two other facts, the young man's forehead and mouth, lent him the money. He said that the interest need not begin until he was admitted.

Stephen thanked him and went to Columbia. One of the professors there took a great fancy to him. He introduced him to his sister, a maiden lady living in Washington Square, who, find-

ing him very likable, introduced him to other people living in the Square.

Stephen was very happy. He wrote to Eunice, — he had been engaged to her since the end of his second year at the Law School, — 'Washington Square is rather terrifying from the outside, but once inside you feel beautifully at home. I think it's the perfect breeding you find there. I've met women more intellectual, greater perhaps, than Professor Lansing's sister, but never one who gives such an impression of completion. There are no loose ends. You will like her, Eunice.'

In another letter he said, 'We won't have much money to start with, of course, but if we put a little dignity into our kitchenette apartment, it will be a home that people will love to come to. It's partly the dignity of their living that makes these Washington Square people so worth while to be with.'

And last week he had written, 'You won't find New York lonely. They will love you, dear. You belong. You have not only charm but the dignity that belongs. I wonder if I'm foolish to care so much for that word dignity. Perhaps it's because I associate it with you, or perhaps — I love you because you have it.'

And Eunice too was happy and proud: happy that Stephen was coming into his own, and proud that he should think her equal to the occasion. It would not be an easy task, being equal to Stephen. Stephen was a great man, or would be a great man. She knew it and Stephen knew it. 'We are going to be great, you and I,' he had said more than once. And yet one day when she had answered, 'You and I, Stephen?' his eyes, which had been alight with the glorious vision of the future, softened, and he had come and knelt beside her and had laid his head down. 'Oh, Eunice,' he had whispered, 'I've got brains, I'm pretty sure to be successful, but if I'm worth while, it will be because of you. You are a great woman, dear.' And Eunice had mothered him and had hoped — so fervently that the hope was a prayer — that she would really be great enough to meet his needs.

Sometimes she doubted. She had dignity; Stephen had said so; but inside she was deprecating and shy. People like Mabel Ashley made her shy, and most of the people she knew were like Mabel. They thought Stephen's way of saying and thinking things, 'funny.' There was only one woman whom she could talk with, a High-School teacher who had come to board next door. She and the High-School teacher took long walks together.

The High-School teacher had been to Europe twice. She knew how people lived outside of this little Ohio town, — outside of the United States even. She was full of shrewd comment. Eunice talked to her about the books that she and Stephen were reading, and sometimes about Stephen himself. Several times the High-School teacher had said, 'He is splendid, Eunice.'

Eunice thought about her this afternoon as she put the last things away in the Glory-Box. She hoped that, if the Washington Square people were like this teacher, she would get along. And there came another encouraging thought. The people in the Square were sure of themselves of course, but perhaps they were sure because they had things and had always had things. She would one day have the things in her Glory-Box, and she would have Stephen. After she was quite used to having them and to having a person like Stephen, she would be sure of herself too.

'Supper will be ready in five minutes, Eunice.'

'I'm coming in a moment.'

The room had grown quite dark. Eunice lighted two candles standing on her bureau. They were in common glass candlesticks which she had bought at the Ten-Cent store: she had wanted to have brass; but then, Stephen and she were going to have brass candlesticks in every room of their house. They both loved candle-light.

Eunice smoothed her dark hair. Then she washed her hands very carefully. Stephen had said once that they were not wonderfully pretty hands, but that they had distinction. He had kissed them.

'I guess I'm all right now,' said Eunice, glancing into the mirror. She picked up a photograph of Stephen from the bureau and laid her face against it. Then she blew out the candles and went downstairs.

II

Stephen's letter that awaited her when she came home from school the next afternoon was a one-page scrawl. 'My head is ringing so with the quinine I've taken that I can't write to-night. By to-morrow I shall probably be rid of this beastly cold. I want to tell you about a book I've just read. It's great stuff.' He added a postscript: 'Don't ask me, dear, if I wore my rubbers day before yesterday. You know I did n't.'

In Eunice's eyes was a smile of amused tenderness as she put the letter back in its envelope. If the cold were 'beastly,' perhaps he might remember next time. She was afraid though that only married men wore rubbers.

No letter came the next day, or the next. 'If I don't hear to-morrow, I'll telegraph.'

'He's probably busy,' said her mother.

'I'm afraid he's sick.'

Eunice waited for the postman on Saturday morning, but he brought no letter. She put on her hat and coat. 'I'll be back in a half hour, mother.'

As she went down the steps a boy riding a bicycle stopped at the curb. He handed her a telegram. It was from Stephen's landlady. Stephen had died that morning at two o'clock—of pneumonia.

Eunice was conscious of being very collected and calm as she went back into the house; quite wonderfully calm. Her mother was in the kitchen. Eunice went to her and told her — very gently. She had the feeling that it was her mother's sorrow. Her mother's dry, hard sobs and bowed figure brought the tears to her eyes. She laid her hand on the thin convulsed shoulders. 'Mother, don't — don't, dear, it's all right, you know.' She stood by her chair until the sobs ceased.

'I'm going around to — to Stephen's, mother. I'll not be gone long.'

Mrs. Day followed her to the steps; her face was pitifully pinched, almost old. At the gate Eunice turned and saw her.

'Poor mother!' She wanted to go back and kiss her but she dared not.

Stephen's home was on the other side of the town. It was a small frame house painted light gray, with a gable back and front, and a narrow porch running across it. This morning the shades in the parlor were drawn down.

Eunice had to wait some moments before the door was opened by Stephen's young sister, — a slip of a thing but a capable housekeeper. Her eyes were swollen with crying. 'She's so little,' thought Eunice and took her into her arms.

When the girl was able to speak she told Eunice that her father had gone to New York, and that he would bring Stephen home. Eunice stayed an hour, comforting, talking, planning. Then she left her.

'I'm so quiet. I did n't know it could be like this.'

The March wind blew the dust into her face. The grit irritated her. She wished there were snow on the ground and then wondered that she should care. That was how it was the next two days; she went on thinking and acting, with every now and then this strange awareness of being alive.

But on Monday afternoon when they came home from the cemetery, Eunice went upstairs to her room. 'I'm going to lie down awhile, mother.'

Her mother made no answer as she turned into the kitchen.

Eunice lay down on the bed. A pale yellow sunset gleamed through the branches of the tree outside her window. She had seen the yellow streak in the sky as they had left the cemetery. She closed her eyes to shut it out. Her heart was no longer numb. It was waking to its misery. She lay very still with clenched hands. She had learned to bear physical pain that way. She thought perhaps she could bear this if she lay very still.

'I want to tell you about a book I've just read. It's great stuff.'

'Oh, Stephen, Stephen, laddie!'

The tears came, and great sobs that shook and twisted her rigid body. Once she thought her mother came up the stairs and stopped outside her door. She buried her face in the pillow. Her mother must not hear. By and by, — she had been quiet for an hour, — her mother came in with a tray.

'I've made you some toast and tea, Eunice. You must keep up your strength.'

Her tone was flat and emotionless. She set the tray down by her in the darkness. Then she lighted the gas.

Eunice swallowed the tea obediently, she was so very tired. As she put the cup down her eyes fell on the cretonne-covered box in the window.

'Mother, my Glory-Box! Don't let me see it! Oh, don't let me see my Glory-Box!'

Mrs. Day came up to the bed. 'I'll take it out to-morrow while you are at school. I meant to do that.' Her face worked as she left the room.

When the door closed, Eunice sat up and pushed her tumbled hair back from her face. She wanted to look at the Glory-Box. To-morrow her mother was going to take it away. She clasped her hands tightly about her drawn-up knees and stared at the box with hot, miserable eyes. Of course it would have to be taken away, but she wanted to look at it now because it was her Glory-Box and because it was Stephen's. Stephen had made it.

'That's a decent job for just a lawyer,' he had said when the last nail was driven in and they were taking a critical survey of it.

Stephen had laughed when she regretted that the roses in the cretonne were yellow, because the things to go into the box very likely would be pink. He had laughed and kissed her and told her she had better get a pair of pink specs, then the roses would be pink enough.

And Stephen had taken such an interest in what she had written about the things she was embroidering for household use. When she had reported a whole dozen napkins hemmed and initialed, he had thought it would be jolly to have nice linen. They would probably be short on silver at first, but good linen made you feel respectable. He remembered his mother taking so much pride in what had been left of hers. For a moment the words of that letter were so vividly recalled that she forgot that Stephen was dead. For quite a moment she was happy. Then she remembered, but the realization brought no tears, only a swelling wave of misery.

'I can't bear it, oh, I can't.'

But even as she moaned she knew that she would bear it, that she would go on living for years and years and years. Other girls she had known or heard about — in her own town — had gone on living: little Sadie Smith whose lover had been killed three days before her wedding, and even Milly Petersen, who had been engaged for five years when the man asked to be released because he wanted to marry the girl who had recently moved to Milly's street. These girls had lived; they had grown pale and faded, or hard. People felt very sorry for them: they were spoken of as 'poor Milly' or 'Sadie Smith, poor child'; but they had lived. Eunice saw herself moving among her little circle, brave and sad-eyed like these girls.

Suddenly — she never remembered just how it came about — suddenly her humor flashed a white light over the vision. This sad-eyed Self seemed something not to pity but to scorn. It was grotesque standing in your friend's parlor with clenched hands, as it were, and compressed lips, saying, 'Don't mind me, please. I'm bearing it.' If one were going to live one must live happily. Stephen was such a happy person. He was happy when he was working or playing or just loving. Even hurdy-gurdys made him happy.

'When I hear one grinding away in the morning,' he had written, 'I have to kick a few Law Journals about just to keep in tune with the darn thing.'

It had been a delightful surprise to her, his overflowing happiness, for Stephen's face in repose was very grave. She herself only occasionally had his joy in mere living, but she had always thought that Stephen's joyfulness would prove infectious. Suppose, now, without Stephen she should make the experiment of being happy. It would be a wonderful experiment to see — she spoke the words aloud, deliberately, to see if she could kill this terrible thing, Sorrow, and keep Stephen to love and to remember.

Eunice was still staring at the Glory-Box, but it was more than her Glory-Box. It was part of the problem that she was trying to think out clearly. For perhaps sorrow was a problem that you could work out like other problems, if only you could see it, not as one solid, opaque mass, but as something made up of pieces that you could deal with one at a time. The Glory-Box was a piece. She had wanted it taken away because it was a thing so filled with pain that she could not bear to have it about. If — Eunice got up in her excitement and walked up and down the room — if the Glory-Box could become a box again, just a box covered with cretonne, and the things in it become things, then a great piece of misery would disappear. Love, a girl's love, was like — she groped a moment for words — like a vine that put forth little shoots and tendrils; love even went into things. When Death trampled on the vine, the shoots and tendrils were crushed with it. But if you cut them off, these poor bruised pieces of the vine, the vine itself would perhaps have a chance to become strong and beautiful.

Eunice played with the idea, her cheeks flushed, her eyes very bright. She felt as she did sometimes when talking on paper with Stephen.

She went over to the Glory-Box and raised the cover. On top lay the matinée that Mabel had brought on that day not quite a week ago. She unfolded it and touched it. 'This is n't — Stephen,' she said aloud, quite firmly. 'It's cotton voile and val lace. It's cotton voile.'

She took out garment after garment. When she came to the pink kimono her eyes blinded with tears. 'It's a lovely

shade. Pink is pretty with dark hair.' Her quivering lips could scarcely frame the words. 'It's not Stephen. It's — it's just a kimono.'

She put the things back and closed the box. 'I'll look at the rest in a day or two. I'll keep looking at them. Probably I shall never be able to use them, but I'll keep looking until I get accustomed to seeing them. Mother will get used to seeing the Box here. If she put it in the storeroom she would always dread going in.'

Mrs. Day was getting breakfast the next morning when Eunice came down. She went on mechanically with her preparation, avoiding looking at her. At the table she glanced up. Eunice's face was white and haggard, but her eyes, strangely big, were shining. Eunice's mother watched her furtively throughout the meal. As they left the table Eunice put her arms about her.

'Don't take the box out, mother. It's better to get used to it. I'm trying to get used to things. Don't you worry about me. You'll see.'

She kissed her and hurried to school. In her exalted mood the sympathetic attentions of the other teachers seemed almost surprising. They were dear and kind, but why should they be so kind? She was going to be happy. At the end of the day, however, Eunice let herself softly into the house, too wretched to want to meet her mother. She carried to her room the letters of condolence that were on the dining-room table. She read them impassively, even the kindly one from Miss Lansing, wondering why they did not touch her. 'It's because I'm tired,' she concluded, and knelt down by the Glory-Box, bowing her head on her outstretched arms.

'Stephen, dear,' she prayed, 'I can't look at the things to-night. I'm too tired.'

But the next day she took them all out. And on a Saturday afternoon three weeks later she startled her mother by coming into her room dressed in the suit and hat that were her 'best.' Her mother laid down the skirt on which she was putting a new braid.

'Why, where are you going, Eunice?'

'I thought I'd call on Mabel. I've never been to see her since she started housekeeping. I promised to, long ago.'

Mrs. Day looked at her keenly, her mouth tightening. 'You're foolish to go and see all her wedding presents about the house. You won't be able to stand it.'

'I shall, mother. That's why I'm going to stand it. I shan't mind calling there after I've been this once. I've thought it out.'

'You're a queer girl, Eunice. I don't understand you. But I suppose you know your — your own business best,' she ended, taking up her work again.

Eunice felt quite sure that she did, and yet there were days when the experiment seemed a failure or at least only just begun: days when she would read in a paper of brilliant social events in New York, in Stephen's New York. Stephen might have been there at that dinner, his eyes, that looked so gravely from his picture, lighted with the joyfulness of the occasion, his splendid head towering above the other men as he joined in the toasts — Stephen had told her they always made toasts at these dinners; she could hear his laugh, his hearty boyish laugh. And those other days in early spring, when a hurdy-gurdy would play 'Turkey in the Straw,' and she could see Stephen pitching his Law Journals about, exulting in the glorious fact that he was alive. Oh, how she longed for him, wanted him these days,—with a passionate yearning that for moments maddened her. But as the months went by the times of overwhelming wanting came less and less frequently. 'I shall soon be happy,' Eunice told

herself. And on a morning of June loveliness, a morning of very blue sky, white clouds and butter-cups, Eunice knew that she was happy.

'I'm glad to-day, Stephen, I'm glad, just because it's all so beautiful.'

She wondered now and again why, since she herself was so surely leaving the sorrow behind her, her mother should still droop under its weight. They seldom talked about Stephen. They had agreed at the beginning not to do that often, but there was bitterness in her mother's face and bitterness on occasion in her words. 'I've got used to seeing your box around, but don't ever ask me to look inside.' It occurred to Eunice that perhaps it was because to her mother had come only the grief. She was not having Stephen to love.

III

One afternoon late in February, Eunice was met in the hall by her mother. 'A letter came for you this morning. It's from New York.' She stood watching her as Eunice opened it with unsteady fingers.

Eunice looked up in a few moments, very white. 'It's from Professor Lansing's sister,' she faltered. 'Miss Lansing is coming on to Chicago this week. She says she would like to see me. She'll stop off in Dayton over night, Saturday probably, and will come out for lunch if it's convenient for us to have her. She can make connections by doing that. Oh, mother, it's beautiful of her to want to come.'

'I don't know that it will do you much good to see her. You'll probably get upset.'

'No, I won't be upset because I'll be so glad. Stephen said she was a wonderful woman, and — we can talk about him. He was at her house only a few days before he — caught cold.'

'Well, I don't know,' said her mother. 'You had better come into the kitchen where it's warm. You look like a ghost, Eunice. I'll give you a cup of soup to drink. It's on the stove now.' She laid nervous compelling fingers on Eunice's arm. 'I suppose,' Mrs. Day was pouring out the soup as she spoke, 'I suppose that Miss Lansing has n't any idea of the way we live. Even the front stoop looks a sight. It's needed a coat of paint for years.'

'I know,' Eunice answered, her face clouding. 'I wish things were different for Stephen's sake. But we can't help it.'

'No,' said her mother harshly, 'we can't help it. But I wish she was n't coming for a meal. The last decent tablecloth was cut up into napkins a month ago. I was ashamed of the one we set Mabel Bennet down to the other night.'

Eunice walked to the window. She looked out upon the backyard, upon the snow that was reflecting the sunset, a sentence of one of Stephen's letters in her mind. 'It's the dignity of their living that makes these Washington Square people so worth while.' And then she recalled that other letter. 'It will be jolly to have nice linen. Good linen makes you feel respectable.'

It pained her that they must offer this friend of Stephen's what they had been ashamed to offer Mabel Bennet. Stephen's pride would be hurt, Stephen who had loved that word 'dignity,' and Stephen's pride was her own pride just as much as if she were his wife, as if he were living.

Eunice stood a long time looking out upon the snow, until the rose of the sunset had gone from it, leaving it blue and cold. She turned from the window: —

'Mother,' — she was glad that in the darkening kitchen she could not see

her mother's face distinctly, — 'mother, don't you think we had better use that very fine cloth you gave me, and the napkins, to make the table look nice? Had n't we better use them?'

'Use your things out of your Glory-Box, Eunice!'

'Yes, they are just pretty things, now, mother. All the pain is out of them. I'm going to wear the best set you made me. I think if I have on those nice clothes under my dress I won't be so shy with Miss Lansing. I want — Oh, mother, I want Stephen to — to feel proud of me.'

Mrs. Day bent to rake the fire, then straightened up. 'If you can stand wearing that set, I've nothing to say. You have a right to your own notions. But I don't see how I can bear to look at the cloth.'

'After it's been done up and on the table once, you'll forget there was anything sad connected with it. I know you will,' said Eunice, with her brave, pleading eyes fixed on her mother's set face.

'I don't know; maybe I could forget. But I don't see how I could bring myself to use something out of your own Glory-Box. It seems almost indelicate. They're all your things.'

Eunice crossed the room and laid her face down on her mother's shoulder. 'You gave me the things, mother, and you've had so little of what you've always wanted. Can't it be our Glory-Box, for us both to use on special occasions — like this?' Her arms tightened about her mother's neck. 'Can't we use them this time for Stephen's sake?'

After a moment's silence Mrs. Day pushed her gently away.

'If they are to be washed you'll have to bring them down to-morrow. I'll want to get them on the line while this good weather lasts. Saturday is only four days off.'

Saturday evening Eunice lighted the candles on her bureau; lighting the candles seemed like another ceremony of this perfect day. She had got up early so as to put her room and the rest of the house in order. While her mother was finishing in the kitchen she had set the table. It had been a joy to do that, to spread the cloth so that the creases would come in just the right place, and the large initial 'D' show without being too conspicuous, and to fold the napkins prettily and arrange the dishes. At the last moment she had decided that it would not be too extravagant to buy a little plant of some sort for a centre-piece. So there was just time for her to slip into the clothes that had been spread out on the bed, and do over her hair, before Miss Lansing arrived.

Stephen had said, 'You will like her, Eunice.' Like her! — she was the most wonderful woman she had ever met. She was elderly, but strangely enough you did not wonder whether she had been pretty or beautiful when she was young. She was wonderful just as she was now. You could not think of her as being different. She was tall, a little taller than Eunice herself. Her face was finely cut, the sort of face you saw in engravings of old portraits; there were not many lines in it. Her eyes were dark and young too, though she had quite gray hair and evidently did n't care to be in the fashion, for her black silk fell all around in ample lengths. Eunice had watched her hands. They were not small, but long and slender and very white; the two rings she wore seemed made for them.

And Eunice had not felt shy. At first she had thought she was going to; Miss Lansing had seemed at first so like a personage; but the thought of Stephen, and of the feather-stitched best set she was wearing made her

forget that Washington Square was, as Stephen had said, rather terrifying on the outside. It was Stephen's friend whom they were entertaining, and Stephen's friend was not a personage really, but a wonderful woman who had loved Stephen too.

After lunch they talked together in the parlor while her mother was clearing things away. Miss Lansing said that she had seen a great deal of Stephen that last year. He had seemed to enjoy coming to the house. He had come to dinner sometimes, but more often he had dropped in on Saturday or Sunday afternoons for tea. One afternoon he had not been quite himself. She had questioned him a little and he had confessed with a laugh that he was homesick for Ohio.

'That was the time he talked for two hours about you, my dear,' Miss Lansing said, smiling. 'Fortunately no one else came in, so he was uninterrupted. I liked to listen to his talk; he had charm.' But Eunice saw her eyes kindle: 'He was more than charming. He was great.'

'Yes,' Eunice answered very low. 'He would have been a great man, Miss Lansing. I always knew he would.'

At that Miss Lansing put out both hands and covered Eunice's that were clasped tightly in her lap. 'He would have been a great man,' she repeated, 'and you, my dear, would have made him a great wife.'

Eunice felt that never, unless she should hear Stephen's voice again, should she listen to such wonderful words as those. Ever since Miss Lansing had gone they had sung themselves in her heart like a sacred refrain. She was glad that it was night now so that she could fall asleep repeating them.

'Getting ready for bed, Eunice?'

'I'm beginning to.' Eunice opened the door to her mother, who stood outside winding the clock.

'Do you know,' said Mrs. Day as she set the alarm, 'I've been thinking again what a good idea it was to open that can of peas. They did make the chops look so tasty, and they were almost as tender as the French. I helped Miss Lansing twice.'

Eunice kissed her as she turned away.

'It was a nice dinner throughout, mother, and the table looked lovely.'

'Well, I saw Miss Lansing look at the cloth. She was too much of a lady to say anything, of course, but I could tell she noticed it.'

'Yes,' said Eunice, 'I think she did.'

Mrs. Day was closing her door.

'Put out the light in the hall before you go to bed, Eunice.'

'Yes, mother,' said Eunice, softly closing her own door.

She stood still a moment in the centre of the candle-lighted room. Then she went over to the Glory-Box and took out the kimono and laid it over the footboard so that the pink folds could catch the light. When she had undressed, she put it on. 'It will be a beautiful ending to the day,' she said, as she stood before the mirror braiding her hair.

Her eyes rested on Stephen's picture.

'I think you would have been proud to-day, dear, and I think you would have liked this.'

She turned to the mirror, and looked at the girl reflected there, at the dark eyes and hair and at the kimono draping her soft white gown.

'Dawn and apple-blossoms,' she whispered and then stretched out her arms.

'Stephen, my dear. Oh, Stephen.'

THE HOUSE OF SORROW

PROLOGUE

THE traveler looked about him. The glorious sunlight of the preceding day had gone; the glittering greenery that had frolicked with the breeze was no longer to be seen. The trees along the roadside were gnarled, stunted, sombre; the bushes were scarce more than brambles. Bleakness covered everything. Grass, such as it was, showed itself only in patches; the soil was stony, the air chill.

The traveler wrapped his cloak about him. Whether his senses were sharpened by the dreariness of his surroundings, or whether they instinctively sought a new object for their attention, he could not say; but he became aware, gradually, — as a sound sleeper slowly wakes to the things about his bed, — of some one beside him, traveling the same way, taking, it seemed, even steps with himself. He felt no surprise, but rather as if he were picking up a memory that had been lying just under the surface of consciousness, — as if he ought to have known that some one had been beside him for an indefinite time.

The traveler walked on for a while in silence; and then, overcome half by curiosity, half by a mixture of resentment and suspicion, turned and demanded a little curtly where the other was going.

'I am going your way,' replied the stranger; and the two walked on together, side by side.

'I beg your pardon,' said the traveler, 'but I know, as I am immersed in my own thoughts, that I cannot be an acceptable companion. We had better journey singly; I will go ahead or fall behind, as you choose.'

'I prefer to keep even pace,' answered the other.

Hardly knowing whether or not to be offended, the traveler hesitated; should he go ahead or fall behind? But, though he could not tell why, he did neither; he kept on the same road at the same pace, step by step with his companion.

The landscape grew still more desolate; the earth seemed hostile to vegetable life. A rare tree, here and there, shook its barren branches; prickly things rendered the walking difficult.

The traveler thought to himself: 'I will turn round and go back, and so I shall both leave this detestable place and escape from this importunate companion.'

The stranger spoke up: 'No, let us keep on together.'

The traveler started, and, making a feeble attempt to smile, said, 'You seem to be a mind-reader.' He decided to stop at once; nevertheless he continued to keep on the same road at the same pace. Then he thought, forgetting that he had not spoken aloud, 'It was not polite in me to let him know that I wished to shake myself free of his company. I will quietly turn off to the right or left.'

'No, let us keep on the same road,' repeated the stranger.

At this the traveler contained himself no longer, but burst out, almost angrily, 'Who are you?'

'I am the Spirit of Life,' answered the other; 'you and I are journeying together.'

The traveler did not understand what the stranger meant; but he was aware

of a bitter chill in the air and of still greater desolation all about, and he determined to cast manners to the wind and run for it; but no, his feet kept on the same way, at the same pace.

'Be not impatient,' said his companion, 'this is our road.'

The chill struck through the traveler's cloak, his fingers trembled with cold, but he kept on. As they crossed the brow of a low hill they saw a great, gloomy building lying before them. The traveler thought of fortresses and prisons in foreign lands that he had read of.

'I shall turn here and go back,' he cried, amazed at the foolish terror of his imagination.

'We must go on,' replied the stranger.

They were now close under the shadow of the building.

'What is this abhorrent place?' asked the traveler.

'This,' answered his companion taking the traveler's arm, 'is the House of Sorrow.'

The traveler felt a sword pierce his heart, yet his footsteps did not fail; for, against his will, the Spirit of Life bore him up. He went on with even step, and the two crossed the threshold.

I

They that have experienced a great sorrow are born again. The world they are now in is quite different from their old world. In that earlier world they lived upon terms of household familiarity with Joy and Felicity; now they must lie down by the side of Sorrow and eat with Sorrow beside them at the board. Outward things may assert their identity to eye, to ear, to touch, but outward things cannot deceive the spirit within; the House of Sorrow is strange, all its furniture is strange, and the newcomer must learn anew how to live.

The first lesson is to accept the past as a beautiful day that is done, as the loveliness of a rose that has withered away. The object of our yearning has passed from the world of actual contacts into the world of art. Memory may paint the picture as it will, drop out all shadows and catch the beauty of our exquisite loss in all the golden glow of human happiness. There, within the shrine prepared by Sorrow, that picture will ever refresh us and bless us. Evil cannot touch it, nor ill-will, nor envy, nor sordid care; only our own faithlessness, our own acceptance of unworthy things, can stain the freshness of its beauty. Sorrow has constituted us the sacristans of this shrine; on us rests the care of this pictured relic, and, unless we suffer motes and beams to get in our eyes, it will remain as bright in the sanctuary of memory as in the sunshine of earthly life.

The second lesson is to receive from Sorrow the gift that we have all asked for, begged for, a thousand times. We have felt the oppression of petty things, we have been caught in the nets of grossness, we have suffered ourselves to become captives and servants to the common and the mean, till, weary with servitude, we have cried out, 'Oh, that I might rescue my soul!' And now the work of deliverance is accomplished and our souls are free. Tyranny has fallen from our necks. Vulgar inclinations have lost their ancient glamour, and the baser appetites shiver in their nakedness. Our wish has been granted; the prison doors are open wide, we may pursue with all our strength, with all the resolution we can summon, the things that we, when bound, believed that we longed for.

The third gift of Sorrow is that she will not suffer us to put up with artificial lights. We had been content with the candle-light of sensuous things, letting our souls float idly on the clouds of

chance experience; we had accepted life as a voyage down a magic river of random happenings, satisfied with such beacons as guarded our temporal prosperity. But Sorrow, with one sweep of her hand, has extinguished all those lights, and robbed the things of sense of all their shimmering. Sorrow has shown us that we live in the dark; and no great harm has been done, for we no longer care to see the flickering lights that once flared about our heads with so deceptive a glow. Sorrow has given us a yearning for inextinguishable light. All is dark; but all darkness is one great supplication for light which cannot be quenched. Shadow, mystery, blackness, the outer and the inner courts of chaos, all echo Sorrow's cry for light.

So the soul into which the iron has entered, amazed and offended by the bitterness of agony, turns to find some light, some principle, whose shining shall illume for her these random happenings of joy and sorrow which make up what we call life, whose wisdom shall satisfy her passionate demand for some explanation why she should have been conjured up out of nothingness, to be caressed and flattered for a season, and then stabbed to the heart. What is this universe that treats us so? What animates it? What is it trying to do? What is its attitude toward man?

Who shall explain these things? We have lost the support of the Christian dogmas, and we have no new staff to lean upon; we have strayed from the old road of hope, and we do not find a new road. What can science or philosophy do for us, — science that pays so little heed to the soul, philosophy that pays so little heed to grief? We must shift for ourselves and see what we can find. Happiness left us content with happiness, but Sorrow bids us rise up and seek something divine.

The first act must be to take our eyes from Sorrow, cast memory loose, put on the magic cap of indifference and forgetfulness, and look out as from a window upon the phenomena that may chance to meet the eye, and see whether from the sample we can infer a pattern, interwoven with a thread of hope, for the whole fabric.

II

I look at the universe as it presents itself to me this morning, as if I, for the first time, were making its acquaintance. I find myself in a pleasant room. Golden light, pouring in at the window, irradiates shining breakfast things. A wonderful odor greets my nostrils; a steaming fragrance, followed by a delicious taste, quickens my whole being. Next, round, yellow fruit is presented to me, smelling as if it remembered all its blossoming origins or had packed its rind with ambrosia in the garden of the Hesperides. Added to these is a delicious bread, rich Rembrandtesque brown without, ripe yellow within, a princely kind of bread, which they tell me is called Johnny-cake.

Breakfast done, I walk out into an unroofed azure palace of light. Upon the ground a multitude of little green stalks intertwine with each other to keep my feet from touching the soil beneath; mighty giants, rooted to earth, hold up a hundred thousand leaves to shelter me from the excess of golden glory that illumines the azure palace; the leaves rustle, either for the music's sake or to let me feel their sentiment of kinship. Further on, little beautiful things, which have renounced locomotion, — recognizing that they have found their appointed places and are happy there, like the Lady Pia in the lower heaven of Paradise, — waft floral benedictions to me. And about them hover winged flowers

that spread their petals to the breeze and flit from fragrance to fragrance. Into a honey-laden cornucopia, a passionate presence, its wings humming in wild ecstasy, dips its bill, while the sunlight furnishes the jeweled magnificence of its plumage.

A troop of young creatures, far more wonderful than these, passes by, with glancing eyes and rosy cheeks, making sweetest music of words and laughter. These, they tell me, are children, and they say that there are many of them, and that I, too, was once a child. I laugh at this preposterous flattery.

Another being, well-nigh ethereal, a naiad perhaps, or the imagining of some kindly god, trips by. It is exquisite. The leaves cast their shadows before it; the flowers tremble for pleasure. 'What is it?' I whisper. Some one answers carelessly: 'That is a maiden.'

Then another young creature dances by, — head erect, all animation, the breeze blowing its hair back from what must be a temple for pure and noble thought — like a gallant ship beating out to sea. This, they tell me, is a youth.

I walk on and behold many goodly things. I hear melodies that stir yearnings to which I can give no name, start flashes of joy, or glimmering understandings of the 'deep and dazzling darkness' that surrounds the farthest reaches of terrestrial light. I am told that there are men, called poets, who have built a palace out of their crystal imaginations, where life and its doings are depicted in a thousand ways, sometimes as in a mirror, trait for trait, sometimes glorified, and all in varied cadences of music. And I am told that the wonderful things which greet my senses — dry land and its fruitfulness, ocean, air, clouds, stars, and sky — are but an infinitesimal fragment of an infinite whole, in which the curious mind may travel for countless ages and never reach the end of eager and throbbing questionings; that there is between me and it the most wonderful of all relations, the contact, real or imaginary, of my consciousness with the great stream of phenomena that passes before it, and that this relation is the source of never-ending intellectual pleasure.

But more than by all things else I am impressed by the sentiments between creatures of my kind, between mother and son, father and daughter, husband and wife, friend and friend, a wonderful mutual attraction which makes each yield his will to the other and rouses a double joy, — from securing for the other and from renouncing for one's self, — a half-mystical bond that holds two together as gravitation holds terrestrial things to the earth, so sweet, so strong, so delicate, that the imagination cannot rise beyond this human affection at its height.

Such is the fragment of the universe which presents itself at this moment to my consciousness. Bewildered by wonders heaped on wonders, I cry out triumphantly, 'Is there not evidence of friendliness to man here?'

III

But popular teachers answer, No. In the beginning, they say, in the dark backward of time beyond our ken, is chaos, a wild whir of primal matter in the clutch of primal energy, nebulous substance rotating through space, condensing according to laws immutable. Æons pass and stars emerge. In one corner of immensity the nebulous substance of our planetary system revolves and concentrates. Without pausing in its eternal course, substance shrinks and consolidates into a sun and his attendant satellites, gases condense to liquids, liquids to solids. Our particular planet, a poor relation of the distant stars, once molten, has gradually

cooled, its vapors condensing into water, its earthen crust gradually thickening and hardening; matter always rearranging itself, energy always in agitation.

Then, somehow, out of the inorganic mass of matter, emerge, perhaps in the depths of ocean, rocked into wakening by the oscillations of the water, the first rudiments of organic life. Then life, like a flame, catches what fuel it can; it creeps from vegetable to vegetable, mounting always to more elaborate forms; it pauses and hesitates upon the fringed borders between vegetable and animal life, then kindles afresh and bursts up in animal creation. In long succession type succeeds type. The flame leaps from lower structure to higher, animating sponges, corals, shellfish, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, four-footed beasts, apes, men. So the vital fire has mounted higher and higher.

And as part of the process by which it came creeping up, this vital fire quickened the cells of which organic forms consist. It imparted a sensibility, a capacity for comradeship, by which the cells became aware of the outside world; it endowed them with sundry movements of attraction and distaste. As the cells prospered and multiplied, their interest in outside things increased; they made acquaintance with light, heat, electrical forces, and all the various prowling energies which reveal themselves to man. In certain spots a special sensitiveness entered into closer communication with the outer world; the importunities of the outer world compelled a division of labor in receiving messages, until the separate nerves for smell, taste, sound, light, heat, touch, sitting at their wicket gates, receive the thousands of messages which come to them.

But in the long course of evolution one moment stands easily supreme. In the living organism sensations quickened, activities increased, closer and closer relations between the cells were established by industrious filaments, better and better paths were prepared for postal nerves, until communications became so varied, so quick, so vivifying, that an instrument was created like a mirror, like recording tablets; the vital flame leaped into conscious life. In course of time the nervous system expanded and developed, until in the brain of Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, images arise which add new regions of beauty to the universe.

After this fashion, roughly speaking, we are told, the electron, the atom, the molecule, the cell, have gradually shaped this visible universe, this heaven fretted with golden fire, this earth with its sapphire seas set in floral greenery, this race of man with his inquiring intellect and his hungry heart. Blind chemical and physical forces, after infinite experiments, after infinite failures and beginnings again, proceeding on their predetermined way, have wrought all that there is. They have created that which delights the heart of man, and with equal indifference the poisonous causes which wipe out all his delight forever.

We, the ignorant, listen as best we can to the words of popular science. We feel our incompetence, our ignorance, our inability to appreciate what we are taught. But to us an enumeration of processes and stages does not seem to be an explanation; that enumeration sounds as hollow to us as if science were to explain our personal existences by recounting every step our feet have taken since we first set foot to floor. Moreover men of science bewilder us by their respect, pushed almost to obsequiousness, for size and distance, for chemical energy and physical restlessness. Why should consciousness, 'the roof and crown of things,' toady to unself-conscious magnitude, why should

it duck and bend before unconscious energy? And where is the explanation or understanding of our two worlds, more real to us than ponderable matter or restless energy, our world of happiness and our world of sorrow?

We turn for enlightenment to the Spirit of Life; but the Spirit of Life answers: —

'My concern is with life, not with knowledge.'

'Whom, then, shall we ask?'

'Ask Pain and ask Love,' replies the Spirit of Life.

IV

Like little Jack Horner, science pulls out its plums, — electricity, radium, the chemical union of elements, the multiplication of cells,— and, like Jack, congratulates itself. But to the inmates of the House of Sorrow, far more wonderful than all these things, far more mysterious, and demanding subtler thought from philosophy, is human affection. For a generation past, human affection has been treated, and for years to come may still be treated, as the superfluous product of physico-chemical energies. The scientific mind, elated by its victories, bivouacs on the old fields of battle. But the real interest in atom and cell lies in the human consciousness, and the interest in consciousness lies in the human affections. In themselves atoms and cells are neither wonderful nor interesting; they are merely strange, and can claim only the attention due to strangers. But human love is of boundless interest to man, and should have the pious devotion of the wisest and most learned men.

Science proceeds as if the past were the home of explanation; whereas the future, and the future alone, holds the key to the mysteries of the present. When the first cell divided, the meaning of that division was to be discovered in the future, not in the past; when some prehuman ancestor first uttered a human sound, the significance of that sound was to be interpreted by human language, not by apish grunts; when the first plant showed solicitude for its seed, the interest of that solicitude lay in the promise of maternal affection. Things must be judged in the light of the coming morning, not of the setting stars.

It is not the past which, like an uncoiling spring, pushes us on; creation faces the future, and is drawn onward by an irresistible attraction. 'For though it be a maxim in the schools, says Thomas Traherne, '*that there is no love of a thing unknown*, yet I have found that things unknown have a secret influence on the soul, and, like the centre of the earth unseen, violently attract it. We love we know not what. . . . As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communications between them, so is there in us a world of love to somewhat, though we know not what. . . . There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some Great Thing?'

Life seems to have differentiated itself, developing a Promethean spirit within a grosser element. Life as a whole cares only to preserve itself, it seeks to live, it cringes and will accept existence on any terms, it will adapt itself to desert or dung-hill; but the Promethean spirit seeks a higher and a higher sphere. This life within life — this *cor cordium* of existence — is surely traveling on a definite road. The very passion with which it takes its direction, its readiness to seize on pain and use to the full pain's ennobling properties, are our assurance that life follows an instinct within that guides it to that which is either its source or its full frui-

tion. We must interpret the seed by the flower, not the flower by the seed. We must interpret life by its deepest attributes, by pain and by love.

Pain has been explained as an accompaniment of the Promethean spirit of life, which, in precipitate haste to proceed upon its journey, takes the most ready and efficacious path onward, heedless of what it breaks and crushes on the way. But pain is rather an impulse within the spirit of life. Pain is its conscience urging it on. Unless we were pricked on by pain, we should wish to stand still, content with our own satisfaction, meanly indifferent to higher pleasures; without pain all life might have been content to house itself in low animal forms, and wallow in bestiality, ease, and lust. It may be that the onward progress might have been accomplished without pain; we might have been whirled upward, insensible, toward the universal goal. But we have received the privilege of consciously sharing in the upward journey, so that each onward movement must be a wrench from the past, each moment a parting, each step an eternal farewell. These noble inconstancies are tasks imposed by pain.

In its humblest capacity pain serves as a danger signal for the body's health, or as punishment for precautions neglected; even here, however, it is more spiritual than corporeal, for it is the means by which the soul arouses the body to perpetual vigilance in the service of Life. Pain must concern itself with corporeal things, because consciousness is dependent upon the body; it must discharge its share of the general tribute that consciousness, as a dependency, pays to the body. But such services as pain may render in the material world cannot account for all pain; they cannot account for the heartache, for the depth and breadth of anguish, for the sombre majesty of grief. An explanation must be sought elsewhere.

Pain is a function of the soul; it fosters the preservation and spiritual growth of conscious life. The pangs of conscience, the agony of the heart, nourish the tenderer elements of consciousness; they root out the docks and darnels of worldly pleasure, and so protect the little nurslings of the spirit that would else have been choked, nursing them with passion and tears, as Nature nurses with sunshine and with rain.

No man can say by what means inorganic matter brought forth organic creation, what directing Power called together its gaseous ministers, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and imposed on them the duty of producing a new thing in the universe; nor can we say how the corporeal organism, seemingly content with processes of material decomposition and reintegration, generated mind. These great deeds were done in the dark, they have left no witnesses; but we have the testimony of our feelings that some momentous change, comparable to these great changes, is even now taking place, however slow its progress may be. Consciousness, in its own ideal world, is seething with independent vitality, eager to develop itself, eager to give birth to a more spiritual state, eager to help Life take another great onward step. The excesses of pain, that serve no corporeal purpose, seem to be caused by the violent efforts of the Spirit of Life in its struggles to take such a step; but, in reality, pain is the cause rather than the effect.

Charged, therefore, with such possibilities in the service of Life, pain — its capacities little taxed by duties of guardianship and nurture — rises to nobler offices; it gradually becomes a closer and closer companion to Life, it twines its tendrils round the tree of Life, it grafts itself on like a branch, and

becomes incorporate with Life itself, an essential element in vital energy, a function of some vital, spiritual organ. Yet this organ is not yet established at a definite task, for at times pain seems to be the trenchant edge of the Life spirit, cutting and purging the soul from whatever may impede her upward progress; at times, in the soul's more tranquil moods, pain seems to be a homesickness for the home that Life aspires to create. Moreover, pain partakes of the vast variety of Life; it announces the prick of a needle on the finger, or sweeps over the soul in the beauty of tragedy with awe-inspiring flight. Science, which deals with the things that are past, unable to fit pain into utilitarian categories, repeats its vaso-motor formulas; but faith, which deals with things that are to be, hails it as the prophet of a new heaven and a new earth. What better explanation of pain is there, than that it is the birth pangs of spirit, the assurance of new things unseen?

In this work of lifting life to a higher stage, pain is but one of many ministers, the most terrible, the most efficient. All the forces of life work to that end. The struggle for life, often ascribed to the egotism of the individual, is not properly so ascribed. That struggle is undertaken in obedience to the law of upward progress. Each vegetable and animal is in honor bound to carry on its individual life to the uttermost, for who can tell before the event what road Life will take upon its upward journey. Each is bound to prevent life from taking the wrong road. The acorn, the seed of the dandelion, the spawn of the herring, the manchild, must hold themselves always ready to carry Life upon the next onward stage; each claims the honor for itself and chooses to kill and to risk death rather than forego the chance of such supreme dignity. In the struggle for self-preservation lies the fulfillment of the creature's allegiance to life. The struggle for life means pain inflicted and pain received; but in pain lies the honor of the organic world. We cannot imagine nobility or dignity without pain. Lower things do not experience it. Common men always flee from it and execrate it; but, now and then, here and there, men and women seek it out. They may quiver in agony, they may succumb momentarily to the weakness of the flesh, but they bear witness that pain is good. For them pain is the ploughing and harrowing which must precede seed-time and harvest. These men we have been taught to call saints and heroes. Shall we give no weight to their testimony?

As it is with pain, so is it with human love. Each is a turning toward the light ahead. The mutual attraction of cells has no meaning till it appears as the first effort of nature on her way to produce human affection. At every stage in the drawing together of cells and multiples of cells, whether in polyp, reptile, or ape, the significance of that drawing together lies in that for which it is preparing the way. So, too, is it with human affections: they shine with a light not their own, but reflected from the higher significance of the future. Our love is but a pale anticipation of that love which the universe is striving to round out to full-orbed completeness. Love, at least, offers an explanation of the goal of life, — life struggling to consciousness, consciousness rising to love. All other things find their explanation in something higher, but love is its own fulfillment.

Love has no doubts. To itself love is the very substance of reality. The phenomena of sight, sound, touch, and their fellows, are but the conditions under which life has made a foothold for itself in this boisterous world; the senses know nothing beyond their own func-

tioning, they have nothing to say regarding the end or purpose of life. But to love, — all the labor and effort of all the universe, with all its sidereal systems, with all its ethereal immensity, has been for the sake of producing love. Of what consequence is it, whether insensible matter endure a myriad years, or assume infinite bigness? In the absence of consciousness, an infinity of matter is as nothing. One flash of conscious life illumined by love is worth all the patience, all the effort, all the labor, of unconscious energy throughout an infinity of time. Consciousness is but a minister to love, to the love that is to be.

Science, with its predilection for sensuous things, for enumerations, classifications, explanations in terms of matter and energy, asserts that consciousness fulfils no useful function at all. Consciousness is an accidental creation, shot out like a random spark by the friction of living, a sort of tramp who has stolen a ride on the way. According to this theory the musician would continue to play his fiddle whether he produced a melody or not; the endless chain of propulsions from behind would impel one hand to finger the strings, the other to ply the bow. But to the non-scientific man, consciousness is the achievement to which the Universe has bent all its energies.

Had the Universe taken a different turn, or had it neglected the things which it has done, consciousness as we know it would never have come into being. But consciousness has come, and the assertion that it is a superfluous thing, an accident, seems to have been hatched from the very willfulness of arrogance. Because science — a virtuoso in motion, in attractions and repulsions — has not yet discovered the function of consciousness, is it not premature to say that consciousness has no function? To the common mind the obvious function of consciousness — in addition to the minor occupations which its genesis from matter has imposed upon it — is to experience love, and thereby give a reasonable meaning to the Universe.

If matter, or energy, has succeeded in creating consciousness, even though only on our planet and in such little measure, may it not be that after other æons of restless activity, consciousness in its turn shall generate another state of being to which science (then absorbed by a predilection for consciousness, as it is now absorbed by its predilection for sensuous things) will deny any useful function, but which shall justify itself as consciousness does to-day? May it not be — if we let ourselves listen to the incantations of hope — that this higher spiritual sensitiveness, generated by consciousness, will create as much difference between the new order of creatures that shall possess it and ourselves, as there is now between us and inorganic matter? Does not the experience of those men who — in daily life scarce realizing material things — have felt themselves rapt into the presence of God, point to some such inference? 'When love has carried us above all things . . . we receive in peace the Incomprehensible Light, enfolding us and penetrating us.' But whatever our laboring, sweating Universe may bring forth, this seems to be the direction it has taken, the goal that it has set before itself.

Is it not odd that men should continue to interpret love in terms of the atom and the cell, of chemistry and physics, when the whole significance of all the doings of matter and energy comes from our human consciousness?

But shall they that suffer pain to-day, that have once lived in the Eden of love, shall these enter into the light of the day that is to dawn?

EPILOGUE

THE traveler sighed, lost in perplexity; and the Spirit of Life said, 'Come, let us walk in the courts of the House of Sorrow.' So they walked through the courts, and the newcomer beheld in the House a great multitude of windows, most of which were dark, as if there was no light within, or, as if the curtains were drawn and the shutters closed. But other windows shot forth rays of light, some faint and feeble, some stronger, while others poured forth a flood of brightness.

'Why are some of the windows so bright?' inquired the newcomer; and the Spirit of Life answered, 'Those are the windows of the light-bearers; their inmates burn lights, some more, some less.'

'With what do they feed their lights?' asked the newcomer.

'A few shine of their own nature,' answered the Spirit, 'as if they drew upon an inexhaustible source within; but most of them burn the oil of hope.'

'If they have no hope, what then?' asked the newcomer.

'Then,' said the Spirit, 'they must make their light from pain. There is an old saying, "He that doth not burn, shall not give forth light." The past lightened you with its brightness; but by your own shining you must lighten the present and the future. Hope gives the readier light; but even if hope fail, none need leave their windows dark, for where you have pain at your disposal, unlimited pain, it should not require great spiritual ingenuity to use that pain for fuel.'

The newcomer bowed his head, and the Spirit of Life led him to his appointed room within the house.

OUR 'CLASSICAL RECOLLECTIONS'

BY ANNIE KIMBALL TUELL

I

'ALL things beautiful pass away to Persephone,' wrote the mourning Greek, and I fancy he believed the burden of his song. But there is a native human trust in the immortality of whatever concerns ourselves, despite the acknowledged mutability of phenomena at large. So it may never have entered the poet's mind that the liquid music of his elegy, the fair Hellenic speech itself, might pass with body's beauty and pillar's pride and the perishable loveliness of vase and amphora to the pale guardianship of 'Our Lady of Shadows.' But the Greek tongue is well-nigh silent now in our schools, and the richest of dead languages has lapsed from its immortality and ceased commonly to 'live on the lips.'

Active protest grew faint long ago. It is long since Panurge, unable to find a language familiar to his valet, tried Greek at last and was understood. It is long since Milton, declaring 'heart-easing mirth' to be called in heaven Euphrosyne, registered his belief in the

likely theory that Greek is the natural language of the celestial regions. It is almost as long since in the Battle of Books the Ancients made their easy conquest over the pert and upstarting Moderns. Indeed that protracted literary strife between the Ancients and the Moderns, once so comfortably balanced and apparently interminable, is fallen almost out of mind. The Ancients of to-day, should they have the effrontery to form a phalanx, would not venture into battle at all. They would simply stand in line, trusting to one of the 'blind hopes' of Prometheus, the assurance that they have been proved very hard to kill. And whosoever would defend their cause must no longer speak in the manner of those who expect to be heard.

The classical scholar has ceased to contend for precedence in college curricula and has accepted without rancor his partial eclipse. I dare say he remembers in his heart the good time — still to quote Rabelais — when the ancient languages were once 'to their pristine purity restored,' and above all Greek, 'without which one might be ashamed to count himself a scholar.' But the classical scholar of to-day, if he has not studied the humanities in vain, has not failed to learn from them liberality of view and tolerance for new orders for efficiency. He applauds the growing vogue of modern tongues, welcome promise that the American people shall yet be raised from its linguistic illiteracy; for he knows the discipline and potential liberty to be gained from the study of language. He is the brother and promoter of historical learning; for his life, dedicated to the vitality of the past, has known the reviving vigor to be reached through that permanent contact. He comprehends the popular avidity for modern literatures; for he is the disciple of a literature which has left, even to those who know it not, an eternal legacy of strength and beauty and shapeliness. He respects the young man's alertness in the quest of new philosophies; for he guards the plenteous fountains of philosophy, and knows better than we the energy and intellectual humility which may derive from that search. Man of the present as of the past, he understands the recent leap of economics to the front both in education and in publication; for he met Demos long ago in the pages of Aristophanes, and knows that he is to be reckoned with. No, the true classical scholar is slow to oppose a progressive shift of college emphasis.

Perhaps he feels that the real check on Greek is less the eager modernity of the academic environment than the utilitarian pressure closing always more heavily on the secondary schools. If Greek is to have any intimate share in education, the initial steps in its study must be taken early. Though we are always told that Cato learned Greek at eighty, no one has yet explained the use he made of it. But a far-away voice speaking for Greek can hardly make itself heard in the current clamor that the public money be spent not for the refinements of the negligible few, but for firmer courses of industrial preparation, which shall help the workaday pupil to earn his bread with, or better, without, the sweat of his brow. Here too the conservative respects the force by which he is dispossessed. The demand that education shall serve the common need seems to him a natural impulse of elementary justice, fortunate, inevitable, requiring only a provident and discreet guidance. He knows the common need better than the dictator of the present, the practical man, appreciates the more elusive values of the humanities.

To Demos, under the pressure of his hungry generations, the scholar often seems the devotee of an obsolete

archaism and of effete cultivations, repository of sterile, old-world impracticalities, with whom there can be no productive issue. Discussion has grown with time more urbane on all subjects. Diomed no longer hurls his ashen spear into the side of Deiphobus. But the classical scholar, wrestling for a foothold in the secondary school, is likely to hear under some courteous disguise the time-honored charge, apt for the settlement of all radical differences, 'Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.' To this unsatisfactory but irrefutable argument there is never a ready answer. The pleader for Greek must prove his fitness more humanly than by a revised dialectic.

There is now and then a promising bit of inconsistency in our school system, for whatever is Greek save the language is still preserved with solicitude. The boy is driven to learn the history of Athens and Sparta, although our courses curtail the history curriculum more and more in many an otherwise strong school. Our colleges admit — let us be frank — throngs of intelligent pupils who do not know the difference between a Saxon and a Norman and have heard but the name of Magna Charta. But the high-school graduate is familiar with the tale of Leonidas and has probably less difficulty than Darius the King to 'remember the Athenians.'

Greek art too is placed in the boy's way, with the hope that he may chance to notice it. As he proceeds along the corridor in these days of ardent school decoration, he goes between a double row of masterpieces which the world has still no mind to lose. High under the cornice the Parthenon horses prance in a procession of hoofless glory. In the distance looms up an armless Venus. Above the window headless Niké forever tries in vain to unfasten her sandal. Sometimes the boy notes the maimed deities as he passes; but frankly I suppose he would prefer statues of a race less august but with all their members intact. These things appear acceptable to the educated, but for the most part, in his opinion, they are 'antiquities which nobody can know.' Yet we insist that he shall know them.

And in the grown-up world of culture the pulse of Hellenic blood still beats high. Here too the zest persists for all things Greek except the language. The lecture halls of notable classic scholars are thronged as promptly as ever. Archæology, once fearfully regarded by the vulgar as a science of dry bones for the strictly academic, makes yearly a more engaging appeal to common man. Of books of travel in Greece there is no end, for the ever-pressing vanguard of the tourist hordes, finding stale its historic stamping-ground of westen Europe, long since advanced its frontier and is pushing in always larger numbers eastward into the far Ægean seas.

Yes, the next generation will look more familiarly, if more profanely, than ourselves on the ruined temples which stand for our reverence under the old Greek sky. They will step more boldly across the threshold of the gods, loiter at their ease in the pillared porticoes, and wander at will among the desecrated shrines. They too will love the yellowed softness of the weathered fanes standing in the curve of many a round shore or rising in golden hill-top light against the live blue of the southern sky. These are beautiful things which have not yet passed away to Persephone. They will find at Athens or at Pæstum or at Girgenti a present loveliness and a fair symbolism of departed days. But one joy they will lack, though they praise the gods with sincerity and venerate duly the classic shrines. They will not have what Macaulay, supposing that he referred to

a universal and enduring experience, called 'our dear classical recollections.' Our children will not have heard in old school days Zeus and Athena speaking their own tongue in the clear temple of Hellenic story, — a temple big enough to celebrate 'heaven and ocean and air and the imperishable race of all the blessed gods.'

II

Dear classical recollections — already the phrase has a quaint ring! But we who have them still bear witness that they are precious, and we think that our witness is true. At least our testimony is not invalid through the prejudice of our erudition; for we who now dare wish the survival of our heritage for the coming generations are not the classical scholars.

We are the neglectful who have passed for the most part to other affairs, and, to speak honestly, we have forgotten that Greek 'which we so much do vaunt but nowhere show.' The grimy old books were long ago relegated to the bottom shelf, and above them has arisen tier on tier the library of our subsequent fast-slipping interests. Anacreon long since made place for Herrick, Lucian for Cyrano de Bergerac, Euripides for Ibsen. Fair-armed Nausicaa has faded before the vision of Beatrice, and Cuchulain one day cut the ground from under Achilles by a single stroke. The little red dictionary in the corner is dusted no oftener than the obduracies of housekeeping demand; Æschylus, crowned not only on earth but in Hades, is growing as Greek to us as the conversation of Cicero sounded to Casca; even the pet anthology, once lightly familiar, 'though much worn, is therein little read.'

The Iliad still opens to the Trojan walls where heaven-born Helen passes like to one of the immortal goddesses among the aged men, or to the grim contest where the soul of Hector, defender of Trojans, is driven from the body, lamenting its bloom and its youth. But the pictures flash no longer from the words, only gleam out dimly at the sound suggestion of the noble verse. Without the little red dictionary we could hardly construe a line of Homer or chat with dear old Herodotus on the insufferable presumption of the Persians. If we would render a chorus of the 'Agamemnon,' we must invent the metre for ourselves, and our interpretation of Pindar must be, like Pindar himself to Cowley, 'a vast species alone.'

And yet in a most unscholarly fashion the Hellenic world has remained, even for us, a memory clean and potent of great old things cool and fresh, of clear simplicities and single passions, of living grace and abundant life. We stood long ago as suppliants to the blessed gods, the Lord of the Silver Bow, and Dictynna of the Mountains, and that god 'wonderful by night, leader in the dance of the fire-breathing stars,' and to 'Earth the mother of all.' We have been at the service of Bacchus, in no operatic orgy, but with Euripides in the midnight wood, while the crackle of satyr and mænad sounded nigh in the thicket, and we heard the very cry of joy when the ruddy god, the son of Semele, was born. We have rested in an authentic Arcadia, no fancy land of coral clasps and amber studs, not in court guise or ribboned masquerade or wailing a mournful threnody in the funeral train of some northern Thyrsis or Lycidas. But in a sunny Arcadia of the living we have seen the fattening of the two-year kid, have drunk pure milk from a basin round and shapely, have heard the pipes under a Sicilian sun, and watched below the shifting trace of level wind on a blue Sicilian sea. We have been in Cloud-Cuckoo-

Land and heard in the lilt of perfect anapests the primal twittering of birds on creation day, and believed for truth the word of the old poet that 'the Graces, seeking for a support to which they might cling and not fall, found the soul of Aristophanes.' And I, for one, have waited in the Vatican before the Far-Darter, careless that it is no longer permissible to adore Apollo Belvidere, and have addressed to him as a reasonable service the right invocation in his own language.

Our children will not quote Greek, but they can have their fill of translation. Indeed the ubiquity of cheap English versions is a satisfactorily commercial proof that the compulsion of the Greek spirit remains with us. But for all cosmopolitan tongues save the Greek it is an accepted platitude that poetry which has suffered a transmigration of language is quenched of its flavor like wine which has crossed the sea. Never are we asked to test the noble Prologue of *Faust*, unless we are strong enough to hear the morning stars and all the works of nature singing together in stout German. We do not presume to seek the ineffable vision of Dante without the support of the 'fine style which does him honor.' Nor can we touch the secrets of our own poets without the interpretation of their native melodies.

Chaucer, spirit of intimate cheer, we may not know without the full-voweled richness of his easy music; nor Milton, the 'mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,' without his harmony; nor can we travel the high-rambling ways of the *Faerie Queene*, if we have not leisure for Spenser's majestic pace. How, then, is the gold become dimmed, how is the most pure gold changed, if we seek to enter too cheaply the thesaurus of classic riches, to understand the priceless values of the Greek inspiration, ignorant of the language which has given to our own the sacred words 'poet' and 'melody,' and has taught us that 'enthusiasm' is divine, for 'a god is in it.' Ours is but lip-service to that god, if we allow to dwindle into far-off spaces the true sound of Prometheus's immense invocation, or lose the veritable echo of the great 'song which saved at Salamis.'

There will not be another revival of Greek learning so confiding as the old, when 'the ancient tongues were to their pristine purity restored.' Never again will the Greek letters carry so venerable a meaning as in the early Renaissance days when, their significance guessed only by a few, they seemed occult and fraught with marvel, potential of hoarded life and unsuspected grace, master-words yet to be spelled, able perchance to call to flesh again the grand and careless divinities of the elder days. Nor can Greek be to us, or to our children, the entrance-talisman to a brave new world of indisputable thought, unexplored country of unquestioned wisdom and reliable truth, abundant for the instruction of the nations. Centuries of scholars have explored that country, and the instruction of the nations is by no means complete. Besides, our generation hears of its unexplored countries from the complex challenge of the present, finds for its curiosity and intellectual devotion a richness of perplexity and unmeasured compass of inquiry not imaginable to the Greeks. The wholesale absorption of our master minds in the minutiæ of classic scholarship, already finely chopped through the ages, is rightly and luckily unthinkable.

But to preserve within easy reach the mother tongue of our culture inheritance is but to safeguard an essential element of our present. We have learned in larger matters to distrust new orders which displace the past in wholesale rejection of experience; for in more

ways than one the world is proved 'wise, being very old.' We must, to be sure, plead for our conservatisms with qualified insistence. We must not press our claims too loudly, or champion our cause with disproportionate affection. We shall not impose the humanities upon the unwilling and the unready. If the growing generation asks the means of bread, we shall not cry out upon 'blind mouths' and ordain a forcible feeding of Greek. But to urge that Greek be restored to reasonable accessibility is not to make a sentimental claim upon the public purse. After all, we do not champion our classical recollections in stiff attachment to the clustered associations of school-days, nor in too rigid a loyalty to the wholesome classic training. But with opposition our regret has turned to full persuasion that a distinct proportion of Greek must be guaranteed to popular education, if we are to insure the continued efficiency of English literary scholarship or save a necessary standard for the full enlightenment and discipline of the English literary genius.

In America at least there is needed some modest revival of Greek learning, without which in more illiterate times a man 'might be ashamed to count himself a scholar.'

III

To call one's self a scholar requires to-day perhaps more than ever the gift of tongues; for this is the generation of those who seek 'comparative literature,' no longer kept a mystery for the inner circle of the initiate, but offered freely by open invitation. The critical school of judicial and oracular pronouncement is in its grave; luckily it cannot come out of it. Even the cult of the personal 'appreciation,' though we may trust its permanency, can no longer shut itself in the private chambers of its imagery to spin its web. Our more immediate zeal is to seek out the hidden sources of literary impulse, to trace through the ages the continuous action and reaction of one country upon another, anxious in a cordial spirit of cousinship to claim all our international relations. This zest for the community of literary material has been good for us. It has served to freshen with a new significance the old habit of specialized investigation, to clear the overgrown channels of research, to subdue the chaos of historical variety to a system of intersecting lines, to reveal below the swirl of local detail a simplicity of advance. It has humanized us besides to transcend even a little our provincialism, to find a home-felt pleasure at each new proof of the universal kinship.

But in our new ardor for a cosmopolitan scope of study we may need to guard more carefully against the large danger of the little learning. In our modern world thus frankly addicted to 'genealogical criticism' we must know the languages of the genealogy. The popularization of comparative literature can easily enfeeble the grip and slacken the judgment if it is undertaken without the necessary rigors, in sluggish acceptance of pre-digested manna. Without the languages to serve our individual turn, we cannot know in miniature the experience of the pioneer scholar, or take honest satisfaction in the discovery of 'a poor thing' but our own. And as we cannot with any perspicacity compare literatures seen darkly through the glass of translation, so we cannot compare their genealogies in ignorance of their beginnings, if anything has a beginning. We cannot return in seriousness to these beginnings and forget that, if Latin has contributed more of its body to the modern tongues, Greek has given a finer service of its spirit.

And the English genius, unconfined and fancy-free as it has liked at times to think itself, still needs, we may suppose, for its perpetual correction the ripe understanding of classic restraint. Ours is the tradition of liberty in artistic method, of vigorous exuberances and inspired variations. And surely we have indulged our native willfulness not blindly but in sound instinct. The independence of the English nature has been its condition of fertile and healthy production; the rich field of English letters would have yielded a less generous growth if it had not often outsprouted attempts at artificial clipping. But our unfettered energies may easily become 'outrageosities' if we fail to keep for reference the canons of Hellenic classicism. And perhaps we shall indulge our vagaries less unfalteringly, if the classic ideal does not remain a steadfast witness to the eternal rectitude of structure, absolute and immutable behind all the lively shifts of experimentalism.

Ours, we are told besides, is the literature of the personal and the particular. Ever since Chaucer went on pilgrimage to Canterbury, it has continued to marshal sundry folks each different in soul and feature from every other. 'Here she was wont to go, and here, and here,' sang the English shepherd; and whoso follows the footsteps of the English muse follows a path lined with special trees and bordered by the local wayside flower. And our zest for the significant detail has served its function in the development of the world's letters. Literary evolution, at least, if it is to be 'careful of the type,' can never be 'careless of the single life.' But we shall create our individuals and our singularities with less conviction, if the touchstone of the catholic and the universal is not kept in the singleness of Greek genius.

For a century and more we have often been, like the rest of the world, voluble and inclined to confidence. Modern personality, zealous to search its inmost recesses, has not scrupled to handle the intimacies with familiarity and to give up its secret sins and revered privacies. And as we face the broader human interests, we do not grow less talkative; rather we become more eager to express the utmost of the personal thought and experience for the enrichment of the common destiny. Upon us presses the demand for the broader personality; around us throng the claims of the universal problems, asking practical and theoretical solution. Here too the responsibility which so easily besets us is, we hope, obedient to a normal right. Long ago in the old romance, Sir Percival, perversely silent before the procession of the Grail mysteries, taught the lesson that man's lasting duty in the presence of perplexing mysteries is to question their meaning. The modern world cannot ask its multifarious questions in silence. It must continue the ever-deepening murmur of query and tentative reply. We shall wait long before reticence will become for us a dominant literary note. Perhaps it may never rightly become so. But in tired hours we shall still do wisely now and then, if we return for a little to the dignified Greek world of noble withdrawal and controlled stress, strong with the power of abundant reserve.

And perhaps as we pass further from the repose of the classic spirit, we may but need it the more. Perhaps the poetry of the next generation, if it reaches out with more assurance in significant choice of the democratic and common subject; if, groping still toward the expression of the common need, it rejects with more resolution the poetic diction even of the present day for the dialect of the ignorant and the vulgar, may require more than ever the reminder that

sympathy of heart takes no necessary issue with serenity and dignity of tone. Certainly we shall need all the classical reminders we can get in many-blooded America, which claims as its privilege to-day in its taste for literary form, — as it claimed of old for its tenets political and religious, — 'the dissidence of dissent.'

IV

Perhaps our hope is not 'blind.' If Greek is to remain an everlasting sign of high consistencies and fine reserves, we must turn with a more loyal and comprehending trust to the public high school, the guardian of our coming culture. If we respect patiently and faithfully enough its generous ideal and far discernment, it may yet restore to the children who come after us the chance for 'dear classical recollections.' For the public high school, though tormented by a multitude of conflicting necessities, hampered by the intrusion of contradictory criticism, bewildered in its responsibility like the conscientious man in the fable, possessed of both a boy and a donkey, yet exists only to meet the composite need of the whole people, if anybody could have the astuteness to apprehend the nature of that need.

We must temperately bide our time till a more generous subsidy of public education shall be commonly recognized as the best patriotic investment. We must wait till the captivity of the secondary school-teacher is turned by a sufficiency of competent help to free and adequate service. We must not lay Greek as a last straw upon her devoted back, already weighted with a load which would tax miraculous virtue. We must wait in patience besides till, at whatever lavishness of experimental waste, we have met with a more practical intelligence the necessity of the laboring world for efficient vocational preparation. Daily are we surer that if man cannot live by bread alone, he is not likely to live without it in any way creditable to civilization.

But already in our well-intentioned doubling of courses and differentiation of systems we may be in danger of cutting the class chasm too wide. The boy, even of the industrial school, has the right to know that the things of culture exist, that they are excellent and are unforbidden. *Life* long ago published a capital cartoon. On the pictured bottom of the sea lay an open chest stored with gold enough to stock several Treasure Islands. Near by lingered two shrewd young fishes. 'Come along,' said one. 'You won't find any worms there.' And the gold lay, we suppose, untouched, thereafter to be unregarded. It is not the least privilege of the high school to teach broadcast the gospel that there are other things than worms, to proclaim and reveal the preciousness of the world's fine gold, and to keep open the approach to all treasures of learning for those whose happier lot or more aspiring energy allows the longer search in college years.

The common cause of service for college and secondary school will appear in truer proportion when their veiled belligerency ceases for good. Perhaps the college must learn first and most. Condescension once discarded, it will comprehend better the baffling problem of the secondary system, with its double function: to perform reliably its trust toward the chosen people destined for academic enlightenment, and still to honor first its great mission to the Gentiles of the less fortunate public. It may relieve tension by a timely decision, — no vague broadening in the scope of requirements, but rather a united emphasis upon intensive precision, — that would be at once the strongest sup-

port to the secondary school and its own surest safeguard of adequate preparation.

In turn the secondary school may with grateful good-fellowship reach in less anxious times a more liberal interpretation of its calling. It may serve with a gladder response the interest of higher education, freed from the check of a too rigidly enforced economy, unchafed by the irritation of inconsiderate censure, able at last to indulge a little that heartening devotion to pure scholarship without which secondary education becomes the sorriest of modern sights. If the full culture of our nation demand the maintenance of an unpopular subject wanted by few seekers, even if that subject be Greek, the high school will maintain it. It will at some cost, at some sacrifice of utilitarian frugality, secure to the college this part of its complete faculty, wise to know that even in education the best economy is sometimes to choose an ultimate or even an unseen value. Yet again perhaps shall Greek live on the lips.

And indeed, if we are wrong, if the stimulus of Greek is to be eliminated from the common suggestion of heart and thought, the neglect will be due in part to its past sufficiency, — so intrinsically has it modified the direction of our growth. For of other gods than Brahma it might rightly be written, 'When me they fly, I am the wings.' If we can do without Greek, we can only think that its services have been 'so splendid that they are no longer necessary.'

But that we shall long forego direct contact with this essential gift from the world's great past, the mind which has faith in the steadiness of our racial progress cannot believe. Still must the modern world give tribute of earth and water to the old. 'The ancient melodies have ceased,' and the 'fair nine' are become wanderers on the earth. But though attempts have been made to supersede them, though a Heavenly Muse has even sat upon Mount Sinai, though we may live to see the cult of muses most unclassical, when new ways prove hard and new fountains dry, we shall return gladly and not in vain to the old invocation: —

> Hereth, that on Parnasso dwelle,
> By Elicon, the clere welle!

THE ROAD TO DIEPPE

BY JOHN FINLEY

[Concerning the experiences of a journey on foot through the night of August 4, 1914 (the night after the formal declaration of war between England and Germany), from a town near Amiens, in France, to Dieppe, a distance of somewhat more than forty miles.]

BEFORE I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Close at my side, so silently he came
Nor gave a sign of salutation, save
To touch with light my sleeve and make the way
Appear as if a shining countenance
Had looked on it. Strange was this radiant Youth,
As I, to these fair, fertile parts of France,
Where Cæsar with his legions once had passed,
And where the Kaiser's Uhlans yet would pass
Or e'er another moon should cope with clouds
For mastery of these same fields. — To-night
(And but a month has gone since I walked there)
Well might the Kaiser write, as Cæsar wrote,
In his new Commentaries on a Gallic war,
'*Fortissimi Belgæ.*' — A moon ago!
Who would have then divined that dead would lie
Like swaths of grain beneath the harvest moon
Upon these lands the ancient Belgæ held,
From Normandy beyond renowned Liège! —

But it was out of that dread August night
From which all Europe woke to war, that we,
This beautiful Dawn-Youth, and I, had come,
He from afar. Beyond grim Petrograd
He'd waked the moujik from his peaceful dreams,
Bid the muezzin call to morning prayer

Where minarets rise o'er the Golden Horn,
And driven shadows from the Prussian march
To lie beneath the lindens of the *stadt.*
Softly he'd stirred the bells to ring at Rheims,
He'd knocked at high Montmartre, hardly asleep,
Heard the sweet carillon of doomed Louvain,
Boylike, had tarried for a moment's play
Amid the traceries of Amiens,
And then was hast'ning on the road to Dieppe,
When he o'ertook me drowsy from the hours
Through which I'd walked, with no companions else
Than ghostly kilometer posts that stood
As sentinels of space along the way. —
Often, in doubt, I'd paused to question one,
With nervous hands, as they who read Moon-type;
And more than once I'd caught a moment's sleep
Beside the highway, in the dripping grass,
While one of these white sentinels stood guard,
Knowing me for a friend, who loves the road,
And best of all by night, when wheels do sleep
And stars alone do walk abroad. — But once
Three watchful shadows, deeper than the dark,
Laid hands on me and searched me for the marks
Of traitor or of spy, only to find
Over my heart the badge of loyalty. —
With wish for *bon voyage* they gave me o'er
To the white guards who led me on again.

Thus Dawn o'ertook me and with magic speech
Made me forget the night as we strode on.
Where'er he looked a miracle was wrought:
A tree grew from the darkness at a glance;
A hut was thatched; a new château was reared
Of stone, as weathered as the church at Caen;
Gray blooms were colored suddenly in red;
A flag was flung across the eastern sky. —

Nearer at hand, he made me then aware
Of peasant women bending in the fields,
Cradling and gleaning by the first scant light,
Their sons and husbands somewhere o'er the edge
Of these green-golden fields which they had sowed,
But will not reap, — out somewhere on the march,
God but knows where and if they come again.
One fallow field he pointed out to me
Where but the day before a peasant ploughed,
Dreaming of next year's fruit, and there his plough
Stood now mid-field, his horses commandeered,
A monstrous sable crow perched on the beam.

Before I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Far from my side, so silently he went,
Catching his golden helmet as he ran,
And hast'ning on along the dun straight way,
Where old mens' sabots now began to clack
And withered women, knitting, led their cows,
On, on to call the men of Kitchener
Down to their coasts, — I shouting after him:
'O Dawn, would you had let the world sleep on
Till all its armament were turned to rust,
Nor waked it to this day of hideous hate,
Of man's red murder and of woman's woe!'

Famished and lame, I came at last to Dieppe,
But Dawn had made his way across the sea,
And, as I climbed with heavy feet the cliff,
Was even then upon the sky-built towers
Of that great capital where nations all,
Teuton, Italian, Gallic, English, Slav,
Forget long hates in one consummate faith.

SETH MILES AND THE SACRED FIRE

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

'RICHARD,' said my dad about a week after Commencement, 'life is real. You have had your education and your keep, and you're a pleasant enough lad around the house. But the time has come to see what's in you, and I want you to begin to show it right away. If you go to the coast with the family, it will mean three months fooling around with the yacht and the cars and a bunch of pretty girls. There's nothing in that for you any longer.'

Of course, this rubbed me the wrong way.

'Now you've got your degree, it's time we started something else. You say you want to be a scholar — I suppose that means a college professor. Of course scholarship does n't pay, but if I leave you a few good bonds, probably you can clip the coupons while you last. I don't insist that you make money, but I do insist that you work. My son must be able to lick his weight in wild-cats, whatever job he's on. Do you get me?'

I looked out of the window and nodded, somewhat haughtily. Of course I could n't explain to dad the mixture of feelings that led me to choose scholarship. For, while I am keen on philology, and really do love the classics so that my spirit seems to swim, if you know what I mean, in the atmosphere that upheld Horace and the wise Cicero of *De Senectute*, I also thought there was money enough in the family already. Was n't it a good thing for the Bonniwells to pay tribute to the humanities in my person? Did n't we, somehow, owe it to the world to put back in culture part of what we took out in cash? But how could I get that across to dad?

He looked at me as if he, too, were trying to utter something difficult.

'There are passions of the head as well as of the heart,' he said finally. I opened my eyes, for he did n't often talk in such fashion. 'The old Greeks knew that. I always supposed a scholar, a teacher, had to feel that way if he was any good, — that it was the mark of his calling. Perhaps you've been called, but, if so, you keep it pretty dark.'

He stopped and waited for an appropriate response, but I just could n't get it out. So I remarked, 'If I'm not on the boat this summer, you'll need another man when you cruise.'

'That's my affair,' said he, looking disappointed. 'Yours will be to hold down your job. I've got one ready for you. If you don't like it, you can get another. We'll see about a Ph.D. and Germany later on. But for this season, I had influence enough to get you the summer school in the Jericho district beyond Garibaldi, and you can board with Seth Miles.'

When I was a child, before we moved to Chicago, we lived in Oatesville, at the back of beyond. Garibaldi is an Indiana cross-roads about five miles further on the road to nowhere.

'*O dad!*' I said, but I put everything I thought into those two words.

He instantly began to look as much like the heavy father on the stage as

is possible to a spare man with a Roman nose. So I shrugged my shoulders.

'Oh, very well!' I said. 'If you find me a fossil in the fall, pick out a comfortable museum to lend me to, won't you?'

'Richard,' said my dad, 'God only knows how a boy should be dealt with. I don't. If I could only tell you the things I know so you would believe them, I'd set a match to half my fortune this minute. I want you to *touch life* somewhere, but I don't know how to work it in. I'm doing this in sheer desperation.'

I could see he meant it, too, for his eyes were shiny and the little drops came out on his forehead.

'I don't happen to know anybody fitter than old Miles to inspire a scholar and a gentleman. So, if the summer does n't do you any good, it can't do you any harm. I shall label your season's work *Richard Bonniwell, Jr. on His Own Hook. Exhibit A.* — Don't forget that. Your mother and I may seem to be in Maine, but I guess in our minds we'll be down at Jericho schoolhouse looking on, most of the time.'

You'd think a man might buck up in response to that, would n't you? But I did n't particularly. It made me feel superior toward dad because he did n't know any better than to arrange such a summer, thinking it would teach me anything. I suspected this indulgent attitude of mine might break down later, and it did.

It was a blazing hot summer for one thing. One of those occasional summers of the Middle West when the cattle pant in the fields and the blades of corn get limp on their stalks.

Mr. Miles, who was a benign bachelor, lived in a brick farmhouse with one long wing, and a furnace of which he was very proud. He put up his own ice, too, which was more to the point in July. His widowed sister kept house for him, and, if the meat was usually tough, the cream and vegetables were beyond praise. He owned the store at Garibaldi as well as this large farm, so he was a man of means, and important in his own sphere. To look at, he was rather wonderful. I don't know how to describe him. He had keen, kind blue eyes; wavy, white hair; strong, regular features. There was a kind of graciousness and distinction about him that did n't fit his speech and dress. It was as if you always saw the man he might be in the shadow of the man he was. Put him into evening clothes and take away his vernacular, and he'd be one of the loveliest old patriarchs you ever met.

The school-house was brick, too, set back from the road in a field of hard-trodden clay, decorated with moth-eaten patches of grass. For further adornment, there was a row of box-alders out in front. As a temple of learning, it fell short. As its ministrant, I did the same.

There were forty scholars: squirmy, grimy little things that I found it hard to tell apart at first. I knew this was n't the right attitude, but how could I help it? I had never tried to teach anybody anything before in my life. The bigger girls blushed and giggled; the little boys made faces and stuck out their tongues. As it was a summer session, there were no big boys to speak of.

To go in for scholarship does n't at all imply the teacher's gift or the desire for it. At Oxford, you know, they are a bit sniffy about the lecturers who arouse enthusiasm. Such are suspected of being 'popular' and that, really, is quite awful. Some of our men have a similar notion, and, no doubt, it colored my views. Yet, deep down, I knew that if I was a teacher, it was up to me to teach. I really did try, but it takes time to get the hang of anything.

I was homesick, too. Mildred and Millicent, my kid sisters, are great fun, and the house is full of young people all summer long at home. When I shut my eyes I could see the blue, sparkling waters of the inlet, and the rocking of our float with its line of gay canoes.

How can I describe the rising tide of sick disgust at my surroundings that began to flood my spirit? Now that it's all in the past, I'd like to think it was purely my liver, — I did n't get enough exercise, really I did n't, for it was too hot to walk much, — but perhaps part of it was just bad temper.

You see — it takes a good deal of a fellow to stand such a complete transplanting. I hated the paper shades in my bedroom, tied up with a cord, and the Nottingham curtains, and the springs that sank in the middle. I hated the respectable Brussels carpet in the best room, and the red rocking-chairs on the porch. I hated the hot, sleepless nights and the blazing, drowsy days.

Oh, I tell you, I had a glorious grouch!

I did n't exactly hate the squirming children, for some of them began to show signs of almost human intelligence after they got used to me, and that did win me; but I hated that little schoolroom where the flies buzzed loudly all day long on the streaky panes. With a deadly hatred I hated it.

I got to feeling very badly treated. What did my father suppose such commonplace discomforts were going to do for *me?* What part had a summer like this in the life and work that were to be mine? I lost that comfortable little feeling of advantage over life. I mislaid my consciousness of the silver spoon. In about three weeks it seemed as if I'd always taught summer-school at Jericho, and might have to keep on.

Oh, well! — I was hot and sore. Everybody has been hot and sore some time or other, I suppose. The minute description can be omitted. But I don't know whether everybody with a grievance gets so badly twisted up in it as I do.

These emotions reached their climax one muggy, sultry July day as I plodded, moist and unhappy, back from the school-house. I wiped my forehead, gritted my teeth, and vowed I would not stand the whole situation another twenty-four hours. I'd resign my position, wire dad, and take a train for somewhere out West in the mountains. If I had to make good on my own hook in three months, I'd at least do it in a cool place, at work of my selecting. The challenged party ought to have the choice of weapons.

My room was intolerably stuffy, so I came downstairs reluctantly and sat on the front steps. There was a wide outlook, for the house stood on a ridge of land that broke the flat prairie like a great welt. Old Miles was there, watching a heavy cloud-bank off in the southwest. Those clouds had been fooling around every evening for a week, but nothing ever came of it. The longer the drought, the harder it is to break.

I made some caustic remark about the weather as I sat down. Probably I looked cross enough to bite the poker.

Miles looked at me and then looked away quickly, as if it really was n't decent to be observing a fellow in such a rage. I knew the look, for I've felt that way myself about other men.

'Yes, bad weather,' he said. 'When it gets too hot and dry for corn, it's too hot and dry for folks. And then — it always rains. It'll rain to-night. You wait and see.'

I mumbled something disparaging to the universe.

'Richard!' said Mr. Miles suddenly and strongly, 'I know what ails you. It ain't the weather, it's your teaching. You're discouraged because you can't make 'em sense things. But it ain't

time yet for you to get discouraged. I hate to see it, for it ain't necessary.'

This made me feel a little ashamed of myself.

'Did you ever teach, Mr. Miles?' I asked, for the sake of seeming civil.

'Yes, I did. So I know there's a secret to teachin' you prob'ly ain't got yet. I dunno as I could help you to it. It ain't likely. An' yet — '

Unlikely indeed! I thought. Aloud, I said politely, 'I'd be glad to hear your views.'

'I know what you feel!' he said with extraordinary energy. 'My Lord! Don't I know what you feel? You want to make 'em sense things as you sense 'em. You want to make 'em work as you can work. You won't be satisfied until you've given 'em the thirst to know and the means of knowing. Yes, I know what you feel!'

I stared at him, dumbfounded. I knew what I felt, too, but it was n't much like this.

'There are pictures in your brain that you must show 'em. There's a universe to cram inside their heads. God has been workin' for a billion years at doing things — and just one little life to learn about 'em in! To feel you're on his trail, a-following fast, and got to pass the feeling on — I guess there's no wine on earth so heady, is there, boy?'

I could n't pretend I did n't understand him. I have had it too — that wonderful sensation we pack away into two dry words and label 'intellectual stimulus.' But it had n't come to me that I could, or should, pass it on. I thought it was an emotion designed for my private encouragement and delight. And what was old Seth Miles doing with intellectual stimulus? I would as soon expect to unearth a case of champagne in his cellar. But, however he got it, undeniably it was the real thing.

A dozen questions rushed to my tongue, but I held them back, for he was looking me up and down with a wistful tenderness that seemed to prelude further revelation.

'I'm going to tell you the whole story now,' he said with an effort. 'I promised your father I would. He told me to. And I'd better get it over. Mebbe there's something in it for you — and mebbe not. But here it is: —

'I've lived right here since I was a little shaver. My father cleared this land on the Ridge, and as I grew up, I helped him. We were a small family for those days. I was the only boy. There was one sister, Sarah, who keeps house for me now — and Cynthy. Cynthy was an orphan my folks took to raise for company to Sarah. My father was her guardeen and she had two thousand dollars, so it was n't charity, you understand. She was the prettiest child, an' the gentlest, I ever see, with her big brown eyes, her curly bronze hair, an' her friendly little ways. I made it my business to look after Cynthy, the way a bigger boy will, from the time she come to us. Sometimes Sarah, being larger an' self-willed, would pick on her a little — an' then I'd put Sarah in her place mighty sudden. P'raps Cynthy was my romance, for she was a little finer stuff than we were. But I was n't a sentimental boy. Quite the other way. Mostly I was counted a handful. You ain't got anybody in your school as hard to handle as I was when I was a cub.

'When I went to school, I went for the fun of it, and to torment the teacher. I had n't another thought in my head. If I did n't get a lickin' once a week, I thought I was neglected. When I was sixteen, I'd been through Dayboll's Arithmetic, and I could read and spell a little for my own use, but my spelling was n't much good to anybody else. That was all I knew and all

I wanted to know. You see, the little I learned was all plastered on the outside, so to speak. It had n't called to anything inside me then.

'One fall there come a new teacher to our school, a young fellow earnin' money to get through college. He got on the right side of me somehow. I can't tell how he did it, because I don't know. But first he set me studying and then he set me thinking. And I began to work at books *from the inside.* They were n't tasks any more. He made me feel like I had a mind and could use it, just like I knew I had strong muscles and could use them. Seemed 's if when I once got started, I could n't stop. I got up mornings to study. I studied nights an' I studied Sundays. There could n't nothing stop me. I thought I'd found the biggest thing on earth when I found out how to make my mind work! Jerusalem! Those were days! I was happy then! Sometimes I wonder what the Lord's got saved up for us in the next world as good as that tasted in this.'

He stopped, threw back his head and drew in a long, ecstatic breath, as though he would taste again the sharp, sweet flavor of that draught.

'I studied like that for nigh two years. Then a new idea struck me. It was one spring day. I remember father and I was ploughing for corn. I said, "Father, if I could get a school, I guess I could teach." He had n't no more idea I could teach than that I could go to Congress, not a bit, but I finally drilled it into him I was in earnest, and that fall he helped me get a school near home.

'I never did any work as hard as that. It was against me that I was so near home and everybody knew I'd never studied until just lately. I could tell you stories from now till bedtime about the times I had with the big boys and girls. But I never let go my main idea for a minute — that it was n't just so much grammar and 'rithmetic I was tryin' to cram into them, but that I had to show 'em how to sense it all. By and by, one after another found out what I was after. The bright ones took to it like ducks to water. It was just wonderful the work they'd do for me, once they understood.

'A notion took shape in my head. For all I could see, the things to learn were endless. They stretched ahead of me like a sun-path on the water. I thought, "Mebbe I can go on learning all my days. Mebbe I can teach as I learn, so young folks will say of me as I said of my teacher, *He showed me how to sense things for myself.* That notion seemed wonderful good to me! It grew stronger an' stronger. It seemed as if I'd fit into such a life the way a key fits in its lock. And I could n't see no reason why I should n't put it through. So I spoke to father. He did n't say much, but I noticed he did n't seem keen about it. He 'd bought the store at the Corners two years before, and it seemed to me it would work out pretty well if he sold the farm and just tended store and had a little house in Garibaldi, as he and mother got along in years. I thought likely Sarah would marry, and anybody might be sure Cynthy would. She an' Sarah had had two years' schooling in Oatesville by this time, and they held themselves a bit high. Cynthy was grown up that pretty and dainty you caught your breath when you looked at her. There 's some young girls have that dazzling kind of a look. When you lay eyes on them, it hardly seems as if it could be *true* they looked like that. Cynthy was one of that kind.

'My plans took shape in my mind the second winter I taught. I set my heart on teaching one more year and then going to school somewhere myself. I got the State University cata-

logue and began to plan the studying I did nights so it would help me enter. It was just then that I ran against the proposition of teaching Greek. A boy from York State come out to spend the winter with an uncle whose farm joined ours. He'd lost his father, and I guess his mother did n't know what to do with him. I don't mean Dick was n't a good boy, but likely he was a handful for a woman.

'Living so near, we saw a lot of him. He was always coming in evenings to see the girls, and he pretended to go to school, too. He was sort of uppish in his ways, and I knew he made fun of me and my teaching, all around among the neighbors. What did he do one day but bring me some beginning Greek exercises to look over, with his head in the air as if he was sayin', "Guess I've got you now!" I took his exercises and looked at 'em, awful wise, and said those was all right, that time. Bless you, I did n't know Alphy from Omegy, but I meant to, mighty quick! I walked seven miles an' back that evening to borrow some Greek books of a man I knew had 'em, and sat up till two o'clock, tryin' to get the hang of the alphabet.

'Well, sir! I just pitched into those books an' tore the innards out of 'em, and then I pitched into that fellow. You'd ought to have seen him open his eyes when he found I knew what I was talkin' about! He got tired of his Greek inside of two weeks. But I held him to it. I made him keep right on, and I did the same, and kept ahead of him.

'It interested me awfully, that Greek. I borrowed some more books and got me some translations. I don't say I got so I could read it easy, but I got on to a lot of new ideas. There was one book about a fellow who was strapped to a rock for a thousand years for bringing the fire of the gods to mortals. Probably you've heard of it. I liked that.'

All this sounded to me a good deal like a fairy-tale the old gentleman was telling. Of course, all education is so much more rigid nowadays that the idea of anybody pitching in, that way, and grabbing the heart out of any form of knowledge was novel to me. Yet I'd read in the biographies of great men that such things had really been done. Only — Mr. Miles was n't a great man. How, then, had he come to accomplish what I understood was essentially an achievement of genius? The thing staggered me.

'*Prometheus Bound*,' said Seth Miles meditatively. 'That's the one. You may think I was conceited, but it seemed to me I knew how that man felt. To make them look up! To kindle the flame! Did n't I know how a man could long to do that? Would n't I, too, risk the anger of the gods if I could fire those children's minds the way my own was fired?

'You see, it's this way, Richard: a feeling is a feeling. There are only just so many of 'em in the world, and if you know what any one of 'em is like, you do. That's all.

'When I spoke to father about my plans again, he looked as if I'd hurt him. A pitiful, caught look came in his eyes, and he said, "Don't let's talk about it now, Seth. I — I reelly ain't up to it to-day."

'There was something in what he said, or the way he said it, that just seemed to hit my heart a smashing blow. I felt like I'd swallowed a pound of shot, and yet I did n't know why. I could n't see anything wrong, nor any reason why my plans was n't for the best, for all of us. But those few words he said, and the way he looked, upset me so that I went off to the barn after school that afternoon and climbed into the hay-mow to find a quiet place to

figure the thing out. I had n't been there long before I heard voices down below, and Cynthy's laugh, and somebody climbing the ladder. It was Cynthy and Dick. Sarah had sent 'em out to hunt more eggs for a cake she was bakin'.

'I did n't think they 'd stay long, and I wanted to be let alone, so I just kept quiet.

'Now I want to say before I go any further that Dick would have been a great deal more no-account than he was if he had n't admired Cynthy, and it was n't any wonder she liked him. Besides what there was to him, there was plenty of little reasons, like the kind of neckties he wore and the way he kept his shoes shined. There was always a kind of style about Dick.

'They rustled round, laughing and talking, till they got the five eggs they was sent for, and then Cynthy made as if she started down the ladder. Dick held her back.

'"Not till you've kissed me!" said he.

'"I'm ashamed of you," said she.

'"I'm proud of myself," said he, "to think I know enough to want it. Why, Cynthy, I ain't never had one, but I'd swear a kiss of yours would be like the flutter of an angel's wing across my lips."

'"That's foolishness," said she, but she said it softly, as if she liked foolishness.

'Mebbe you wonder how I remember every little thing they said. It's like it was burnt into my brain with fire. For I no sooner heard 'em foolin' with one another that soft little way than something seemed to wring my heart with such a twist that it stopped beating. — Dick kiss Cynthy? Why — why, Cynthy was mine! She'd always been as close to me as the beat of my own heart. From the minute I first laid eyes on her I'd known it, in the back of my mind. I'd never put it into words, not even to myself. But that was the way it *was*. So now my soul just staggered. Nobody could kiss Cynthy but me. That was all.

'"Foolishness!" said Dick; his voice was sort of thick and blurry, and, of a sudden, I could hear him breathing hard. "Foolishness! I guess it's the only wisdom that there is! — My God! — My God! — *O Cynthy, just one kiss!*"

'"Dick! Why, Dick!"

'Her little voice sounded like the birds you sometimes hear in the middle of the night, just that soft, astonished, questioning note.

'I suppose I was across that mow and beside 'em in five seconds, but it seemed to me I took an hour to cross it. I never traveled so long and hard a road, nor one so beset with terror and despair.

'They turned and faced me as I came. Dick's face was red, and in his eyes was agony — no less. Cynthy was very white, her little head held high on her slender neck. Her eyes was brave and clear. Mebbe I was excited, but it seemed to me that she was shinin' from head to foot. You see, to her it was so wonderful.

'We stood there silent for a long minute, lookin' clean into one another's souls. Dick's eyes and mine met and wrestled. I never fought a fight like that. Without a word nor a blow — and yet we were fighting for more than our lives.

'His eyes did n't fall. He did n't look shamefaced. Oh, he too had pluck!

'As my brain cleared of the queer mist, that cry of his seemed to sound pitifully in my ears.

'"*O Cynthy, just one kiss!*"

'I don't suppose there's a man on earth that ain't said that from once to fifty times, just as much in earnest as Dick, and just as little thinkin' them

words are the key in the Door — the door that gives on the road runnin' down to Hell or up to Heaven. You've got to move one way or the other if you open that door. It ain't a road to linger on. Love marches.

'That was the way it come to me then. For most men, love marches. — But me. How about me? The love that come to me had been silent and patient. It'd sat in my heart like a bird on its nest. Was I different from other men? Did I ask less, give more? I was just a boy — how was I to know?

'It was Cynthy broke the tension. She was always a bit of a mischief. Suddenly she smiled an' dimpled like the sun comin' out from a cloud. She caught Dick's finger-tips quick an' brushed 'em across her lips.

'Well, Seth!' she says to me, cheerful and confident again.

'"Is he your choice, Cynthy?" said I. "Dare you leave us — *all* of us — an' go to him forever?" I asked her, steadying my voice.

'She looked a little hurt and a little puzzled.

'"Has it come to that?" she asked me.

'"Mebbe it has n't with you," I answered, "but it has with Dick — an' with me, Cynthy."

'She looked at me as if she did n't know what I meant, and then the color rushed up into her face in a glorious flood.

'"Not — not you too, Seth?" she cried. "Oh — not you too!"

'"Yes, Cynthy, — now and always."

'She looked from me to Dick an' back to me again. In her face I saw she was uncertain.

'"Why did n't you tell me before?" she cried out sharply. "Why did n't — *you* — teach me! O Seth, he needs me most!"

'Dick's eyes and mine met and clashed again like steel on steel. But it was mine that fell at last.

'We all went back to the house together without saying any more.

'It come to me just like this. Dick was tangled in his feelings, and the feelings are the strongest cords that ever bind a boy like him. Cynthy was drawn to him, because to her Dick was a thing of splendor and it was so wonderful he needed her! I need n't tell you what it was tied me. I still had a fighting chance to get her away from him, but was it fair of me to make the fight?

'Every drop of blood in my body said, Yes! Every cell in my brain said, No! For, you see, life had us in a net — but I was the strong one and *I could break the net.*

'I went off and walked by myself. Sundown come, and milking-time, and supper. But I forgot to eat or work. I walked.

'No man can tell you what he thinks and feels in hours like them. There ain't no words for the awful hopes or the black despairs or the gleams that begin like lightning-flashes and grow to something like the breaking dawn. — I could n't get away from it anyhow I turned. It was n't a situation I *dared* leave alone, not with Dick at white-heat and Cynthy so confident of herself and so pitiful. It was n't safe to let things be. I must snatch her from him or give her to him. — It was my turn now to cry out, *O my God!*

' 'T was long after dark when I come back. My mind was made up. They should have each other. I'd do what I could to make the thing easy. "After all," I told myself, "you ain't completely stripped. Don't think it! You have the other thing. You can carry the torch. You can bring down the flame. Folks will thank you yet for the sacred fire!"

'I laid that thought to my heart like

something cool and comforting. And it helped me to come through.

'When I got back to the house, it was late and everybody was abed but my father. He was sitting right here where we are, waiting up for me. There was a moon, some past the full, rising yonder. I sat down on the step below him and put it to him straight.

'"Father," said I, "Dick's in love with Cynthy. She's eighteen an' he's twenty. I judge we'd better help 'em marry."

'He give a heartbroken kind of groan. "Don't I know she's eighteen?" he said. "Ain't it worryin' the life right out of me?"

'"Whatever do you mean?" I asked pretty sharp, for I sensed bad trouble in his very voice.

'"It's her two thousand dollars," he said. "She's due to have it. If she marries, she's got to have it right away. And I ain't got it to give her, that's all!"

'"Where is it? What's become of it?"

'"I bought the store at the Cross-roads with it, and give her my note. But I had n't no business to do it that way. And the store ain't done well, and the farm ain't done well. The summer's been so cold and wet, corn ain't more'n a third of a crop, and I put in mainly corn this year. I can't sell the store. I dunno's I can mortgage the farm. I dunno what *to* do. If you leave home like you talk of, I shall go under. Somebody 's got to take hold an' help me. I can't carry my load no longer."

'So — there was that! And I had to face it alone.

'I did n't despair over the money part of it, like father did. I knew he'd neglected the farm for the store, and the store for the farm. If I'd been with him either place, instead of teaching, things would have gone on all right. I thought Dick could have his choice of the store or a part of the land to clear up the debt to Cynthy. But, whichever he took, father'd need me to help out. I could see he was beginning to break. And Dick would need me too, till he got broke in to work and earnin'. So — now it was me that life had in the net, and there was no way I could break out.

'Father went off to bed a good deal happier after I told him I'd stand by. He even chippered up so he said this: "You're all right, Seth, and teachin' 's all right. But I've thought it all over and I've come to the conclusion that teachin' and studyin' 's like hard cider. It goes to your head and makes you feel good, but after all, there ain't nothing nourishing about it. I'd like to see you make some money."

'I sat on those steps the rest of the night, I guess, while that waning moon climbed up the sky and then dropped down again. 'T ain't often a man is called on to fight two such fights in a single day. I ain't been able to look at a moon past the full since that night.

'And yet — toward morning there come peace. I saw it this way at last. To help is bigger yet than to teach. If Prometheus could be chained to that rock a thousand years while the vultures tore his vitals just so that men might *know*, could n't I bear the beaks an' the claws a little lifetime so that father and Cynthy and Dick might *live?* I thought I could — an' I have.'

Mr. Miles stopped short. Something gripped my throat. I shall never see again such a luminous look as I caught on his face when he turned it toward the darkening west. The black clouds had rolled up rapidly while we were talking and, if you'll believe me, when he had finished, it thundered on the right!

'Is — is that all?' I said chokily.

'Cynthy's had a happy life,' he said.

'Dick made good in the store, and he's made good out yonder in the world. Dick has gone very far. And as for me, there's only one thing more I want in this world. If — if I could see her boy and his pick up the torch I dropped, and carry on that sacred fire — '

It was mighty queer, but I found I was shaking all over with an excitement I hardly understood. Something that had been hovering in the air while he talked, came closer and suddenly showed me its face.

'But,' I said thick and fast, 'but — why, *mother's* name is Cynthia!'

'Yes, Richard.'

'And father — *father* —?'

'Yes, Richard.'

It was my turn to feel something squeeze my heart as in two hands. I'll never tell you how I felt! For I saw a thousand things at once. I saw what dad meant by my touching life. And I saw the meaning of the path I had chosen blindly. Before me, like a map, were spread their lives and mine, to-day and yesterday. I shook with the passions that had created me. I vibrated with the sacrifices that had gone to make me possible. For the first time in all my days I got a glimpse of what the young generation means to the elder. On my head had descended all their hopes. I was the laden ship that carried their great desires. Mine to lift the torch for all of them — and thank God for the chance!

I struck my tears away and reached out blindly to grasp Seth Miles's bony hand. I guess he knew I meant it.

RAB AND DAB. II

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

[In the first installment of this true chronicle, the author told of her adoption, under tragic and dramatic circumstances, of two pickaninnies, Jonadab and Rechab. They grew plump and prosperous under the care of Patience Pennington and her colored servants, but developed an appalling aptitude for chicken-stealing and general devilishness. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE second summer after the transplanting of the orphans found them growing in favor with every one. Really Chloe was becoming proud of them. When Jonadab started to school every morning, in his dark blue denim suit, he was pleasing to the eye, he was so shiningly clean with his startlingly white teeth. As soon as he got back from school, he studied his lessons, had his dinner, and then, with the little axe and the wheelbarrow, followed by Rechab with the hatchet and little cart, which Dab now looked down upon as a plaything, he went out into the woods and cut a good supply for the kitchen, never waiting to be told. Chopping wood was his favorite relaxation, as it was that of Mr. Gladstone; and so long

as he had this safety valve for his superfluous energy he could keep out of mischief.

Rab got into endless trouble in the long summer mornings while Dab was at school. One day I was sewing in the parlor, with the thick board shutters nearly closed, to keep out the heat, when I heard a shrill woman's voice, raised in angry abuse in the yard. I listened attentively but all I could distinguish was, 'I'll beat dat limb o' Satan, sho's you bawn.'

I went out on the back porch and saw in the yard a tall brown woman working herself into a fury. She held in one hand a big stick, and led, or rather dragged, a small boy with the other, — he screaming aloud to add to the clamor.

'What is the matter?' I repeated several times before I could make myself heard.

Then her shrill angry voice rose to a shriek, and I could only hear Rab's name coupled with that of the Prince of Darkness.

At last I said, 'I cannot possibly listen to such language; if you speak properly, in a moderate voice, I will hear what you have to say; otherwise I will go in.'

The woman quieted down then and told her story.

'I sen' dis chile, Ben, to de sto' wid t'ree cent fu' buy salt, en dis yah black wicked boy meet um ne path, en fight um, en tek de money, en I gwine bruk eb'ry bone in 'e body.' And she waved the big stick.

I was greatly distressed at this highway robbery on Rab's part and I said to the woman, 'I am shocked beyond measure at what you tell me, and though I cannot allow you to beat Rechab, I promise that I will have him severely punished. Here are the three cents he took; indeed, here are five cents which were to have been Rechab's on Saturday if he had been good. He has entirely forfeited them, and he must pay them to you'; and I placed the five coppers in Rab's hand and made him give them to the woman, who went off more than satisfied at this unexpected good luck.

As soon as she had gone, I called Ancrum, the old man whom I had employed cutting down underbrush and trimming up trees in the grounds. He was a most respectable old darkey, who did faithfully and thoroughly everything that was given him to do, and bore a high character for honesty and industry; and though he was nearly eighty he was a strong, able-bodied man. When he came I said, 'Daddy Ancrum, would you mind giving little Rechab a good whipping for me?'

'Not at all, my missis, I'll do um wid pledger.'

'Now, Daddy Ancrum, I do not want you to beat him, but he must be well punished, for he met a boy smaller than himself on the road, fought him and took his money from him, and if he is not punished, he will end his days in the penitentiary, if not on the gallows.'

Daddy Ancrum went off to cut a good switch. He took quite a time, as he wanted to find a hickory; and while he was gone I used all my powers of speech on Rab, trying to make him see the wickedness of his action, and brought him at last to confess his guilt, — which he had stolidly denied at first, — and even to tell what he had done with the money. He had bought three sticks of mint candy at the store. When Daddy Ancrum came for him he was penitent. I told Ancrum to take Rab some distance out in his own beloved woods, so that the little village would not be disturbed too much, for I knew Rab's voice would wake the echoes in the tall pines. Again I charged the old man not to be too

severe. I did this without Rab's hearing me.

Ancrum answered, 'Miss Patience, you need n't fret. I had twelve chillun en I know how fu' *lick* chillun widout *beat* um.'

I went into the sitting-room and closed it up as much as possible and took up my sewing again. In spite of my efforts not to hear, however, I was much agitated by Rab's yells; it sounded really as though he were being killed, and I was debating whether I should not send Chloe out to say that was enough, when there was a change, a sudden cessation of the shrieks, and, instead, a fierce barking of dogs and Rechab's voice raised loud in command. I rushed out to see what had happened. The three dogs, Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, were devoted to Rab, and hearing his cries of distress, they had rushed to the rescue and attacked the executioner with such ferocity that Rab had to keep them off, and actually had to use the rod which he had been feeling, to prevent their biting the old man. Needless to say the punishment ended therewith, Rechab, as usual, in the ascendant, and much elated by his position of controller of the dogs. I must say I felt proud that Rechab had used all his strength to keep the dogs from biting Daddy Ancrum. A mean nature would have rejoiced in seeing him bitten, instead of doing all he could to protect him.

The solemnity of the preparations, and, no doubt, the solidity of the few strokes given, impressed Rab very sensibly, and for a few weeks after that he was alarmingly good. I had the hickory hung up on the back porch as a reminder.

During this interlude of perfection Rechab devoted himself to Chloe: he brought immense bundles of fagots for the kitchen stove, scoured the pantry, and caused Chloe great anxiety by his zeal in drawing water; the well was deep, the bucket heavy, and the curb low, and there was always a moment when it was uncertain whether the bucket would come up or Rab would go down. I felt that sooner or later he would join Truth at the bottom of the well, and most uncongenial companions they would prove.

It was during this period of calm that Rab told Chloe, as he sat by her on the kitchen steps, that when he was a man and made plenty of money he would give her a big silver dollar for her own, and he would give 'Miss Patience a half dollar.'

When I made the boys their summer outfit, I made the usual blue denim trousers and jacket, but I put bands of red on some of the little shirts and bands of blue on others, which gave the boys great pleasure; and I thought it would make the washerwoman respect the clothes more and take more pains in washing them, for they were really very pretty and I liked to see the bright colors. Altogether this was a time of respite and happiness; and even Chloe went so far as to say to me, 'I declar', Miss Patience, dese chillun is great company an' great sarvis.'

II

About this time I was called away by illness in the family, and I left with a comfortable feeling that the boys had passed their worst stage and were now on the upward path. A great misfortune had befallen our little community. Miss Beth and her lovely mother had moved away. The school had passed into other hands, however, and Jonadab seemed to get on pretty well, and I left home with a quiet mind, telling Jim to write me a letter for himself one week, and for Chloe the next. Though he did all the writing, their letters were as different as possible, as he wrote

down exactly what Chloe said and her letters were much more interesting than his; and in this way I heard everything, having the two points of view.

The first two letters reported everything as serene and satisfactory. Then came a mysterious letter from Chloe: she did not want to make me anxious, but the boys were not as good as they had been. She did not state anything definite. At last a letter showing great excitement came. Miss Somerville, the teacher, had gone to see Chloe to ask if Jonadab had been sick, for he had not been at school for two weeks.

This was a great blow to Chloe, for she had, she said, started him off at eight o'clock every morning with his bag of books, and the school-house was in sight from the front gate. She began investigating and found that he went past the school every day and waited in the woods until he knew Jim and herself had gone to the plantation four miles away, where Jim ran the cultivator in the corn and she tended the vegetable garden. As soon as Jonadab felt sure they had driven far enough away, he returned to the yard with a few kindred spirits and joined Rechab, who was left with the dogs, Rag, Tag and Bobtail, and a large supply of lunch.

Chloe did not go on to say in the letter how they occupied themselves, but asked me to write and tell her what she must do about Jonadab and the school. I wrote back at once and told Jim to give Jonadab a good switching and take him back to school, and to write me of the result. As soon as the distance would allow I heard from Jim; he had followed my directions but Jonadab would not go to school; he simply spent the days in the woods. I then wrote a solemn letter to Jonadab telling him that I was shocked and distressed at his conduct, that I had expected better things of him, that I had given him the opportunity to learn, which was all I could do; that, as he would not go to school and learn his lessons, he must now learn to work, and that he must go with Jim to the plantation every day and work in the garden, and his books must be locked up until I got home; and I wrote to Jim to see that he did work.

After this the letters from Jim and Chloe showed great reticence and I was thankful to be spared the knowledge of anything going wrong at home, for after nursing my niece through an illness and back to health, I broke down completely and was threatened with nervous prostration, and had to remain in Asheville till the middle of October. When I did come home, instead of writing to have the wagon sent for me as usual, I got a vehicle in Gregory and drove up to the plantation, Cherokee.

Chloe and the boys were delighted to see me. I walked all around the garden and complimented them on the fine crops of turnips they had raised; then I ordered the wagon to drive out to Peaceville. Chloe called Jonadab and said, 'Bring up de pee-pee.'

In a few minutes Dab appeared driving before him five half-grown turkeys.

'These are very fine turkeys, Chloe,' I said, 'but where are the rest? I left twenty.'

'Dis is all dat's left, Miss Patience.'

So solemn was her tone that I forbore to ask questions.

Chloe fed the turkeys some cracked corn and then said, 'Bring de coob, Jonadab.'

Dab brought forward a small and very rough wooden coop.

'Put een de pee-pee,' ordered Chloe.

I watched with wonder, but did not interrupt what seemed to be a drill. With wonderful docility the little turkeys stepped leisurely into the coop, as Dab drummed on it with his fingers,

having first scattered corn over the floor.

'Now fetch de wheel-barrer.' This was done. 'Rechab, help Jonadab put de coob een de wheel-barrer.' This was also done. Then came the final orders. 'Now, Jonadab, you sta't fu' de village, en don't you stop ne path to pass de time o' day. Rechab an' me'll ketch you ef you do.'

Thus adjured, Jonadab seized the handles and trotted off with the wheelbarrow at a brisk pace.

I did not speak until he was out of hearing, Rab having gone to open the gate for the equipage; then I asked, 'What is the meaning of this, Chloe? What are you going to do with the turkeys?'

'Miss Patience, I don't wan' ter cast yu down, jes' es yu get home, but I had to do dis way to save dese pee-pee fo' yu. I'll tell you all about it to-morrer.'

I said, 'Very well,' and by this time the wagon was ready and I got in, and told Chloe to get in with Rab by the driver. Before we had gone far we saw Jonadab ahead, trotting gayly with his remarkable turnout. When we caught up with him, which he tried his best to prevent, Rab asked me to let him get out and run along with Jonadab, which I allowed him to do.

As soon as he was out Chloe said, 'Well den, Miss Patience, yu'll hab to drive slow, sence yu let Rab git out, fo' ef yu let dem git out o' sight, dat's de las' o' dem pee-pee.'

The boys were in such high spirits, and made such good time, that only once or twice did I have to tell Jim to drive slowly. When we reached the pine-land house, I was thankful to rest in the hammock swung on the broad piazza, and to feel the joy of getting home, even when there were only darkies and dogs to welcome me. Chloe got very quickly a nice savory supper for me, and the boys expended themselves in offering me fresh water drawn by them from the well, which they assured me was 'cool as ice.'

III

The next morning after breakfast Chloe sent the boys out to get wood and then appeared in the sitting-room in a glistening white apron and head-handkerchief and, dropping a curtsy, began.

'Now, Miss Pashuns, ef yu feel rested, I'll tell you 'bout de chillun. I did n't wan' to write you, fo' both Jim en me know'd 't would mek yu sick. We had to write yu 'bout Jonadab not goin' to school, but Jim en me talked about it, en said we could n't tell yu w'at Jonadab done w'en 'e did n't gone to school.'

Here Chloe stopped as though she had reached a climax, and I was obliged to ask, 'Chloe, what did he do?'

'Miss Pashuns, Jonadab lef' dis ya'd wid 'e book es good en sanctify es any chile kin be, en 'e gone pas' de school un de wood, en 'e stay dere 'till 'bout ten o'clock, den 'e cum home yere wid a gal en a boy en meet Rab, en dem tek de axe en brokee en de house winder, en dey gone through de house, en eat up eberyt'ing dem find, all de can ob tomotus, en de sa'mon en de sa'dine yu lef' een de closet, dem chillun eat all. Den w'en dey done eat eberyt'ing een de house, dem projek 'round, till dem fin' de store-room key w'ey I had um hide, en dey gone een dey, en tek de meat, en de grits, en de rice, till dem eben carry dem off by de wheel-barrer-ful down to Elsy en dat 'dulterous man w'at libs wid 'er. I keep a-miss t'ing ebery day, miss t'ing, en miss t'ing, en kyant mek out how de t'ing go so fas', en dem chillun was dat sma't dey hab sense fu' lef' eberyt'ing de look jes' like 'e ain't tech. En de only way I

do fu' find out, is w'en yu write de letter fu' tell Jim fu' lick Jonadab, after Jim dun lick um, I 'quisit Dab by himself en I 'quisit Rab by himself, en at last dem confess en tell me de truf.'

I felt perfectly dismayed. I cross-questioned Chloe and felt that there was no doubt of the truth of every word she had uttered; and she looked old and worn, as though by an illness, from the strain.

After giving me time to digest this, and hearing my expressions of disgust and dismay, she went on, 'En den de turkey. When I fus' begin to miss de pee-pee, Miss Vanderbilt had twelve good big one; 'e had had much mo', but dey been a drap off befo' I begin to notice dem dat mo'nin'. I count um keerful, en was jes' a dozen — dat day I lef' Jonadab fu' min' de ya'd till I step down to de plantation en pick de vegetable, en dat night dey was two gone. De nex' day I tek Jonadab wid me en I lef' Rab, en dat time no pee-pee loss, but de nex' day I lef' Dab again en two gone; en ebery time I lef' Dab fu' min' de ya'd I miss two pee-pee, till at las' dere was only seben pee-pee lef', en dat day Rab sick de t'ree dog on Miss Vanderbilt en dem tear she most to pieces en de nex' day him dead, tho' I done all I could fur she.

'Den I say to Jim, "Miss Pashuns mus' see some turkey w'en she come home en I know wha' fu' do."

'Jim say, "Wha' kin yu do?"

'Den I mek answer: "I gwine put de seben pee-pee een de little coob, en I gwine put de coob een de wheel-barrer en I'll mek Dab roll 'em down to de plantashun."

'"All dat four mile, An' Chloe? Dab kyan't do dat."

'Den I say, "De only way to mek Dab behave 'eself is to keep um stirrin', en I calkilates to stir um dis time."

'So de nex' mo'nin', Miss Pashuns, I put dem seben pee-pee een de coob, en I put de coob een de wheel-barrer, en I mek Jonadab roll dem down to Cherokee, en dat chile was jes' as pleased as if I bin a play wid um. I aimed to lef' de pee-pee down to de plantation dat night een de fowl-house to de ya'd, but w'en I tell Uncl' Bonaparte dat, 'e say, "Yu kyant lef' dem here, fo' I won't tek de 'sponsibility." En I say, "Uncl' Bonaparte I'll lock de fowl-house do' befo' I lef' en yu won't have no 'sponsibility." But Uncl' Bonaparte would n't let me lef' dem, so I had to mek Dab roll dem back, en after dat I jes' kep' it up ebery day I went down to work een de gya'den, en dem seem to prosper.

'But dem chillun keep me drawed out. One day we all sta'ted together en we git 'bout half-way down, en Rab was behind w'en 'e holler to me, "An' Chloe, I have fu' go back, I furgit somethin'"; en befo' I cud say a wud 'e was gone. Dat ebenin' w'en 'e cum, I ax 'im wha' mek 'e stay so long, en 'e tell me say 'e was dat tyad 'e had to lay down ne path to rest. He had a little boy 'e bring wud um, en w'en Rab gone out de chile say, "An' Chloe, Rab neber lay down ne path, Rab gone to Miss Penel'pe sto', en 'e tell Miss Penel'pe say yu sen' um for a box o' red herrin' en say yu say mus' 'scuse yu fu' not come een, but yu'se bery hurry, en yuse to de gate een de buggy waitin.' Den Miss Penel'pe wrop up de box quick, en gie um to Rab, en 'e walk out to de road bery fas', en w'en 'e git half-way down 'e brek open de box en 'e eat en 'e gie me some. Den 'e hide de res' in de bush."

'Now yu know, Miss Pashuns, I was shock! W'en Rab come I ax um ef 'e buy herrin' fu' true, en 'e say no, but I ketch 'e han' en smell um en 'e was convict, fu' 'e neber t'ought to wash 'e hand.

'W'en we cum 'long de road dat eben-

in' I tell um fu' show me w'ere 'e had de herrin' hide, but 'e wun't. But about a week after dat, one ebenin' 'e say, "An' Chloe, I'll show yu' wey I hide de herrin'," en 'e tek me een de t'icket of bush en sho' me de box, but w'en 'e open um rat or some oder varmint most done eat all. Den 'e offer me one, but I tell um, I neber accept anyt'ing dat is stole.

'Arter dat Rab was bery good fu' a while, but one mo'nin' w'en Dab en me bin a walk purty fas', w'en we git to de gate en I open de gate fu' Dab roll de wheel-barrer trou', 'e look back en 'e say, "An' Chloe, Baby slip' us, en gone." I look up de road en I see Rab goin' back as ha'd as 'e kin. Den I walk fas' en mek Dab hurry till we git to de ba'n ya'd en I tu'n de pee-pee loose, en den we wheel right back en walk fas' fu' ketch Rab, till I begin to blow and Dab say, "An' Chloe, yo'll mek yo'self sick ef yo' walk so fas'; let me run on ahead, en I kin ketch Rab." Den I tell um 'e cud do so, en run on en ketch Rab en fetch um right back to me, en I set down a minit fu' blow, fu' I was plum wore out, but I did n't stop long, en w'en I git to de villige I fin' my room do' broke open, en my trunk lock broke, en all my t'ing on de flo', en a dollar I had en ten cent, wrop een a piece of silk cloth, was gone, en I could n't fin' neder Rab nor Dab. I put my t'ing 'way as well as I could, en den I wheel right back to de plantation. 'Long 'bout dinner time Jonadab cum bery hurry, en say 'e bin a hunt fu' Rab, but 'e could n't fin' um.

'Miss Pashuns, I was dat discourige 'bout de chillun I was weak, but I hoe out de young tunup, en I try fu' set my min' on scriptur', en I say, "How long, oh Lord, how long!" En arter dat I feel better, but I neber eat a piece o' dinner.

'When sun most down Dab put up de pee-pee, en we gone back to de pine-land. W'en Jim cum, en I tell um wha' Rab done, 'e say, I'll gie Rab a lickin' to-night, but w'en sundown cum, we call Rab en we sen' Dab fu' hunt um, but we could n't hear not'ing of um, en I was miserable, en I neber sleep a wink dat night, fu' Rab neber did come till de middle o' the next day, en I was dat glad to see um I would n't let Jim lick um again.

'Two days arter dat, Rab tell me 'e spen' de night right under de big house; say soon as Jim en me gone to bed, 'e mek fire in de chimbley under de house en cook a chicken en a pee-pee en roast two ear o' corn en had a fine supper, — en yo' know, Miss Pashuns, dat was provokin'. When I bin a fret so 'bout de chile, en him bin a eat yo' chicken, en yo pee-pee, right under yo' own house, en Dab know all de time way him bin, en soon es Jim en me gone to bed, him jump out de winder en jine Rab under de house, en dem cook en eat all night.'

Here Chloe's breath gave out, to my great relief, for this reeling off of the terrible doings of the boys was most distressing. I felt absolutely hopeless. What was the use of struggling with such degenerates? Chloe had been perfectly right, and knew her own race when she warned me of the danger of 'harboring furriners.'

Any one looking at Chloe and then at the boys could see that they were descendants of different tribes. She was a rich chocolate-brown color, with the regular kinked hair, while the boys were black as ebony, with long straightish hair, and rather aquiline features; they were slender and straight in their build, and the whites of their eyes were very blue. Stanley, in his *Darkest Africa*, describes the great differences in the characteristics of the tribes, some being by nature absolutely honest and others absolutely dishonest. All this I called to mind, and realized

that by my own foolhardiness I had taken upon myself two of the worst shoots of one of the very worst African tribes.

During the interval, Chloe had recovered her breath and now began to tell how she had seen Dab deliberately kill with a stick one of the much traveled pee-pees, so now there were only five.

I interrupted her and said, 'Chloe, I cannot stand another word about the boys. I feel almost distracted already. I have never heard nor dreamed of such creatures! No gratitude, no affection, no fidelity; it is awful, and I do not wonder you look thin and badly. I don't see how you managed to get through at all, and from my heart I thank you for all your efforts. Now I want to beg you not to let the boys know that you have told me all, for I have not the least idea what to do to them as punishment, and yet it is my clear duty to punish them severely; so let them think you have not told me, and to-morrow I will tell them that I cannot give them the suits I brought them from Asheville, as you tell me they have given you a good deal of trouble; but I will give them the mouth organs I brought them.'

I wrung her hand and thanked her again and said, 'Remember, my good Chloe, our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these . . . ye did it unto me."'

IV

As if to reward me for my leniency, the boys blossomed into wonderful goodness. All their little duties were well and faithfully performed. The turkeys made no more journeys, for I had them rolled down to the plantation the day after my return and put them in the poultry-house, and giving Bonaparte a lock, I told him he must be responsible for them. Every morning Rab donned his clean white apron and churned, one of the regular duties which he had absolutely refused to do during my absence.

In the move from the pine-land, Rab and Dab insisted on carrying heavy loads in the wheelbarrow, the only danger being that in their zeal to roll it and their fights over which had had it longest, the freight would suffer. They came and begged me to let them move the 'gereenium' in it, representing that it was much safer for the plant than either the ox-wagon or the horse-cart. I was very much pleased to excite their interest in doing anything well and carefully, so daily I packed as many plants in the little vehicle as it could carry. They took them most successfully. After the move was over, they were very diligent and made the large grounds beautifully clean, one raking up the live-oak leaves, which had fallen during the summer, while the other carted them off to the manure heap in the beloved wheelbarrow.

Jonadab went daily for the mail, proving himself perfectly reliable in that important function, never stopping to play on the road; so that I had the pleasure of giving them every Saturday evening the nickels which their good conduct brought them, and which they had great joy in spending at Miss Penelope's store for candy, of which they got a surprising amount for the money.

At Christmas I told them to hang up their little socks in the kitchen, but not content with the holding capacity of these they borrowed each a stocking of huge proportions from Chloe, which they hung beside their own. I told Dab to hang up his red socks and Rab his blue pair, so that we should know them apart, for they were very nearly the same size.

By daylight Christmas morning the

yard resounded with their shouts of delight and the blasts of their trumpets, horns, and the various instruments of torture to the ear, with which the stockings were filled, besides apples, oranges, peanuts, almonds, raisins, and candy. In the toe of each stocking was a dime. When they came to show me their treasures I gave them the Asheville suits, telling them they had been so good for the past two months that it was a pleasure to give them the new suits and caps.

I was very happy over this beautiful period of calm, and so was Chloe. She said to me one day, 'You see, Miss Pashuns, de Laud sen' yo' dis blessin' to comfort yo', kase yo' loos' all yo' rice crap f'um de freshit, en yo' co'n crap f'um de dry drought, en so 'e won't let Satan worry yo wid dese chillun, en 'e mek dem good, en dey sure is sarvice to you en to me.'

One day Chloe said to me mysteriously, 'Miss Pashuns, Jonadab tell you anyt'ing?'

'No,' I answered, 'what do you mean?'

Chloe came nearer and said in a low voice, 'Dem see somet'ing.'

'What kind of something, Chloe?'

But Chloe would say nothing more except, 'Ax dem.'

So the first time I had an opportunity of talking to Jonadab alone I said, 'What have you seen strange lately, Jonadab?'

Without the least hesitation he answered, 'A'nt Cinthy.'

'Oh, no, Dab,' I said, 'I know that's not so. When God takes people's souls into the next world they stay there; they do not come back here.'

But Dab was firm, and began to narrate. He had almost lost his stammer now.

'Night befo' las' I bin asleep, en I hear A'nt Cinthy call me, en I open my eye an' dere was A'nt Cinthy fo' true. Him had she head tie wid a w'ite handkerchuff en 'e was all dress in w'ite, wid a bow of black ribbin on she breast, an' she look at me an' Rab very hard, an' I say, "W'at yo' want, A'nt Cinthy?" En him answer, "I wan' me bed, gi' me me bed." En I say, "I ain't got yo' bed." Den she say, "Wey is me bed?" Den I say, "Yo' bed dey een de orchaid." Den she say, "I wan' me shoe, gi' me me shoe." En I answer, "I ain't got yo' shoe, en I do' kno' wey dem dey." Den she say, "Gi' me me five cent, I wan' me five cent." En I say, "I neber see yo' five cent, go way en le' me 'lone." En den she gone.'

I said, 'Jonadab, you dreamt all this, for Cinthy could not come back if she wanted to, and she would not want to. Where she has gone she has no use for shoes, nor beds, nor five cents, so you may be sure this was a dream.'

I took the earliest opportunity of interviewing Rechab alone, and I asked him a leading question, and he repeated the incident and conversation word for word as Jonadab had done. He told what A'nt Cinthy said and how she looked, laying great stress on the 'bow o' black ribbin on she breast.'

I was quite puzzled over this, but thought it best not to make too much of it, and said nothing more.

At the end of a week Chloe came to me and said, 'Miss Pashuns, we got to do somet'ing. Cinthy do worrit dem po' chillun too much. I know my fault now. I shud 'a bury dat five cent I fin' een a tubacca bag tie tu de head o' de bed, een Cinthy han'. I'll neber ketch een dis trouble agen, I'll know wha' fu' do next time, but de ole lady wha' bin 'e fren', baig fu' de five cent, fu' trow een de chutch, en I gie um to she; en now de po' soul kyant res' un 'e' grave, en de my fault. Dab say ebery night, w'en dey de sleep, en de fus' cock crow, she does call um, en some time 'e call Rab. I bin hear people

say if you bu'n sulfer een de room dat 'll lay de speret.'

I tried to divert her thoughts from this subject, and began to talk to her about the seasoning of the sausage-meat.

A few days passed and Jim came to me and said, 'Miss Pennington,' — Jim's parents had not belonged to my family, so he does not call me Miss Patience as all the others do, — 'I wish you would do something about the boys. Aunt Cinthy has run them clean out o' the house. They don't pertend to sleep there now.'

'Where do they sleep?' I asked.

'In the straw in the loft of the horse stable, ma'am. They bin dere now five nights, en they wun't go back to sleep in their house.'

Chloe came in and added her testimony to Jim's, as to the children's sleeping in the stable; then she added that their poor mother was much to blame in the matter. She said, 'I ax Jonadab, I say, "Yu' ma tell yu' any t'ing?" 'E say, "No, ma'am, she neber tell me nuting." But Miss Pashuns, dat chile born wid a caul, en ef 'e ma had a mek um swaller de caul, 'e neber 'ood 'a see speret, but long as 'e ma t'row 'way de caul, dat po' chile haf fu' see speret.'

I thought earnestly how I could do anything to reach this situation; then I said, 'I think I know how to quiet the poor spirit; and Jim, I need your help.'

Jim answered with enthusiasm that he was at my command, and I went on, 'Take Jonadab and Rechab and go into the orchard and get Cinthy's bed, and let them each take a corner and help you carry it.'

Jim interrupted, 'It's very light, ma'am; I can carry it myself.'

'I know you can, Jim, but I want you to let each of the boys take a share in carrying it to the burying-ground and placing it over Cinthy's grave, and I am sure the boys will have no more visions of the darkness.'

Jim was very reluctant when he heard this. He said he did n't 'want to meddle in the matter.' But I talked with him about the foolishness of fearing the dead, until he promised to obey my instructions exactly. Whether he did it or not I did not inquire, but I heard no more of Cinthy's nocturnal visits and the children returned to their room quite cheerfully.

(To be concluded.)

BROWNING AND THE SPECIAL INTERESTS

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

Come now let each of us awhile cry truce to special interests.
— *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.*

I

To the poet, not to Mr. La Follette, belongs the distinction of sending the phrase 'special interests' to the mint. When it rolled from the poet's pen, however, it was less bulky with connotation than now. To envisage the 'interests' of Browning's Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau one must begin by stripping the phrase of some of its more recent honors. 'The Saviour of Society' was written in 1871. Mr. Roosevelt had not yet entered upon his career, and we in America had not been taught to think of oil and tobacco, sugar and copper, as predatory interests. Watts, in the brutal splendor of his Mammon, has helped us to clothe the idea in color.

Browning, we recall, would have us see the thing at a different angle. One of the political enigmas of the last generation was Napoleon III, the target at once of furious scorn and adulation. In a poem of some two thousand lines, Browning gives this client, under the title of Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, opportunity to defend himself and his theory of civilization.

In that leisurely apology the quartette of glowing causes — 'Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism,' which since Rousseau have been declaimed uninterruptedly — are styled 'the special interests.' As the Prince saw it, the most insidious lobby against which civilization must brace itself is the activity of gracious sentiments. He believed that only by holding these interests in the leash of common sense can society be maintained on a decent footing. The Prince had reason for the faith that was in him, and Browning with the urbanity of a good listener lets him tell his unromantic story.

The audacity of the Prince lies in his irreverent imputation. To place Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism in the same fetid lobby with sugar, oil, and tobacco is to toy perilously with romanticism. We have been taught to think of these dignitaries with respect. To call Philanthropy a special interest, along with soap and copper, is an insult to the spacious sentiments of our time.

But the poet lays down his hand before the whole goodly company of us, — agitators, reformers, philanthropists, clergymen, and all the restless adventurers of light. 'I call you special interests,' he seems to say. 'You declaim about Enlightenment, Progress, and Philanthropy. These are interests I grant you, but they are special. Civilization has its other concerns as well, — "workshop, manufactory, exchange and market-place, seaport and customhouse o' the frontier, mouths that wanted bread, hands that supplicated handiwork, men with wives and women with the babes, — all these pleading just to live, not die."'

Now, once grant that any interest is 'special,' with all the potential alarm of that phrase, and you have disarmed it.

There is no real danger to democracy from any special interest branded as such. By classifying it, we have plucked the sting of its eloquence and compelled it to defend its innocency of intention before the bar of public opinion.

But the heady atmosphere of reform has been too tonic for the growth of humility on the part of Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism. We may expose the so-called 'special interests' and hale them into court, but who in this enlightened century dares summon Philanthropy into court and say, 'You must have supervision and control?'

It requires courage to urge indictment against these 'interests.' There is an appealing chivalry about their calling, and they know it. Their benevolent intention shelters a goodly brood of noble causes — shorter hours for labor, child-labor laws, mothers', widows', and orphans' pensions, child culture, eugenics, and all the insurgent forces of modernity. Benign enough these interests look as we name them in glowing capitals, 'Liberty, Philanthropy, Enlightenment, and Patriotism'; but oppose their lobby and we shall discover their power. A legion of forces have they at command, — power to petition and to plead, to pamphleteer and denounce, to organize leagues, to storm the halls of legislation and compel us into joining or losing our sociological position in the community. Never were sharper claws hid beneath pussier cushions.

II

In the realm of religion, things have fallen pretty much into the hands of one of the four big interests — 'Enlightenment.' Here the specialist stalks through the land unmolested. Thus far the plain people have been less a prey to Enlightenment than the clergy, and only the initiated are disturbed when one reads in our most modern authority such a paragraph regarding the Apostle Paul as this: 'The peculiarity of the mysticism which arises out of the Apocalyptic is that it does not bring the two worlds into contact in the mind of the individual as Greek and Mediæval mysticism did, but dovetails one into the other, and thus creates for the moment at which the one passes over into the other an objective, temporarily conditioned mysticism. This, however, is available only for these who by their destiny belong to both worlds. Eschatological mysticism is predestinarian.'

Now I know this, and the distinguished author knows it, but did St. Paul know it? Tolstoï once wrote: 'It is the worst of educated men that they cannot speak about any great question till they have read everything that has been written about it, for fear that some one should say, "But have you read Schwartzenburg?" Then, if they have not read Schwartzenburg, they are done.'

But the moment one starts upon the business of 'reading up' in religion, he finds Schwartzenburgs springing up like mushrooms in the night, and he falls at once into the hands of special interests. For example: Comparative Religion has been maintaining for years a most insidious lobby against the faith once delivered to the Saints. It is battening on the credulous. Of all the interests which despoil the innocent of their rights, comparative religion is the most arrogant.

One can get on very well with his religion till he starts to reading up. It is the Schwartzenburg interests which undo him. One recalls how under one of these benevolent specialists he was first let in on the ground floor of some rich vein of discovery which Compar-

ative Religion had just struck in Asia Minor.

One month there fell into my hands, the current *Hibbert Journal*, Gilbert Murray's *Four Types of Greek Religion*, and Schweitzer's *Paul and his Interpreters*, and I was tossed helplessly about among a number of mutually exclusive theories of Christianity. One Heitmuller, with unctuous consideration for weaker minds, as if loath to break distressing news, yet firmly as who should say, 'You must sooner or later be told and who better than I to soften the news,'—Heitmuller admits us into the garish light of the most modern discovery when he tells us that our beloved Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is merely an expansion of the ancient Pagan custom of eating one's God in order to obtain the God's special virtue.

Trembling in every article of my creed, I cut the pages of my *Hibbert Journal*, hoping for some word of denial of this terrible report from Germany, and lo! I am again regaled with the 'Peter versus Paul' explanation of the New Testament, and its hard sayings are convincingly explained by a theological quarrel in the college of the Apostles.

But my card has been in the circulating library awaiting the return of Schweitzer's *Paul and his Interpreters*, and just as I am about to throw up the flag of surrender before the bombardment of light from the specialists in Comparative Religion, behold Schweitzer comes to my rescue with battalion upon battalion of footnotes, Schwartzenburgs, Kabishes, Gunkels, Maurenbreckers and the rest, all in battle-array, to smash the lines of Comparative Religion. The battle over, I venture forth wounded in spirit; but at least my Sacrament is safe. But I am not yet out of the hands of the Special Interests. Schweitzer, too, must have his little fling, and I am now let in for eschatology, which is his mollifying mixture of scholarship and orthodoxy. Again I begin to see the thing single and whole. Why had I not seen it before? There it is, clear as daylight, between the lines of the Gospels.

If only the specialists would let the matter rest there, all would be well, but I have a friend who goes seriously into this business of reading up and whose religion is pitched to the highest key of modernism. He finds me poring over my Schweitzer and rather patronizingly asks, 'But have you read Reitzenstein?' Whereupon, refusing further to face the light, I reach for my Borrow, hoping to find sanctuary in his eighteenth-century evangelicalism, unchilled as yet by Schwartzenburgs. My solace comes from *The Bible in Spain*. The Schoolmaster of Cohares had been telling Borrow that he had a copy of the New Testament in his possession which Borrow desired to see; but on examining it he says, 'I discovered it was only the Epistle by Pereira, with copious notes. I asked him whether he considered that there was harm in reading the Scriptures without notes: he replied that there was certainly no harm in it, but simple people, without the help of notes, could derive little benefit from Scripture, as the greatest part would be unintelligible to them; whereupon I shook hands with him, and, on parting, said that there was no part of Scripture so difficult to understand as those very notes which were intended to elucidate it, and that it would never have been written if not calculated of itself to illumine the minds of all classes of mankind.'

What damaging opaqueness to Enlightenment, but how in secret we envy his smug detachment from Modernism. I am not decrying scholarship as an aid to the study of religion, but if one is to keep his House of Faith in perfect

repair he must be ever on the alert to catch the latest Schwartzenburg on the wing.

III

But there is a group of Special Interests with interlocking directorates which ought to be indicted for conspiracy in restraint of morals and religion. They have won almost complete control of the press, schools, and politics, and they are beginning to invade the churches with their efficiency tests. Sociology is one of these interests. It started its benevolent career as meek as any missionary. That is the way with the interests until they obtain certain valuable concessions. Sociology seemed amiable enough until it began to set forth certain cubist conceptions of morals and to meddle with religion.

Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau did not include religion among his special interests, but he did mention philanthropy. Philanthropy, with its kindred sciences, is certainly a pampered interest battening on tax-ridden religion and government franchises. It is dictating terms to our churches, exacting time and tribute from the clergy, rewriting our theology, and to-day is robbing us of our last ancestral relic, — the sense of sin.

In the short Catechism the obligations involved in man's duty toward his neighbor are set forth with the frankness and precision of the out-and-out realist. There they are, just as we meet them in real life: obedience to the law; to keep my hands from picking and stealing and my tongue from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance and chastity; not to covet or desire other men's property; but to learn and labor to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

The programme thus set forth is matter-of-fact and unscientific. Nothing is said about inheritance or environment, wages, or cubic feet of air-space affecting chastity. The fascinating problem of responsibility which we are impotent to solve, it does not undertake to handle. The Catechism does not attempt to explain exhaustively why people go wrong. It goes no further into psychology than the warning that it is impossible to live a clean, honorable, and Christian life without Special Grace, which we 'must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer.' There is, you see, a decent tactful restraint in this old-fashioned treatment of sin. It saves our self-respect and also our morality.

But the soft-hearted philanthropists feel a more anxious concern for humanity than did the writers of the Catechism. Little Emily, now famous through the investigations of the State Senate Vice-Investigating Committee of Illinois regarding the relationship between wages and prostitution, is taught by the most modern school of philanthropy not to call upon God by diligent prayer if she would preserve her chastity, but to call upon Brown, Jones & Company for higher wages, and the state legislature for a minimum-wage law.

I shall not undertake to deny that wages and prostitution, ventilation and morals, food and faith, shelter some common factor; but in the interest of decency, the fact must not be over-emphasized. The last rag of respectability to which the sinner desperately clings is a sense of sin. Rob him of that and you have robbed him of his good name. He has sold his birthright and is no longer a child of God. Little Emily on the witness-stand, unless betrayed by the sociologist, does not wish the world to think that her chastity is an affair which rests entirely with labor legislation.

Here is my quarrel with so many of the public-service sciences. They are robbing us of our self-respect. St. Paul's psychology was more true to human nature, and far more chivalrous. There is a mechanical side to morals, as eugenic experts and the futurists in morals undertake to show; but they have overcapitalized the shabby fact.

In one of the late art exhibitions, I was brought to pause before a futurist cow. The picture called for a radical readjustment of my old-fashioned notions of fitness of form and figure. Were cows really made in such dissonant, warring entanglements of lines and surfaces? But the next time I visited my dairy I caught my best Ayrshire in the very act of reproducing the futurist attitude — its massive spreading back in veritable imitation of those awkward masses. There, behold, was the cubist cow in all her garish disregard of classical detail, flaunting her futurism in my face! Had she too been to the art exhibition, and had I here proof of Oscar Wilde's contention that Nature slavishly copies art?

My quarrel with the futurist was that he had betrayed me. He had taken my best Ayrshire and with his foul wand converted her into a cubist monster. Henceforth I must wander through dairy and pasture seeing cubist bovines where once Nature exulted in comely masses of tans and brownish reds spreading in graceful surfaces upon the ground.

Something like this is happening all the while at the hands of our specialists,—neurologists, criminologists, psychologists, sociologists, and the rest. They betray the confidence placed in them. In certain matters they speak with authority. They have a truth but they overcapitalize it. They have read Schwartzenburg, taken time-reaction tests, gathered statistics relating to wages, ventilation, prostitution, sewage, tenement-house dimensions, child culture and infant mortality; then they begin to generalize about life.

The cow in some respects does resemble the cubist presentment of her, but has she not other delightful appearances as well? Why tarry in the slough of an occasional degrading fact? The futurist, riding his mechanical truth, has failed to grasp the cow's real æsthetic intention and the redemptive lines of her beauty. In clothing one of our dear old racial possessions in the odious garment of his special idea, he has outraged and betrayed us.

IV

None of the Special Interests can rightly be called predatory until it allies itself with government. Here is the real stigma attached to sugar, oil, and other odious specials which have brought the so-called 'Interests' into bad repute. But of late Philanthropy has been despoiling the interests of their most facile weapon, taxation. St. Francis no longer takes the open road bent upon errands of mercy. He light-heartedly boards a tram for the Halls of Legislation. That is the simplest way 'to fix the matter up.' Instead of helping our neighbor in the old-fashioned way, modern philanthropy is more constructive. It is teaching him to go to the public treasury and help himself.

Mind you, there is nothing indecorous about these newer interests, — none of the rough scrambling for concessions as among the old money barons under the robust régime of plutocracy. All is courteous and generous-minded. The advocates of the six-hour day for workingmen graciously wave forward the advocates of the eight-hour day with, 'After you. There is enough to go round and plenty for everybody.'

Any theory is harmless so long as it good-naturedly submits to the law of

the survival of the fittest. That is the real gospel of Democracy. Everybody given a chance, and everybody a good listener. Since religion accepted these terms, it has been getting along amicably with its neighbors. We have abolished the rack, and instituted the religious quarterly and Parliaments of Religion. Conflicting theories can fight the matter out in debate till everybody is convinced or bored and no particular harm is done. It is the *subsidized* theory which is dangerous. If, for example, Comparative Religion were to add to its arrogant demeanor the ancient weapon of the law, we should think it highly predatory. Fortunately Schwartzenburg has not gone into politics.

We must treat some of the pretentious chivalry of the Special Interests with restrained admiration. There is a skeleton in their closet. Brotherly love, on which the Public-Service sciences are builded, presupposes sacrifice. But 'love, justice, self-sacrifice,' as Nietzsche points out, 'are generally praised by the wrong people. You talk of self-sacrifice,' he exclaims to his contemporaries, 'but you have nothing to sacrifice. You are weak persons who desire that others should sacrifice themselves to you.'

Heretofore the Millennium has been deemed a spiritual task. It involved a cross. Religion has, in the past, bred men and women extravagantly willing to pay for their unselfish dream out of their own earnings. Martyr's blood has enriched the programme of the saints. But the Millennium is now in the hands of less robust teachers. It is no longer the gospel of sacrifice, but a dexterous triumph of legislation.

There is many a facile programme for bringing in the kingdom of happiness here on earth. We are persuaded that if only we can get more — more health, more money for our labor, more comforts and play — we shall have solved our problems and supplied our moral deficiencies. But, despite our restless efforts for the common good, we are not made brothers. The disintegrating forces of envy and suspicion are tearing at the heart of life. The special interests of the 'have-nots' do battle with the special interests of the 'haves,' and while both are 'cajoling and cudgeling the state' into granting concessions, they cleave us further asunder.

'The atmosphere of a common will' can come not by the monopoly of any special interest nor yet by magnanimous concessions to pity, but by the regenerating power of a great idea. Religion claims this power. But she too, in the lean seasons of her loyalty, became a special interest. Then Humanitarianism undertook the neglected task. Because her chivalrous intention led us to expect the best, we will not accept from her a meagre millennium of loaves and fishes for the poor.

We have lately seen how, in England, a new patriotism inspired by the war has welded together the dissenting and predatory groups into self-forgetful servants of the state. Religion, if we despair not of her, will yet again lift us out of our separate interests and make us partners in the tasks of life.

CHANGELING

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAVE two horns upon my head.
They please me, being garlanded
With creepy pine, and berries red
From some old secret hawthorn tree.

I have two horns, and hoofs also:
Brown questing hoofs, that clip and go
Over the mountain, high and low,
From sky-crack to the droning sea.

My mother would have shame of me
If she could see — if she could see —
Those horns and hoofs that make too free
With what she bore and bred so straight.

She taught me to be still and good;
To walk demure as maidens should;
Wear dainty slippers, silken snood,
And not come loitering home too late.

But now I dance, I dance all night,
By faint starlight or fierce moonlight,
Over the mountain, till the white
Dumb dawn comes fingering, soothing me.

With whom I dance, with whom I sing,
My mother need not know this thing. —
In my green chamber slumbering
She finds me sweet and white, when she

Strokes down my curls. She does not know
Two horns beneath her fingers grow:
Rough horns: and I have hoofs also,
Not feet like pale flow'rs on the floor.

Oh, if you met me on the hill,
Moon-maddened, dancing to my fill, —
Oh, Mother, could you love me still, —
This wild-heart Thing you never bore?

AN ESTIMATE OF GERMAN SCIENTIFIC CULTURE

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE

GERMANY'S claim to preëminence in culture is upheld by the largest body of professors in the world, and there is a tendency in America, a neutral country, to accept it. But is Germany preëminent in science?

In my discussion of this claim, I shall concede that the Germans lead in the subject of organic chemistry, which demands patient industry and the assiduous collection of facts, and which has not yet been absorbed by the subject of electrodynamics, which is so rapidly becoming all-embracing; I shall confine my discussion to physical science, — which treats of those fundamental subjects, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, — and to mathematics and physical chemistry.

Physics may be called the subject of energy, upon the ramifications of which all life depends. Achievement in it demands the highest powers of the human mind — imagination, mathematical knowledge, and the philosophical insight to plan crucial experiments. It is my contention that the Anglo-Saxons have shown these powers to the greatest degree; that in the exhibition of scientific culture England and France lead Germany; and moreover, that under the Empire, since the Franco-Prussian war, Germany has fallen to the third place in physics. The question whether this deterioration has been due to militarism and commercialism I leave to the psychologists.

Let us consider the history of physical science. The subject did not exist until, in the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon advocated the necessity of experimental science and wrote his *Opus Majus*, which is full of philosophical and scientific insight. Bacon also outlined the principle of the telescope. Four hundred years later, Francis Bacon, enlarging upon the work of his predecessor and namesake, established the doctrine of inductive reasoning pursued to-day in all laboratories.

Sir Isaac Newton, taking Kepler's carefully ascertained principles concerning planetary motions, established the law of gravitation. In doing so, he manifested the peculiar strength of the British mind in scientific generalization. It is probable that no man ever combined the demonstrative and inductive faculties in such a high degree as Newton. The Germans claim that Leibnitz anticipated Newton in the great mathematical discovery of differential and integral calculus; a study of the minds of the two men, however,

brings out forcibly the preëminence of the Englishman's culture.

While Huygens of Holland, as well as Newton, contributed greatly to our knowledge of optics, it may be said that the undulatory theory was established by Thomas Young. Young's reasoning upon the phenomena of interference of light was one of the greatest contributions ever made to science; the interference of waves of light has long since been recognized as an incontrovertible fact.

It was Count Rumford, an Anglo-American, who measured the heat developed in boring a cannon, compared it with the amount of work done, and thereby proved that heat has its exact equivalent in motion. Here was exhibited the Anglo-Saxon power of trying crucial experiments. Rumford's philosophical views were tersely expressed in the words, 'I hope to live to see the day when phlogiston and caloric will be buried in the same grave.' Phlogiston was the supposed agent in supporting fire, and caloric was the essence of heat. Priestly, who proved that combustion was supported by oxygen, contributed with Rumford to make the burial a fact. The labors of these two men, together with the contributions of Lavoisier, Regnault, and a great number of other distinguished Frenchmen, laid the foundations of chemistry in the subject of energy. Hydrogen was discovered by Cavendish in England, which thus gave to the world the knowledge of both oxygen and hydrogen.

In the field of electricity, too, Cavendish was a leader, being the forerunner of Faraday in researches concerning the behavior of electricity toward insulators, or in other words concerning its specific capacity; these researches were of great importance to ocean telegraphy. He also anticipated Ohm in the fundamental law which connects the strength of an electrical current with electromotive force and the resistance of the circuit. Sir Humphry Davy contributed, besides the discovery of chlorine, that of the effect of strong electric currents in decomposing earths and alkalis, — a discovery which has led to the establishment of great metallurgical works in Germany and also in America, notably the great plant at Niagara Falls.

Michael Faraday proved the fundamental law that the amount of decomposition of fluids is proportioned to the amount of electricity employed. He was also the father of all the great practical employments of electricity; his experiments and reasoning led to the invention of the dynamo, the telephone, and the apparatus employed in wireless telegraphy. We can imagine with what elation of spirit he wrote to a friend, during his experiments on induction, saying that he had caught hold of a fish which might prove a large one! Faraday's reasoning was said by Maxwell, the author of the greatest physical hypothesis since the time of the Franco-Prussian War, to be essentially mathematical.

De Candolle, a distinguished Swiss scientist, gives in an interesting book entitled *Histoire des Sciences et des Savants pendant deux Siècles* some suggestive statistics with regard to the foreign membership in the French Academy from its inception in 1666 to 1883. De Candolle's list offers an interesting basis for a comparison of English and German scientific culture. In physics, mathematics, and chemistry I find the following Englishmen: Cavendish, Watt (the inventor of the steam-engine), Davy, Young, Faraday, Brewster (distinguished in optics), Wheatstone (a pioneer in telegraphy), Lord Kelvin, Franklin, Rumford, and Newton. These men were the movers of the world. The Germans in the same subjects were Leibnitz, Gauss, Olbers, Dirichlet, and

Bunsen, the latter being, with Kirchhoff, the discoverer of spectrum analysis. (Helmholtz, who is not in De Candolle's list, was probably elected later. It is interesting, by the way, to note that Helmholtz's mother was partly Anglo-Saxon; she was a lineal descendant of William Penn, the Quaker.) There are in De Candolle's list eleven Englishmen and seven Germans.

It is worth remarking as well that the rise of scientific culture in England came largely at the time when peace and liberty prevailed over the pursuit of war. That this culture cannot flourish to the highest degree in a country given over to militarism is an incontestable fact. De Candolle remarks, in his book above mentioned, that science was at a low ebb in England and Scotland during the period of unrest, of dissensions, and of wars in the eighteenth century. His words are especially interesting as he continues: 'Later, after fifty or sixty years of completely established security, the torch of science burst into fresh flame in the hands of Hunter, Priestly, and Hutton, and eventually when the social order was still more solidly organized, the world beheld the great epoch of Anglo-Scottish science represented at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries by Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, Brewster, Herschell, Robert Brown, Dalton, Faraday, Murchison, and the rest.'

The comparative peace which prevailed in Europe between 1840 and 1870 had probably much to do with Germany's scientific advance during that period. She went far ahead of all other nations in building and equipping laboratories. She developed by patient routine work the general subject of physics. Yet although there was a marked increase during this period in the number of Germans admitted to the French Academy, her work in general failed to show those qualities which I have ascribed to the British. It is a fact that the great physical hypotheses have been Anglo-Saxon in origin. And culture is noticeably lacking in German scientific literature. For clearness of expression and style we must go to the French.

Since Sedan, Germany has fallen into third place in the subjects I have mentioned; England and France have led her. It is significant that with the growth of militarism Germany's undoubted genius for science has been repressed. Meanwhile England has supplied her with mental food by Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of light, which postulates that light and heat are electrical phenomena, and that electric waves differ from light waves only in length, — a theory which makes electricity the most important physical agent in the world. Then, too, England and France together have laid the foundations of the new great subject of radioactivity, which is based upon the action of the electron. The electron, the smallest particle known to science, being one thousandth the size of the hydrogen atom, was discovered and measured in England. Its discovery was not accidental, but was due to the methodical application of the mathematical work of Stokes in regard to the internal friction of gases, or what is termed viscosity.

It is true that the discovery of the X-rays in Germany — a fortunate accident, by the way — enabled the English to make the crucial experiment which measured the electron; but the phenomenon of the X-rays remained an isolated one until the English applied it to the theory of radioactivity. This theory is at present the leading one in physical science, and England may be said to have made it her own. It received its name from the discovery of radium by Professor Curie and Madame Curie, in Paris. The centre of

investigation in this subject is now Cambridge, England, and American students flock there in preference to going to Germany.

The epoch-making isolation of the electron is profoundly modifying our views of the constitution of matter. At present English thought is grappling with the idea of intricate motions even within the atom. Think of the conception of what may be called planetary motions in a particle so minute that it is forever invisible to human eyes! The world has never seen such an exhibition of scientific imagination. Long before the discovery of the electron an English poet wrote these lines in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After:* —

> Sees the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul;
> Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

Tennyson's parallel is apt; in their speculation upon motions within the atom, English scientists have pushed into a region apparently as impenetrable as the space beyond the fixed stars.

Germany is strongest in chemical science. But what achievement in chemical science in Germany equals Lord Rayleigh's contribution of argon, which led to the discovery of neon and crypton and other gases by Ramsay; or can compare with Ramsay's discovery of the change of radium into helium, — a fact which profoundly modifies our views of the constitution of matter?

There is always a chance for partisans in science to argue that So-and-so, when he made his great discovery, was merely acting on a previous worker's suggestion. I suppose that if Democritus and Lucretius should come back to earth to-day, national pride would lead them to claim the origin of both the molecular hypothesis and the electron theory. Germany can reasonably claim that Hittorf anticipated the Englishman Crookes in his discovery of the cathode rays. Hertz may be said to have led the way to wireless telegraphy. But the facts serve to show that Hertz was working on Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of electric waves; that Marconi had probably not read Hertz's work before he made his great invention; and that the discovery was made possible by Branly, a Frenchman, who discovered the first receiver of electric waves, the so-called coherer, — a collection of magnetic particles in a tube which becomes an electrical conductor under the influence of these waves. And American experimenters have now contributed still more sensitive receivers. Altogether the German share in the work is not so very great after all.

Those Americans who are loudest in their praise of German culture often argue from an imperfect knowledge of the history of science. How many Americans realize the importance of the work of their own countrymen? Josiah Willard Gibbs of Yale University gave German chemists a physical foundation for their facts. Langley's work in aerodynamics led to the invention of the aeroplane. Michelson and Rowland have made the greatest advances in the subject of optics since the Franco-Prussian War. The Anglo-Saxons invented the telephone, which has profoundly modified and enlarged our views of electrical induction, and has made possible wireless telegraphy. America has lighted the world. It is only too easy for Americans to overlook these facts; and it is equally certain that we are too likely to underestimate England's achievements in science.

In scientific culture, exemplified by the use of imagination, by mathematical knowledge, and by philosophical insight leading to the performance of crucial experiments, Great Britain stands first.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT[1]

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

To put myself right with the reader at the outset, I begin by stating that this is not a 'stop the war' paper. Being in this war, I think, as all Englishmen think, that we must go on fighting until we can emerge from it with our territory and security intact, and with the future peace of Europe assured, so far as human wisdom can assure it. Nor do I here discuss the question whether or not it was necessary for us to enter into the war. Nor whether the direct and immediate responsibility for it rests mainly with Austria, Germany, or Russia. My point is a different one. I believe that this war, like all wars for many centuries in Europe, was brought about by governments, without the connivance and against the desires and the interests of peoples; that it is a calamity to civilization unequaled, unexampled, perhaps irremediable; and that the only good that can come out of it is a clearer comprehension by ordinary men and women of how wars are brought about, and a determination on their part to put a stop to them.

If any one, having read so far, is clear that he has no interest in this point of view, or that he is hostile to it, I hope that he will throw the article aside. For it is not an exercise in dialectics or a theme for exasperated argument. It is an act performed in what I believe to be the interest of civilization; and it is meant to bear fruit. I am suggesting a way in which Europe may be saved in the future from such wars as that in which we are involved. It is a way not for England alone, but for all countries, and it is possible only if all countries accept it. But for the moment it is only Englishmen and Americans whom I can address. I address them, to the best of my ability, without prejudice, without sophistry, without rhetoric.

My intention is not to carry away, but to convince; and I ask the reader only to give me a hearing and to judge for himself. For on that individual judgment of his, on its clearness, its tenacity, its conviction, will depend his contribution to the future of civilization. Public opinion has weight only in proportion to the number of convinced individuals who compose it. And public opinion alone can save what is to be saved of Europe, when this cataclysm has passed by.

The position I intend to put forward and defend is this: War is made — this war has been made — not by any necessity of nature, any law beyond human control, any fate to which men must passively bow; it is made because certain men who have immediate power over other men are possessed by a certain theory. Sometimes they are fully conscious of this theory. More often, perhaps, it works in them unconsciously. But it is there, the dominating influence in international politics. I shall call it the governmental theory, because it is among governing persons — emperors, kings, ministers, and their diplomatic and military advisers — that its influence is most conspicuous and most disastrous. But it is sup-

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ported also by historians, journalists, and publicists, and it is only too readily adopted by the ordinary man, when he turns from the real things he knows and habitually handles to consider the unknown field of foreign affairs.

Very briefly, and, therefore, crudely expressed, the theory is this: 'The world is divided, politically, into states. These states are a kind of abstract beings, distinct from the men, women, and children who inhabit them. They are in perpetual and inevitable antagonism to one another; and though they may group themselves in alliances, that can be only for temporary purposes to meet some other alliance or single power. For states are bound by a moral or physical obligation to expand indefinitely, each at the cost of the others. They are natural enemies, they always have been so, and they always will be; and force is the only arbiter between them. That being so, war is an eternal necessity. As a necessity, it should be accepted, if not welcomed, by all sound-thinking and right-feeling men. Pacifists are men at once weak and dangerous. They deny a fact as fundamental as any of the facts of the natural world. And their influence, if they have any, can only be disastrous to their state in its ceaseless and inevitable contest with other states.'

Stated thus briefly, and in its most uncompromising terms, this is what I have called the governmental theory. I propose to criticize it in detail. But before doing so, I will ask the reader to compare with it the ordinary attitude of the plain men and women who inhabit these states, and who have to bear the burden of the wars in which the theory involves them. These ordinary people, in the course of their daily lives, do not think at all in terms of the state. They think about the people they come in contact with, about their business, their friends, and their families. When they come across foreigners, as many of them do, in business or in travel, they may like or dislike them, but they do not regard them as predestined enemies. On the contrary, if they are intelligent, they know themselves to be coöperating with them in innumerable complicated ways, implying mutual advantage. Differences of language and of social habit make it easier for most people to associate with their fellow countrymen than with foreigners. But that is all. There are, of course, among these men and women, real enmities and spontaneous quarrels. But these do not occur because men belong to different states. They occur because they really have injured one another, or hate one another; and they occur, naturally, for the most part, between men of the same state, because it is these who most often come into direct contact with one another. It is not, therefore, these enmities of ordinary men that give rise to wars.

Wars are made by governments, acting under the influence of the governmental theory. And of this fact — for a fact it is among civilized Western peoples in modern times — no better example could be given than the present war. Before it broke out nobody outside governmental and journalistic circles was expecting it. Nobody desired it. And though, now that it is being waged, all the nations concerned are passionately interested in it, and all believe themselves to be fighting in a righteous cause, yet no ordinary citizen, in the days preceding its outbreak, would have maintained that there was any good reason for war, and few even knew what the reasons alleged were or might be. Even now the different nations have quite opposite views as to which government was responsible. We believe it was the German government; and with equal conviction Germans believe it was the British. But

nobody believes that it was the mass of the people in any nation. The millions who are carrying on the war, at the cost of incalculable suffering, would never have made it if the decision had rested with them. That is the one indisputable fact. How can such a fact occur? How is it possible for governments to drag into war peoples who did not desire war and who have no quarrel with one another?

The immediate answer is simple enough. In no country is there any effective control by the people over foreign policy. That is clear in the case of the great military empires. But it is true also of France and of England, where, in other respects, government is more or less under popular control. The country has no real choice, for it gets its information only after the decisive action has been taken. That is an important truth which ought to lead to important changes in our methods of conducting foreign affairs. But it is only part of the truth. For we have now to notice this further fact, that in all countries, in Germany no less than in England and France, no sooner is the war declared than it is supported by the whole nation. The voice of criticism is silenced, and every one, whatever his opinion about the origin of the war, gives his help to see it through. Why is that? The reason is obvious. As soon as war is made, the people of one country, conscious, just before, of no cause of enmity, do really become enemies of the people of another country; for armed populations are marching on armed populations to massacre them. Everybody, therefore, is bound to fight in self-defense. It is too late to ask whether there was any real cause of quarrel; for, quarrel or no, there is real and imminent danger. To meet that danger becomes, therefore, the immediate necessity which overbears every other consideration. And that is the deepest reason why wars made by governments without, and even against, the will of peoples, will always be supported by peoples.

But though that is the most powerful reason, it is not the only one. There is a further fact. The ordinary man, though he does not live under the obsession of the governmental theory, is not protected against it by any knowledge or reflection. As far as he is concerned, he knows no reason for war, and, left to himself, would never make it. But he has a blank mind open to suggestion; and he has passions and instincts which it is easy to enlist on the side of the governmental theory. He has been busy all his life; and he has no education, or one that is worse than none, about those issues which, in a crisis like that which has come upon us, suddenly reveal themselves as the issues of life and death. History, no doubt, should have informed him. But history, for the most part, is written without intelligence or conviction. It is mere narrative, devoid of instruction, and seasoned, if at all, by some trivial, habitual, and second-hand prejudice of the author. History has never been understood, though it has often been misunderstood. To understand it is perhaps beyond the power of the human intellect. But the attempt even has hardly begun to be made.

Deprived, then, of this source of enlightenment, the ordinary man falls back upon the press. But the press is either an agent of the very governments it should exist to criticize (it is so notoriously and admittedly on the Continent, and, to an extent which we cannot measure, also in England), or else it is (with a few honorable exceptions) an instrument to make money for certain individuals or syndicates. But the easiest way for the press to make money is to appeal to the most facile emotions and the most super-

ficial ideas of the reader; and these can easily be made to respond to the suggestion that this or that foreign state is our natural and inevitable enemy. The strong instincts of pugnacity and self-approbation, the nobler sentiment of patriotism, a vague and unanalyzed impression of the course of history, these and other factors combine to produce this result. And the irony is that they may be directed indifferently against any state. In England, for instance, a hundred years ago, it was France against whom they were marshaled; sixty years ago it was Russia; thirty years ago it was France again; now it is Germany; presently, if governments have their way, it will be Russia again.

The foreign offices and the press do with nations what they like. And they will continue to do so until ordinary people acquire right ideas and a machinery to make them effective. To contribute to that result is the object of this article. I propose to show, first, that the governmental theory is false; secondly, that a settlement of Europe is desirable and possible which will make that theory impotent in the future. I now proceed to the first of these points.

II

The governmental theory holds that states are the great realities, and that they are natural enemies. My reply is that states are unreal abstractions; that the reality is the men and women and children who are the members of the states; and that as soon as you substitute real people for the abstract idea that symbolizes them you find that they have no cause of quarrel, no interests or desires of a kind to justify or necessitate aggressive war. And, if there were no aggressive war, there could, of course, be no cause for defensive war. I shall try to show this in detail, taking as my illustrations the principal points which are said to underlie and justify the present war.

I will begin with an example sufficiently removed from immediate English and American concern for us to be able to examine it without prejudice. Let us take the relations of the German and Russian governments and the German and Russian peoples in the present war. The official case of the German government, as laid before the Reichstag, puts it that they were driven into this war by Russian aggression. Russia was preparing to attack them; so, in self-defense, they were obliged to attack Russia. On the other hand, the official case of the Russian government states that Austria-Hungary, supported by Germany, was preparing to attack Russia, and that Russia was acting in self-defense. Whichever of these views may be the true one, it is certain that it was aggression, or fear of aggression, by Russia, or by the German powers, that brought on the war.

Now, to the governmental mind, this appears as an inevitable conflict. It is labeled 'the conflict of Slav and Teuton,' and is the theme of many learned lucubrations. But why should there be a conflict of Slav and Teuton? And what is there inevitable about it? If all that is meant be that, as a matter of fact, the Russian government was intending to attack the German government, or the German government to attack the Russian, that is merely to accept my contention that governments make war without rhyme or reason. But what is meant is, of course, something more than this. It is meant that there are certain vital interests of the peoples of Germany and of Russia which governments understand but peoples do not, and for which it is worth while to go to war. What can these be?

Let me quote from an author who has acquired of late a deserved and sinister reputation, and who is a master of the theory and practice of the governmental mind. 'The requirements of the mighty Empire,' so General Bernhardi writes of Russia, 'irresistibly compel an expansion toward the sea, whether in the Far East, where it hopes to gain ice-free harbors, or in the direction of the Mediterranean, where the Crescent still glitters on the dome of St. Sophia. After a successful war, Russia would hardly hesitate to seize the mouth of the Vistula, at the possession of which she has long aimed, and thus to strengthen appreciably her position in the Baltic. Supremacy in the Balkan Peninsula, free entrance into the Mediterranean, and a strong position on the Baltic, are the goals to which the European policy of Russia has long been directed. She feels herself also the leading power of the Slavonic races, and has for many years been busy in encouraging and extending the spread of this element into Central Europe.'

Let us take it from General Bernhardi — I think we may safely do so — that these really are the purposes of the Russian government. Those which concern the Far East let us leave aside, for they bring Russia into conflict with the English, the Chinese, and the Japanese, rather than with Germany. Let us take the points that immediately concern Germany. Russia, we are told, wants to acquire the mouth of the Vistula. I have no doubt she does. She has, I am told on good authority, actually published in her official organ her intention to take the whole shore of the Baltic up to and including the Kiel Canal, if, by the help of French and English arms, she is victorious in this war. It is that danger that Germany fears, and, so far as Russia is concerned, I believe Germany to be on the defensive. Let us admit, then, that this is the aim of the Russian government, entangled in the traditional idea that the Russian state is a being demanding expansion of territory.

Now let us turn to look at the Russian people. The immense mass of these are peasants living in villages, as they have lived from time immemorial. They have one interest, and one only, the land. To own sufficient land, to live on it in comfort, to work on it free from interruption and free from extortion, to continue in their traditional routine, that and that only is what they want. They probably do not know, most of them, what and where the Baltic is. They have probably, most of them, never met a German. If they did meet one, they would probably feel the antagonism all ignorant and inexperienced men feel for strangers who cannot speak their language. But what interest have these peasants in the acquisition of the coast of the Baltic? How would they be better off? Do they want to colonize it? Not at all. The region of colonization for Russia is the vast, almost uninhabited territory of the East.

No Russian peasant would be the happier, the richer, the better, if the Russian government fulfilled its ambition on the Baltic. Yet, that it may fulfill that ambition, they have been torn from their homes by millions, leaving the harvest unreaped, leaving their accustomed work on the soil of their fathers, leaving weeping wives and starving children, to kill and to be killed by men of whom they have never heard, and in whom they have no interest either to hate or to love them, men living in countries of which they know and care nothing, men who on their part have no quarrel with them and no wish to attack them. And all this they are to do, and are doing, because a few men of the military and

diplomatic caste have a theory about states, their interests and destinies.

But the peasants are ignorant men! True, they are almost the whole of the population of Russia. True, they compose almost the whole of the army. True, upon them falls almost the whole of the loss and the suffering. But they are ignorant men! They do not count! Let us turn, then, to the intellectual class. What about these brilliant men and women, known to us through a literature unequaled in the annals of mankind for its poignancy, its subtlety, its breadth, its profundity? What about the intellectuals? Is it the Baltic they are thinking of? Is it the Balkan Peninsula? No! Since there has been in Russia a class of thinkers and of writers, that class has given all its energy to destroy the power and discredit the ideas of the Russian government. Persecuted with a horror of persecution of which we can form but the palest image (for such experiences lie outside our ken), exiled, imprisoned, tortured, by hundreds and by thousands, they have never ceased to protest, in season and out of season, against the whole conception of the state which animates the soulless bureaucracy of Russia.

Shall I be told that, in spite of all this, the Russian people have an interest in the acquisition by the Russian government of the coast of the Baltic, because they will then be in a position to send ships of war safely and easily into the North Sea? Yes, indeed! If somewhere in the North Sea, or beyond, there are ships of war bent on destroying Russian ships and Russian trade. But why should there be, except because some other government, possessed by the same illusion of power, wants to expand at the cost of Russia? And we have only to begin our argument over again against that government and its aims and ideas. It is, indeed, the very irony of the whole situation, that every government will protest that it is innocent, it is harmless, it has no ambitions contrary to the interest of any other state; but that these other states have ambitions contrary to its own. Every government, we are told, is on its defense — against another government on its defense! Was ever folly so disastrous? Or else hypocrisy so base?

What has been said of the Baltic applies equally to the Balkans, the other cause of the war between Russia and the German powers. Here both Austria and Russia wish to predominate. That was the immediate cause of this war. And here, too, so far as mere power and expansion is concerned, no plain man or woman in either country will be the better for success in such a cause, or the worse for defeat. But here there comes in another factor, deeper and more capable of making a genuine appeal to real people. The Balkan States have been for centuries an example, the most salient and the most terrible, of the results of that policy of expansion and conquest which dominates the governmental mind. The Turks have maintained for centuries in those unhappy lands the rule of Hell. No law has been known but the law of force. And the peoples subjected to that law have accepted it as their own. The expulsion of the Turks has meant only the application of the methods of the Turks by each nationality to every other. But now among the inhabitants of these states are a number of Serbs, and Serbs are Slavs, racially akin to the Russians; and some of these Serbs, those included in Bosnia and Herzegovina, have been brought by force, in the usual way and on the usual principle, into the Austrian Empire. The Russian government desires to bring these Serbs into its own system. And that desire brings it into conflict with the Austrian government.

Now, in this conflict, no doubt, both governments are moved only by the ordinary superstition of the governmental mind. But it is possible that, in issues like this, the people of a country may be inspired by a genuine interest of an ideal kind. The Austrian people, of course, cannot feel this, for there are not, in the Balkan States, any Germans or Hungarians oppressed by other powers. But some Russians, of those who are educated, intelligent, and sympathetic, may feel inclined to support their government in a policy which can be represented as aiming at the deliverance of people of a kindred race from the oppression of an alien government. That such an appeal may be genuinely felt and genuinely responded to, those of my readers will understand who remember on what grounds England was invited to intervene by force in South Africa, and the response, not all unreal and hypocritical, which that appeal evoked among the English. Some Russians, therefore, outside of governmental circles, may think, and think sincerely, that an interest of an ideal kind requires them to go to war with Austria to help Servia.

But now, mark! This situation has arisen because Austria has incorporated against their will some of these Serbs in her Empire, and desires to incorporate the rest. And, further, because the Russian government is not aiming merely at the deliverance of the Serbs, but at their incorporation in her own system. That races with a natural homogeneity, races desirous of governing themselves, should be allowed to do so without interference, is a real interest of peoples, and one which the new statecraft of Europe must recognize. But that principle, honestly applied in the Balkans, could never lead to war between Austria and Russia. For the true solution, on that principle, would be a referendum to the Slav peoples included in the Austrian Empire on the point whether they wish to remain under Austria or to join Servia, or to come as a separate unit into a Balkan federation. And nothing prevents this solution, except the fact that governments are possessed by false ideas and bad ambitions. Thus we are confronted once more by the conception of the abstract state over-riding the true aims, interests and ideals of peoples. That, and that only, has caused this war. That, and that only, will cause future wars.

There remains the point of the possession of Constantinople. Russia is supposed to aim at this, and for many years British policy aimed at thwarting her. But why did, or does, Russia want Constantinople? And what interest has England in the matter? So far as I have ever been able to learn, the interest here is purely a war interest. Russia wants to be able to send warships through the Dardanelles. England, and some other powers, object, for fear her ships should threaten their possessions. It is the old obsession again, that states are natural enemies. For all purposes of trade, for all peace purposes, the Dardanelles are open, and it is the interest of all nations alike that they should remain so. But no real interest of any people would be served by the possession of Constantinople, once the supposed war interest is set aside. At every point we meet the same illusion. Everywhere and always, fear in every state of aggression on the part of every other. And never any reason for the aggression feared that can be stated in terms of the true values of human life.

III

Let us turn now from the situation between the German powers and Russia to the situation between Germany

and France. Behind this is a long history, and it is, as always, a history of the aggression of the state. The perpetual and futile wars, so disastrous to France, which occupied the reign of Louis XIV, were wars to secure for the French state the hegemony of Europe. They had no reference to any real interests of the French people; and they left that people, after years of unsuccessful struggle, decimated and exhausted. The enterprise was taken up again by Napoleon. It failed again; but if it had succeeded, no advantage would have accrued to the French people. They would have been neither wealthier, healthier, nor happier; and no one can say they would have been better, except those who hold — as General Bernhardi and his followers hold, but as, I hope, no Englishman or American holds — that the arrogant temper of a dominant race is a good thing in itself, and worth wasting, to secure it, the lives, the fortunes, and the happiness of millions.

The years went on, and during the period from 1859 to 1866 the first great steps were made toward German union. The German state had come into being; and instantly the French state took the alarm. To the governmental mind, on either side of the frontier, the greatness and prosperity of the one people involved the ruin of the other. War became what is called inevitable; and both governments manœuvred for it. It duly came; the French were crushed; Alsace and Lorraine were taken from them; and there began another period of preparation for another war.

During that period new ideas penetrated the French people. They became more and more what is contemptuously called 'pacifist'; that is to say, they began consciously to care for the real interests of civilization, for social justice, for science, for art, and for a religion that should worship some other god than the God of War. Similar influences and tendencies became predominant in all other countries, and especially among the great mass of the German people, represented by the Social Democrats. But the philosophy of the state remained unchanged. The idea of dominating Europe obsessed the governing caste in Germany. The French, in fear, only too well justified, of what might happen, made alliance with a power as military as Germany, and as alien to all the purposes for which France has fought through a century of revolutions. This unnatural alliance is the main root of the tragedy in which the British are involved. For it was that which brought France into the war, and that which brought in England. But, observe, what was really responsible for all this was the obsession of the governmental mind. That the German state, being great, must become greater at the cost of the French state; that the French state, having been weakened, must strengthen itself again at the cost of the German state; these are the presuppositions of the conflict. And so long as those presuppositions are held by the few men who have power to determine policy, so long they are and will be a menace to peace and a menace to civilization. But, once more, they have nothing to do with the real interests, desires or convictions of the millions of Germans and the millions of Frenchmen.

Ask any of these men who, without a word of warning, have been torn suddenly from their homes, their occupations, their friends and wives and children, whether they would choose, if the decision rested with them, to sacrifice all that they hold dear and to destroy, so far as in them lies, all that is held dear by all the people of a neighboring nation, in order to aggrandize the

French or the German state — ask them this, and what answer would you get? But it is not so that the matter is presented them. 'March,' they are told, 'in defense of your homes and your dear ones.' What! And those against whom they are to march are marching also to defend theirs! What ghastly irony is this! What net, woven not by Fate, but by human folly and illusion! And let us not idly think that that folly and that illusion lies all at the door of one government. It lies at the door of every government, and of every man who holds the governmental theory and thinks with the governmental mind.

IV

I pass, lastly, to the relation between Germany and England. It is the same story. Germany is great; the British Empire is great; there is not room for them both; and therefore one of them must smash the other. That is the main position; the rest is a question of choosing the appropriate moment. Such, for many years past, has been the attitude of British and of German Imperialists. I do not propose to attempt the idle and hopeless task of apportioning the blame between them. That, if it can be done at all, will be better done by one who does not belong to either nation. I will only reiterate that no Englishman and no German has any interest, material or ideal, in the destruction of the empire of the other.

Let me illustrate; and if, in so doing, I take as my text the ambitions of the German rather than of the British government, that is not because I hold the latter innocent. I believe it to be true that, as Germans complain, at every point the British have thrown themselves across the German enterprises, under the influence of jealousy and fear. But the ambition of the British being satiated by the acquisition in the past of more territory than they well know how to handle, they have been acting on the defensive. It is from German, not from British ambition that the conflict has arisen; German ambition, of course, being now precisely what British ambition has been in the past. The German government, then, is credited with the intention to gain a colonial empire at our cost. Why? Let us inquire. What interests of German men and women are to be served by this policy?

We are told by the advocates of a colonial policy in Germany that Germans who emigrate settle in non-German countries and are 'lost' to the German state. Well, what of it? What does that matter to the Germans who go abroad, and who find themselves so much at home in the new country of their choice that the second generation of Germans in America are more American than the Americans, and the second generation of Germans in England more English than the English? And what does it matter to the Germans who remain at home? Are they less happy, less prosperous, less cultured, less good, less German? The question answers itself. Or will it be said that the Germans at home are poorer because other Germans go to America instead of to German colonies?

I cannot here touch upon the economic arguments which have been so ably developed in recent years by Mr. Norman Angell. If he and his followers cannot convince the reader that, from an economic point of view, the prosperity of one nation implies and enhances that of another, and that political power is a consideration irrelevant to economic power, I cannot hope to convince him. But I will put this point. It has been held, apparently, by the German Im-

perialists that it is worth while to go to war with us in order to acquire colonies. Have they ever tried to balance the cost of war against the supposed advantage to trade? Have they ever tried to strike the economic balance? Has the governmental mind anywhere ever made such an attempt? And is there the smallest presumption that, if it were made, the balance would be in favor of war?

That, however, after all, is but the smallest point. What may be gained or lost in war economically — and I believe that all competent judges would agree that the loss must exceed the gain — is but one and the least important consideration. To go to war to gain wealth, even if you could gain it, is like murdering a man to pick his pockets. To the governmental mind, with its cynicism, its blindness, its lack of touch with realities, such a procedure may seem right and normal. But go to the plain man and woman, and put it to them in time of peace: 'Would you think it right to sacrifice lives by tens of thousands, and to leave to the world a legacy of hate, so that you or your descendants may gain wealth?' and what answer will you get? Go to them in time of war, say to the mother weeping for her son, say to the wife weeping for her husband, 'We asked of you this sacrifice that Englishmen or Germans may have more money to spend' — what answer will you get? Yet that, and that only, is what you can say, you who make war for the sake of trade. Yes! and the same people will be accusing pacifists of sordid materialism! Reader, will you laugh or will you weep?

There remains, however, another possible plea for the seizure of colonies by force. The possession, it may be urged, of dominions beyond the seas, inhabited by a population of a lower stage of culture, gives to a people a larger horizon, a nobler task, than can be supplied by domestic activities. And a strong and growing nation should not consent to be deprived of this outlet for its energies. That there may be some truth in this view of colonial dominions I am not concerned to deny. The possession of their Indian dependencies by the British and the Dutch has set those nations many difficult problems which, after many discreditable failures, they have partially solved. Some fine men in both countries have found in such work opportunity for their talents. But, speaking as an Englishman, I have never been able to see that the English national consciousness, the habitual state of mind of the ordinary citizens, and even of the ordinary politicians, is affected, one way or the other, by the possession of India. The nation lives, and always has lived, in profound ignorance of and indifference to the problems of Indian government. They rarely raise in Parliament even the most perfunctory debate. To the mass of the people they are utterly unknown and utterly uninteresting. And, if we lost India to-morrow, I do not believe there would be any perceptible change, after the first shock, in our national consciousness.

Even, however, if the possession of foreign dominions really made more difference than I believe it does to what may be called the spiritual life of a nation, and even if that difference were all to the good, — an immense assumption, — will it be maintained that it is justifiable for one state to go to war with another in order to deprive that state of this kind of activity and appropriate it to itself? The governmental mind, no doubt, will answer this question in the affirmative. But ask the individual German, man or woman, those who carry on the life of the country, who create its

wealth and sustain its culture, ask them, one by one, in their calm and sane moments, what they think of plunging Europe into war in order to appropriate territory now British; and what will these, the real people who have to bear the brunt of war, reply? The proposition is, in fact, to all plain sense, to all simple human feeling, preposterous. To none but the governmental mind could it appear self-evident.

But I shall be told, and this especially by Germans, — for there are some absurdities the English do not allow themselves, — that the 'culture' of a nation depends upon its political power. The larger the empire, the better its science, its literature, its art, and, I suppose it will be added, the purer its religion. This is, in fact, the contention of General Bernhardi in his notorious book. Yet it is the plain fact that, alike in religion, in literature, in art, in philosophy, in everything except science, whatever has done honor to the German name was produced before there was a Germany; and that since 1870 the prestige, the influence, and the value of German culture have declined.

What German names stand so high as those of Luther, Kant, Goethe, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven? And was Germany an empire when these men lived and worked? General Bernhardi quotes again and again in the course of his book, and as though he were quoting a supporter, the works of that Goethe whom I, too, put among the greatest of mankind. But what was Goethe? A poet who passed all his long life at a tiny German court, in a Germany divided against itself; a poet so notoriously indifferent to politics, to nationality, to war, that German patriots, from that time to this, have sought excuses in vain for his attitude in the war of liberation; a man who was so good a European that he could not be a good German, and who made no attempt to conceal his admiration of Napoleon, at the moment when all Germany was prostrate at his feet. This is the general's witness to the truth that great literature is founded on great political power! On the same view, the literature, the philosophy, the art of Rome must have been greater than that of Greece! The idea of the state must be hard put to it indeed if it is to such arguments that it has recourse!

And when one turns to science the argument is even more absurd. No nation has done greater service to science than the German. And the world of science, which is cosmopolitan, not national, gladly and freely recognizes it. But does any one who knows anything of the conditions of scientific work, suppose that that work would not have been done by Germans unless there had been a German Empire? To state the notion is to refute it. A man of science may be a patriot, but his patriotism has nothing to do with his science. He goes to learn where he can learn best, and to work where he can work best; and the result of his work is a treasure, not for his country alone but for mankind.

Nothing that is included under what the Germans call 'culture' is or can be developed or enhanced by the pursuit of political dominion. Those influences spread by imitation and contact, regardless of the country of their origin or of its place in the system of states. What German dramatist of our time has, or deserves, a reputation equal to that of Ibsen, the citizen of politically insignificant Norway? What German critic can stand beside the Dane Brandes? What German saint of the last century ranks with that Rabindranath Tagore whose country is subject to an alien domination? Indeed, if religion be taken as the test,

it may be questioned whether between that and empire there is not, in the nature of things, a sheer antagonism. Between Christianity and empire that is so, beyond all question. General Bernhardi purports to be a Christian. I will not argue the point with him. But if there should come that last reckoning in which he must be supposed to believe, and if he, with the others who have made this war, should stand before the judgment seat of Christ, I would wish to see the look that would be turned upon them there by the Man who died on the Cross to bring peace to mankind.

I have dwelt upon this point of culture at greater length than its plausibility merits, because it is the kind of point that appeals to generous minds who are revolted otherwise by the sheer brutality of the governmental attitude. But it is all relevant to my main contention.

Culture in that wide sense in which the Germans use the word, in the sense of the intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual life, is not only an interest of real men and women, it is their main interest. Everything else exists for the sake of it. But it has nothing to do with the state, as the governmental mind conceives it. No aggrandizement of the state can help it, no diminution of it can hinder. Government may or may not wisely foster it; but the extension of political power, with or without war, cannot foster it. Here, too, and in this highest field, the supposed interest of the state and the real interests of men and women stand out of all relation to one another. And a war waged in defense of culture is even more preposterous than a war waged in the pursuit of wealth.

But there remains yet one point which the reader may expect me to deal with. The expansion of a state, it may be urged, even if it does not imply the expansion of its culture, does imply the expansion of its political system. And if any one holds the political system of his state to be better than that of other states he is right to will the expansion of his state even by war. It is on these lines that the existence and extension of the British Empire is sometimes justified; and on the same grounds, it may be assumed, some Germans would justify the extension of theirs.

This view is less brutally selfish than most of the views which attempt to defend conquest. But, as applied to the case we are considering, the colonial rivalry of Germany and England, it has no relevance. For no sane and instructed German can really suppose that German administrative methods are so much better than British that it would be good for hundreds of millions of British Indians, or of native Africans, to be transferred by force, at the cost of a bloody war, from British to German rule. And if — which I do not for a moment believe — any German has supposed that any British dominion was crying out for German deliverance from British tyranny, the events of the last few weeks must have undeceived him. What India wants is more self-government, not an exchange of masters. What the great native protectorates and colonies in Africa need is sympathetic and skilled administration in the interest of the natives. And this, to put it moderately, they are at least as likely to obtain from the British, with their long experience, as from the untried methods of Germany. As to the self-governing dominions, they do not enter into this question. They are, and intend to remain, self-governing. And I do not suppose that the wildest advocate of German expansion ever dreamed that Germany could germanize them. There is no sense in the notion that, at this stage in the

world's history, any part of the world now under British control could benefit by a transference to German control.

What every people needs is self-government, as and when it becomes capable of it. And that cause is the last that is likely to be served by the present German government and its present methods.

Look at it, then, which way we will, we find no justification for the supposed policy of the German government to create a colonial dominion at the cost of the British Empire. This may be said without making any arrogant pretensions about that Empire, without idealizing it, without justifying the methods by which it was acquired. With all that controversy I am not now concerned. I am concerned only to press home what I believe to be the unassailable contention that the German people have no interest in the supposed policy of their government to create a colonial empire at the cost of the British by war.

But equally I do not believe the English people have any interest in thwarting the expansion of Germany where it can be obtained without war, and is likely to extend the general interest of civilization. It does not appear that the British Foreign Office can be held guiltless of doing this. But all such action rests on the superstition I am combating — the superstition of the state, expanding by an inevitable law, at the cost of other states, by means of war. That, and that alone, on both sides, is the bottom of the rivalry between Germany and England. And that is simply an illusion.

V

I have now reviewed, as fully as is possible within the limits of a single article, the main causes which, according to the governmental theory, may be held to have necessitated and to justify the present war. It is nothing to the purpose to reply that the English are fighting a defensive war, for every nation says the same, and with the same conviction. Somewhere, everybody admits, there must have been aggression, although everybody puts it in a different place. And wherever there has been aggression it has been due to the governmental theory possessing the minds of rulers and statesmen, and imposed by them, by suggestion, persuasion, or otherwise, upon ordinary men.

I ask the reader to consider very seriously what I have laid before him, and to extend and apply it further for himself, whenever and wherever he is met by the kind of arguments I have been endeavoring to refute. For until he has convinced himself that the causes which make war do not lie in the nature of things, and need not persist, he will not take seriously proposals for drastic remedies. And it is only with a view to those remedies that I have written these pages. I am asking the reader not merely to condemn the past — let the dead bury their dead! — but to help to mould the future. And, believe me, it cannot be moulded to any good purpose unless the plain men and women, workers with their hands and workers with their brains, in England and in Germany and in all countries, get together and say to the people who have led them into this catastrophe, and who will lead them into such again and again, 'No more! No more! And never again! You rulers, you soldiers, you diplomats, you who through all the long agony of history have conducted the destinies of mankind and conducted them to hell, we do now repudiate you. Our labor and our blood have been at your disposal. They shall be so no more. You shall not make the peace as you have made the war. The

Europe that shall come out of this war shall be *our* Europe. And it shall be one in which another European war shall be never possible.'

Let us turn, then, from the past to the future and ask, first, what the governmental mind, left to itself, is likely to make of Europe when the war is finished; secondly, what we, on our part, want and mean to make of it.

What the diplomats will make of it is written large on every page of history. Again and again they have 'settled' Europe, and always in such a way as to leave roots for the growth of new wars. For always they have settled it from the point of view of states, instead of from the point of view of human life. How one 'Power' may be aggrandized and another curtailed, how the spoils may be divided among the victors, how the 'balance' may be arranged, these kinds of considerations and these alone have influenced their minds. The desires of peoples, the interests of peoples, that sense of nationality which is as real a thing as the state is fictitious, — to all that they have been indifferent.

Take, as an example, the settlement made by the diplomats a hundred years ago, after the Napoleonic wars. What did they do? They forced back on France the dynasty whose works and whose ideas the revolution had been made to destroy, and involved her in a century of civil strife. They put back Italy under the heel of Austria and necessitated the war of 1859. They reimposed upon Spain the infamous régime of the Bourbons and the priests, and opened there too the long vista of civil war. They united Belgium with Holland in defiance of racial distinction, and Sweden with Norway in defiance of history. Everywhere they left untended wounds, unnatural conjunctions, reactionary tyrants in power, and peoples divided, broken, and enslaved. With the result that their house of cards had hardly been completed when it began to collapse; and the history of the nineteenth century is one continuous record of internal revolution and international war. What such men have done before, be assured they will do again. They work still with the same conceptions. They are as barren as ever of imagination, of humanity, of sense for real life.

What the issue of this war may be at this moment of my writing no one can foresee. But what can be foreseen with certainty is, that if the peace is to be made by the same men who made the war, it will be so made that in another quarter of a century there will be another war on as gigantic a scale.

Let us suppose that the German powers win. We know well enough what kind of peace they will impose, for they have been at no pains to conceal their ambitions. 'France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path.' So General Bernhardi, voicing, it may be presumed, the policy of the military caste that is master of Germany. The same, of course, applies to England. She shall be shorn of her empire, of her command of the seas, of all that the German state has envied and hated in the British state. Italy and the Balkans will be pillaged to the benefit of Austria, and Russia rolled back — though that would be all to the good — from her ambition to expand in the west. At the same time every democratic movement in every country will be discouraged or annihilated. The principle of a brutal military domination will be established as the principle of Europe. The countries that are not militarist will become so. And another period of armed peace will begin, in which every genuine interest of civilization, all the true life of men and

women, will be sacrificed to the desperate effort of the defeated nations to recover their position, and of the victorious ones to maintain theirs.

If, on the other hand, the Allies should win, the outlook is no more promising, if the diplomats are to have their way. The Allies, in that case, will endeavor finally to crush the German powers, as the latter are determined finally to crush the Allies. The English and the French will divide the German colonies. Russia will dominate the Balkans, and probably appropriate Constantinople, and a great slice of German territory. And France and England will be left face to face with what they will regard as the new menace of the Slav. With the result that, in another quarter of a century, or less, they will combine with their present enemies to resist the advance of their present ally.

In either case, the state of Europe will be the old bad state: the piling up of armaments, at the cost of the continued poverty and degradation of the mass of the people; the destruction of all hope and effort toward radical social reform; and, when the time comes, as in this case it infallibly will, the new war, the new massacre, the new impoverishment, — the perpetual and intolerable agony of a civilization forever struggling to the light, forever flung back by its own stupidity and wickedness into the hell in which at this moment it is writhing.

Lord, how long, how long?

Till such time as we, the plain people of every nation, say we will endure it no longer. And let that time be now! When this war is over Europe might be settled, then and there, if the peoples willed it, and made their will effective, in such a way that there would never again be a European war. To do this it is only necessary to change our ideas. Or, rather, to make clear to ourselves the ideas we really have, the purposes we really will, and impose them on those who are to act for us.

VI

We will to perpetuate European peace. How are we to accomplish it? By keeping in view and putting into effect certain clear principles.

First, the whole idea of aggrandizing one nation and humiliating another must be set aside. What we are aiming at is, not that this or that group of states should dominate the others, but that none should in future have any desire or motive to dominate. With that view, we must leave behind the fewest possible sores, the least possible sense of grievance, the least possible humiliation. The defeated states, therefore, must not be dismembered in the hope of making or keeping them weak; and that means, in detail, that, if the allies win, the English and the French must not take the German colonies, or the Russians the Baltic coast, the Balkans, or Constantinople; and that, if Germany wins, she must not dismember or subordinate to her system France or England or the neutral powers. That is the first clear condition of the future peace of Europe.

Secondly, in rearranging the boundaries of states — and clearly they must be rearranged — one point, and one only, must be kept in mind: to give to all peoples suffering and protesting under alien rule the right to decide whether they will become an autonomous unit, or will join the political system of some other nation. Thus, for example, the people of Alsace-Lorraine should be allowed to choose whether they will remain under Germany, or become an autonomous community, or be included in France. The same principle should be applied to the Poles. The same to Schleswig-Holstein.

The same to the Balkan states. The same to the Slav communities included in Austria-Hungary. There would arise, of course, difficulties in carrying this principle through. For, in the Balkan states, in Bohemia, and elsewhere, there is an almost inextricable tangle of nationalities. But with good will these difficulties could be at least partially met.

Even the wholesale transference of peoples of one nationality from one location to another is a possibility; and indeed it is now going on. In any case the principle itself is clear. Political rule must cease to be imposed on peoples against their will in the supposed interest of that great idol, the abstract state. Let the Germans, who belong together, live together under the same government, pursuing in independence their national ideal and their national culture. But let them not impose that ideal and that culture on reluctant Poles and Slavs and Danes. So, too, let Russia develop her own life over the huge territory where Russians live. But let her not impose that life on unwilling Poles and Finns. The English, in history, have been as guilty as other nations of sacrificing nationality to the supposed exigencies of the state. But of late they have been learning their lesson. Let them learn it to the end. Let no community be coerced under British rule that wants to be self-governing. The British have had the courage, though late, to apply this principle to South Africa and Ireland. There remains their greatest act of courage and wisdom — to apply it to India.

A Europe thus rearranged, as it might be at the peace, on a basis of real nationality instead of on a basis of states, would be a Europe ripe for a permanent league. And by such a league only, in my judgment, can its future peace, prosperity, happiness, goodness, and greatness be assured. There must be an end to the waste upon armaments of resources too scanty, at the best, to give to all men and women in all countries the material basis for a good life. But if states are left with the power to arm against one another they will do so, each asserting, and perhaps with truth, that it is arming in defense against the imagined aggression of the others. If all are arming, all will spend progressively more and more on their armaments, for each will be afraid of being outstripped by the others. This circle is fatal, as we have seen in the last quarter of a century.

To secure the peace of Europe the peoples of Europe must hand over their armaments, and the use of them, for any purpose except internal police, to an international authority. This authority must determine what force is required for Europe as a whole, acting as a whole in the still possible case of war against powers not belonging to the League. It must apportion the quota of armaments between the different nations according to their wealth, population, resources, and geographical position. And it, and it alone, must carry on, and carry on in public, negotiations with powers outside the League. All disputes that may arise between members of the League must be settled by judicial process. And none of the forces of the League must be available for purposes of aggression by any member against any other.

With such a League of Europe constituted, the problem of reduction of armaments would be automatically solved. Whatever force a united Europe might suppose itself to require for possible defense would clearly be far less than the sum of the existing armaments of the separate states. Immense resources would be set free for the general purposes of civilization, and especially for those costly social

reforms on the accomplishment of which depends the right of any nation to call itself civilized at all. And if any one insists on looking at the settlement from the point of view of material advantage — and that point of view will and must be taken — it may be urged, without a shadow of doubt, that any and every nation, the conquerors no less than the conquered, would gain from a reduction of armaments far more than they could possibly gain by pecuniary indemnities or cessions of territory which would leave every nation still arming against the others with a view to a future squandering of resources in another great war. This is sheer common sense of the most matter-of-fact kind.

A League of Europe is not Utopia. It is sound business.

Such a league, it is true, could hardly come into being immediately at the peace. There must be preparation of opinion first; and not less important, there must be such changes in the government of the monarchic states as will insure the control of their policy by popular opinion; otherwise, we might get a league in which the preponderating influence would be with autocratic emperors. But in making peace the future league must be kept in view. Everything must be done that will further it, and nothing that will hinder it. And what would hinder it most would be a peace by which either there should be a return to the conditions before the war — but of that there is little fear — or by which any one power, or group of powers, should be given a hegemony over the others. For that would mean a future war for the rehabilitation of the vanquished.

The mood, therefore, which seems to be growing in England, that the British must 'punish' Germany by annihilating her as a political force; the mood which seems to be growing in Germany, that she must annihilate the British as the great disturbers of the peace, — all such moods must be resolutely discouraged. For on those lines no permanent peace can be made. Militarism must be destroyed, not only in Germany but everywhere. Limitation of armaments must be general, not imposed only on the vanquished by victors who propose themselves to remain fully armed. The view of peoples must be substituted once for all for the view of governments; and the view of peoples is no domination, and, therefore, no war, but a union of nations developing freely on their own lines, and settling all disputes by arbitration.

VII

I have thus laid before the reader, as clearly as I can in a brief space, both what I believe to be the deepest cause of war, and what I believe to be its only cure. At this moment it is only Englishmen and Americans that can be addressed in this sense, for on the Continent there is martial law, and every man, Socialists and Pacifists as well as others, is at the front. But, of course, the opinion that can influence the result must be international. And that such weight of international opinion can be elicited and made effective in a short time, as soon as agitation can begin, I myself have little doubt. The considerations I have laid before the reader, if they be as valid and important as I believe them to be, are valid and important for every one, irrespective of nationality. What is imperative is to get them stated in such a way that they come home with real conviction to a vast number of individuals.

This paper of mine is but a forerunner of what I hope will be a general and active propaganda. But the only end and purpose of all such propaganda is to produce a quiet, firm, unassailable con-

viction, in one after another individual mind, heart, and will. For the moment, the voice is mine, and the listener that one person who at any moment, in any place, may peruse these lines. I do not aim at sweeping him away by frothy rhetoric. I appeal to his common sense, his reason, his conscience, and his heart. And I ask him, whoever he be, laborer with the hand, laborer with the head, man of business, or thinker, to make up his mind for himself in the terrible and lurid glare of the events actually passing before him.

I ask him first to realize what war means. If he has been at the front, he knows from personal experience. Let him realize, again and again, without ceasing, till it is burned upon his soul, what that experience has been. If he has not been there, let him try to realize it through such detailed accounts of what has been happening as filter through the press.

Then when the horror has possessed his soul, let him ask himself, Why all this? And let him not be put off and satisfied by such answers as 'the invasion of Belgium,' 'the ambition of Germany.' These may be causes why England went into this particular war. They are not causes why the war happened. The war happened because the governmental theory was held and applied by those few men who control policy and armaments; and because the ordinary people, whom this war is massacring and ruining by hundreds of thousands, had neither the knowledge, nor the education of heart and mind, nor the organization, to control those men. That is what we have to alter. And we must begin by discrediting the governmental theory.

I have endeavored to show, by examples relevant to this war, how the reasons it puts forward break down in the light of mere common sense and mere decent human feeling. Let the reader practice and pursue that method in dealing with every book and with every press article that he comes across in which the fallacy is maintained. Let him ask himself always, when there is talk of power, of prestige, of markets, of expansion, and all the other shibboleths, — what exactly do these things mean in terms of the life of men and women. And if sometimes he detects among the objects aimed at by governments one that seems to imply a real benefit to real people, let him then ask himself, 'Is it tolerable for a decent human being to pursue this advantage at the cost of other human beings, by means of war, as war has now been freshly and vividly revealed to me?'

If he perseveres in this course I believe that he will come to agree with me that the world is being controlled by men who are the victims of sheer illusion; whether it be defect of mind, of heart, or of soul that has fastened the illusion upon them. And then, if he gets so far, let him ask the further and crucial question, How is it that such men, victims of illusion, have been able to involve millions and millions of men in universal massacre; to waste their labor on instruments of destruction; to keep them starved of spiritual, even of material sustenance, for the purpose of piling up armaments and waging war for no purposes relevant to life at all?

He will then have come to the point at which action for him begins. For then he must get together with all others who think and feel as he does, not in England and America only, but everywhere throughout the world, to stop this thing by any and every means. For, let him remember, the power that rulers have is the power of the assent of the ruled, an assent almost always purely passive. That passive assent on his part must stop. He is an active soldier now in the cause of peace.

GERMAN METHODS OF CONDUCTING THE WAR

BY HEINRICH FR. ALBERT

THE present war, in which many millions of men are engaged, has opened up a great variety of new problems of organization and of military technique; and these in turn have influenced the methods of warfare. Wireless telegraphy, submarines, and airships have created new and terrifying possibilities in the conduct of war which have shocked the public sensibilities. Added to the charges arising from the use of these new weapons are the old charges of atrocity and cruelty which every war brings. Many of these charges are willful falsifications, many of them are of psychopathic origin, and many are mythical.

Admitting that, in the passion engendered by war, brutal instincts may be let loose and occasional atrocities be committed by individuals on either side, a German may be permitted to point out in reference to the army of his own country that it is inconceivable that the iron discipline of German troops, whose efficiency in every other direction is recognized, should have broken down here.

Omitting, then, a discussion of these atrocity charges, and confining itself, as far as possible, to admitted facts and uncontested reports, this article will examine the methods of warfare employed by Germany and her adversaries in the present conflict, under three main heads: —

I. *Methods of Warfare in the Air.*

II. *Methods of Warfare on Land.*

III. *Methods of Warfare at Sea.*

I. METHODS OF WARFARE IN THE AIR

In this connection the first things to be considered are the attacks of aircraft and the throwing of bombs from them. Many have believed this method of warfare to be a violation of international law; while others, who made no such claim, declared it to be inhuman and absolutely useless.

Let us first look at the legal aspect. Even the first conference at The Hague in the year 1899 considered this question. The second conference, in 1907, practically confirmed the findings of the first with a few exceptions. In one of the declarations made at this conference, it was laid down that the 'contracting powers agree to prohibit for a period extending to the close of the third peace conference, the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other new methods of similar nature.' This declaration was signed by the representatives of twenty-seven states out of the forty-four present.

Among the seventeen states which did not sign were France, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Servia, and Germany. Thus practically all the big military powers at the convention, with the exception of Austria-Hungary, failed to sign this agreement, and for a very good reason; for if ever war has to be made, which is regretted by none more than by Germany, there is no reason why the latest technical inventions should not be made use of. It will be observed that none of the big

military powers which are in possession of airships signed this declaration.

It is easily understood why England signed this declaration, and was the only power to ratify it: her interests lay in such a declaration, for her insular safety is threatened by attacks from the air. Furthermore, every attempt in England to develop an effective type of airship has been a failure. The airships which England built had all sorts of other good points, but either they were not able to fly or they collapsed after the first few attempts. Only of late has England had any conspicuous successes in aviation. England's interest therefore is quite different from that of the nations which have had airships for a long time, especially France and Germany.

According to recognized international practice, Germany is not bound to abide by this declaration, since, like the seventeen other states, she did not sign it. The bombardment from airships and flying machines therefore is not forbidden by any international agreements, and Germany is altogether within her rights in making use of this new weapon in which she is so far superior to the Allies. International agreements of this kind are not and cannot be ideal. They are compromises in which each side makes concessions.

It cannot even be shown that the throwing of bombs from airships is an especially inhuman method of warfare. There is no difference between such bomb-throwing and a bombardment from land. It is impossible to arrange any bombardment so that non-combatants will not be struck, or so that some of the shots will not strike other places than those aimed at and often destroy private property. Private property damaged in war on land is no different from private property destroyed and captured on the high seas, as, for instance, by the superior British fleet. One is just as justifiable as the other. It is well known that Germany tried repeatedly in the Hague Peace Conference to put an end to the confiscation of private property on the high seas, for the simple reason that Germany's interest lay in such an international pact, owing to the fact that its navy is very much smaller than the British. Germany would have been willing to offset such a concession with an agreement not to throw bombs from the air, but England's interests were opposed. This fact is not stated here in the sense of rebuking England; but it is only just that if Germany does not object to Great Britain using her means of warfare as best she can, Germany on the other hand should not be criticized for making the best use of her weapons.

Now, however, the objection is raised, and this at first glance seems to be a point well taken, that the throwing of bombs from airships is really a waste of effort, as it accomplishes nothing. The American is apt to ask what is the use of throwing bombs into a city that is not even being besieged at the time. This seems senseless to him, and especially inhuman when a German airman throws bombs into Paris, or when a Zeppelin sends projectiles of a similar kind into Antwerp before the city is even invested. A calm and judicial consideration, however, will show that this view is not justified. The airman over Paris did not aim at the unfortunate woman and the unhappy children who became the innocent victims of war in the immediate vicinity of the Eiffel Tower; the bombs were meant for the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower. It is hardly necessary to explain how enormously important the destruction of this station would have been.

When one realizes that modern war-

fare is conducted, not only by the physical strength and endurance of the troops, but above all by the inventions of mechanical genius and the proper use of modern appliances, one easily sees the enormous importance of the Eiffel Tower wireless station. It distributes the orders of the French War Office to the armies in the field. From it news is sent out over the entire world. Instructions to the French fleet are 'wirelessed.' The communication between the Allies — between the British and French governments, between the allied fleets and the armies in the field — is conducted from this station. The destruction of this means of communication under the circumstances would be more important than that of an entire army corps. If the airman missed his target and unfortunately struck non-combatants, such is the inevitable risk of war. He can be reproached for what he did no more than Germany has reproached the British for the brave but unsuccessful attempts of the English flyers to destroy German Zeppelin sheds and Zeppelins at Düsseldorf and other unfortified towns.

Attacks by airships are even more useful than those by aeroplanes, according to the general opinion of military experts. There is no doubt whatever of the fact that the prompt aid rendered by the Zeppelins above Liège contributed greatly toward hastening the fall of that fortress. If one wishes to judge rightly the value of Zeppelin attacks upon Antwerp even before its investment, one must have in mind the immense complicated organization of such a modern fortress. Defense of a modern fortress no longer consists merely in leading the troops to the walls where guns are placed and then firing at the attacking enemy. Even more important than the bravery and deeds of the troops is the technical organization. One look at the map of the fortifications of Antwerp shows clearly how such an organization works.

The far-extended double line of forts demands a careful organization of the railroad system, with every detail so thoroughly regulated that troops can at a moment's notice be taken from places where they are not needed and be thrown into other positions where the enemy's attack is the stronger. There must be complicated machinery for properly placing heavy artillery material, for moving ammunition, for transporting the wounded, for operating canals and sluices in order to flood certain districts. In short, it is necessary to operate a large technical apparatus which must work with the precision of a clock; and the threads connecting the various parts of such an apparatus run together at a few points. These points may be likened to the brain, with which the outer members of the body are connected by nerves. If this brain is injured, the entire body is made useless, and the greatest bravery cannot offset destruction of the inner mechanism. To this must be added the importance of arsenals, of magazines for ammunition, of oil-tanks, of grain-elevators, the importance of the headquarters of the chief commander, the general staff, and so forth.

The destruction of the central points must hasten the surrender of such a fortress by weeks. Their destruction through bombs thrown from airships may therefore be a much more humane method of warfare than the destruction of the entire fortress by a bombardment from all sides could possibly be. At all events, this more modern warfare — which paralyzes the body of a fortress through the destruction of the central nervous system, and thus forces the fortress to surrender — may spare many thousands of lives and property of incalculable value.

II. METHODS OF WARFARE ON LAND

1. The fundamental rules for the conduct of war on land are laid down in the 'Convention Concerning Laws and Customs of War on Land' which forms part of the conferences at The Hague of the years 1899 and 1907. The source of this convention is, as is well known, an American authority, namely, the 'Instructions for government of armies of the United States in the field, drawn up by Dr. Francis Lieber and revised by a Board of Officers of the United States army at the instigation of President Lincoln, and issued from the office of the Adjutant General to the army in General Order No. 100 of 1863.'

These instructions have been justly called 'a deed of great moment in the history of international law and of civilization.' They have formed a basis for similar work on the part of France, England, and Germany, and have been incorporated, in spirit at least, into the Hague Conventions. These conventions must be considered valid, because the Convention of 1907 was, so far as the warfare on land is concerned, only a revision of the Convention of 1899, which is binding by reason of ratifications deposited by all the nations now at war. At any rate, the Peace Foundation is right in stating that instructions in the form of general orders are issued to the different armies having all the force of the sanctions of martial law behind them. The German code of 1870–71 was entirely based on the American document, the terms of which were in part almost verbally followed. The new instructions are practically the same in a modernized form.

2. The Conventions of 1899 and 1907 are amplified by a number of special declarations, of which one concerns the use of shells containing asphyxiating or deleterious gases,[1] and another refers to expanding bullets.' Charges have been made that the French have used such shells, and both sides have charged the use of expanding bullets by the enemy. We shall not enter here into the question whether this violation of the laws of nations has been practiced.

3. The greatest discussion has been roused by the methods of war used by Germany in Belgium for the suppression of sniping, and in the treatment of an enemy's territory occupied during war, such as the treatment of non-combatants who have been found with weapons in their hands, the taking of hostages in towns and villages, the destruction of houses in various places, the levy of war contributions, and so forth.

What is sniping? Sniping is the participation in the hostilities of non-combatants of a territory invaded or occupied by the enemy. Non-combatants are all people not belonging to the army. As Belgium has a standing army, volunteering forces are admitted only under the conditions of Article I.[2] The fundamental principle is that the vol-

[1] 'The contracting powers agree to abstain from the use of bullets which expand or flatten easily within the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope which does not entirely cover the core but is pierced with incisions.'

[2] Annex to Convention IV of the Hague Conference of 1907, Regulations respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land; Section I, Chapter I, Art. I : 'The laws, right, and duties of war apply not only to the army but also to the militia and corps of volunteers fulfilling the following conditions: —

1. That of being commanded by a person responsible for his subordinates;
2. That of having a distinctive emblem fixed and recognizable at a distance;
3. That of carrying arms openly; and
4. That of conducting their operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war.

In countries where militia or corps of volunteers constitute the army, or form part of it, they are included under the denomination 'army.'

unteers must be recognizable as soldiers and must carry on the war openly.

In Belgium the German troops have been attacked by non-combatants, not belonging to any military organization. The question of recognizing the 'Garde Civique' as lawful has never been raised. But the Belgian population took part in the fight without having any distinctive or recognizable emblem, without openly carrying arms, or otherwise conforming with the foregoing article. The attacks upon the Germans were made from ambush, from houses, and so forth, in places where the population, at the time of the occupation by German troops, had appeared to be peaceable. They had hidden their weapons to produce them later. Snipers' warfare has been carried on in Belgium with all the horrors of a guerrilla campaign, and has even been glorified by French and English papers as something heroic.[1] Whether this franc-tireur war was waged by the people at the behest of their government or not, may be left undecided.

The suppression of sniping has been recognized by all nations as a dire necessity. All military instructions in regard to it have been with the object of assuring the greatest efficiency in suppression. The most vigorous methods are undoubtedly the most humane ones in this respect, for they act as a preventive. During the Boer War, for instance, Lord Roberts issued the following army order: —

'Wherever any attempt has been made to destroy the railroad line, all the farms and residences within a circumference of ten miles must be destroyed, cattle and all provisions taken away, and the residents driven away without food or shelter.'

The reason for such Draconian measures against sniping is the immense danger it means to the army. Of what particular importance it is to Germany in this struggle that the occupied territory of Belgium should be kept quiet is evident. Communication with the German front from Verdun to Rheims, Roye, Arras, Lille, and Ostend depends absolutely upon the Belgian railway system and roads. Destruction of this line of communication would endanger the provisioning of the army, the bringing up of ammunition and supplies, the transportation home of the wounded and of prisoners of war, and in case of defeat — which every commander-in-chief must include in the possibilities — would lead to the complete destruction of the German army.

Under these circumstances, even the most criticized act, the so-called destruction of Louvain, will gain quite a different aspect from that which it had in the discussion in the press. What are the facts? The occupation of Louvain had taken place in an entirely peaceful manner. In order to be as impartial as possible, I take as basis, not the official German report, most unfavorable to Belgium, but the report of a neutral, the Dutch correspondent of the *Niew Rotterdamsche Courant*.'[1] He states: 'The city was occupied in the regular way by comparatively few soldiers. Suddenly a shot was fired out of the house opposite to the headquarters of the staff. Immediately afterwards a number of shots were fired from houses nearby, and in a moment this shooting spread from house to house, from street to street, with such a speed that the German sol-

[1] In *The Sphere*, London, of August 22, 1914, there is a picture which shows a woman surrounded by her children shooting at Uhlans from the opening of the door. Another picture shows armed workmen defending their homes with scythes, hoes, and cudgels.

The French paper *L'Avenir Reims* pictures in an article the heroic defense of Herstal by the women.

[1] August 30, 1914.

diers fell in great numbers; many were wounded. The horses of the train were killed or bolted. A general confusion was the result.' During this fighting fires broke out which spread with terrific speed over the city.

It is evident that in such a fight no distinction between public and private buildings could be made, as artillery had to be used in the most endangered places, especially against buildings from which shots were fired. All the same, the German troops did all they could to save works of art. Lieutenant Thelemann, in private life a high official of the Prussian Ministry of Public Works, attempted, together with a number of soldiers, to save works of art endangered by flames. While he was engaged in doing this, he was shot at from ambush by non-combatant residents of Louvain, and was severely wounded. In the face of such facts, no claim can be made that architectural monuments of art and of historical value were wantonly destroyed or attacked. Whenever any such buildings were struck, it was in self-defense, or was an absolute military necessity. Herein a number of the foremost American correspondents are unanimous. Their reports are confirmed by the Vice-Regent of the University of Louvain, Dr. Coenrad.

The treatment of Louvain was an act of self-defense, and cannot be stigmatized as a barbarous method of war. Besides, the damage done must be calmly judged, without undue exaggeration. The well-known director of the German Bank in Berlin, Dr. Helfferich, who was in Louvain shortly after the above occurrences, writes: 'It is quite absurd to speak of a total destruction of the town. Only the eastern quarter, whence, after the apparently peaceful surrender of the town, our troops were in a treacherous manner persistently and systematically fired at, and also the streets leading from the railway station and from the direction of Tirlemont into the interior of the town, have had to be shelled and burned down. All the houses and walls in those streets are thickly strewn with bullet marks, which bear evidence that every single quarter in those streets had to be taken by storm.

'On the other hand, the whole of the southern half of the town and also part of the west have remained almost completely intact. Numerous houses there bear inscriptions, such as 'Good people in this house, please spare,' and the like. The Town Hall, the pearl of Louvain, is preserved in its entirety. It was saved by our troops. Officers who took part in the street fighting at Louvain relate that our soldiers applied the steam hose, in order to extinguish the fire in the buildings close to the Town Hall and thus to save this architectural jewel from destruction. They never stopped in this work of preservation, although they were, in the very act of rescue, incessantly fired at by the citizens of Louvain. Unfortunately it was not found possible to preserve the valuable library of the University. A tower of the Cathedral has tumbled down while the nave is unimpaired.'

In the meantime the report of the German Art Commission [1] appointed to investigate these charges has been received in the United States. The report confirms the statements of Dr. Helfferich.

It has seemed necessary to treat the destruction of Louvain somewhat in detail, as it is characteristic of the exaggeration of all such reports.

The destruction of cities and other places is only the climax of measures necessary for the suppression of sniping; as a rule, fortunately, less vigorous measures are sufficient for this pur-

[1] New York *Sun*, October 16, 1914.

pose. Among these are the searching of towns or villages for weapons hidden by non-combatants. Only people who, upon order of the occupying troops, do not deliver whatever arms they have in their possession, or are later found with them, or have made use of them, are doomed to death. Sometimes hostages are taken to insure the quiet behavior of the population of occupied places. Only if this measure proves insufficient and the attacks upon the occupying troops are renewed by non-combatants, is no other course left to the occupying army than to destroy such places.

There is one method of war which particularly has been much misunderstood: the levying of contributions. It will, however, be conceded that the levying of contributions as a preventive measure against sniping is, compared with the other methods, the mildest. Instead of taking life, it takes only property; for this reason it may, however, be perhaps most effective. Articles 48, 49, and 50 of the Hague Conferences[1] cannot be applied, so far as sniping is concerned. The instructions to the various armies do not contain these rules, so far as the writer has had the opportunity to study them. They hold, on the contrary, the whole population responsible for acts of sniping and allow the infliction of pecuniary exactions from the point of view of prevention and military necessity. But it may be pointed out that war contributions have been levied in Belgium, not only for the purpose of discouraging sniping but also, as the writer has been informed, for use in the administration of occupied territory.

According to the Articles quoted, the levying of war contributions 'for military necessities' and 'the administration of such territory' are common and are expressly permitted. Belgium is at the present time practically administered by Germany, and the situation has brought forward military necessities to be met by contributions. If the estimate as to their amount is somewhat summary and roughly based on the existing Belgian methods of taxation, who will reproach an administration organized with the utmost speed and kept up in good working shape within a few miles of the firing lines?

4. Public opinion in the United States has, furthermore, been greatly concerned with the bombardment of cities and villages in the north of France, during which were struck buildings of historical and artistic value, devoted to religion and art. Not all cases can be mentioned here. Therefore, the writer proposes to discuss only the bombardment of Rheims, as the most conspicuous example. It must first be established that according to Article 25 of the Hague Convention of 1899, 'the attack or bombardment of towns, villages, hospitals or buildings which are *not defended* is forbidden.' If, therefore, the French placed weight upon the preservation of such cities as Rheims, Lille, Arras, and so forth, they should not have been occupied by military forces. The French, however, made Rheims a main pivot of their artillery position, and, according to the testimony of English and American corre-

[1] Article 48. If, in the territory occupied, the occupant collects taxes, dues and tolls, imposed for the benefit of the State, he shall do it, as far as possible, in accordance with the rules in existence and the assessment in force, and will in consequence be bound to defray the expenses of the administration of the occupied territory on the same scale as that to which the legitimate Government was bound.

Article 49. If, besides the taxes referred to in the preceding Article, the occupant levies other money contributions in the occupied territory, this can only be for military necessities or the administration of such territory.

Article 50. No general penalty, pecuniary, or otherwise, can be inflicted on the population on account of the acts of individuals, for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible.

spondents, massed enormous quantities of artillery in direct proximity to the cathedral. The French occupied Rheims for military purposes, that is, to secure for themselves the strategic advantages offered by such places for the movement of troops, — the easier method of quartering them, greater protection, quicker disposition, and so forth. This, of course, obliges the opponent to take such places by force, and possibly even destroy them by bombardment. Germany has done so even with towns of her own; with Soldau, for instance, an unfortified place in East Prussia, when it was occupied by the Russians. Soldau has been completely destroyed.

During such bombardment it is not always possible to spare historical buildings, devoted to religion, art, science, and charity. The particular rule of the Hague Peace Conference of 1899, Article 27,[1] decrees that such protection should go 'as far as possible,' and makes this subject to the provision that 'they are not used for military purposes.' This view fits the actual conditions. During a bombardment it is not possible to prevent accidental shots from striking such buildings. Let us recall that the English, during the bombardment and storming of Delhi in 1857, did not respect monuments of art, nor could they have done so. During the siege of Rome by the Garibaldians, Nino Bixio even considered the cannonading of the entire Vatican.

It is important to state again that the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims was a military necessity. The official report of the Headquarters of the German army is as follows: —

[1] Article 27. In sieges and bombardments all necessary steps should be taken to spare, as far as possible, buildings devoted to religion, art, science and charity, hospitals and places where the sick and wounded are collected, provided they are not used at the same time for military purposes.

(Official)
Army Headquarters,
September 22, 1914.

After the French, through the building of heavy fortifications, had made Rheims the main stronghold of their defense, they themselves forced us to attack the city with all available means. The German Army Commander-in-Chief gave orders to spare the Cathedral, so long as the enemy refrained from using it to his advantage. On September 20th, the white flag was raised on the Cathedral and respected by us. In spite of this we were able to locate a military observer on the tower of the edifice, which explained the effectiveness of the enemy's artillery against our attacking infantry. It was necessary to dislodge him. This was accomplished with shrapnel fire by our field artillery. Our heavy artillery was even then not allowed, and firing was stopped as soon as the observer was dislodged. We are able to state that the tower and the exterior are standing intact. The roof burst into flames. The attacking forces therefore have gone only as far as they were absolutely compelled to go. The responsibility rests with the enemy, who attempted to misuse a monument of architectural art under the protection of the white flag.

For a German the fact that an official communication is issued by the army headquarters is proof sufficient of its absolute truth to facts; and the truthfulness of this German official announcement is beginning to be recognized in the United States as well.

It may be noted, by the way, that the French, by establishing an observation station in the tower, compelled the Germans to fire upon and damage the 'Muenster' in Strassburg, the most famous monument of German Gothic architectural art and a document of old German history.

III. METHODS OF WARFARE AT SEA

The methods of war on land have been discussed chiefly in connection with German warfare, but now the methods of war at sea bring us in more intimate touch with English warfare. Here also only the most important facts can be taken into consideration, the field of controversy being too large to be dealt with in one article. Minor questions, therefore, like the sinking of the German auxiliary cruiser Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse within the three-mile zone on the coast of Spanish possessions; the chasing of German ships within the three-mile zone right into the mouth of New York Harbor itself; the taking of German and Austrian reservists, on the way to their colors, off neutral ships, — a method by which New York Harbor has for a long time been blockaded by British cruisers like a harbor of a belligerent nation; the searching and destroying of German mails on neutral steamers,[1] and a series of other alleged infractions of international law, may be altogether omitted from this discussion.

The main feature of English methods of warfare at sea is the seizure of foodstuffs, destined for and shipped to Germany, as contraband of war. The intention is to bring Germany to her knees by starving her out. I do not wish to raise the question whether this method of warfare is a very humane one. It cannot be compared with the starving out of a fortress, inasmuch as non-combatants are permitted to leave a fortress before its investment, whereas the non-combatant population of fifty-seven million people can hardly leave Germany. Besides, as a practical measure, this method is of no avail in this war. Germany is self-supporting, as has been shown in detail by Dr. Dernburg, the former German Colonial Secretary, in the *Review of Reviews*.[2] Furthermore, it is doubtful, even if Germany were not, whether England would be able to carry out such a plan. Germany has occupied Belgian and French territory. There seem to be plans under consideration by the German government to feed the Belgian population by importing foodstuff. Certainly Germany will not oppose this measure, so long as she herself has sufficient food to live on. But if the aforesaid method of England should cause a real shortage of food in Germany, no one could expect Germany to treat the residents of the occupied territory differently from her own people at home. So England would be starving out not only the Germans, but the Belgians and many of the French.

In this article the question of starving out a country will be discussed only from the general aspect of the justification of such a method of war. The legal basis for the theory is the question of contraband of war. It is determined by the 'Declaration of London of 1909 concerning the Laws of Naval War.' To be sure, the Declaration of London has not been ratified up to the present time, and is, therefore, not formally binding. But as all the contracting nations have assented to and signed the convention, England herself having invited the conference and the discussions having been carried on in London, the Declaration forms the moral and written code of the nations. Furthermore, Great Britain has recognized the principle of the Declaration in former wars. Having accepted the

[1] International Peace Conference, 1907. Restrictions on Capture in Maritime War, Chapter 1, Postal Correspondence, Art. 1: —

The postal correspondence of neutrals or belligerents, whether official or private in character, which may be found on board a neutral or enemy ship at sea, is inviolable. If the ship is detained the correspondence is forwarded by the captor with the least possible delay.

[2] November, 1914.

law as binding when it was to her own advantage, she should accept it now, even though it favors others.

So far as the legal foundation is concerned, Article 24, in connection with Article 33, of the aforesaid Declaration is decisive.[1] According to Article 24 conditional contraband includes foodstuffs. But according to Article 33, conditional contraband is liable to seizure only if it is shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces, or for a government department of the enemy's state. Foodstuffs, therefore, cannot be confiscated as contraband so long as they are intended for the sustenance of non-combatants and consigned to private parties. The taking away of all foodstuffs sent to a nation at war is certainly not permissible. The intention of starving out a nation — leaving the human side out of the question — can, in compliance with international law, be carried out only by an effective blockade. But the German ports are for very good reasons (submarines) not effectively blockaded.

This method, employed at present in regard to foodstuffs, is also opposed to former British practice. The same question was raised between the United States and Great Britain, during the recent Boer War, in connection with the seizure of the vessels Beatrix, Maria, and Mashona, which were taken by British cruisers to Delagoa Bay. In the course of the correspondence, Lord Salisbury thus defined the position of the British government on the question of contraband: — 'Foodstuffs with a hostile destination can be considered contraband of war *only if they are supplies for the enemy's forces. It is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used. It must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of seizure.*'[2] This statement by Lord Salisbury is in harmony with what is laid down in Holland's *Manual of Naval Prize Law*, issued by the British administration in 1888.

In the war between Russia and Japan, the Russian government issued to its naval officers instructions in which foodstuffs were designated as contraband of war. The British government protested against this prohibition, which included rice and provisions as unconditional contraband, this being regarded as 'inconsistent with the law and policy of nations.' The British government, it was declared, did not contest that, 'in particular circumstances, provisions may acquire a contraband character, as, for instance, if they should be consigned direct to the army or fleet of a belligerent, or to a port where such fleet may be lying'; but it could not admit that 'if such provisions were consigned to the port of a belligerent (even though it should be a port of naval equipment) they should therefore be necessarily regarded as contraband of war.' The true test appeared to be 'whether there are circumstances relating to any particular cargo to show that it is destined for military or naval use.'[2]

The same position was taken by the United States during the Russian-Japanese War, and the result of the British and American protests was that rice and provisions were regarded as contraband 'if destined for a belligerent government, its administration, army, navy, fortresses, naval ports, or purveyors,' but not if 'addressed to

[1] Article 24. The following articles, susceptible of use in war as well as for purposes of peace, may, without notice, be treated as contraband of war, under the name of conditional contraband: — (1) Foodstuffs. (2) etc.

Article 33. Conditional contraband is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces or of a government department of the enemy State, unless in this latter case the circumstances show that the goods cannot in fact be used for the purposes of the war in progress.

[2] John Bassett Moore, *Contraband of War*, p. 35.

private individuals.' As to proof of destination, the doctrine of continuous voyage is not applicable to conditional contraband. Such cargoes should therefore not be in jeopardy when sent to a neutral port.

The interpretation of the British government went even further. On the 29th of March, 1909, considerable discussion took place in the House of Commons with reference to the word 'enemy' in Article 34 of the Declaration of London, 1909, Declaration concerning the Laws of Naval War, according to which goods are considered as conditional contraband for the use of the armed forces or for a government of the enemy state if they are consigned to a contractor who supplies articles of this kind to the 'enemy.' On this occasion the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Mackinnon Wood, stated that the word 'contractor' in this article 'cannot possibly apply to a mere merchant who supplies goods to the general public,' and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, on April 5, 1909, in answer to a question on the divergence between the terms of Article 34 and the General Report, replied as follows: 'For the reasons already given, I cannot admit that there is any ambiguity as to the meaning of Article 34.[1] It is made clear, both by Article 33, on which Article 34 is dependent, and by the general official report of the Conference, that the word "enemy" in Article 34 can only mean the enemy government. It is evident, however, that if the point had been raised at the time it would have been made perfectly clear in the drafting, and we therefore propose to make a declaration, at the time of the ratification, that the word "enemy" in Article 34 means the *government* of the enemy.'

Notwithstanding those statements, there is no doubt that in the present war the practice of Great Britain is entirely different. Foodstuffs are constantly being seized, on neutral ships, although the neutral flag should be a perfect protection against seizure; and the rules of Articles 33 and 34, qualifying goods as conditional contraband only if their destination is the enemy's government or armed forces, are, by the English starving-out system, as utterly disregarded as the formal declarations of the representatives of the British government and of Sir Edward Grey himself. It is evident how much this method of war interferes with the trade of the small countries, like Norway, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, so dear to the big heart of Great Britain, and with the production and export even of the United States. The author still earnestly hopes that the government of the United States will perceive the great importance of construing its neutrality in the present war as it did during the Russian-Japanese War, not so much in the interest of Germany, which, as has been said, is self-supporting, but because of the danger involved in establishing a different precedent; because thus only can the sanctity and validity of former international practice, and of signed, although not yet ratified, treaties be safeguarded; and because of the immense, just, and material rights of American citizens, which a contrary course so gravely menaces.

[1] The destination referred to in Article 33 is presumed to exist if the goods are consigned to enemy authorities, or to a contractor established in the enemy country who, as a matter of common knowledge, supplies articles of this kind to the enemy. A similar presumption arises if the goods are consigned to a fortified place belonging to the enemy, or other place serving as a base for the armed forces of the enemy. No such presumption, however, arises in the case of a merchant vessel bound for one of these places if it is sought to prove that she herself is contraband. In cases where the above presumptions do not arise, the destination is presumed to be innocent. The presumption set up by this Article may be rebutted.

THE CHIMES OF TERMONDE

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE groping spires have lost the sky,
That reach from Termonde town:
There are no bells to travel by,
The minster chimes are down.
It's forth we must, alone, alone,
And try to find the way;
The bells that we have always known,
War broke their hearts to-day.

They used to call the morning
Along the gilded street,
And then their rhymes were laughter,
And all their notes were sweet.

I heard them stumble down the air
Like seraphim betrayed;
God must have heard their broken prayer
That made my soul afraid.
The Termonde bells are gone, are gone,
And what is left to say?
It's forth we must, by bitter dawn,
To try to find the way.

They used to call the children
To go to sleep at night;
And then their songs were tender
And drowsy with delight.

The wind will look for them in vain
Within the empty tower.

We shall not hear them sing again
At dawn or twilight hour.
It's forth we must, away, away,
And far from Termonde town,
But this is all I know to-day —
The chimes, the chimes are down!

They used to ring at evening
To help the people pray,
Who wander now bewildered
And cannot find the way.

THE CHOP OUT OF THE WINDOW

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

THERE is a legend in Rome that an American lady, with that tact which endears us to foreigners, once remarked, 'All you have to do if you want Roman Society to come to you is to hang a chop out of the window.' This may be all very well for a simple little community like Rome, but in New York the problem is more difficult, for both hostess and diner-out. It is as one of the latter that I wish to protest against the way such things are at present conducted, and to enter a plea for social eupepsia.

As for my qualifications, I may preface my discussion with the frank and modest statement that I am an accomplished diner-out, and have practised this art in many climes and for many years. In Arabia I have dined in state with hawk-faced sheiks, expressing my pleasure, in strict accordance with the local etiquette, by eructations that drew expressions of unstinted admiration from my Syrian dragoman. I have dipped both hands in the common bowl of pilaf, have had gobbets of sheep popped into my mouth by aged, dark-brown, crime-stained fingers, and have nozzled my coffee in a way that would draw tears of jealousy from the noisiest geyser.

But enough of these more recondite phases. Let me swoop nearer home and explain the chief difficulty which besets the average diner-out; and after stating the problem, let me offer what I believe to be its triumphant, its only rational, solution.

The problem is this, — and I ask you to consider the folly of society on this point. You get a card from Mrs. Gramercy telling you that she is to be at home on Thursday the seventeenth from half-past four until seven. At the end of the invitation she gives you

some indication of what you are in for: 'Dancing,' or, 'Miss Vesta Tilley will recite.' Mrs. Bronx asks you to come on after dinner, and adds, 'To meet Prince Jinglepencil,' or, 'Auction,' or, again, 'Mr. and Mrs. Castle will dance.' Mrs. Lexington is to be in a hospitable frame of mind Sunday evening at ten, and thoughtfully adds, 'Music.' All these good ladies feel obliged to tell you at the end of engraved or written cards just what wares they are tempting you with. And yet when you are asked to dine, a much more important matter, you have n't the remotest idea what you are going to have to eat. You may, to be sure, be told that the point of the dinner is that you are to meet the Duchess of Axminster. But you can't eat the Duchess of Axminster and probably would n't care to if you could, most great ladies nowadays being, well, far from tender.

I myself seem to be peculiarly unfortunate in this culinary blind-man's-buff. Last Sunday night I dined at the Wainwarings', and the roast was a variety of sheep — *selle d'agneau à la bergère;* Monday, at the Veneerings', we again had sheep — *côtelettes d'agneau aux cèpes;* Tuesday, at the Buntings', of course, *gigot de mouton, sauce aigrelette.* And this will be just my luck the rest of the week. Give it any festal name you please, the fact remains that sheep is sheep, beef is beef, and so on.

Now, to return to my mutton, I really like sheep, but do you suppose for a moment that if, a week before, I had known what was in store for me I should have accepted these three invitations? Not at all: the Sunday one, probably, the Tuesday one, perhaps; but the simplest consideration of eupepsia would have made me omit at least the second of the series. Again, I'm dining out Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; now, as I've no idea what I'm to be fed these nights, how, in the name of reason, can I intelligently order my luncheon down town or at my club for these days? If, let us say Thursday, I order half a grilled chicken, it's a three-to-one shot that Mrs. Popham will give me a chicken Périgord that night at dinner, and I shall have to root out the truffles and confine myself to them.

This it is that drives so many agreeable men to the brink of indigestion, and leads them seriously to contemplate the horrors of a diurnal luncheon of sour milk. Another feature of the whole affair that leads to the same results is the lack of variety in the offerable dinners. For example, if the Pophams are going to give a dinner tomorrow, Popham — who ought to know better — leaves the composition of the *menu* either to Mrs. Popham or to his *chef*, if he has one. Now Mrs. Popham, and here she becomes generic, has usually but one, rarely two, and never three possible dinners in her head, — no woman has, unless she herself knows how to cook. She could plan seven dinners a week for Popham and herself without repeating herself, but when it comes to Dinners with a capital, her reason wobbles and she takes refuge in the conventional. Or suppose the *menu* is left to the chef: the first impulse of every known chef is not to feed the hungry but to 'show off,' and all chefs show off in precisely the same way.

Obviously, then, Popham, who has dined out almost as much as I have, ought to take the culinary helm into his own hands; and I feel sure Popham would do so if he were not always hoping against hope that the next time he went out to dinner he would get something different from his own domestic fare. But he does n't, and I am beginning to notice distinct lines of dyspepsia in Popham's puzzled face.

Well, here is the only really rational

solution of it all, and it came to me some years ago when I was once inveigled into spending a month in a small settlement on Buzzards Bay. There was a good inn there, and the summer residents had built a pleasant little casino; one saw everybody else several times a day, either at the casino or at the village post-office, and life was a simple, friendly, informal affair. As I was supposed to be writing a book, and as the colonists were chiefly Bostonians, every one of whom had an uncle, cousin, or brother who had done the same thing, I found myself in a very hospitable society. On the last day but one of my visit, Mrs. Faneuil, at the casino, fixed me with a genial eye and asked me if I would dine with her that evening.

'With great pleasure,' I replied haltingly, 'but on one condition, — that you don't have chicken!'

'Well, I like that,' exclaimed Mrs. Faneuil, — 'making conditions! And, as a matter of fact, I was going to have chicken. Consider the invitation withdrawn temporarily, and explain.'

'Dear Mrs. Faneuil,' I replied as cheerfully as I could, 'I have been here now thirty days at the inn. Thanks to the wholly delightful hospitality of you all, which has left its permanent mark on my heart — and, I fear, on my digestive organs — I have been asked out to dinner twenty-four times. At twenty-one of these dinners chicken was the main feature. I also struck chicken at two of my six dinners at the inn. This makes the ghastly total of chicken twenty-three nights out of a possible thirty. It's all very well to have a chicken course every night in France, for they always give you another roast besides. But nothing *but* chicken for a mildly carnivorous man is awful. Each morning when I get up now, I have to check a constantly growing impulse to cluck violently.'

Hysterical sympathy by this time had suffused Mrs. Faneuil's pink, sunburned face. 'It's all the local butcher's fault,' she gasped, 'it's almost the only decent thing we can get here, and when we have guests, of course we want to do the best we can for them, and without realizing it we all tragically offer the same thing. I never thought of it before but I know now how dreadfully you feel. Just wait a minute!' And she rushed off, rippling, '*Toujours perdrix!*' as an ecstatic war-cry.

In five minutes she came out of the casino and rushed past me, dropping a little note in my lap. Here it is: —

'Dear Mr. James,

'Won't you dine with us to-night at eight? We should so like to have you, your last evening here. As the time is so short, pray don't trouble to answer this, for I quite count on your coming.

'Very sincerely yours,

'Nina Faneuil.'

'*Corned Beef.*'

It was a perfectly bully dinner, and after all these years I still treasure her note, — a note which, it seems to me, solves one of the great problems of life triumphantly. In making this simple solution public, I feel that I am conferring a real boon on a large and harassed proportion of social mankind.

The moment society adopts my proposal, and puts down the simple magic word, 'Beef,' 'Mutton,' or the like, at the end of dinner-invitations, two things will happen. First, a man going through his invitations will be able to map out a dietetic programme which will be at once agreeable and eupeptic. Second, society will suddenly realize how restricted is the variety of food offered on what should be festive occasions, and will slowly make little experiments which I am sure will turn out delightfully.

I was discussing just this point last night with a friend of mine who is a poet of high distinction. 'Good heavens! what a blessing you are suggesting,' he exclaimed. 'Just think of it, — I have never been to a dinner party where the chief dish was roast pork. I *adore* roast pork, and I think I'd accept an invitation from the richest Philistines I know if such a bait were offered.'

So, too, with the exception of Mrs. Faneuil's charming little concession to eupepsia, I have never been to a dinner party where corned beef was the *pièce de résistance*. Certain climbers doubtful of their position would of course shrink from offering a viand generally regarded as inexpensive; but if you go to the right predatory butcher you can spend any amount of money — even to mortgaging the old farm — on a costly cut of beef, and then get it saltpetred with a wonderful and special brilliancy. Just as in *Pendennis* Miss Fotheringay, of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Crow Street, declared she would go anywhere with a gentleman who offered her lobster and champagne with honorable intentions, I myself would go anywhere to a hostess who offered me corned beef, no matter what her intentions.

Then after a while hostesses would begin gradually to learn just who likes what, and on this basis they could gather together little groups of charmingly congenial people. And we should all be in such a well-prepared, receptive state of mind and body. I, for example, having had a luncheon that would not conflict with or impair my enjoyment of Mrs. Midas's dinner, would be in a delightful mood, and the next night Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins would find me even more agreeable than usual.

I do hope this plea of mine will have some effect, for as matters stand now, I shall soon be driven to buying all my own meals, and I cannot contemplate such selfishness with equanimity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'ALL MANNER OF MEATS'

THE Head of my House declares that I am an inveterate collector of cook books. On a shelf built for them, they stand in orderly array on my kitchen table — books bound in blue and gold; books practically, and clammily, bound in oilcloth; cardboard-covered books that came with the baking-powder; and paper-covered ones from the Ladies' Aid. There is one whose colors time has dimmed beyond all guessing, but whose century-old recipe for rose-leaf salve stands true.

Once upon a time I read in the Contributors' Club an appreciation of cook books. Their literary charm was tenderly acknowledged by a convalescent. I myself had newly recovered from typhoid fever, and his enthusiasm found an echo in my heart. Since that time, I have begun to test the efficiency of cook books as first aids to young housekeepers, and to-day I feel, like Will Wimble, that 'much might be said on both sides.'

My first experiences were with a volume of many alluring pages, compiled by a Virginia housekeeper whose

own table 'would tempt a dying anchorite to eat.' The directions seemed clear, but the proportions were not for families of two. The first Christmas in our own home suggested to our minds a modest glass of egg-nog. We looked for the Virginia recipe. I have never read it all. The first line says, 'Take three gallons of whiskey and one of rum.' That led us to the purchase of hand-books on catering for small families. Most of these I have found exact, exacting, and exasperating. They are of the 'take-a-clean-dish' type. I am told in which hand to take the measuring-cup, in which the spoon. They produce the state of mind the Toad produced in the Centipede, who was happy quite, —

> Until the Toad in fun,
> Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'
> Which wrought her mind to such a pitch,
> She lay distracted in a ditch,
> Considering how to run.

I turned to another of the Southern group. Here at least I was not surfeited with detail. The rule for boiling a leg of mutton reads: 'Take a leg of mutton of the right size, the larger the better, put it over the fire in a sufficient quantity of water early in the morning and boil till dinner-time.'

Disheartened again by the phrase, 'the larger the better,' I made a brief sortie into the field of the economical use of left-overs, — this is the subject, not the title, of the book. These rules were easy to follow, being briefly, 'Take what you have in the house, sprinkle sparingly with butter and liberally with bread crumbs, and bake in a slow oven.' I abandoned this line when everything cooked according to direction seemed unwholesome. I was reminded of an aphorism of a family servant, 'Po' white folks' cookin' always colics quality folks.'

A natural reaction led me to hand-books of the scientific type. One of these emphasizes, appetizingly, the food value of butter, cream, and prime cuts of meat by insisting upon the importance of 'buying the best.' Accuracy is insisted upon. 'The recipes, if strictly followed, cannot fail.' I read the motto hopefully and with faith. For that matter, I always believe, till the blow falls, that my cooking 'cannot fail.' My scientific guide gives explicit directions as to ingredients and mixing, and airily remarks as the conclusion of the whole matter, 'Success depends upon having the oven just right.'

'Having the oven just right.' Must it be quick, or slow, or moderate? And when is an oven this, that, or the other? The eldest of the Ruggleses was not more harrowed by her mother's rule of social conduct, that she must 'get up to go once in so often.' I have gathered more reliable information from the instructions of an old Negro servant, whose method was undeniably impressionistic.

'You want me to tell you how I makes my batter bread?' Aunt Mattie repeated; 'why, honey, you jus' takes what you needs of your 'gregiences, all 'cep'n' your cornmeal. You mus'n't take but mighty little of that. But take the right amount of everything else an' a few mo' aigs.'

Any Southern housekeeper will testify to the value of this recipe. A light hand with the meal and a heavy one with the eggs is a safe guide.

Aunt Mattie's light bread will always be in our family the standard of perfection. Her instructions to me on this point were these: 'The principal thing is not to forget none of your 'gregiences. But ef you don't forget none of your 'gregiences, all you got to do is to handle it twell it feels right.'

It was easy to glean from books the names of the 'gregiences.' 'Handling it till it feels right' has made my bread a success.

The crowning pleasure of every meal at the home of a friend was a cup of Aunt Charity's coffee. We begged her to tell us her secret and she did it willingly. 'Why, chil'ren,' she said, 'all you got to do is to take your coffee 'cordin' to your family and den jus' pour in water twell it feels kinder heavy in your han'.'

While I cavil at cook books, I am humbled by a memory.

All, save the very newest, brides and grooms who have been to New Orleans on their wedding journey must recall Bégué's, — the smoke, the sanded floor, the smell of garlic, the taste of *fines herbes;* and Madame Bégué limping about the table, offering her cook book for sale. When my turn came I bought one eagerly. Never had I tasted a breakfast as savory as Bégué's. The old woman slipped the coin I gave her in a huge apron pocket and handed me the gayly printed book. 'Take it, my daughter,' she said. 'It will do you no earthly good. Everything is in the hand of the cook.'

THE RIVER

It is never supposed to be by chance that cities so often establish themselves on the banks of rivers. Their practical purpose in doing so is obvious enough. But practical purposes are frequently blinds, used to hoodwink a shallow world which does not care for ultimate reasons. Or, to put the matter another way, they are baits of expediency, laid to entrap careless mankind into a greater good. People may think they know why they build cities beside rivers, but the wise heavens must often smile at the reasons they give.

To connect them with other cities, forsooth; to promote their commerce; to bring them the material supplies on which they depend? Yes, all these reasons are cogent enough; but underneath them is the reason of reasons: that life's diversity and tumult must ever seek to found itself on eternity's repose.

Symbols are all but realities. They are nearer reality than anything that ever tries to express itself directly in this baffled and baffling world. A river flowing toward the sea is so significant of the sure, unhurried progress of our human destiny that, standing beside it, one feels his own fretful, hampered life escape from its artificial hindrances and slip smoothly, grandly, to regain its peace. Cities are, of course, the most complicated of all the artificial hindrances which man is inexplicably impelled to create for himself. It is well that they should have ever before their eyes the correcting vision of untroubled freedom.

One wonders sometimes how the rivers themselves feel about the alliance which they are obliged to maintain with man's partial, restless ways. Take our own Hudson. No nobler, more typical stream is there in all the world. It rises among the distant, silent hills, cradled in the very peace which it sets forth to seek. The woods and the fields hallow it, the stars consecrate it. Nevertheless, it must seek that wider, deeper peace which it divines beyond, that peace which can only come from the utter giving of itself. So it starts out very purposefully, striving and hurrying at first, then going more gravely as it better understands the greatness of the consummation that lies before it. Between the purple hills, underneath the watchful sun and stars, it goes surely on its way, deepening and widening, a majestic presence. The sea draws it, draws it, as God draws the soul.

Is there not now a certain sense of pity — worse, of profanation — in the fact that, as it approaches its great end, its privacy is more and more encroached

upon? Towns spring up on its banks, bridges and ferries span it, railroads shriek beside it, and boats crowd its quiet breast. Must it not long for solitude, as at last it comes in sight of the goal that has allured it through all these miles, as it feels the first brackish tidal thrust that tells it the sea is nigh? But there before it the city waits, the hardest, busiest, most restless city in the whole world; and under the city's unsympathetic eyes the holy death and re-birth must be consummated. Alas! one could weep for the river.

It does not, however, weep for itself. Indeed, no! Its purpose is deeper than any faint-hearted human intentions of ours that have to be encouraged by circumstance; its peace is beyond any thwarting. The city need not flatter itself that the river regards it at all, thinks any more of the boats and the bridges than it thought of the fallen trees and the rocks up among the hills. The sea: that is all its concern, and to that it gives itself in the face of the universe. Let the proud ships and the squat ferryboats witness the surrender if they will. It knows no hesitation.

And yet, after all, one does sometimes hope that the river regards the city a little and is tender toward it. Not down where it actually meets the sea, — that would be asking too much of it, — but farther up where it first begins to skirt the troubled streets. It sweeps down upon them so grandly, curving between its two headlands, as if it surely had seen them and understood them and were coming straight to their rescue. A strong soul with an absolute purpose might be able to minister to another's need without impeding its own invincible progress.

Certainly it seems to linger when it finds itself opposite the rows of houses, the canyoned streets. The soul of the city comes out to meet it and makes an unconscious appeal. What is here? What strange clamor? What uncertainty? What conflicting purposes? Does it not know what it wants, then, the city? But how should any created thing fail to know what it wants? Must the river stop and tell it? Well, it cannot stop; but it does its best, in passing, to share its certainty.

'It is all quite simple. I want the sea, and you want God,' it says patiently over and over to the impatient streets.

How gentle it is in its bearing, almost wistful, as if for the first time in its life it found itself not quite sure of its environment. The strange appeal of the city troubles it a little. It gathers its dreams about it, partly because it divines them its best offering, partly because they suddenly seem under a threat. Misty, shimmering, opalescent, it steals through the dawn and the sunset, veiled in mystery.

'Oh, hush! Oh, hush!' it says to the city. 'See how beautiful everything is, how quiet and safe. There is no need of making such a to-do.'

Its very industry — the business which is more and more thrust upon it — is a lesson to the rushing traffic of the streets. Every craft which invades it catches something of the grandeur of its motion, and bears itself with a certain inscrutable composure. Even the coal-barges. One has but to watch them dreaming along on their way downstream — their beautiful, warm, faded reds accenting the blue-gray and silver of their surroundings — to realize that, after all, the practical world makes a less strenuous demand than one had supposed. As for the sailboats, the sight of one of the great, serene, gray birds standing slowly in from the sea, is enough to arrest the busiest footsteps, call a halt to the processes of the most distracted brain. The rapt, mystical passing is like a prayer.

'Thus and thus,' says the river, 'you should go about your business, bearing it all with you on your way into eternity. Confusion is only a hindrance and waste. Can you not understand?'

Can the city ever understand? Surely, it must, in time. Understanding is its desire and destiny. Its turbulence is so artificial that it would seem to have taken distraction on itself as a paradoxical means of realizing repose. It values peace too highly to be willing to accept it ready-made, but must work it out, prove it, win it. The river's methods are much the same. It turned its back on its natal peace in the hope of something better. The river's strife is less than the city's. Perhaps that is only because its ultimate peace is less profound.

Meanwhile, its quiet presence, so near the rapture of its consummation, is a blessing and help to the city. It hushes it, frees it, admonishes it. As a child to its mother's side, the complaining city clings to the banks of its river.

'ALPS ON ALPS ARISE'

From the inquisitive elder Disraeli I learned that Lope de Vega was a poet from his cradle, and I learned it bitterly, for I was sixteen, and my poetic April lingered. There was great solace in Keats, who had begun to be a poet at an age which gave me still two years to falter in. But what of these cradle rhymes of the Spaniard? What of the numerous lispings of Pope to nurse and bottle? What of the spines of satire Bryant put out at three-and-ten, or the *Blossomes* Cowley bore midway his second decade? And Chatterton!

Never mind Pascal and his conic sections, precocious Pliny, or the well-stuffed Hermogenes — monsters, not poets! But to see the years slip by and real virtues hidden still under a cloud of youth, was a trial which set me brooding, full of anger, over the hours I had wasted in play before I had grown conscious of an imperative function. No honorable poet could weigh pleasure against the duty to be great. For all her tricky record, Fortune had never behaved so ill as when she cheated me of my destiny by fifteen years' stark ignorance of it. In the thought that most forward poets had been early at their calling, lay a dim consolation which darkened when I feared that their greener majority may have meant a more genuine summons.

Nor could I be much heartened by the spectacle of those who had come late into self-knowledge. Wandering in the wilderness palled no less because of the tribes who shared it with me. The dying, I felt, might lie down comforted that patriarchs, kings, even the wise and good, were bedfellows; but the hot thrust of those who looked toward birth wanted none of the cool medicine which encourages death. We who had to be about Father Apollo's business had little time for beds.

And yet, strenuous as I was for the bright reward, I gave hours to becoming a specialist in the youth of poets. Like a man sick with some lingering disease, I ransacked annals for cases like my own, mad after a sign which would point to an end for my sullen malady of prose. I could tell you at a question when my poets had assumed the *toga poetica*, from Tennyson, covering his slate with blank verse at six or seven, up through Goldsmith, who scarcely touched pen to verse on the poetical side of thirty, to Cowper, who, at fifty, a few cheerful bagatelles aside, had only just begun to be a poet. From this learning of mine, more truly a scholar than I knew, I took examples, despair, and vindications. When I thought of poets I thought of a thin

line marching fierily down through all the ages, endless, quenchless, and myself waiting unsuspected in a prairie village for the tongue of flame which should mark me of their company. When I thought how much I lacked their art and scope, I despaired; but whenever despair had a little numbed, I vindicated myself against the precocious poets by instancing those who had slept late in the shell.

Thus, year by year, I pushed back the age at which I must come into my powers and fame. By the precedent of Bryant, I should have written some new *Thanatopsis* at seventeen, but I had only heartache from that precedent. With what a thrill, then, I learned that he had made the poem over in riper years. Eighteen was harder for me to endure. *Poems by Two Brothers*, Poe's *Tamerlane*, *The Blessed Damosel* (unanswerable challenge), drove me ashamed and passionate to my rhyming. But once again I found out a defense. If Pope's *Ode on Solitude*, written at twelve for lasting honor, was a prank of genius, why not *The Blessed Damosel?* And who would contend with ghosts? Yet I could not remember this assurance when, that year, I found Chatterton's bitter, proud will, and thought of the career which had led so straight toward it.

Some years were kinder, or at least my ignorance saved me, for at nineteen and twenty I kept my courage well. But twenty-one threatened me to the very teeth. Drake's *Culprit Fay* mocked me; Holmes's *Old Ironsides* roared at me; Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* enticed me; Milton's *Nativity* ode submerged and cowed me. 'No, no,' I cried, as I read again these resonant strophes, 'I will be a minor poet and never strive with Milton.'

Later, by a strange reversal, I consoled myself with proofs that the great poet must come slowly to his height, and I lived for cheerful months on the surpassing badness of Shelley's work before *Alastor*, fruit of twenty-three.

But the years would not cease, nor would they bring my summons. At twenty-two I thought of *Götz von Berlichingen* and thrust my boundary back. Twenty-three taunted me with *Paracelsus* and *Endymion* and Milton's wistful *On his Being Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three*. I passed twenty-four sickly conscious of *The Defence of Guenevere* and *Tamburlaine* and those cantos of *Childe Harold* which, already two years out of the pen, made Byron splendid in a night. Keats, dying glorious at twenty-five, made my year desolate. To be twenty-six was to remember *The Ancient Mariner*, Collins's pure *Odes*, and youth's dreamland, the fair, the fragrant, the unforgettable *Arcadia*. Nor was twenty-seven better: what could my numbness say to *The Strayed Reveller*, *The Shepheardes' Calender*, and *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect?* With twenty-eight, *The Lyrical Ballads* and *Atalanta in Calydon* saw my hopes begin a slow decline, which dropped off, the next year, amid contracting ardor, past Johnson's *London*, Crabbe's *Village*, Clough's hospitable *Bothie*, into thirty's hopeless wilderness. After thirty poets are not made. And I am thirty.

Tall Alp after tall Alp behind me, I see before me only a world of foothills. Yet my journey was passionate. Now the work I have done is dead leaves, my energy all burned grass, my aspirations dust. And dry and bitter in my mouth is the reflection that the summons may have missed my ear while I watched my fellows. Did zeal overreach me, some hidden jealousy undo me? What grief and rebellion to know one's self cause, agent, and penalty of one's own ruin! O black decades to come!

Scott found himself at thirty-four.

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